

Charlie and the Diaper Factory

By Champ (champtehotter.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. And so, walking down the winding streets by and by, Charlie grew more and more excited as he neared his destination. By the time he got there, he was practically creaming his pants.

Charlie adjusted his pants with a crinkle as he admired the colorful sign of the store, then he walked through the big double doors into the Diaper-Filled wonderland that he loved so much. A place where he could imagine he was more than an ordinary boy. The moment he walked in, Charlie was hit by the smell of factory fresh diapers and his heart was pounding once more. There were so many cute and colorful diapers ranging from plain white and solid colors to elaborate decorations of cute baby animals, stars and moons, anything a diaper boy could dream of stacked 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 conservative skirt that nevertheless 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? Of course I know! It's all anyone is talking about," said Charlie, his face bright with excitement. There were five golden tickets hidden inside of adult diaper bags across the land. The news was abuzz with profiles of the four winners of the golden tickets so far, and speculation was rife about 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 here to buy Grandpa Joe more diapers."

"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 gone over all the latest offerings five times over by now, but it made no difference. Charlie was just as excited as Delia about all of the wonderful waddly wares within the walls of Willy Waddler's emporium.

"Alright, then. First off, we have the Waddler Deluxe," declared Delia, gesturing over to 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 very thick and cushy looking diaper, crisscrossed with decorations of pink and gold, which gave the air of luxurious ribbon, to match the ruffles and frills along the waistband and leg gathers. "Oh my, but that's much too rich for an ordinary boy like me," he added, fiddling with his pants which gave off a telltale crinkle.

"Next we have the Soapy Swaddlers. 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 crinkly diaper. "So you're saying that these diapers actually clean and repair your skin while you use them? Amazing! What will Willy Waddler come up with next?"

"I'm glad you asked," said Delia, "because we have the Wading Waddlers. Feeling like a good swim but don't want to carry the Thames in your diaper? Willy Waddler has done it again, and perfected the technology that no one thought possible: To have a thick and cushy diaper that is completely leakproof in both directions!"

"Amazing," said Charlie, but... well, I only have enough for a single pack for Grandpa Joe."

"Well, then you are in luck my friend, because I've saved the best for last," said Delia, with a wink. "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 his 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."

"Well, 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 and a wink.

"Thanks," said Charlie, smirking. He could have guessed that Oliver would grab them as soon as he walked in, and sure enough there they were as he wasted no more time in walking up to the counter to speak with the handsome young clerk in the apron and Waddler Classic white diapers.

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

"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.

"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 caused Charlie to blush. "Perhaps we have a pampered prince in our midst after all, hmm? Here you go."

Oliver placed the single wrapped diaper on top of the pack of Charlie's purchase with a loud smack causing Charlie's heart to skip a beat and his mouth to go dry. Even in the packaging it was easily as thick as three regular Waddler Classic diapers. A free diaper. And it was so thick... and soft... and it would be just for *him*.

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

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

So Charlie was led to the employee restroom, which was seldom used seeing as thick Willy Waddler diapers were part of every employee's attire. After all, what kind of diaper shop would miss the chance to have its employees model its hottest new wares?

In the bathroom, Charlie opened the package and pulled out the cushy diaper. 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 feel of it 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. He unbuckled his pants and let them drop to the floor to reveal the makeshift diaper he was wearing, which consisted of little more than trash bags, duct tape, and toilet paper. 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 at it before jumping onto the table himself to put it on. "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 settled into the padding. Charlie couldn't believe how thick it was as he pulled the diaper up and he blushed at how it forced his legs apart in addition to lifting his butt off of the changing table. Never in his life had Charlie been diapered in such luxury. With his hands shaking, he brought each tape forward to stick onto the taping panel.

"These are incredible," Charlie said, bringing his hand to the front of the thick and crinkly diaper to give it an appreciative squeeze. That's when he felt the tickle on his tummy. "What the?" Charlie pulled open the high-rise waistband to see something that glinted gold poking against his belly button. "Is that... is that a piece of paper?"

Charlie pulled at it with his fingers and his heart stopped as out came a piece of gold foil backed paper. That's when it hit him.

"No... It can't be..." Charlie murmured to himself, but it was. "I've got a golden ticket!!!"

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

"I got- Oops! Oof!" Before nearly falling over, Charlie stopped and pulled them up, but his pants wouldn't completely close around such thick diapers. Instead, he was forced to hold them up with one hand while carrying the ticket in the other hand...

"I got it! I got the last golden ticket!"

"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, ticket in one hand, and his pants in the other. As soon as he got back he burst in the door, excitement bubbling up within him and unable to be contained.

"Grandpa Joe! Grandpa Joe!"

"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 got I just-"

"Golden ticket?" asked Grandpa Joe, pulling out his reading glasses. "Come here, let me see it, my boy."

Charlie handed Grandpa Joe the golden piece of paper, sorry for his gaffe of leaving the diapers back. Grandpa 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 I got so distracted. I'll head back to the store right away."

"Oh, forget about that Charlie, you 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 wait to report it a little while."

"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 began dialing when he got a phone call.

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

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

"Why... Yes, this is he..."

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

"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, hanging up the phone.

"Who was that?" asked Grandpa Joe.

"It was just the news. They wanted an interview," said Charlie. "I just don't know how they- 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 silenced his phone, but it didn't help for long. When the inevitable crowd showed up 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 stardom. From that point on, everywhere Charlie 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 the 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 billed as the underdog, an ordinary boy from modest means in the type of tear-jerking rags to riches story that the public just adored. While Charlie appreciated the free groceries he got at the grocery store, he didn't appreciate the pitying looks of the shopkeepers, nor did he particularly like the open speculation about what he was wearing under his pants whenever he went out. After a couple of days of attention, he made it a point to sag his pants a bit so there would be no question what he was wearing. Almost immediately, people of all backgrounds took to copying the style as 'working class crinkle chic', which only further annoyed Charlie, making him feel like his life had become some sort of costume for others to wear.

All this happened in less than a week. Charlie couldn't imagine how celebrities survived being in the spotlight for years. Charlie would have to remind himself daily to continue to be himself, to be kind and never to lose his patience with others.

"After all, Charlie," he would say to himself, "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 were standing at the gates of the grand Willy Waddler diaper factory along with the other winners 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 barely left the house at all, opting to order groceries delivered despite the extra expense.

In front of the grand backdrop of the giant diaper factory was what could only be described as a red carpet extravaganza, with press, paparazzi, crinkly celebrities, and commentators all vying for attention all at once. Mr. Waddler hadn't made his appearance yet, but that didn't slow them down as there was plenty to talk about. BDF News took this time to run a profile of each of the winners for anyone who had been living under a rock the past few months and missed it. Charlie listened in as a BDF reporter on the scene spoke to the camera.

"The first winner in this contest was Klaus Krinkler. Heir to the Krinker fortune, and with a father who is the founder and CEO of Krinkle-Windle GmbH, Germany's largest diaper distributor, he 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 their disposal, it took no time at all for them to find Klaus his golden ticket and hand it over for a lifetime supply of Krinkler diapers."

"Next came Baby Bettina, who has a distinct style all her own. She is a lifestyle adult baby and she claims that only the girliest and most babyish attire will do for her. Her outrageous outfits have certainly caused a stir, but it hasn't quite caught on with the fashion houses yet. Today she appears to be wearing a skirtall with plenty of diaper peekage to show off her Prissy Sissy Waddlers. She has committed exclusively to Willy Waddler diapers since the contest started and she is rumored to have filled about five warehouses full of diapers before she 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 of the vestiges of the aristocracy on the continent. Her noble line successfully made the transition into the modern economy and has done quite well for themselves.

Unlike many modern nobles, Princess Paddington is proud to flaunt her heritage. She is a style icon in her country, demanding only the best, and 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. Of diapers, she says 'Only Willy Waddlers will do,' and how right she is; who needs hoops and petticoats to keep your dress afloat when you have such perfect poofy padding at all times? It is said that her family used its considerable control over 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 hopeful famous - or rather infamous - for his hot takes and spicy memes. Regardless of your opinion of him, no one can deny his love of diapers. He's widely acknowledged to be one of the biggest diaper fanboys in the diapersphere, and he put out the call to his fans to find him a golden ticket in exchange for exclusive hangout time and epic recognition for putting him in a position where he could share his tour with the world and crack the mystery of Willy Waddler's factory and development process. Nevermind the fact that he will almost certainly have to sign a nondisclosure agreement before the tour."

