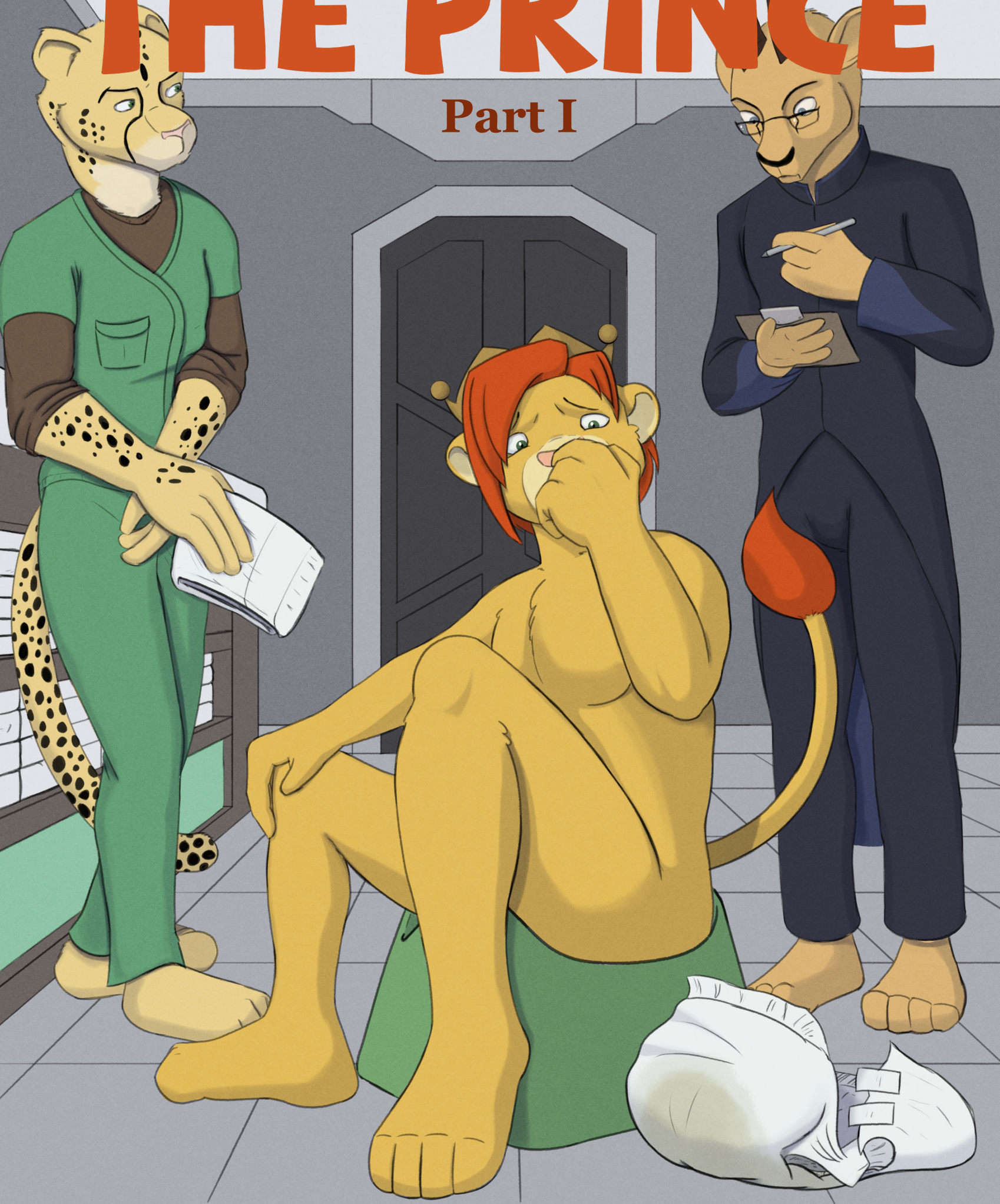


POTTY TRAINING THE PRINCE

Part I



“The accused has confessed,” the King growled. “And will be dealt with as severely as the betrayal was grave.”

“And the accused has claimed he’s been forced to take the blame... he will of course stand an unbiased trial.”

Rafe was watching his father bat away numerous verbal attacks from the King’s Council. The Prince was a newly attending member, and he could not have found a worse time to be involved; for he was a major subject of debate. The deeply humiliating discussion of his incontinence, infantile behaviour, and whether these made him fit to one day rule.

