

A Crinkle In the Fabric of Reality

A kinky story by Terinas Tiger

crinkle [kring-kuh l]

noun, a wrinkle or ripple; A crinkling sound; A turn or twist.

When the telephone was created, could any have envisioned the rise of the internet, much less the smartphone? Could the first mortals to achieve flight have imagined airline companies that linked up the globe? Was the first mortal to pulp paper able to envision the rise of libraries? And whom could have understood the true implications the first engine? The sad truth is, civilizations are rarely capable of understanding the full ramifications of new technology when they first develop them.

And that can lead to plenty of unintended consequences.

As a case in point, a Technical Solutions company named Regsoft in midwest America invented a device that manipulated the very concepts and ideas that drove reality itself. Beyond electrons and other macroscopic particles, it turns out that the universe is driven by ideas: the idea that physical laws exist. The concept of life forming on planets. The inherent coolness of dinosaurs. And many more. Regsoft didn't intend to create a *deus ex machina*, of course. It wasn't the intended purpose, and the engineers and programmers and scientists who shaped it were only dimly aware that the device operated on higher dimensions at all. What they believed they had created was a device that translated baby babble into adult speech by understanding the intent and repackaging it into something adults could understand.

The first time it's creators turned it on, it sent ripples through the fabric that made up all of existence. Reality's threads were yanked tight and then released, like someone yanking on the sleeve of a friend's shirt, pressuring the fabric and wearing it out. And once it was turned off, everything snapped back to a state of rest. But different: stretched and misshapen compared to what it once resembled. Not a Tear, but a Crinkle in the Fabric of Reality. The unintended consequences of using such a device even once were profound. But, like ripples in a pond, they started small.

Such as a rabbit working just a floor below the device wetting his pants.

“And if you look at this chart here, i-it displays-nnnf!” Benjamin Lepori pressed his thighs together, feeling his erect cock straining against the fabric of his Brioni suit pants. He’d had to pee since the meeting began. He’d hoped he could have held it through the whole meeting. After all, it wasn’t as if the head of Regsoft herself visited the Product Development department every day! His boss had been counting on him to present information on the Infanite Translator. Surely he could hold his bladder while standing in front of Shiara Regulos, the Chief Equine of Operations!

As it turns out, he couldn’t.

“I... I...” Benjamin groaned and swayed his hips. The feeling of hot, wet piss spurting out of his penis filled his mind as he stood in front of those assembled. His coworkers, his boss, not to mention Shiara and her associates all witnessed a dark spot blossoming out on the khaki of his pants. In vain he tried to shut his bladder, but the pressure was simply too much. “I’m going peeeee!” He said, a pathetic whimper in his tone as he felt the piss running down his legs, the whole room filling with his scent. Those gathered in front of him watched. Some were wide eyed. A black and white furred bull he worked with simply grinned. His boss, a bright golden lion, balled his fists around some documents in front of him. Dropping the laser pointer he’d been clutching, Benjamin shot his paws down to cover his crotch. “D-Don’t look!” he said with tears in his eyes. He was so morbidly embarrassed he couldn’t manage to say anything more coherent.

But there had been something else there as well, in the back of his mind. A blissful feeling of relief. Of RELEASE...

Despite his protests, everyone looked. “Benjamin Lepori, what are you DOING?!?” His boss stood up like a shot.

Benjamin’s face was on fire. “I’m sorry Mr. RwarSmith! I tried to hold it a-and-“ There were tears in his eyes. The brown bunny’s ears had flopped behind him, as he lowered his head in submission. He was about to get fired for sure.

“Oh, I’ll show you sorry-“ Reginald RwarSmith growled, flexing his paw as he broke away from the line up on the table and began to storm towards the humiliated

rabbit. Benjamin watched the lion's advance, hearing the pawsteps of his doom drawing ever closer.

"Wait, Reginald." A soft, yet firm, voice pierced the discord in the room. All eyes turned to the gray furred mare at the back of the table. Fussing with the bun she'd pulled her hair into, Shiara chuckled. "I don't think we need to punish the little boy." She said, folding her arms against her bosom. "This was a first infraction, correct?"

Benjamin's boss froze. "If it wasn't, you'd have known about it, mo- M-miss Regulos." The lion's face wrinkled in confusion before Benjamin's eyes, as if he wasn't certain what he'd just said.

The woman stood up, waving an arm along the table. "I'm not going to punish an employee for thinking they can hold their tinkles a bit longer than they could. At least not for a first offense." She chuckled and looked straight into Benjamin's eyes. "I'm sending you home for the day, little bunny. I'm sure you're just tired. Tomorrow, take the proper precautions and we'll make sure that this is the last any of us speak of this. Do you understand?"

Benjamin nodded as rapidly as he could. "Yes! Yes Ma'am!" The blush hadn't left his face. Without waiting for further commands, he turned to leave the room, paws still clasped in front of his crotch.

"And do keep dry, LITTLE bunny..." Shiara Regulos' laughter echoed in his mind as he dashed down the hall, hoping no one else saw him.

The effect of the Infanite Translator was meteoric, the impact sending a shudder through reality the second it was switched on. Even though the device was shut off less than five minutes later, the damage swept across the whole planet like ripples in a pond. Benjamin had felt it's effects at ground zero, almost immediately. But he was hardly the only one affected. Just within Regsoft's headquarters building alone, fifty-six other so-called adults found themselves experiencing potty problems. Forty-eight of them were sent home for the day on sick leave. But the problem wasn't the only effect; it's reception was equally affected. There was more juvenile laughter. More taunts of "pee pants!" and "Whadda stinker!" than exclamations of disgust. As if it were some kind of

sophomoric prank or joke in the making. As always, mortals were blind to the greater impact of their actions.

For the very CONCEPT of adulthood had been damaged by what Regsoft was attempting to do. And as the ripples spread across the world, the changes would only become more pronounced...

“Heeey, don’t touch that dial! Thanks for listening to BBY-120, Everyone’s favorite Jam Channel!”