"And last but not least, is Charlie, 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 entrance." 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 have become the darling of the average Joe all over the country. Care to say a few words to your fellow citizens?"

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

"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. "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 certainly know how to fill out those pants, sir!" said the interviewer, wrestling back the mic from the elderly gentleman. "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 the Waddler Deluxe sample... Are you two fans of *pink and frilly* diapers?"

Charlie was blushing deeply as he was reminded of just what kind of diaper he had found the ticket in. He was sure people would jump to unnecessary conclusions about him. Before Charlie could correct the record, however, Baby Bettina butted in, her big blue baby bonnet blotting out Charlie from view entirely 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 here to help! Who knows what our 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 the chatterbox and the reporter and walked 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 jackals and that Baby Bettina is a 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, they were interrupted by a loud clamor from the crowd as the gigantic factory doors opened slowly. 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 carved brass diaper. He walked all the way down the long red carpet to where the media was stationed 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 were ushered one by one 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 various chaperones were escorted through the factory doors. 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, which was his phone, 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 along on the tour after all. You just don't have enough followers to be worth featuring in any of my content. Hope you understand. Byeeeee." 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.

"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 with hidden meaning when he said the word 'committed' in a way that made Charlie's hair stand on end, but the moment was a brief one before Willy Waddler rushed off down the hall without them. "No time to lose, then!" He called back. "Onto the diaper factory tour!"

The guests looked at each other in confusion for a moment, followed immediately by a mad scramble to keep up with the swiftly moving magnate. Willy Waddler was already at the other end of the hall by the time they exited the room.

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

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

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.

"What the heck?" said Princess Paddington. "This is highly irregular. 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 so the group speedily continued 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.

"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 for his social media. 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, also 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 Russel. "It says... Follow the crinkles! Do your best to keep up!"

"The Crinkles? What is he talking about?" asked baby Bettina.

"Shush! Listen!" said Grandpa Joe and 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 after him to catch up. Each time he came to a fork, Grandpa Joe paused and cocked his ear before heading forward with complete certainty.

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

"Nothing like a lifetime supply of pamps to put a pep in your step," called Grandpa over his shoulder as he hurried ahead. "Now, hurry up you whippersnappers! We've got a factory to tour!"

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

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

Eventually, they reached a dead end at a door that said 'EMPLOYEES ONLY'. Grandpa Joe put his hand on the door and 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 listened carefully 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 them each 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 dressed 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. Waddle 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, and 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 more peeved than usual.

"I didn't leave anyone," said Willy Waddler. "It's up to all of you to 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. "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 realized how heavy the diaper felt between his legs. One glance downward confirmed that feeling as his pants were clearly sagging, and this was further 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. Maybe you should *all* check, just for good measure..." Sure enough, everyone in the party found themselves to be thoroughly and utterly soaked without having been any the wiser. Gasps of surprise and confusion came from the other guests along with varying degrees of alarm or enthusiasm. Of all the guests, Bettina seemed the most happy about this turn of events, but Klaus was not so pleased.

"What kind of trickery is this?" Ask Klaus, reaching down to grope 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 need from now on, so what's the problem? 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 *common* clothing. 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 hand 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 is better to me than 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* now. 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 whose diaper was already being untaped. Charlie mused on how, despite Princess Paddington's professed superiority, the two of them found themselves as equals, side-by-side in this vulnerable position.

"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 fellows anyway?"

"Why, they're the Crinkle Winkles. From Winkle Land." said Mr. Waddler. They work for me in exchange for diapers."

Soon, Russell showed up with a pair of Flashy Fappers, which were a type of metallic foil-backed diaper, 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 line. 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 salary! 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. I'm going to give you all an insider's look at the whole process of how we develop diapers here at my factory from start to finish!" Waddler walked down the hill to a gigantic screen nearby and gestured towards it. "First, we have the stage of imagination. That's what this hill is for, you see. I sit here and daydream of all the ideas for my next diaper design. After that, it gets drawn up by me and my team of Crinkle Winkles." 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 or something! 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 on top of a layer of plastic sheeting with colorful purple dino designs that was moving rapidly by.

"Oof!" he yelled, as he fell down 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, however, Klaus Krinkler was swept into the machine and out of sight.

Everyone covered their ears and closed 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 Claus's father, flabbergasted.

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

"Crinkle Winkers, 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 purple little purple people broke into song.

"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 returned with a package of diapers, they couldn't deny what they saw with their own eyes. The package said: "Crinkly Klaus Classics," 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 nose. "You'll pay for this!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Kinkler, 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 form."

"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 on in here!"

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

"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 diaper bulged out in front as a loud hiss could be heard.

Ollie's suspenders snapped off, causing his pants to drop to his ankles and 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 drip leaked onto the factory floor.

"Well, I'd say that those Super Gushers certainly passed the quality control test, wouldn't you?" asked Mr. Waddler. Everyone agreed that the diapers were solid. They had no designs to speak of, they were just plain white, all the better to show off what their wearers could dish out. Mr. Waddler pulled out the whistle again and blew on it to call on 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 big Klaus Krinkler diaper.

"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, Russel was busy snapping tons of photos and took another silly selfie in front of the big wet super soaker before remembering once again that he had no internet reception and cursing as he tried in vain to send it.

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

"Ugh, don't call me that," said Mr. Waddler, "and pay attention. This is the best part! Now, upsy daisy," said Mr. Waddler as 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 covering Ollie's elephantine crotch. "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 along with Mr. Krinkler Sr. who 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 ahead in the air and beginning a brisk march.

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

"All right! Everybody in!" called Mr. Waddler while the group gaped on.

"Whoa!"

"What is that?"

"Why, it's a diaper cart, of course!"

The vehicle resembled a cart in only the most abstract sense because it was composed entirely of soft and cushy diapers, even the wheels. As the guests stepped into the strange craft, they discovered it was not only colorful but comfortable.

"Well," sniffed Princess Paddington, elbowing her way past the crowd to get in first. "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!"

"Princess pushy is more like it," whispered Grandpa as she took her seat in the cushy car with her attendant Jeeves close behind.

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

"Oh, of course!," said Mr. Waddler, smacking his head. He pulled out his Winkle Whistle and ordered one baby seat to be installed, pleasing Baby Bettina greatly once she was strapped in.

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

Meanwhile, Russell had his phone out and was recording.

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

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, and the phrases used therein, so instead 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."

Charlie was absolutely fascinated by the construction of this amazing vehicle and 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 cladded? It smells so good! Do you spray it with fresh diaper scent? What makes diapers smell like that anyway?"

"My, my, my, so many questions!" laughed Mr. Waddler. "Such a curious boy you are. 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 your Crinkle Winkle workers who—"

"Oh look at the time," said Mr. Waddler, interrupting Charlie, "We're falling behind already and still so much to see."

And with that, Waddler quickly extracted himself from the awkward conversation with Charlie. 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.

"All aboard the Waddler Express! 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 rushed past.

"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 Winkles at work.

They sped into a dark tunnel and quickly emerged into a massive space of colorful hills made of pillows, buildings made of blankets. Fabric trees, and giant teddy bears dotted the landscape. The lighting came from an indeterminate source and even the sky seemed to be made of fabric in this strangely cozy landscape.

"Where the heck are we?" asked Princess Paddington.

"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 abode is made of blankets."

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

"How quaint," mused Princess Paddington, "if 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 comments from the contestants, Mr. Waddler continued his speech.

"I tried to make this factory as hospitable as possible for the Crinkle Winkles as possible. I'd say we did pretty well here. I spend some time here myself. It's quite relaxing, don't you think?"

