

## Charlie and the Diaper Factory Ch. 5-8

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

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### 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 snooping 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."

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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