Benjamin was driving home, and he needed some background noise to help him think. So he’d turned on the radio, while lost in thought. Why had he peed himself?!? He hadn’t so much as wet the bed since he was five. He couldn’t quite figure out what had happened. One moment he’d been holding his bladder, and then the next it’d felt like such a herculean effort he couldn’t manage it for one second longer. If he didn’t know better, he’d have wondered if something supernatural had been going on.

“Coming up next, we’ve got “Mary Had a Little Lamb”, followed up with “The Itsy Bitsy Spider”, here on the Nursery Rhyme hour! After that, we’ll be talking calls from our listeners for their favorite Nursery Rhymes! So remember, keep listening to BBY!”

The happy, blooping tones of the nursery rhyme quickly led to distract Benjamin. He found himself humming along, as he stared out onto the city streets as he drove by. Walking along the sidewalk, he watched as a bright green-scaled dragon groaned, tail arching up as the backside of his pants sagged. “-fleece was white as snow...” Benjamin sang, absentmindedly, as he felt for the guy. The green dragon, tears in his eyes, lifted his fist to his mouth and started suckling, before his face seemed to settle to a calm, glazed-over expression.

Mary’s little lambs were engaging, but even through the soothing music, Benjamin understood why the dragon had been distressed. It seemed like plenty of people were having potty problems these days. He let out a sigh. The sight of the dragon helplessly pooping his pants like an overgrown toddler had shaken something loose out of his music-fogged mind. Hadn’t he been thinking about the oddity that had been his own potty problem?

“And that was ‘Mary Had a Little Lamb!’ Thanks for being the cutest listeners this side of the crib! Now I don’t wanna make anyone leak, but I do have to interrupt our playlist with some news!”

Benjamin’s ears perked up. What was important enough to interrupt “The Itsy Bitsy Spider”? The very notion of it had surprised him.

“We don’t do political commentary much here on BBY-120, but it’s worth noting that due to a nearly unanimous bill passed through congress, employers will, as of an hour ago, be mandated to include diapers and assorted supplies in company-provided health care plans. SO if you’ve got a leaky bladder, take luck! You’re covered! Just disposables, though. Sorry, Cloth-cuddlers!”

The rabbit’s eyes went wide. The news had hit him like a drop of ice cold water, snapping his mind out of the haze it’d been in. Nursery Rhymes on the radio? Diapers included in health care plans?

Something was DEFINITELY wrong!

The Infante Translator was turned on one more time that day, at approximately eight o’two pm. Like before, the effects hit the world hard, besieging the universally understood concepts of Adulthood and Maturity. This time, the effects would not be nearly as subtle.

Unlike the first time, however, the management of Regsoft had not authorized the device to be activated...

Benjamin had rushed into his house in such a tizzy he barely had time to realize he had to pee. Determined not to wet himself like a baby bunny twice in one day, he retreated to the bathroom to drain his pipes before heading to his office. Something had felt off since he’d wet his pants. It was his plan to figure out what.

The rabbit’s private office was a beacon of order: A corkboard with relevant papers on it in the far wall of the room, right next to his work desk. One wall lined with bookshelves, each packed with reference books and scientific tomes. Next to his desk,

a mini-fridge packed with bottled water and chopped carrots, to keep hydrated and prevent him from reaching for less healthy snacks. There was a groove in the brown carpet for when he paced as he thought. "Alright." He said, as he walked over to his desk and took a seat. "Now I know there's something odd going on... I've never wet myself before. It wouldn't even make sense for me to do so! I'm an adult!" He chuckled for a moment, before freezing.

He'd sat down in his wet pants. He had forgotten to change out of them.

His face got hot again as he darted out of his study and moved for his bedroom to change. He'd never admit that there was a moment he'd enjoyed peeing in front of the whole meeting. But that didn't mean he wanted to stay in his soggy pants. Returning in something dry, he sat down and opened a notebook. "Ok, now lessee. It can't be a coincidence that the first test of the Infinite Translator happened on the same day I wet myself-" He froze and thought about it for a moment, popping the eraser of his pencil into his muzzle and nibbling slightly. "Ok, yeah, it totally could be. But my gut says that there's some sort of connection... Especially since I saw a man mess in the street not an hour ago! Something odd's going on, and it started today." he sighed. "Even if it's a stretch to so much as consider that our newest invention is doing this, I should eliminate the possibility first." He sighed. "I've got our department's design notes and the blueprints here. Let me go over the math and the physics to see if there's anything that could have caused things to be so strange everywhere."

And so he sat down to work. But the math was quite complicated. Just by himself, Benjamin would be sitting there for hours. But he was determined, and that counted for a lot.

So six pm passed.

And then seven pm.

And then eight pm.

At eight thirty, Benjamin shook his head, snapping out of his math funk. Somehow he'd started to space out! Looking around to clear his foggy mind, the rabbit couldn't help but yawn as he pushed out and stretched his legs. His favorite paci fell out of his mouth, the bright orange plastic carrot handle staring up at him. Staring at it gave him an odd feeling. Like something wasn't right. Looking around, he took stock of his study.

But nothing else felt different: The cartoon city-print of his carpet still had some trucks sunken into it right where he'd left them. His bookshelves were still the same mix of engineering manuals and children's books they'd always been. His corkboard had his most recent crayon-drawings affixed to it, which was good. He was always worried someone would sneak in and steal his drawings! And underneath, his toychest rest open, filled with things for him to play with when he was lost in thought. His free paw gripped the most recent sippy cup of juice he'd taken out of his mini-fridge, right next to his notes. As he tried to figure out what felt so funny, he lifted the bright blue plastic lid to his lips. The tang of cranberry juice hit his lips. And as the fluid ran down his throat, he realized what had been bothering him.

He had to pee! He'd gotten so caught up in his maths that he had entirely forgotten about the building need!