"I wanna pway wiff da big beows!" said baby Bettina struggling to get out of her carseat,

"Passengers are to keep all hands and arms *inside* the vehicle at all times," warned Willy Waddler. Fortunately, Baby Bettina was securely strapped in, so she couldn't leave if she wanted to.

They were still moving at breakneck speed, but it was hard to tell just how fast. The passengers didn't get a real sense of scale 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 multiple stories high, while others were as big as a circus tent. Some were even designed like tree houses in 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 there. 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 the actual time.

"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."

"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 the Crinkle Winkle countryside to an area of greater population density: a miniature Crinkle Winkle city with the hustle and bustle to rival New York. However, there was one major difference: 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," said Willy Waddler. "Every single one. It's part of Crinkle Winkle culture to never be potty trained."

The crinkle cart pressed through a crowd of Crinkle Winkles, moving at a snail's pace now as they followed a line of other crinkle carts cutting through the blanket fort buildings. The destination became apparent when the road led between two buildings up to a transitional checkpoint. Mr. Waddler smiled and turned to the group.

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

The car passed through the checkpoint and the group found themselves in a big wide sterile hallway where many crinkle carts transported Crinkle Winkles and equipment to and fro.

"This is the transportation hub for our Research and Development Department. Prototyping and testing all happens here." The vehicle finally came to a stop at a large lift big enough to hold the cart.

"Elevator, take us to subfloor six, please." The elevator dinged and they began to move.

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 princess's dispirited servant, looking to the heavens in exasperation.

"It never hurts to be polite," said Mr. Waddler, a response which only drew a hmph from the princess.

Soon, the elevator doors opened and they found themselves in another massive space, this one filled with all sorts of advanced looking equipment and populated with Crinkle Winkles in lab coats. Some of them were looking at vials of liquid and making notes. Others were monitoring the diaper testers in their various exercises and activities.

"After we complete the concept design process, it's time to manufacture and test out the prototypes. Why don't we take a look around, shall we?"

The first thing to draw the group's eyes was a tester was in a padded box hooked up to a feeding tube that fed into a sensory deprivation mask completely concealing their identity. Furthermore, they were secured in a straight jacket with a huge orange diaper that said 'institutional use only' printed in big block letters on the front. To top it off, the front of the box was walled off by clear plexiglass which had a digital day count of almost a week.

"Wow, that looks pretty extreme," said Russel, pulling out his phone. Mr. Waddler put out a hand to stop Russel'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."

"Aww, man," said Russel, glumly handing his phone to a Crinkle Winkle who came by with a phone bucket.

"Company secrets," said Waddler. "You understand. We wouldn't want anyone stealing our plans for 'treatment boxes' or anything else we have under development."

"What did that person do to get put in those diapers?" asked Baby Bettina, unconsciously beginning to rub the front of her diapers as she stared. "Must be one bad dude."

"Oh no, he volunteered," said Mr. Waddler. "Seemed very eager for the chance, but who knows how he feels about it now. He signed an agreement that he's not going to be released under any circumstances until the testing is complete. We needed to make the testing as accurate as possible so we'll find out if he wants to volunteer again at the end of the week."

"W-wow," said Baby Bettina, starting to sweat. Charlie felt himself chub up a bit as he looked at the very massive diaper, though being crammed in a box and unable to move for a week was a little to hardcore for his tastes.

They then checked out the stress test area, where a tester was running on a treadmill to test out a new sport diaper.

"We're looking into sponsoring athletes with our new line of sport diapers," said Mr. Waddler. "Those are called Squirt n Sprints." The man running on the treadmill was drinking from a sports bottle and sweating profusely. Mr. Waddler walked up to the Crinkle Winkle scientist monitoring the situation.

"This is Dr. Crinkle Dinkle, everyone. 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. We also took care of the clumping problem, so these diapers are bound to stay cushy and comfortable the whole race. We're just looking at ways to decrease wind resistance now."

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

"The tapes are holding perfectly!" said Dr. Dinkle, shooting a thumbs up.

"Very good, keep up the good work!" said Mr. Waddler, appearing quite pleased. He turned back to the group. "Speaking of sporty diapers, we have a jockstrap diaper in the works for contact and combat sports. Let's see it in action."

They walked over to an area with an all padded floor where two muscular men were chatting. Each was wearing nothing but a thick square of padding attached to a skinny waistband. Waddler nodded to them and addressed the group.

"Athletic incontinence is a common affliction among athletes affecting up to 18% of males and 69% of females, but we haven't seen a great diaper on the market yet for more heavy contact sports such as wrestling. These professional wrestlers have agreed to help with testing. Folks, meet Peter Piddler and Hammerlock Hank."

The two men nodded and smiled.

"Why don't you give us a demonstration, you two?"

The two men faced off, and Peter was quickly pinned. Everyone watched as Peter's jockstrap-diaper yellowed but did not leak.

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

"So far so good, Mr. Waddler, sir! You've really done it this time! Piddler here has stress incontinence to where any time he's pinned he loses complete control of his bladder, see?" Everyone leaned in to get a close look at the pinned man's crotch as the yellow spot continued to spread. "We haven't found a single position where Piddler leaks, and believe me, I've pinned him in every position possible!" Peter Piddler's face went red as Hank Hammerlock began to describe all the ways he made his wrestling partner piddle.

"O-okay, they get it. Could you let me up now?"

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

Charlie might have felt bad for Peter if he wasn't showing one very obvious sign that part of him was enjoying the whole situation - a 3-inch tent in the front of his diaper.

"Gee, you'd think he'd leak sporting wood like that," noted Grandpa Joe, causing Peter to cover his face in humiliation.

"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 it with that little thing between his legs, do ya, buddy?" asked Hank, laughing and slapping Peter's back, a comment which made the tent in the diaper jump in response as a squirt of pee made a dark yellow patch in the front of the already wet diaper.

"Wow," commented Charlie. "Look how thick it 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 scale nearby and plopped it down. "Well, that's about two pints to be precise, just under a kilo, which is pretty impressive for a single wetting."

"Wow, it can really hold that much?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mr. Waddler. "This pad could hold twice that much easily."

"Oh yeah," chuckled Hank, throwing his arm around the blushing man's shoulder. "I usually pin him three times before changes. 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."

"Yes, sir," squeaked the embarrassed athlete.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure Petey gets his protection on," said Hank with a smug grin. Charlie felt a little pang of jealousy as he too enjoyed help getting diapered when he could get it.

Mr. Waddler then led the group over to a nearby table laden with diapers of all designs.

"Okay, folks. Here we have quite a few innovations for your perusal. This may be the biggest 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!" Exclaimed Charlie, looking delighted.

"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. Under 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."

"We've pretty much saturated the broad consumer market, if you'll pardon the pun. Now 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," said Waddler, "though it's not quite ready for testing yet..."

"I'll be the judge of that," bellowed Baby Bettina, suddenly showing actual interest in the tour. "Show it to me!"

"Alright," said Mr. Waddler, shrugging. "Follow me." Back at the table, Mr. Waddler held 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 almost offended. "They look absolutely *precious!*" Mr. Waddler brought up his palms in a gesture of uncertainty.

"Well, I'm sure they will have a limited, though very enthusiastic, customer base. The problem is that they make *permanent* changes to the body so once you test them, you can't go back."

"Permanent changes?" asked Baby Bettina, in a demanding tone. "Like what?"

"Feminizing hormones, for one, that make permanent changes to the mind and body making the physique of the wearer more feminine, eliminating all body hair, making them incontinent, and shrinking their, ahem. Equipment, if you know what I mean. We're talking two inches or less. And once a wearer puts these diapers on, they don't come off until the transformation is complete."

"Sold!" said Baby Bettina, grabbing the diaper out of Mr. Waddler's hand.

"Hold on! There are regulations on this sort of thing. You need a doctor's clearance, and the period of time it takes to *get* that clearance is at least-"

"I said *sold*," repeated Baby Bettina, as she opened and fluffed the diaper.

"But I haven't told you all that these diapers do. You won't be able to-"

Baby Bettina wasn't listening. She had hiked up her miniskirt and dropped her diaper to the floor with a plop and was already in the process of putting on the Sissy Wish Diaper while Mr. Waddler tried to warn her of the consequences of what she was doing.