He watched his father elevate his posture carefully. The King’s former chief advisor, Syllas, despite his arrest had left the King with a fury Rafe had never before seen, having subjected the King and his son to infancy through magical hypnosis. It was a pain they both knew all too privately, but ultimately they were not able to keep the secret of their forced infantilization; far too many around the palace had seen them in that vulnerable state, but they also resisted telling the truth of *how* it came to be.

The King believed it foolish to blame it all on a magic pendant, even if it were true, with such a story more likely to further undermine their already unstable position of control. They blamed it on a mind and body altering “poison”, but even a more reasonable excuse was no saviour for a threatening power vacuum.

The King’s council meetings had grown in tension over the past few weeks, until finally coming to a boil, its members more resembling sharks now, eager to make a move that might tip the balance of power. And they smelled blood with Rafe.

“And what of the Prince’s ailment?”

The King’s brow narrowed, but he remained measured. “We are taking every step in his recovery. It is not of concern.”

That ailment, Rafe was all too aware of, sitting at the table with a wet diaper under his robes. That part they knew, but if they were aware of how severely he’d really been compromised, even his father would struggle to allow him membership to the council.

“The royal nurse continues to provide therapy, continuing his role as he did before,” his father finalised.

One member tutted. The King bristled.

“And why are we to believe that you have recovered so fully, when the Prince struggles?” the member said, driving the dagger further. “Perhaps the King is just as afflicted!”

Rafe could barely believe the bickering amongst them. The highest seats in the kingdom, and they squabbled unproductively.

“The King is well recovered, as you can see,” Rafe lectured. “You have every right to doubt *me*, but do not waste all of your time and energy on this until it is time to judge *me*.” He’d happily take the focus and shield his father, but the King raised a giant paw to silence the boy, proud, but cautious.

“I am more than capable of holding the throne, as will my son be in due time,” the King declared sternly.

“It is not us you need to convince, *your majesty*, but everyone else. The council supports the realm, not the throne. That is why we are here, why we were founded. This has been a display of weakness unlike any in our lifetimes. Not just of you, but your *bloodline* too. The people need confidence. Our opposition needs to see strength. If you cannot lead, if you cannot rule, then emergency procedures will need to be enacted, as is the right of the populous, and indeed of this council.”

Rafe had never felt a tension like it. The council meetings had surely been a testy affair in the past, but he wondered if his father had ever faced such blatant threats before. The King looked like he was very carefully choosing his words.

“Then it is the wishes and priority of the palace that confidence is restored,” he said measuredly, but Rafe could sense how antagonised he was.

“Then you will not resist the council’s wishes that an inquisitor be allowed access to ensure the physical and mental function of the palace’s representatives are to standard.”

The King’s fury bubbled. “My son will be allowed to recover in private, and will face no scrutiny until such a time as it is required.”

“I’m sorry, your majesty, but if you want to restore faith, then this needs to be with open doors. His Highness’s recovery needs to be documented. This is an offer to restore your hold, not to knife you at your weakest. We wish for the continued prosper of the kingdom.”

The King rose from his chair with a thunder, the lion’s imposing breadth spread before the wide table. “The throne accepts your conditions.” He glanced apologetically at Rafe, who nodded in understanding.

“Very well. The inquisitor will report back to the council. We all hope for the speedy recovery of the Prince.”

"Good kitten, come back to me."

Rafe moaned to himself with a full mouth as Sef gently withdrew his cock, panting. The taste of his cum was still in the back of the Prince's throat. He blushed, as he always did, as his libido relaxed under Sef's trigger, down on his knees, wearing nothing but his wet diaper and crown. Just as Sef liked it, the contrast of the Prince serving as his pet.

Sef was instrumental in taking down Syllas, and along with a generous payment, in Rafe's desperation the cheetah had been promised the Prince's submission too. As the nurse held the pendant after Syllas's arrest, he endeavoured to both restore the damage done to the Prince's mind and retain him as an obedient sex slave.

The lion would seek out the nurse when in need of a diaper change, where Sef would often happily take advantage of the triggers Syllas had left behind, finding it exceedingly easy to send the Prince into a horny, overdriven state with devotion and obedience to the nurse. A change for a blowjob, or more, had become the disgruntled cheetah's way of dealing with being the royal caretaker to the Prince.

Rafe had come to cherish the control Sef had been able to take over him, with the simplicity of serving someone, stripping away the complete mess of what Syllas had left him with bringing him some rare

solace. But Sef was not as proficient with using the pendant itself, and so far had failed to undo what Sylas had installed. Despite spending weeks as a mindless infant, Rafe's father had returned to normal with ease, a fact that left Rafe feeling all the more damaged and inadequate in the King's shadow.