Rushing out of his chair, he scrambled towards his bathroom. He didn't want to have another leak in one day! His bladder throbbed, the act of holding it feeling almost painful as he raced for the door. One of his footpaws slammed down on a plastic 18-wheeler, and Benjamin felt himself yelp in pain as it slid forward. He tripped, and the carpeted floor rose up to meet him. With a loud THUD, Benjamin hit the floor face first, carpet sliding against his fur and whiskers. The pain was all he could think about...

...for a moment. And a moment's distraction was all his throbbing bladder needed. The dams burst again, as Benjamin felt his sweatpants growing warm and soggy.

He cried, more from the humiliation than the pain of it all. But at the same time, there was a good feeling too. He was letting pressure leak out of him, and now that the damage was already done, he could tell how good it felt to let it all out. His bunny cock started to harden against the crotch of his pants as a puddle formed underneath him. The idea of stopping the flow never occurred to Benjamin as his paw moved to his crotch. "I'm... I'm pissing my PANTS!" He said out loud, the affirmation sending a jolt of pleasure down his spine and through his cock. He gripped it tightly, rubbing his paw against the soggy fabric of his sweatpants.

"I'm peeing myself like a baaaaaahaaaahaaaaby!" He groaned, his mind entirely on autopilot, instincts kicking in. The pleasure of release felt so good, he couldn't think of anything else but sating his immediate needs. His paw rubbed up and down against his stiff carrot, the spongy fabric sliding up and down against the head of it. It wasn't

long before his secretions began to grow oily and slick. Arching his head back, Benjamin squealed. "I'm peeing my pants like a good baby!" He said, his higher thoughts going bye-bye for the moment as he felt his need building.

Rubbing himself off through his outfit felt like it took minutes. Or maybe hours. His brown hair bounced against his neck, his ears perked, as he pleased himself against his own accident. But he could only last for so long. After a last cry of bliss, he felt his spunk flooding his pants, the stain on the front of the black material growing shimmery. Flopping over onto the carpet, Benjamin panted, dry heavy breaths with his eyes rolled back in his head. He was hot, sweaty, humiliated, and had a puddle to clean up before it stained. But he felt GOOD. He'd never known soaking himself could be so amazingly hot.

But eventually the afterglow had to fade. Benjamin sat up and looked down. "Oh fucking hell! What did I just DO?!?" His pulse quickened. Thank fate no one had seen him! Wincing, he stood up, feeling the drops of piss dribbling from his sodden cotton tail and the fabric of his pants. "What's happening to me?" he said, tearing up a bit. He knew what he had to do. Standing up, he marched into the bathroom. Right above a large training potty shaped like a clown, he found it. His "Big Boy Potty Training Chart". As he wiped a tear from his left cheek, he raised his paw up to get one of the stickers. For both today and tonight, he had to put a rainy cloud sticker up. The first two rainy cloud stickers he'd gotten in months, marring his otherwise perfect record of smiling suns.

He felt like he was going to cry. It was going to be a long night!

Elsewhere around the world, many other people were making similar kinky discoveries. For though the idea of adulthood had become frayed and tattered under two sudden strains, people's sex drives remained.

It was going to be a long night!

At six in the morning, the room where the Infanite Translator was being kept was unlocked. Someone trotted in, as casually as ever, and flipped the device's power switch from "Off" to "On" a third time. And the damage continued to mount...

He woke up wet. Benjamin heard a sloshing sound as he rolled over in his bed, and felt a shiver from the cold puddle he was laying in. "Aw fuc-" He stopped himself. There was something about that word that caused him to hesitate. Something unbearably DIRTY about it. "F-fudge." he said, as he pulled off his bedsheets and sat up to survey the damage.

Benjamin slept with a plastic cover on his mattress. When you had infrequent night time accidents like him, it was just common sense. Still, the fact that he hadn't been able to wake up to go potty in the middle of the night bothered him. Wrinkling his nose, he reached over to his night stand and grabbed his carrot pacifier, popping it in his mouth and suckling on it to try and sooth his scowl into a smile. "I'mf spoff'ta be bedder dan diff." he slurred around his nucky. He knew that he was speaking truths. but he wasn't sure HOW it was true... as his potty training chart could attest, he averaged two to three night time wettings a week.

Getting out of bed with a hop, he shed his soggy Prairie Patrol jammies and raced for the shower. One steamy cleansing later (along with a quick orgasm to the thought of wetting himself in his sleep), he trotted out to his dresser, sliding his underwear drawer open and looking in. There was an even mix of plastic training pants and cartoon-festooned briefs. With a frown, he reached down for one of the pairs of briefs.

"I-I should be ok." Benjamin held them up and stared at them. "I mean, I'm usually good about knowing when I need to go. When I'm awake." His affirmation called to mind yesterday's events. "Yeah... I should be fine. I mean, I already know something was strange about yesterday. I still need to figure that out, actually." He lifted one leg to push it through one of the holes on the briefs. "I'm still a big boy. I don't NEED my-those training pants." The longer he continued his affirmation, the more he believed it.

"Today'll be different! I know it will be!"

The second day was different: The strain on Reality was far greater, and the concept of adulthood had been stretched and bent to a point near tearing. If Reality was a fabric, then a hole was forming near one of the edges. Threads of

ideas and concepts were being lost to the greater whole of the fabric. The world, correspondingly, was changing more and more.

Something simply had to be done. The hole had to be patched with some other concept. Some other idea that could fit almost as well as maturity.

But what?

The “Bloop-Bloop!” of the water cooler outside his cubicle snapped Benjamin out of his trance. He’d been staring at the notepad he’d been working on last night. His study of the math used in the Infante Translator had sort of derailed as the night had gone on, and ended with him doodling himself riding a dinosaur. Yet, as awesome as it looked, the doodle didn’t make him feel any less concerned. Benjamin still felt like something was wrong. Something had changed. Though it was hard to identify WHAT. Maybe he was grasping at straws. He’d peed himself yesterday. It was embarrassing, but could it really have been more than that?

“Oh, hey Shane!” The voice of Darius, his cubicle-neighbor, echoed into his cube from over by the water cooler.