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

"No, wait," said Mr. Waddler, again protesting, but not protesting *too hard* as he nodded over to the nearest Crinkle Winkle scientists who began gathering and pulling out their notepads 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- ... wait 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. 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 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, and yet not feeling a thing as it happened. That is what finally broke her and she burst into tears, giving up entirely.

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

Baby Bettina burst 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, but it is to be expected. We'd better send her to the nursery for her nap." He pulled out his Winkle Whistle and blew to summon 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 away toward the elevator.

"Where is she going?" asked Charlie, who seemed to be the only one concerned for the big bratty baby.

"Baby Bettina is looking a bit cranky so she needs a nap," said Mr. Waddler, tucking away his Winkle Whistle. "They'll take her off to the Crinkle Winkle nursery where she can calm down. Don't worry, though. She won't be crying for long. Without any outlet for her adult desires, the next effect will kick in and she'll be baby brained in no time. And believe me, the Crinkle Winkles know how to entertain big babies."

"Don't feel bad for ol' Bettina, Charlie," said Grandpa Joe, putting a comforting hand on Charlie's shoulder. "Change can be scary at first, but Baby Bettina's on her way to living the life she always dreamed of. As a truly incontinent and baby brained baby girl!"

That thought cheered Charlie up, and reassured, he was happy to leave Baby Bettina to the Crinkle Winkles.

"That's two happy customers," said Mr. Waddler. "Why don't we continue with our tour, shall we?"

Chapter 5: Quality Control

A cranky baby can throw a damper on any party, but Mr. Waddler seemed undeterred by Baby Bettina's tantrum.

"Let's stop and check in on Ollie and Klaus," said Mr. Waddler, leading the group back to the testing area. Ollie the diaper tester was seated on a bench nearby, chugging water like a champ and pissing into Klaus, the contestant-turned-diaper, just as fast.

Klaus was all wired up with electrodes, and the monitoring machine nearby was beeping urgently. Dr. Dinkle, the supervising Crinkle Winkle scientist was taking furious notes while Klaus rapidly expanded to gigantic proportions. All the while, Klaus's father watched on, wringing his hands in alarm.

"Be careful, man! He's bound to burst!" Klaus's father was near hysterics at this point as he watched his son get soaked.

"Don't worry, Mr. Krinkler," said Mr. Waddler. "This is all completely normal. Klaus should get full enough to change back any moment now. Now, if you'll excuse me for just a moment..." Mr. Waddler walked over to Dr. Dinkle, and Charlie was close enough to listen in on their conversation.

"This is *not normal*, Dr. Dinkle. What the hell is going on? Why isn't Klaus full 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 just 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 10,000!"

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

"I know. We just never counted on Klaus being such a good diaper."

"Have you tried getting other people to pee in Klaus at the same time?"

"Well, we could certainly try it, 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.

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

Klaus and Ollie were so in the zone with their sog fest that it took Mr. Waddler several attempts to get their attention.

"Ah, Ollie? Klaus? Ahem. Ollie! Klaus!" Ollie eventually stopped chugging and the two of them looked Mr. Waddler's way.

"Wha?" asked Klaus as if waking from a daze. Mr. Waddler clasped his hands and tilted his head.

"So, *Klaus*... I have some... news..."

"Oh? News? What's that about?"

"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..."

Ollie let out a cry of dismay that startled everyone, and Klaus immediately went on high alert.

"What's wrong, dearest Ollie? I can sense your sadness in your pee."

"Klaus..." sobbed Ollie. "I don't wanna!"

"Don't want to what, Ollie?"

"Klaus 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, "you know that Klaus can't just stay a diaper forever."

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

"W-wha?" asked Ollie. "What are you saying?"

"Don't take me off, Ollie. Let me be your diaper forever." Everyone in the room gasped, including Ollie.

"W-wha? Do you really mean it?"

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

"Code nine!" said Dr. Dinkle, speaking into a radio. "Mr. Krinkler has fainted from the shock of witnessing an oversaturated diaper!"

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

Mr. Waddler snappily addressed the nearest Crinkle Winkles that weren't actively doing science. "Crinkle Winkles. We have another fainter. Go set Mr. Krinkler on that fainting couch over there."

The Crinkle Winkles immediately snapped to attention, dragging the fainting father to the nearby chaise and setting about trying to revive him.

"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 his pee pee like this..." A look of pleasure and embarrassment crossed Klaus's face as he divulged his feelings about this unusual situation.

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

"Ollie... How do *you* feel? Are you comfortable? Is Klaus protecting you?"

"Klaus is the bestest diaper ever! 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.

"Yup!" 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... I love you too, Ollie! And I love being your diaper!" Klaus finally blurted out.

"Yay!!" Ollie bellowed, and immediately began rubbing the front of his Klaus diaper. "You make me feel good, Klaus! I want to make you feel good too!"

CRINK CRINK CRINK

"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. "He's fainted again."

"Why don't we give them some privacy to explore their newfound feelings?" said Mr. Waddler, ushering the group away.

The group was now just down to five people: Russell Butts, the always plugged-in streamer who was at a bit of a loss without wi-fi; Charlie and his Grandpa Joe, who were literally like kids in a candy store; Princess Paddington, the spoiled aristocrat; and the princess's royal attendant, Mr. Jeeves, who appeared to be suffering the world's worst babysitting assignment.

The group quickly piled into the crinkle cart and crinkled down the hallway past all the research rooms and corridors, down another long hallway and into a massive room with all sorts of diaper inspections and testing going on.

"*This* is the quality control department," said Mr. Waddler, with a confident smile. Quality control is taken very seriously here at the factory. We pride ourselves on having a one hundred percent catch rate in terms of manufacturing errors. Whether it be slightly misaligned padding, broken leak guards, missing tapes, or misprints, defective diapers

must never be allowed to leave the factory. We pull one in one thousand packs from every run of diapers and inspect them here. What our automated checking system doesn't catch, the Crinkle Winkles will."

Mr. Waddler led the group to a conveyor line where Crinkle Winkles were inspecting diapers at breakneck speed with brass multi-lens jeweler's glasses.

"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 control testing."

"What happens with all of the defective diapers?" Asked Charlie.

"Why, the Crinkle Winkles keep them," said Mr. Waddler, as if it was a matter of course. "Crinkle Winkles of any age are expert diaper repairers and they're happy to use them once they've done so. Since we can't sell defective diapers anyway, it's just one of their factory perks." Princess Paddington sniffed.

"Well, *they* can have them. A princess like *me* demands *perfection!* That's why *I* only wear Willy Waddler Diapers!"

"That's great," said Mr. Waddler, pulling out his phone. "Do you think you could say that last part again for the camera? You could really be a great spokesperson, Princess. I mean you would be *perfect* for commercials."

"Oh really? You think so?" she said, looking very pleased at the idea. Charlie and grandpa Joe looked at each other. She certainly wouldn't be selling any diapers to *them* with that attitude.

"What do you think, Russell?" asked Mr. Waddler. "How would that play in the Spasm market?"

"This sucks," said Russell. "How come you get to use *your* camera, and I can't?" Mr. Waddler put a hand on Russell's shoulder.

"Don't worry, Russel, you'll get your chats back once we clear it with the lawyers. We have to be very strict on what you can and can't share, but once that's all settled, you'll have all the exclusives. That should make you the hottest diaper boy streamer around!" Russell perked up a bit at that comment.

"Really? You really think so?"

"Of course!" Said Mr. Waddler. "Would I lie? Now 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 for use. Wouldn't want any failed leak guards, bad tapes, or pin holes in the plastic to cause an issue, would we? First stop is the stretch test."

The group watched as diapers were taken off the line and pulled every which way on big taffy machines to see how they fared. The plastic was then prodded and tested for durability by machines that looked like they came straight out of Battlebots. Charlie had to look away, not liking to see diapers treated in such a manner.

Russell and Princess Paddington rolled their eyes and scoffed at Charlie's emotional response, but Grandpa Joe and Mr. Waddler seemed to understand.

