

## Charlie and the Diaper Factory Ch. 1-4

By Champ (<https://champteh hotter.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?

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### 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 waddy 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. Byeeee." He hung up the phone and shook his head, turning to Charlie. "Hardest part of the job, you know?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"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 Klaus'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 too 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?"