“Hey hey, moocow!” The voice of Shane, Benjamin’s other cubicle neighbor, soon joined the first voice. “So, I see you’ve, ah, got a sizable bulge down there.”

THAT statement entirely derailed Benjamin’s line of thinking.

Darius snorted. “Been staring at my crotch, huh? Yeah, I’m padded down there.” Benjamin heard the water cooler bloop again. “And unless I miss my mark-“ Benjamin heard a sound, like plastic crinkling. “-I’m not alone in my choice of underwear.”

“H-hey! Get your hoof off of there!” Shane yelled.

A deep, low chuckle escaped Darius voice. “What? I’m just seeing if a little baby skunk needs a diaper change...”

“I... nfff!” Benjamin heard Shane huff. “I’m dry! I’m clean! I just changed my muddy bottom an hour ago, you big galoot!”

“Oh, you’re dry, huh? Doesn’t FEEL like it.” Benjamin heard the skunk laugh nervously. “You’ve got a pretty hefty sog going on down there.”

Benjamin bit his lower lip. There was something in those words that made him blush. A bit of him felt jealous of Darius. He kinda wanted to feel that wet, squishy diapered crotch!

The skunk whimpered. “Aw, I am?” He sounded legitimately confused and surprised to the rabbit’s ears. “Guess I have been hitting the water cooler pretty hard today. It’s hard to tell when I’m leaky!” he laughed nervously. “I guess you’re more adult than me, Darius.”

“Oh, I am, am I?!?” To Benjamin, the bull sounded almost... offended. “Guess I should-aaaaaaaaahhhhhh- d-do something about that.”

Benjamin heard Shane gasp. “Oh gosh. A-are you-“ At this point he was fully invested in eavesdropping on this conversation. What was the bull doing? Was he doing something to prove he was more adult? Or... or was he- Benjamin didn’t even realize his paw was moving down to a stiffness in his crotch.

“I’m a big baby bull!” Darius mooed out proudly. “And I’m peeing my diapers like a goooooooooooooood baby should!”

It was that comment that brought Benjamin out of his moment of sog-lust. His eyes went down to his crotch. He was groping himself openly, a small shimmery stain on the front of his jeans. “What the fu-“ He stopped himself “-the fudge am I doing?!?” He pulled his hand away, moving it back up to the notebook he’d been staring at. Under a new section he labeled “Evidence Something’s Wrong” he wrote “Hearing two guys talk about peeing themselves got me hard, and it never did that before.”

“Woah, look at how swollen that thing is!” Shane giggled. “I can’t leak even HALF that much without needing a change. What brand are those?”

Darius’ response started with a loud, amused laugh. “Hoovsies, man! They’re special padding for bigger tots, usually rhinos or horses or bulls like myself.”

Benjamin tried to ignore their talk, but something the two outside had just said was bothering him. After a moment, he added a second entry to his Evidence. “Did guys always talk so openly about their diapers? Feels weird...”

An email suddenly popped up in his inbox, distracting him. Clicking on it, he saw it was a summons. His boss, Mr. RwarSmith, was calling him to his office for a private meeting at 9:00 am. He only had five minutes before he was late.

Swallowing and curling his toes, Benjamin stood up and turned out of his cubicle. He wasn't quite sure why he was getting one-on-one time with his boss. Reginald RwarSmith had usually be a fairly hands-off manager. Was something wrong?

"Oh! I thought they were Cuddlez." Shane had crouched over with his poofy butt in the air, his padding poking up over his pants, to poke at the crotch of Darius' blue jeans.

The bull snorted as Benjamin passed. "What?!? I'd never be caught dead in Cuddlez! That cheap brand will barely fit over my co- my peepee, and it leaks if I so much as get horny."

Benjamin walked out of earshot of their conversation as he hurried to his bosses' office. But he was grateful he'd overheard it. Hearing the two chatting had basically proven it to him: There was definitely something strange going on in the world, and no one else seemed to be noticing it but him. He didn't have to wait long before getting another bit of evidence for that assertion, either. Because as he made his way through the cubicles, he quickly saw that everyone else was wearing what looked to be training pants or diapers under their work clothes.

He was the only worker in the office in big kid underroos.

The next formal test of the Infanite Translator was scheduled for 9:10 am that day. On the official records, it would be the second time the mortals at Regsoft had activated their device. In reality, it was the fourth.

And when the power would course through the device yet again, it would once more grip tight on the core concepts and ideas of reality, the interwoven threads of fate itself, and yank hard once more.

And a few more strands of the thread of Adulthood would snap. Would this be the point of no return? Or would it be the time after that? Too much more use of such a terrifying invention and the idea itself might very well be destroyed...

9:05 am. Mr. RwarSmith had made Benjamin wait five minutes outside his office door before calling him in, and it had made Benjamin feel all huffy. He was wasting time he could be using figuring out this mystery! But instead, there he sat, in one of the big comfy office chairs that the lion kept for people visiting him to sit in.

The lion, clad in a bright black business suit, red striped tie tucked under the front, had his arms folded in front of him. His golden furred paws were pressed together as he stared at Benjamin in perfect silence.

It was actually rather uncomfortable. The air felt heavy and fraught with tension. Benjamin found himself tugging on the collar of his shirt, before looking down at his watch in nervousness. 9:06 and there hadn't been one word passed between the two of them. Biting his lower lip, Benjamin finally decided to pierce the veil of silence. "Um, you wanted to see me, sir?"

A slow grumble escaped the lion's throat as his paws unbraided themselves from each other. It felt to the engineering bunny like the slow rumbling of rocks falling in an avalanche. "Yes. You see, our CEO has asked us to try giving yesterday's presentation again today. Taking time out of her busy schedule to keep visiting our department." The lion snorted, locking his bright brown eyes with Benjamin's green ones. "I wanted some assurances that the, ahem, incident from yesterday would not be happening again."