"It's all right," said Mr. Waddler, putting an arm around Charlie's shoulders. "I feel the same way, but it has to be done, and besides, 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, I'm sorry to say," said Mr. Waddler with a gleam in his eye, "not even the ones that make it to market... It's just something we have to live with as diaper dynamos."

Charlie sighed and collected himself, nodding. Mr. Waddler respectfully gave him a few minutes before they moved onto the next step in the process.

"What a baby," muttered Russel. "Don't be such a dweeb."

"That's right. You can't cry over spilt diapers," agreed the Princess. "It must be dreadful being a peasant and having to care about conserving diapers." Grandpa Joe gave them dirty looks.

"Ignore them, Charlie... It's a good thing that you care, and don't let anyone tell you different!"

The next station was the workout station which had rows of gym equipment used to test the diapers. There were treadmills, ellipticals, stairmasters, stationary bikes, squat machines and other contraptions used by humans and Crinkle Winkles alike. There was one man on a treadmill that made everyone giggle because he was wearing

such a ridiculously huge diaper that he had to bounce from foot to foot as he struggled to keep from flying off the machine. In contrast, the woman next to him was running at top speed with a low-cut slim and sporty diaper hugging her every curve which made him look even more funny.

"Laugh all you want," said Mr. Waddler, "but what we're doing here is dead serious. We have to look at all aspects of how these diapers perform under pressure, so if a certain variety has a failure point, we will find it. We study everything from how the diaper lining interacts with sweat to how the cut of the diaper works with physical activity."

Next they came up to an area where people were lined up in their big bulging diapers.

"Why are there pacifiers strapped around their heads with tubes coming out?" asked Russell, clearly weirded out by the scene before him.

"This, my friends, is the hydration station where we test diaper capacity. We found that this is the most efficient hydration delivery system, and we can't be dilly dallying when it comes to such an important test," responded Mr. Waddler.

"Well, some of them seem to be struggling," continued Russell.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Waddler, waving away Russel's concerns. "They all signed a contract saying they understood what they were in for! They're just... enthusiastic..."

Many of the diapers the testers were wearing had become piss balloons thanks to the super hydration juice they were drinking. Charlie had never seen diapers pushed to their absolute limit like that.

"My gosh, can they really hold that much?" asked Charlie.

"They can," said Mr. Waddler, "We push them past their maximum advertised capacity because we want our diapers to hold at least double what we put on the package. Any diaper that didn't pass the double ironclad Willy Waddler capacity standard would be a sure indicator that we need to retool our machines. Of course a Willy Waddler diaper has never failed before, but that doesn't mean we can let our guard down. After all, people *depend* on our products, and-

Suddenly there was a commotion amongst the Crinkle Winkle monitors as they crowded around at a couple of chuggers wearing diapers so full they had grown as big

as the people wearing them. The Crinkle Winkles began pumping their fists and chanting.

"What's going on?" asked Charlie. Mr. Waddler grinned widely.

"Oh, we're very lucky to witness this! It's a leak-off!"

"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. It's the most popular spectator sport in the factory, you know. Place your bets, everyone!"

The first person was a man wearing a waddler deluxe. He was practically swimming in his seat, squirming around as he drank down more liquids while his diaper sagged to the floor.

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

The second person was a woman wearing a swim diaper with little mermaids all over the front. She was swimming herself, floating above her seat at least six inches as the padding had expanded under her butt quite considerably more so than the male whose padding had expanded more toward the front before starting to expand all the way around. The group could practically make out the super absorbent polymer, which looked like big Orbeez under the taut, translucent plastic.

After a minute or so of watching the diapers expand wider and wider with the Crinkle Winkles chanting WET! WET! WET!, the Waddler Deluxe finally burst sending SAP flying everywhere. This diaper failure was followed shortly by the swim diapers, which leaked rivers which flowed over the vinyl padding of the seat that she was sitting on, deluging her legs and the floor below in a big yellow waterfall.

"Now I know why everything is waterproof!" said Grandpa Joe over the cheers and handshaking of the Crinkle Winkles.

"Now you may be asking," said Mr. Waddler, "how do we manage all the diaper changes in this diaper-filled factory? Well, the answer is simple! I've created the Willy Waddler Automated Diaper Changing Machine! Follow me and let's take a look!"

Along the walls of the room there were changing stations, many of which had Crinkle Winkles lying on them and getting diaper changes. The group watched as a

Crinkle Winkle waddled up to one of the changing tables. The machine lit up and beeped.

"Needs changing!" came the voice of the machine. The Crinkle Winkle was helped up by two mechanical arms with gloved hands. As soon as his back hit the changing pad, straps went across his chest, comfortably holding him in place while a scanner ran over him.

"As you can see, the scanner identifies the dirty diaper so it can be removed and sent to the dirty diaper pail."

The two gloved hands of the automatic changing table tugged open the diaper tapes while another gloved hand opened the diaper, and another wiped him down. Yet another hand came out holding baby powder at the ready while a final hand presented a pacifier. The Crinkle Winkle smiled in contentment as his mouth was stuffed with the big pacifier. Charlie felt an instant pang of jealousy as they watched on. The Crinkle Winkle looked so relaxed as the hands did all the work of changing, cleaning, and pacifying him.

"Don't they get embarrassed about being watched?" asked Charlie. "I mean it's right out here in the open!"

"Not at all," said Willy Waddler. "Diaper changes can happen anywhere and anytime in Crinkle Winkle Land. It's just a part of the culture! Ah, there we go. There goes the old diaper! Say bye bye everyone!." Charlie watched as the diaper was whisked away by one of the hands.

"Where does it go?" asked Charlie.

"Why, into the big diaper pail, of course!" said Mr. Waddler, turning on a screen in the wall to reveal a CCTV image of an enormous diaper pit, and a little diaper rolling down the big sloped floor toward the giant pail. Meanwhile, the diaper changing machine finished up with the Crinkle Winkle, powdering him and taping him up nice and snug in another thick diaper for testing. "And there you have it, folks. It's full service from start to finish."

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

"Right away, your Highness," sighed Jeeves.

"I'm afraid that these tables are not available for retail," said Mr. Waddler. "The upkeep is absolutely impossible without a Crinkle Winkle technician on hand."

"Then we'll buy a Crinkle Winkle along with them!" said Princess Paddington. "My people will talk to your people."

"I'm afraid that's also not possible," said Mr. Waddler. "Aside from the ethical issues that make *selling* a Crinkle Winkle unthinkable, these tables are not cleared for human use. You see, the scanners-

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

"What the fuuuuuudge?" said Russell. "How old is she?"

"Your highness... this is highly undignified," said Jeeves, but it was no use. Not even baby Betina had been so petulant, even at her worst. Jeeves sighed. "Don't worry, she'll run out of steam eventually... it's not very often that she doesn't get her way."

"Wow that's the most we've heard out of *you* all day," said Grandpa Joe. "I hope you're right, because this tantrum is giving me a headache..."

"Now, Princess Paddington," said Willy Waddler, wagging his finger, "you'll have your chance to try out the machine once we work out all the kinks, but for now, you'll have to wait and be patient."

"Be patient?! Wait?! Like some *commoner*? Do you know who my father is?"

"I'm sorry, Princess, it is simply too sensitive for anyone but the pure hearted Crinkle Winkles to use. I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to go over there to the regular changing area for humans."

"There's nothing regular or ordinary about me," shouted Princess Paddington. "I'm exceptional in every way. And if you think – oh! He's finally finished," said Princess Paddington as the straps were released and the hands gently set the Crinkle Winkle down on the floor with a pat on the butt.

"Move it, shrimp!" said Princess Paddington, waddling over to the machine. "Royalty coming through!"

"Please don't do that," said Mr. Waddler, but it was too late. As she got closer, the machine beeped and hands grabbed the Princess. She was placed on the table, and the straps went over her and she was scanned.

"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?"

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Waddler. "The machine has sensed that Princess Paddington is in need of a change. *All* of her."

"What?!" said the Princess.

"I'm afraid this happens to some people, your highness, particularly those with a *foul* attitude. The machine doesn't discriminate. All it knows is what needs to be changed.