He was still incontinent, and keeping a dark secret of having random regressive spells whenever he got embarrassed. Sef was working hard to restore him, both physically and with the pendant, but all it would take was one regressive episode to strike at the wrong moment, and he could be ruined forever.

"Inquisitor!?" Sef spat as he readied a fresh diaper for the Prince as Rafe informed him of the meeting's developments. "What does he want?"

"To see me *fixed*, or maybe not! It was hard to truly tell," Rafe sighed, with one eye on the large potty chair beside his changing table the cheetah was laying a diaper on. Being Sef's hypnotised kitten had been a brief distraction, but the lion was crashing back to earth now. "I have to get out of diapers or they're going to use it as an excuse to take the throne."

"They really said that?"

"No, but you should have seen them. It's what they *don't* say," Rafe fumed. "I can't have someone breathing down my neck while I piss myself and somehow fail to get it in that *chair* every single time. Never mind if I slip up... What are we going to do?"

"We try again. We try harder," Sef said, fondling the pendant around his neck. The same pendant used to cause all of this damage. "I know you hate it, but we should practise. Before he gets here... Go sit on it, maybe it will help with association?"

Rafe winced. "Let's get this over with."

Sef dropped the potty chair in the open space, and the Prince dropped his diaper down his thighs, hearing it splat with a thud. It still amazed him how much he could fill one up without knowing.

Sef had seen the Prince at his most vulnerable, in his worst diapers, wiped his butt, oiled him, powered him, seen him as an infant, as a wildly over-stimulated horny mess. Rafe hadn't recovered fully from any of Sylas's undoing, but sitting on the potty chair in front of the nurse still seemed to make him blush more than anything else. Perhaps it was the total failure of using it so far.

"Try to relax," Sef said quietly, as the pendant lowered into the Prince's view; the familiar swirling green and white pattern immediately making the lion anxious but quash every urge to resist. He could feel himself slip in its presence, his obedience on display.

"You don't need to use diapers," Sef's voice flowed, "You know how to control it, how to use a potty chair."

He repeated it more times than Rafe could count, too deeply in a daze to quantify the commands.

"And when you feel horny, you'll only come to Sef. It's what he deserves for changing your diapers. You'll be his good kitten. He owns your libido now."

Rafe felt himself awake, sitting on the damned chair still. He rubbed his eyes slowly. "I don't feel any different..." he said, immediately feeling frustrated.

"I don't know if you *should*," Sef replied, "Just sit and wait."

"I don't want to sit on *this*, it's degrading!" Rafe whined.

“And you’re sounding like a cub, your highness...” Sef warned.

Rafe all but pouted.

“I don’t want to put you in a diaper, I have a theory that it’s only reinforcing you, like you’re stuck in a self-serving circle,” the cheetah mused. “But I can’t let you wander around without protection either.”

Sef had started to scribble notes in a journal, but Rafe’s attention span was wandering. His toes just looked more fun than Sef’s big words! He kicked his paws out a little, and started to giggle. He raised his thumb and started to suck on it, but as he withdrew it from his maw he realised he was flat on his back, with a diaper being tugged up between his legs.

Startled, he kicked out feebly, and watched Sef throw his head back in annoyance as the diaper was snapped from his paws. Rafe apologised immediately, before lying back worried. Things weren’t improving; he’d lost himself again uncontrollably.

Sef finished diapering the Prince, and helped him onto his wobbly legs. “You turned into an infant again, and pissed all over the floor...” he grumbled, gesturing at a puddle in front of the potty.

“I do wonder why I tolerate this...” the nurse continued, while adjusting himself in his medical trousers, as if conditionally aroused by the Prince’s frailty. “But you are a useful kitten.”

"Sef..." Rafe spoke carefully, "if you're hesitating to fix me because of that, I promise it can continue."

"As fun as you are, kitten," Sef replied, stroking the lion's muzzle, "I didn't get hand picked to work in the palace to change diapers. I just can't get it work yet..."

Rafe’s eye glazed over at the sight of Sef’s shifting bulge. Sef’s obedience triggers were working, he knew, but his incontinence was going nowhere.

The inquisitor was almost exactly as Rafe had imagined. A stiff, tightly dressed gazelle, clipboard in paw, poorly suppressing a sneering presence.

The Prince was dreading exposing his diaper to him, never mind sitting on the potty chair to hopefully urinate in it, all so he could make a note and feed it back to the council. He was nervous.

But thankfully for the Prince, Sef had a plan. The cheetah had studied his notes tirelessly to save Rafe from his post-regression despair. If the pendant wasn’t working to undo Syllas’s damage, then maybe it could be used to simply pass the test instead.