Benjamin squeaked, unable to return the eye contact. The mere thought of it made the bunny's face burn. His glance fell to his wrist watch again. 9:07 am. Likely the exact moment he died of shame. "N-no sir. I was feeling a bit, um, s-sick yesterday, but I got a good night's sleep and I'm feeling so much better today!" Benjamin managed a quivering smile. "If you want, I can go get my powerpoint-"

"Are you wearing protection?" The lion's words cut like a claw through his own.

"W-what?" His ears flopped over as Benjamin stared back up at his boss.

“Protection. You know, some proper padding.” A heavy sigh escaped the lion as he put a paw to his face. “Oh geeze. You aren’t, are you? You haven’t learned anything.” He clapped his paws together. “Stand up and drop your pants, bunny. I need to make sure you’re at least in TRAINING PANTS.”

He couldn’t help but squeak. The bunny huffed loudly, narrowing his eyes. “Are you asking me to strip on the job?!? Sir, I am a professional!”

“And was it professional to wet your pants on the job right in front of our CEO yesterday because you were too hung up on being a ‘big boy’ to put something absorbent on?” Mr. Rawrsmith narrowed his eyes back at Benjamin. “How is not taking the time to follow office protocol the PROFESSIONAL thing to do?”

This provoked another surprised squeak from the rabbit. “Office protocol?”

The lion nodded. “Are you this ignorant of office safety procedures? Here.” He turned to his computer, typing and clicking on a few things, before spinning the monitor around for Benjamin to see. On the company’s Health and Safety webpage it read, as clear as day: *“Rule #3: All employees must be accustomed to wearing diapers and/or training pants while on regular duty, to prevent leaks. Further, to foster office comradery, diaper-clad employees and management may only change themselves if another employee is not available to assist in the process.”*

As he read over the document, Benjamin couldn’t help but see the time on the computer screen: 9:09 am. He forgot about it almost instantly in his indignation. His paws balled up against his thighs. “I DON’T NEED DIAPERS!” He said, caught up in his indignation and raising his voice. “Sir, I’m an ad- an adu-” He felt himself tripping over the word, but he was determined to say it. He wasn’t like Shane and Darius! He could keep himself dry! And he was sick and tired of being embarassed about his one little accident! “An adul-”

The clock ticked to 9:10 am. And right on time, a large bull trotted into the test chamber to activate the Infanite Translator, officially for the second time.

Not counting the two other times he’d activated it last night.

“-A big kit!” Benjamin spat out as his mind started to clear. For some reason, right in the middle of his huffy tantrum his mind had whited out. “I... uh... huh?” His head was spinning a bit. The head of steam he’d built up was completely gone. “What were we talking about?” He flopped back down from his upright position to let his body sink back into the bean bag chair he’d been sitting in. Reggie had several bean bag chairs for people visiting him to sit down in. Benjamin’s favorite was the bright red one... his mind felt like it’d been dipped in syrup. “I mean, um, I’m not gonna tinkle in my pants again. I don’t need diapers. Nnngh...” He rubbed his forehead. “I’m better than that.”

It didn’t seem like the same had happened to Reggie RwarSmith. “A big kit!” He snarled. “A BIG KIT?!?” The lion stood up immediately, a crinkle escaping the bright black tuxedo-print onsie he’d been wearing. “Tell me, Benji, am I not in charge of our department?”

Benjamin replied on autopilot. He wasn’t thinking straight yet. “Y-yes, but I don’t see what that has to do with-”

“-AND does that not make me the biggest cub here?” The lion clearly wasn’t going to let him finish that sentence.

Memories were racing back into Benjamin’s mind. “Y-yeah...” Of course Reggie was right. He was head of the department because he was the best behaved kid there.

The next thing Benjamin heard was the popping of snaps. “AND WHAT AM I WEARING, ‘BIG KIT’?” The lion tore open the snap-crotch of his onsie, flipping it up. The garment underneath was swollen and sagging, festooned with simple caricatures of jungle animals hiding under umbrellas from sog-revealed rainclouds. The once-white plastic padding was now heavily stained yellow in front.

“A-a-a Diaper?” Benjamin whimpered. He already knew what was coming. Pretty much the only way to drive Reggie to a tantrum was to insult his status as King of the Corporate Jungle. He was in for it now.

“And you say you don’t need diapers, huh, mister ‘big kit’?” The lion circled around the table, diaper crinkling loudly, before he stopped to loom over the bean bag chair that the rabbit was sunken into. “Are you saying you’re better than me?!? A bigger boy? Just because I’m HONEST about needing my diapees and you aren’t?”

The rabbit swallowed. “W-well, I-mmmmph!” Benjamin swallowed the rest of his words as a thick, swollen diaper was thrust into his face. With one swift motion, Reggie had pounced, straddling Benjamin’s head and pressing his crotch into his underling.

Reggie RwarSmith’s voice carried with it a firm command. “Breath.” There was no room in his voice for any protests. “And deeply.” And as he made the statement, he began to thrust his soggy padding into the bunny’s snout

Thoroughly defeated, Benjamin complied. A rich bouquet of aromas filled his nostrils: Talcum powder. Sweat. Pee. Musk. Sex. The whole rest of the room was lost to him as his senses were overwhelmed. He could feel the spongy, soggy fabric of the diaper smushing against the contours of his head. The warmth of the wet diaper enveloped him as Reggie humped against him. Something rigid and firm pressed against his lips and nose through the padding. The sheer sensations were overwhelming. He felt his head spinning.

“Hmmp. I thought so.” Reggie’s paws were gripping either side of his new seat, as he humped his diaper against the bunny’s face. “This is your rightful place. No matter how much of a protest that you don’t need diapers, that you’re a big kid... in the end, you’re just a little baby bunny eager to snoof into my diaper, aren’t you?” He chuckled. “Not even struggling. Purr... you know, this is actually quite comfortable. Maybe we should make it a weekly thing. Remind you of your place, and give me a new plaything to cuddle and grind against.” He chuckled, before standing up. “In fact, I think I like dat-er, that. Yes, from now on, every friday morning, you will spend some time between my legs.”