"Unhand me!" squealed Princess Paddington as she was whisked away into the wall. "This is treason! Off with your hands!"

"Crinkle Winkle technicians will get right on it," called Mr. Waddler as Princess Paddington had disappeared from view. "We really do need to get to installing that big red emergency stop button, don't we?" he said to himself.

"Where is she going?" asked Charlie.

"Let's look at the screen," said Mr. Waddler. They watched as Princess Paddington appeared in the giant pail room and began sliding down the sloped floor toward the giant pit of diapers. Despite her desperate attempts to scabble up the slippery slope, Princess Paddington slid down, down, down, down, ultimately landing and sinking neck deep into the giant yellow pile of diapers.

Mr. Waddler signaled for the nearest Crinkle Winkle to bring him a radio. Mr. Waddler then pressed a button and spoke into it.

"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 was startled when they heard Jeeves give the faintest of chuckles.

"Did you... Did you just smile?" asked Grandpa Joe. "I think that might be the first time I've seen you smile ever." Jeeves was indeed smiling, and he spoke, wiping a mirthful tear from his eye.

"Pardon the impropriety, sir, but I think it is high time Princess Paddington was put in her place."

"Is that laughter I hear? What's going on out there?" called Princess Paddington.

"Ah, don't worry, Princess," said Mr. Waddler, releasing the button on the transmitter and putting his mouth in his sleeve as he tried not to crack up himself. "We'll, uh, *SNRK* we'll get some Crinkle Winkle technicians out here to assess the situation before that pail is emptied." The group looked on as two more diaper changes were completed at other stations and the diapers hurled down to the pail, where they promptly hit the defenseless and struggling Princess Paddington right in the face.

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 quickly assessed the situation, whispered into Mr. Waddler's ear. Mr. Waddler's face became more serious as he nodded, stood at full height, and then let out a deep sigh. Everyone in the room was at the edge of their seats waiting to hear what he would say.

"I'm afraid it's too dangerous for them to go in directly," said Mr. Waddler. "The machine can usually be coaxed to pull the human out of the diaper pail on its own, but only if they change their mindset..."

"What does that mean?" asked Charlie, afraid the poor princess may be stuck there forever.

"Simply put, she's not getting out until she learns some manners," said Mr. Waddler. Jeeves had broken out into full laughter now.

"Yes, yes, this is just what she needs. I've been caring for that brat of a princess since she was, well, since she was in *diapers*. Which is to say, for far, far too long. She was raised by servants with little to no moral guidance from her parents, so I suppose it's no surprise she ended up this way..."

"Princess Paddington, I'm afraid I have bad news," said Mr. Waddler into the radio.

"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 as diplomatically as possible while trying to avoid snickering. "I'm afraid the only way out will be to learn to be more polite. And since the machine considers Crinkle Winkles acceptable, 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."

"Is she going to be all right?" asked Charlie as Mr. Waddler turned off the two-way radio and set it aside.

"Oh yes, absolutely fine," said Mr. Waddler. "Better than ever. Now let's go ahead and turn off these automated changing stations for now. It'll take a minute because there are quite a few other stations that lead to this pail, so we'll have to divert a few systems to another pail. 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," said Mr. Jeeves.

Mr. Waddler, being a merciful man, acquiesced and 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 move away from the changing tables and back 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 headed out of the testing area. "It's really quite the amazing factory!"

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

"Yes, it's as if a weight has been lifted off my chest," said Jeeves, breathing deeply. "A princess sized weight! I do believe I'd like to try one of those Waddler Deluxe diapers for myself. I've never been allowed to have anything so luxurious before, you know, being a servant and all. The Princess said it would degrade her to allow a commoner to wear what she does."

"That simply won't do," said Mr. Waddler. "My philosophy is that our diapers are for everyone! We'll be sure to get you in one," said Mr. Waddler, flashing his winning smile.

Mr. Jeeves was a completely different person now; instead of morose and gloomy, he was jovial and chatty the whole way to the next stop.

"Alright folks, hold onto your diapers," said Mr. Waddler as the cart stopped in the giant lift. "Next stop, the marketing department." The elevator seemed to move so smoothly, it was as if it wasn't moving at all, but when the doors opened again, they found themselves back on the main floor of the factory. Gasps of amazement escaped the lips of the four remaining visitors on the tour as the crinkle cart exited at their destination.

This area was full of Crinkle Winkles in business suits sitting around big conference tables and discussing different ideas in animated fashion. Various colorful advertisements were shown on virtual holographic screens hovering above these tables, along with graphs, numbers, and other data, which seemed to update in real time. On one end of the room was what looked to be a social media center operated entirely by the small purple people, with banks of phones wired up to send out all sorts of posts. Further down were other areas and doors, the purpose of which those assembled could only guess at.

"Once a product is ready for market, we have to let everyone know all about it," said Mr. Waddler. "That's where the marketing comes in! As you can see, our Waddler brand advertising is a big part of our business model, and it's all done in house!"

Everyone was amazed at the scale of the operation, but Russell seemed the most interested of all, being the savvy social media entrepreneur that he was. He made a beeline over to the social media section, forcing the rest of the group to follow.

"Alright... well, I was going to talk about the planning process first, but I *guess* we could look at the phone banks," said Mr. Waddler, clearly a little annoyed.

Over in the social media section, there were many live streams of gamers and other streamers promoting Wally Waddler diapers.

"Is that Sam Streamer on the screen over there?" asked Russell, as he gazed up at one of the displays.

"Sure is," said the supervising Crinkle Winkle who was looking over that section. "He's about to premiere a new surprise promotion on today's stream, and he's not the only one! We've got twenty-five promos running at the same time for this item alone!"

Russell was practically salivating at this point as his eyes darted between all of the displays showing different streamers. Everyone from cutesy anime fans to gamer bros, to furry vtubers were represented here.

"Oh my Gods! This is amazing! And you said I was going to get exclusive deals after the tour, right?" asked Russell, finally turning to look at Mr. Waddler.

"You sure will, Russell," said Mr. Waddler, with a grin that told Charlie that there was more to this agreement than Mr. Waddler was letting on.

"What other new promos are coming down the pipeline?" Asked Russell. "I gotta think about which one I want to promote."

"Well," said Mr. Waddler, "believe it or not there are a few exclusives coming up that you will be able to report on soon, like our new mascot."

"No way! Really? A new mascot?" asked Russell, his eyes shining. "I've got to see!" Mr. Waddler chuckled at the normally bored-looking Russell's enthusiasm.

"Well, sure. Why not? Follow me, folks." Mr. Waddler walked the group over to a side room where a recording studio was set up, complete with a smartphone stand,

lighting, and green screen. Hanging on a nearby wardrobe rack was a shiny rubber kangaroo bodysuit, accompanied by a Kangaroo head with big, cartoony smiling eyes and a pointed nose sitting on a table, just waiting to be worn.

"Oh my gosh! Who is *this*?" Asked Russell, absolutely tickled as he approached the suit.

"Everyone, it is my pleasure to introduce you to our new mascot: Crinkles the Kangaroo!" said Mr. Waddler. "You're the first people outside of the marketing team to lay eyes on him."

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

"Oh, Crinkles has been months in development, and we've only just finalized him," said Mr. Waddler. "This suit has a lot of hidden tech, you see. Top of the line!"

"When are you going to debut him?" asked Russell. "I could do like a spot or something on my stream."

"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."

"Oh my Gods!" chirped Russell. "I could play him on my stream and make everyone think I'm becoming a furry! Could you imagine the number of views that would get?"

"I'm afraid that's not possible," said Mr. Waddler. "You see, it's a permanent position: there can only be one Crinkles, so unless you're ready to commit to being crinkles for the foreseeable future, it's a no go!"

"Aww, come on! It'll be a great bit, and I'm gonna get so many views! It'll get lots of eyes on Crinkles and I bet you'll find someone to play him in no time!"

"No, Russel," said Mr. Waddler. "Playing Crinkles isn't just some 'bit'. It's a permanent position like I said 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 viewing room, where a test audience was watching various ads. Data on their reactions was collected in real time for Crinkle

Winkle scientists to analyze, and the group watched a real-time readout that appeared to be measuring some information about every audience member.