With a deep breath, Rafe disrobed, and dropped his trousers, exposing his wet diaper to the Inquisitor, who watched curiously. Sef was waiting to take the Prince’s clothing, and after the lion hesitantly untaped and removed his diaper, the nurse and the Prince made deliberate eye contact.

“You can do this, your highness.”

More than a pep talk, Rafe felt the familiar sensation of a trigger command wash over him.

A simple trigger command, or at least that was the theory. It was too last minute to be tested, so with an escalating heart rate, the lion nervously sat down on the potty chair, and waited.

He hoped to feel *something*, to know his bladder was in his control again. He tried to concentrate, to will it into action. All he needed to do was release into the bowl...

Rafe hoped it wouldn't, but his mind started to wander, like his thoughts were caught in the wind. He fought to remember where he was, what he needed to do. He couldn't tell if he was regressing again, or if this was part of the plan. It was hard to focus, slow to think. Maybe he needed to let go...

"Well done, your highness!" he heard Sef praise. The Prince was three years old. Or was he? He snapped back to reality, and remembered the potty he was sitting on. Had it worked!? He needed to maintain himself; if he looked out of mind in front of the inquisitor it could be a disaster.

Sef extended a paw tentatively to help the Prince up, no doubt sensing the washed-over look over his face. Rafe shook himself out of it, and stood up, trying not to look back in surprise at the successfully used potty on the floor. He had no memory of using it, but had it fooled the inquisitor at least?

The naked lion was reluctant to sully his victory and get back into a diaper with the inquisitor still in the room, but he knew every moment he stood there naked was a risk of him wetting the floor. It was clear by Sef's body language that he thought the same.

The inquisitor leaned uncomfortably close to the potty, inspecting its contents slowly. Any fool could tell it had been used, but he was really making it his business to observe it. It wasn't easy for Rafe, trying to stand there, Prince of the realm, as the inquisitor silently marked his clipboard.

"Don't celebrate so soon, your highness," the inquisitor drawled as he finished his note taking.

"But he used it," Sef all but growled, puffing out his stature.

"And his highness also took off a wet diaper before starting," the gazelle tutted, "Time will tell if *this* urination was just coincidence or progress. I'll be inspecting his diapers, his pail, his potty to ensure he meets the standards of the council."

Rafe couldn't help but flush red. Somehow being potty trained had become even more embarrassing than first turning incontinent.

"I suggest we have a training session every two hours during the day, and I expect your compliance," the inquisitor lectured. "Your highness, I would try and keep those diapers dry if you can, and if you somehow do feel the urge to let go, I would let either myself or your caretaker know. I won't be far."

The inquisitor smiled, bowed, and left the Prince's quarters before he could so much as argue or even agree to the conditions.

"He can't talk to you like that!" Sef huffed.

"Like you used to?" Rafe shrugged, "Either way I still have to pass his tests."

"Speaking of," Sef gestured between the Prince's paws, at the drops of pee hitting the floor, "you better get up on the table. We've got a lot of work to do if you need to stay dry."

Rafe's stomach knotted.

King Ramsis stormed from the throne room, exhausted, with half a mind to swing by the gaol and strangle Sylas with his bare paws. How dare his former advisor claim he was framed after what he'd done!

The King had been battling his anger ever since recovering from his time trapped as an infant, the mere thought of which, and what it had done to his son, evoking a rage from the lion that he knew better than to entertain. And now with the council drawing their knives, he resolved to never let his grip on the throne budge. Each day grew longer, more stressful, not that ruling had ever been easy. He was stifled.

He nodded briskly to the two rhinoceros guards standing watch over the royal chambers, before marching towards his quarters. His posture did not shift until the large doors shut behind him, and he let his tiredness show.

The King had been drawn to strange new comforts, a secret shame, since Sylas had undone him. As he disrobed and placed his crown to one side, the lion opened his drawers with a poignant sense of regret, and pulled a huge diaper out. His son was stuck needing them, the council was looking for any excuse to take them down, and yet, here he was, about to put a diaper on because he knew he'd sleep better with it, that he'd *enjoy* it. A cruel side effect.

Ramsis was already feeling better as he sat his butt down on the padding, putting his tail in place, and pulling the bulk up between his legs. He rushed to get the tapes stuck, for he wanted nothing more now than to get his thumb into his maw.

The King collapsed backwards onto his bed, crinkling warmly to himself as he nursed on his thumb, his anger long faded. He succumbed to his secret bliss, his diaper already long wet before he fell asleep.