Benjamin gave a loud gasp as he took in fresh air. For a few moments he had been worried he was going to pass out. He panted, eyes stuck on the diaper. Was it more tented than it had been before? With how wet and soggy the lion was, it was hard to tell. But he found himself fixating on it. A little bit of the bunny had wanted to stay down there, under the lion, blissfully reveling in those scents and those sensations, forever. His cock twitched and strained against his big boy underwear.

The lion spun around and patted his desk. “Drop your pants and climb up here, bitsy baby bunny kit!” Benjamin could tell he was keen to remind the bunny how much more little he was compared to the feline. “It’s time for your diapering, Baby Benji. And I’d better not see you try to take it off...”

The diaper Reggie had put him in was too big to fit under Benjamin's pants, so his boss had insisted he go without them. At first he felt embarrassed, the rabbit unable to so much as take a step without his diaper squishing, a cloud of talcum powder floofing up, and a telltale "crinkle" announcing to anyone with ears that there was a baby nearby.

But by the time the two of them got to the meeting, he realized that his embarrassment no longer made sense. The office had changed, and the lion, festooned in his tuxedo-patterned onsie, was formally dressed by comparison to some of Benjamin's peers. He saw ladies wandering around shirtless, breasts bouncing as they crinkled about in just diapers with skirts lazily thrown overtop them. Men dressed similarly, some of them not even bothering to wear more than brightly tinted translucent plastic covers over their diapers. Most of his co-workers were at least garbed in a onsie or some sort of infantile attire, but in an office where everyone was expected to strip and change the diapers of one another, waddling around in just a diaper hardly seemed taboo anymore.

And yet the change in the dress code didn't seem to affect the meeting at all. Shiara Regulos, clad in a bright golden top that covered her bouncing, swollen bosom and a diaper with bright yellow pastel duckies on it, entered and took a seat. Soon, she was followed by her hangers-on, the executives and big kids who helped her with running the company. All of them with matching Regsoft branded pacifiers in their muzzles, as always. They were soon joined by Darius the bull, wearing a blue spandex singlet covered in white stars that clearly advertised the bulky diaper under wrapped around his crotch, as well as Shane the skunk, who had dressed today in a more modest pair of pajama-pants with cartoon characters printed all over them. And then by others in his office.

Small talk was made. People laughed at each other's jokes, complimented each other's outfits, and Reggie thanked Mommy Shiara for gracing their department with her presence, as always. Benjamin could almost believe everything was normal. If it weren't for the diapers in the room occasionally crinkling, he could almost have deluded himself. But the spreading of the poof between his legs stubbornly and doggedly dragged him back to reality whenever he started playing pretend.

Staring up at him, Reggie clapped his paws. "Alright, Benji. We're all here. You can begin."

Benjamin sighed. Whatever the Infante Translator was doing, he wouldn't be able to figure out what it was or how to undo it until he got back to his desk. But he had a job to do, and if he left now the tantrum Reggie had thrown back in his office would seem tame compared to what would happen. Clicking a button on the conference room computer, he brought up his presentation. "Well, like I was saying yesterday, um, if you look at this chart here-" He froze. Benjamin realized, all too late, that he was peeing himself. This time, there was no warning. No control. He was helplessly piddling himself, exactly like a baby bunny kit. His keen ears could hear the "hsssst!" and his nose could smell the accident.

The warm wetness spread along his lap, as he froze, staring at everyone with a deer-in-the-headlights moment of hesitation. "I-it displays... it d-displays..." he stammered. Weren't they all going to get mad at him? He was doing the exact same thing he did yesterday! But no one even seemed to bat an eyelash!

Shane left to his footpaws, a goofy smile on his face. "HEY! HEEEEY! EVERYONE LOOK AT WHAT I CAN DO!" He giggled, his tail flagging up, as he balled his fists and squatted. With a loud fart, the skunk's pjs began to poof out in back. "NNnnngh!" he grunted, before sighing, his face a vision of euphoria. Benjamin watched as Shane's eyes rolled back, his tongue flopping out. "Aaaaaaaaah..." He giggled, standing in front of everyone as the room began to fill with skunk stink. "I'ma big dumb skunker who makes messies in his nappies!"

Reggie put a paw to his forehead and began to massage his temples. "Yes, Shane. We can see that. Everyone does that. Did you really have to show us?"

"Yeah-huh!" The skunk chirred cheerily, tail swishing like a happy doggy's as he curled up his arm to push his thumb into his mouth. "Skunkies gotta learn to love stinkin' instead'a thinkin'!"

The lion growled. "Take a seat!" he stomped a footpaw and let out a loud huff. "Or, or... Darius, can you please take our muddy-butt programmer to get a clean nappy on? He hangs out with you the most often. He's picking up your exhibition-" The lion blinked 'Um, your exhibit-" He sighed. "Your love of goin' potty in public!"

The bull nodded. "Moo!" He stood up to put a burly arm around Shane's shoulders. "Come on, lil' stinker. Maybe we can find a stuffed toy for you to cuddle on the changing table..." He turned Shane towards the door and the two of them began to waddle out.

Benjamin could only stare, aghast, at the proceedings. Wetting was one thing, but now the idea that people were going... number 2 in their diapers had brought a new dimension of embarrassment into the bunny's mind. And the joy Shane had shown about it! Hadn't he been so shy about his diapers less than a few hours ago?

"Momma, I am SO sorry about that display!" Reggie whimpered, looking over at the Chief Equine of Operations, his head lowered towards her in deference. "Darius loves to act out, an' he's been a bad influence, an' I promise I'll punish them both, an' I'm tryin' so hard to--"

Shiara chuckled, reaching over and giving the lion a scratch between the ears. "It's ok, kitten. Mommy's not mad." She chuckled. "But don't you think you're being a bit harsh on the poor dears?" She smiled. "They're just babies having fun, after all."

The lion puffed out his lower lip. "I... I just wanna be a good manna-ger! I didn't wanna waste your time!"