"As you can see, our technology allows us to read the brainwaves of the audience for maximum engagement! With the help of our Crinkle Neurowinkle Science department, these ads are made to tickle the pleasure centers. As you can see, the happy meter, heart meter, and arousal meter are all staying pretty high! Oops.. looks like that guy in the third row just had a sticky accident... that's what we like to see!"

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.

Next, they stopped by a big conference table where advertisements were being workshopped and discussed by the Business Winkles.

"Winkle Team One is looking over a mockup of our next Waddler Deluxe spot now," said the waddling entrepreneur as they approached the table. Several Crinkle Winkles were talking while gesturing to a storyboard on the virtual screen above them.

"I want to see more time on the diaper and can we turn up the lighting?" said one. The mockup changed in real time as the Crinkle Winkles discussed it, causing the group to gasp in amazement.

"That's great, Crinkle Dink!" said another. "Now, let's add in Princess Paddington's line about being fit for a princess in the ad."

"I love that, Crinkle Crink. Is there anything we can do to highlight the way the diaper gathers around the legs more? I really want the quality of the plastic to show in this ad. Maybe get a nice zoom in on where the butt meets the back of the leg and turn up the shadows... *That's* it... That's giving a nice sense of volume to the padding as well..."

"Sorry to interrupt, Crinklers," said Mr. Waddler, "just coming through with our tour. Mind if we get a few shots of the group for the website?" An eager Crinkle Winkle with a camera phone popped up, seemingly out of nowhere.

"Crinkle Cam Winkle at your service! My phonetography will be perfect for this!"

"Hey, Cam, perfect timing!" said Wally Waddler, "Say, Cam. Russell, here, has been recording a lot of videos on the tour. Do you think you could work with him on putting that together into a video review?"

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

"Oh, he's right here," said Mr. Waddler, gesturing to Russell, only Russell wasn't there. "Hold the phone... has anyone seen Russell?"

"No," said Grandpa Joe. "I haven't seen him since we left..."

Everyone jumped with a start and said: "The recording room!"

The group rushed back to the room only to find Russell almost completely dressed in the suit. He was just about to put on the head when they barged in.

"Russell!" bellowed Mr. Waddler, "What are you doing?!"

"Hey guys, you're just in time! I was about to put on this suit for that bit we were talking about. Could one of you do me a favor and operate the camera? I got it all set up but I wanna make sure it looks good."

"Stop! Don't put that on!" shouted Mr. Waddler and Crinkle Cam as Russell lowered the smiling kangaroo head down onto his body, but it was too late. As soon as the head settled into place, the seam seemed to completely disappear and it was impossible to tell where the head piece ended and the body began.

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Waddler, putting his hand to his mouth.

Russell, or rather Crinkles the Kangaroo gave two thumbs up and waved to the group, making a roll video motion with his hands and pointing to the camera. He ran over to the green screen and began doing some silly antics which were energetic and fun to match his cheerful expression.

"Hi y'all! I'm Crinkles the Kangaroo!" came the muffled voice within the suit. Russell giggled putting his hands in front of his mouth, which caused the shiny rubber to squeak. The effect was adorable. Charlie, Grandpa Joe, and Jeeves looked on in delight, smiling at the cute and happy mascot in front of them, but Mr. Waddler and the Crinkle Winkle gave each other concerned looks. Crinkles was such a cute character, so happy and bubbly and cartoonish that the guests were completely captivated as he bounced around, smiling and giggling and making lots of cute rubbery squeaky sounds in the process. Suddenly, Crinkles stopped and tapped his mouth.

"Hold on a second. I think I have to adjust my head. I feel something bumping up against my mouth and it's getting hard to talk." Russell tried to move the head around,

and then tried tugging at it, but nothing happened. "Hey! What gives? This head won't budge an inch. Is there a zipper or something?"

"It's the suit," said Mr. Waddler. "It's got a mouthpiece that goes into the mouth like a big pacifier."

"Get dis fing offa nee!" came the frustrated voice, which looked pretty comical coming from a big smiling character.

"I'm afraid you can't," said Mr. Waddler. "The suit is self adhering. Once you put it on, you can't take it off."

"What?!" Came the surprise yelp as Crinkles tried even harder, causing the material to stretch slightly only to snap back with a comical boing. The rubber of the happy, shiny rubber kangaroo squeaked loudly as Crinkles struggled, his big cartoony eyes looking joyful and happy in contrast to the struggling person inside, but Mr. Waddler held his hand out to stop the group from trying to interfere.

"Just give it a moment, Crinkles. Stop trying to fight it and the mouthpiece will adjust." Russell's voice was soon completely muffled as he frantically tried to pull off the head of the kangaroo to no avail, but gradually the muffled sounds began to gain coherence as a new voice could be heard coming from the rubber roo.

"Huh? What's happening?" Crinkles' new voice was strong and rich in tone like that of a popular cereal mascot. "My voice! It's different! Why does it sound... kinda hot?"

"It's a feature of the suit," said Mr. Waddler. "When the ability to talk is enabled, it modifies what you say to match the character of Crinkles."

"Enabled? Modify? Yeah, no, I think I'm done now," said Crinkles. "It's time to take this thing off and go back to being Russell."

"I'm afraid you can't," said Mr. Waddler.

"What do you mean, *I can't*?" asked Crinkles, putting his hands on his hips. Mr. Waddler and Cam looked at each other again.

"Why don't you tell him, Cam?" The Crinkle Winkle sighed.

"Well, you see Crinkles, it's like Mr. Waddler said... This suit is only designed for *one* wearer, and it's a *permanent position*. We never anticipated that wearer ever having to take it off..."

"I tried to tell you," said Mr. Waddler, nodding to Cam, who picked up a remote from the counter and started pressing buttons.

"You didn't tell me all *that!*" said Crinkles in his cheerful and robust voice. "Are you kidding me? 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.

"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 as the rubber roo's happy statements seemed to get more and more ridiculous the more insistent he got.

"DIAPERS!!! What the heck? Those aren't my words! I meant to say... I'm Crinkles and I love being a Crinkly Kangaroo! No, wait!"

"Like I told you," said Mr. Waddler. "The suit modifies what you say to match the character of Crinkles... And it doesn't just change your voice, oh no. It changes your words, too! We wouldn't want Crinkles the kangaroo to say anything *out of character*, now would we?"

"You can't do this," giggled Crinkles, looking pleased as punch to be a diapered rubber roo.

"Oh yes I can," said Mr. Waddler, wagging his finger. "It's all in the contract. We have complete creative control over everything you do and say. Isn't that right, Cam?"

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

"I love DIAPERS! Wait, that's not what I meant to say, it was... I LOVE my DIAPERS! I love my DIAPERS!"

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

"This is so fun! I want to stay a Crinkly Kangaroo forever!" said Crinkles, putting his hands to his throat. "I need my DIAPERS! I'm a crinkly roo!!"

"Hey, chill out, my roo," said Cam, clicking a few more buttons to dial back the diaper talk. "There's no need to panic. You'll still be getting those exclusive deals, and you'll have more viewers than ever than you ever thought possible!"

"But... my stream!"

"Hey, nobody said you had to quit your stream! In fact, I think you had a pretty good idea before. You still want those views, right? What better chance than right now as Crinkles?" Crinkles paused and rubbed his chin.

"Well... I *guess* we can see how it goes," said Crinkles.

"That's the spirit!" said Mr. Waddler. "You're getting into the Crinkles mindset already. Why don't you and Cam work on that first commercial spot? I think you're about to be a *superstar*."

"Well, okay," giggled Crinkles, bouncing and squeaking like a happy kangaroo. "Hold on, why am I so happy right now? Why am I giggling?"

"Those are just the mood boosters kicking in," Mr. Waddler. "It's all part of the magic of the suit." Crinkles giggled and nodded.

"Heehee, mood boosters! Sounds good, boss! Hehe, boss! That's funny! It's fun to be a crinkly kangaroo!"