Shiara giggled. "Silly kitten! Momma never considers her little cubs and colts a waste of time. But you need to learn to lighten up and have fun with the other boys, too." She reached up to begin unbuttoning her top. "On my lap, Reggie. I think a certain little kitten needs a bellyful of momma's special milk." She tugged down her top to bare her breasts. "Guaranteed to help you make regular stinkies so you can stop being so fussy and grumpy about other people's accidents." She patted her lap.

Benjamin watched, jaw dropping, as his boss, who had intimidated him so recently, scrambled up onto the mare's lap, before pushing his lips against her tit like a nursing babe. His eyes glazed over as he nuzzled up towards her. And Shiara moaned, reaching a hooved hand down to rub the front of her diaper. "OOooo.... in- ah!- light of recent events, we will be-nnnf!- delaying this meeting thirty minutes. You boys can-oooh!- go play for a bit."

The rabbit was the first person out of the room. This was going too far. It had to be the Infante Translator. He couldn't think of any other reason why things were changing like this. Before anything else distracted him, before he lost focus and started playing silly nursery games with Shiara's executives or some other silly thing, he was going to go smash that thing.

He had no idea what would happen if he did, but at least it wouldn't make things any worse!

Benjamin flung the door to the test lab open, a large wrench clutched in his free paws. He was hyperventilating. Running in a soggy, poofy diaper was harder than he'd expected. But before him it stood: A machine made of white plastic covering metal parts. Of circuitry and wires. The Infante Translator was almost as big as he was, seated on a wooden table. He darted inside, his heart racing. There was no time to hesitate. Gripping the wrench with both paws, he rose it over his head and-

-felt a firm hand wrapping tightly around his wrists, yanking him upwards until his legs no longer touched the ground.

"Hello, Benji. Or should I say 'Hewwo' now? Language is weird these days." Hot breath hit the back of the bunny's neck. "I kinda figured after I saw your face at the meeting that you'd try something like this. Guess I was right."

Benjamin recognised the deep baritone voice the second he heard it. But it didn't matter. Just a moment later, he was spun around in the air to face his captor. Darius the bull smirked back at him, as he lifted the rabbit up so they could face each other eye-to-eye. Underneath his pastel-blue onsie, his diaper, fresh and clean, crinkled as he moved in it.

"Darius! No, you don't understand, the machine, it's-"

The bull snorted. "Soaking our brains in scented baby oil every time we turn it on. Yeah, I got that. It doesn't take a genius to recognise what's happening." He rolled his eyes. "Or... maybe it does? You're one of the only other people who seems to notice, really. Maybe the fact that we engineers built the dang thing helps us understand what's going on, like, knowing the math helps us handle the changes consciously while over promoted luddites like Reggie and Shiara just have to sit there and take the changes."

Benjamin felt his body swaying slightly as he dangled. He squirmed, but his wrists couldn't break out of the grip Darius had him in. "You have to let me destroy it! Please!"

The bull's response was to jerk Benjamin's body to one side. The force of the shake sent the wrench flying out of the rabbit's hands, where it clattered to the floor next to a wall. "Nah." He grunted.

"What? WHY!?! " Benjamin managed to squeak out as he swing back and forth, his ears bouncing behind him.

The bull sighed. "Two reasons. First of all: What, you think the second you smash the Infanite Translator everything's going to just magically go back to the way it was? That sounds like a hot load of the stuff that I push into my diapers. There's no sound reasoning or logic behind it whatsoever. You're just acting like a scared baby."

"I am a scared baby right now!" Benjamin protested, not even caring about calling himself a baby right now.

"Yeah, and chances are you'd just make things worse by whacking at it all willy-nilly like that." The bull chuckled. "But the second reason is that I like it. I like this." He raised his other arm up. "A world where everyone's as into wearing and using diapers as I am? A world that not only accepts my fetish, but CATERS to it? Sign me up!"

Benjamin blinked. "You... you..."

"Hey, don't kinkshame me, bro." Darius chuckled. "I didn't plan for any of this. Didn't even know it was possible! But I'll be dam- DANGED if I don't take advantage of it now!" He turned Benjamin back to stare at him. "And unlike Mr. Panicky Peepee Pants, I approached all this rationally." He smirked with pride. "I found you could sort of steer what was changing around you as long as you knew it was happening. I gave myself the body of a bodybuilder last night when I turned the device on the first time. I made our CEO into a mommy with milk that has a natural laxative in it this morning when I saw her come in early. And I'm gonna have FUN playing with you."

"HOW?!?" Benjamin kicked in the air, trying to break free, or get a foot on Darius, or something. The only thing it accomplished was that the bull held him a bit further away, out of leg's reach.

"Eh, don't overthink it." The bull rolled his eyes. "Whatever forces we're playing with here are all too happy to play along with the powers of suggestion." He reached down into his diaper, tugging out a bright green sippy cup with a plastic lid over it. "You

know, Shane was freaking out about it too, really. He didn't guess the device was doing it, but he probably would have before I turned him into an eager mudbutt, happily skunking his diapers as many times as he can manage in a day."

The bull was saying too much for Benjamin to process. "W-what?!?" He sputtered. "YOU did WHAT to Shane?"

"The same thing I'm gonna do to you. Don't worry, you'll be loving it by the end." With a rapid thrust of his arm, Darius threw Benjamin to the floor, slamming him onto his back. The bunny squeaked, freezing up for just a moment, before the bull turned away from him, lowering his big bovine booty downward. Before the bunny could react, he felt a weight pressing down on his chest and heard a loud crinkle as Darius sat on his upper torso.

"Aaaah... there we go! You know, you make as good a seat as Shane did." The bull chuckled, lifting the sippy cup up to his lips. "Oh, almost forgot." he popped the top off and let it fall to the floor. "I may get some of Mommy's milk down my chin, but it's just soooooo yummy I can't help but wanna drink it up quickly." He mooed loudly, and the all Benjamin could hear were gulping noises.