"Okay," said Cam, clapping his hands. "First thing's first: We gotta get you into a big *crinkly* diaper. After all, Crinkles has to be in *crinkles*, right?" Crinkles giggled and nodded, putting his hands over his rubber muzzle with a squeak.

"Yeah! I need my crinkles right away! Where are they at?"

"With that big midsection and those thicc roo legs, this is a six winkle job," mused Cam.

"On it!" said Mr. Waddler, pulling out his flute to summon more Crinkle Winkles to help diaper the happy kangaroo. In they came carrying a big squeaky rubber diaper. "Here we are! What better to diaper up Crinkles with than our newest invention: Our all-in-one rubber-backed diaper? It's perfect for those who don't want to fuss with separate rubber pants or who simply love rubber!"

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

Crinkle Winkle dinkity doo,
Someone's in trouble all for the views.
Crinkle Winkle Dinkity Dee,
Now a crinkle roo he will be.
Likes and clicks can give you a rush.
Spurring you on to do goodness knows what.
But when you fail to stop and to think.
You might end up like Russell Butts.
Crinkle Winkle dinkity doo,
Living online will rot your brain, too.
Please touch grass and turn off the phone.
Like the Crinkle Winkles dinkity do!

Crinkles couldn't help but laugh and giggle during the diapering process as he was made even more adorable with the thick, shiny garment between his legs.

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

"Of course you do!" said Cam. "Now get ready for the camera! You're about to become a star!"

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

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 your 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 seemed to listen and understand 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. They looked 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 in 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's eyebrows went up. He 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 under his pants.

"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."

Charlie felt the instant wave of relaxation that came with all diaper changes as Mr. Waddler pulled open the diaper tapes with a familiar ripping sound. Mr. Waddler pulled open the soggy diaper, and grabbed a wipe to wipe Charlie down. 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 Mr. Waddler. "It's one of my favorite things to do. The Crinkle Winkles sometimes let me change them as do the testers. 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. Charlie 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, and slippery softness and comfort. Charlie could already tell the diaper was thick from the way it felt when he was lowered onto it, but the way this one spread Charlie's thighs open after it was taped up really emphasized just how thick it really was. Charlie looked down at his diapered midregion, his heart racing at the sight of himself in nice thick diapers just like he liked.

"Thank you, sir! I can't afford diapers like this at home."

"No worries, my boy," said Mr. Waddler. "You'll never have to pay 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.

"What's so funny?"

"Your offer shows you to be a kind and thoughtful boy, though not very observant. Charlie, 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 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. And believe it or not, that's what I put you in too!" Charlie took a second look at his diaper and recognized the jawbreaker-like splatter pattern of colors.

"So you have!" Once grandpa Joe was changed into his own Everlasting diaper, he and Charlie experimented with trying 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.

"It's all part of the Willy Waddler Proprietary Trade Secrets."

"That sounds very official," said Charlie, giggling.

Mr. Waddler ruffled Charlie's hair and smiled. It was clear that Mr. Waddler had taken a shine to Charlie over the course of the day. Given the difference between Charlie's behavior and the behavior of the other spoiled winners, it wasn't such a stretch to believe so. Charlie still had one question, however.

"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

Charlie was several months into his training 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, his mind had gone elsewhere to 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?" asked Crinkle Dink. "If these do well, we could have a whole line of scented diapers for the snooing connoisseur."

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

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

"Huh? Oh yeah... sounds great." Charlie gave them a weak smile before returning to his vacant stare. The Crinkle Winkles looked at each other.

"I'll bet I know what you're thinking about," said Cam. "It's today's big event. Am I right?"

"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 Crink with a wink.

"Alright, alright," said Cam. "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," he hastily added, seeing the shocked look on his colleagues' faces, "but the wedding is later today, so let's all take some time to get ready before the big ceremony."

The Crinkle Winkles welcomed the respite from a hard day's work, though Charlie knew they wouldn't be able to stay idle for long. Crinkle Winkles had such a drive to do all things diaper-related that 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 going? 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. They nodded and smiled at Charlie, and shot him a thumbs up. "In fact, I'll be the speaker!"

"You're gonna Emcee their 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 Willy 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!"

In no time at all, Charlie was at the Crinkle Winkle Embassy in Crinkleville, where the Ambassador from Pamperdonia had set up her residence. He knocked on the Ambassador's door and a light and airy vice rang out.

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

"Hello Madame Ambassador," said Charlie, as he came into the room to see Crinkle Winkles running about to get the ambassador all dolled up and diapered up for the big ceremony. The room was cozy and very girly with garlands of flowers and pink everywhere. 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," he mused.

"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 we want your soggy diapers to be as obvious as possible for the audience."

"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 might be holding things up a bit. "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 just miss it after 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. "Now if you'll excuse me..." 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 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," said Charlie.

"Ah. Baby Bettina. Of course! She hasn't had any visitors since she was brought here, so I was surprised, is all. Head on back to the play area, then."

Sure enough, she was there behind the baby gate playing with blocks under the watchful eye of the Crinkle Winkle caretaker on duty. Baby Bettina was an adorable sight in her extra large diapers and adorable purple onesie

"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, and walked toward Baby Bettina.

"Hey, Baby Bettina. I just wanted to see if you were going to the wedding. It's for-"

"Ah bah buh buh..." said Baby Bettina, babbling like a baby.

"Uh... are you... are you playing a game with me, Baby Bettina?"

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

"No, no, baby," said the caretaker. "I've told you before: The 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..." Then, 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 back 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.

"Well, she certainly does look happy, I'll give her that... I don't suppose that model of diaper is going to be for sale any time soon, though..."

"On the contrary," said the caretaker. "The diaper has plenty of potential customers... Why, we're already recommending it for the justice system... Imagine if it could be set to last for a whole prison sentence, or even parole? 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," he said. As he waved goodbye and walked out of the nursery, he 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 she ever did grow up again, she'd surely grow up with a better attitude than she had before.

Back on the elevator Charlie went. He supposed he'd better stop off for an outfit change of his own before the wedding. The elevator opened up at the universal dressing room, the place where all outfits and uniforms could be found, custom tailored to the wearer in mere moments.

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

"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, putting his hands on his hips 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 they first met?"

"Of course," said Charlie. "How could I ever forget?"

"It's only been a few months," said Jeeves. "I should hope you wouldn't forget that quickly!"

Jeeves began unsnapping the hidden buttons in Charlie's work suit to reveal his thick and thirsty padding, now yellowed and swollen to capacity. "My, but you have been busy, haven't you? 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. 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 for the wedding, and then into your dress onesie you will go. It's Crinkle Winkle tradition, you know!"

Charlie blushed and rolled his eyes, but the truth was, Jeeves had proved utterly indispensable in every aspect as that 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 for the wedding in the great big factory floor, with Mr. Waddler himself standing atop the big grassy hill, and Crinkles the Roo by his side in a rubber roo robe. As Charlie and Jeeves took their seats by Grandpa Joe on Klaus's side of the aisle, they spotted the Krinkler family sitting in a huddle up front.

At the altar stood Ollie in a too-small tuxedo-print diaper shirt that ended several inches above the belly button. Ollie wore nothing below the waist but Klaus with a little piece of lace hanging out the back of his waistband, and a prominent yellow diaper bulge in front, stretched around Ollie's pachyderm-sized package. Willy Waddler said the first words.

"Welcome, one and all, to the wetting of Ollie Phant and Klaus Krinkler."

"Doesn't he mean wedding?" asked a guest to the person next to him.

"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 audience clapped, showing their appreciation for the sentiment. "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 completes him.. One that he wants to spend the rest of his life in and fact... 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.

"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..."

The ring bearer, who was waiting for his cue, walked up with the ring on a pillow.

"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. Ollie moaned at the stimulation, and Klaus made plenty of crinkles. Finally, though, the deed was done, 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. This 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, also blushing at the intimate sight. "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. Soon, the area was empty save for the newlyweds. The TV cameras, however, lingered.

At the reception Charlie caught up with everyone he had missed during his tenure as VP in training and had a wonderful time of it. 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 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, Baby Bettina 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. I'm right where I need to be."

THE END