Benjamin's mind was racing. He had to escape. He had to get out of here. He couldn't move his body. He felt a tremendous pressure on his chest. He could squirm and wiggle and kick his legs, but nowhere near with enough force to dislodge the big bull from on top of him. His arms were pinned. He had to think. He had to think about what Darius had said and figure out something to say in response-

Wait, didn't Darius say that he'd made Mommy's milk a laxative?

A loud fart snapped him out of his meditations. "Moooooooo!" Darius grunted, rubbing his stomach. "F-fast that time. Here it comes..."

The sheer impact of what was happening struck Benjamin. The bull was about to- He thrashed and squirmed. "LEMME GO!" He cried out. "SOMEONE! ANYONE! DARIUS IS BEING MEAN TO MEEEE!"

"Nnnnngh!" Darius grunted again, his tail lifting, making his diaper crinkle against the bunny's chest. "They can't-unf!- hear you, dude! Everyone else is off playing." He reached up, craning his body up towards the Infanite Translator. "Now I'll just turn this on like I did with-nnnngh tummy cramp!- Shane..." He flipped the switch. The Infanite

Translator began to hum to life. At the same time, to reach it he had to lift his body up away from Benjamin's.

The bunny did not want to waste the opportunity. He sat up like a shot, freeing his arms, and-

Got a face-full of the swelling diaper as Darius began to fill his pamps with thick, blorty cowpies. The shock, the stench of it sent Benjamin reeling backwards, as he felt the diaper puffing out, the browning backside covering his face. "MMMMPH!" he tried to speak and immediately regretted it.

"Aaaaaah... that's much better." The bull sighed in bliss, sitting back down on top of Benjamin. "I tell you, Benji, you'll feel so much better once I'm done. It only took Shane a few minutes down there to be humping my hands once I did THIS." Benjamin felt something firm gripping the front of his diapers, rubbing the wet poof of it against his cock. He couldn't even scream or moan, with the blorty backside pressing against his mouth and nose. He could smell it through the diaper, feel the warmth of it, as Darius began to move back and forth on top of him, rubbing his cock.

The bull began to chant. "You need to love this..."

"You'll need to love diapers..."

"Using your diapers feels so good..."

"Playing with other big babies naughty bits feels so much better in a used diaper."

"You'll be so much happier as a big baby bunny..."

The bull's words hit him just as the device's effects kicked in. Benjamin felt his mind whiting out. Everything that he was was being whited out... leaving him only with the words.

"You need to love this..."

"You'll need to love diapers..."

"Using your diapers feels so good..."

“Playing with other big babies naughty bits feels so much better in a used diaper.”

“You’ll be so much happier as a big baby bunny…”

The words and the feeling of the wet material rubbing against his co- his weewee. The words echoed in his mind with every stroke, every scrape of the soggy fabric against him. He couldn’t think to resist it. Couldn’t think of why he was resisting it anymore. The smelly muddy diaper’s scent crept into his mind, intermingling with the words and the pleasure, settling in his mind.

Filling him.

Benji felt himself making a big sticky mess in his diapey. Not long after that, his tummy cramped up, as he felt the backside of his diapey growing warm and spreading out around his cheeks. He tried to moan, and managed a “Mmmmm!”

As reality settled back in, the world went brown instead of white. Benji Bunny was pressing his face into the muddy bottom of his friend’s used diaper! He was a silly-billy who had gotten so into playtime he’d forgot he needed to breath! His head was spinning. He distantly felt like he’d lost something, but he couldn’t remember, and found he couldn’t care, about what.

Darry stood up, wobbling a bit on his hooves, and reached down for Benji’s hand. “How do you feel, Benji?” he said, the big bull tenting his padding, clearly excited and worked up from all the fun feelings he’d been giving the bunny!

Benji puffed his lower lip out. “Aww… why’d you sit up? I was havin’ fun!” He sat up and then stood up with Darry’s hand. It was a bit tricky, balancing on his back paws, but he was thinking he was gonna get the hand of it eventually. At least he wasn’t trying to stand on hoovesies like Darry was! The bull was clinging to a nearby table and a device to keep from falling over. Fortunately Darry was so good at crawling! He kissed the bull, letting his whiskers tickle his playmate’s cheeks. “I’m a baby bun who made a stinky mess in his diapeys, an’ I couldn’t be happier!” He giggled.

Darry reached down to cup Benji’s backside. “Yeah, feels like you really let one go in there.” he smirked, the two of them well accustomed to walking around in their

messes. They could get Mommy to change them later. “Wanna hurry back to the meeting so we can watch Reggie have an accident in front of Mommy Shiara?”

Benji’s ears perked up. “Sure! Race yah!” he giggled, turning and hopping out of the room, followed closely by his new bestest buddy.

And left behind them, the Infanite Translator made a loud grinding noise, smoke rising from its internals, before parts began to fall away. In a matter of moments, the device, which had somehow overheated, was ruined beyond repair.

Mortals so RARELY understand the full ramifications of the things they unleash upon the universe. The telephone gave rise to smartphones and the data oligarchies people hate. Airplanes grew into weapons of destruction, ending more lives with a single detonation than any man ever could without tools. The engine gave rise to automobiles, which polluted the world they lived in. But each of these things were manageable. The damage they dealt was something their creators at least could work to fix.

But sometimes, just sometimes, mortals create things that deal damage they can’t ever hope to fix.

Sometimes the fabric of reality needs someone to step in and clean up the messes on it that others made. To smooth out the crinkles and patch up the holes left by ignorant and careless children, unable to control their play.

Sometimes the universe needs a fixer.

Or rather, a MOMMY. Someone to patch up the holes in the fabric and make sure what made the holes can never cause harm again. To take care of everything for the little ones. The concept of adulthood in this little quilt of ideas and concepts is broken. It can never mean what it once meant again. But with a new, happy little diapered patch sewn over the crinkles and holes, it can mean something else. The quilt of reality can keep going.

And as always, Mommy will fix things if her babies break them.

The End!

