

# POTTY TRAINING THE PRINCE

Part II



Ever since he'd starting working at the palace, Sef understood the power of secrets. Not just the confidentiality surrounding the most powerful in the kingdom he'd accrued in his medical work, but also the tantalising sights and whispers within the palace's very walls. Things the common folk could never and should never know.

Sef knew things he could never speak of, and he had found himself in the deep end of the royal family's most prevalent scandal, allying himself with the Prince against his natural judgement, as the Prince and King's mental states were whipped into infancy. He was now fighting to restore the Prince's reputation while the King was seemingly shielded from his own time spend as a cub, wetting and dirtying his diapers.

It wasn't that Sef was bitter, especially considering he'd spent enough time changing royal diapers to last a lifetime, but the newest secret to pass by him rocked the cheetah harder than any had before it.

He stood, alone, in the King's bed chambers having just wheeled a cart full of diapers to restock the ruler's cabinet. This request came as a shock to the cheetah, but it was not the secret that really unearthed him.

The King was still wearing diapers to bed, something that was being treated with the highest security. It appeared only Sef, the Royal Physician, and now the King's guard outside the chambers knew about this, with Sef tasked with restocking the supplies as required.

Truth be told, this wasn't an unexpected revelation, as the pieces started to fall into place. Rafe had not recovered from the pendant's magic, so it seemed so strange to see the King apparently unaffected. But here he was, slipping into a diaper before bed every night. At least the bigger lion was apparently able to put them on and take them off by himself, unlike his son.

Sef was moving the stacks of diapers from the cart to the King's shelf as the lion himself emerged from his bathroom in a fluffy robe, and shaking the last of the bath water from his thick mane. He saw what Sef was doing, froze slightly and transitioned his stance to a sense of authority.

As the cheetah finished tidying the last of the King's diapers, he turned and bowed gently to relieve himself of the tension in the room. But instead of the expected humiliated scorn across the King's face, he recognised the look in his eyes, as his gaze locked on the folded diapers, before fading into a distant stare.

"Your Majesty?" Sef asked softly, towards the statue-esque presence across the room.

The King appeared to snap out of it, but as he turned to Sef he did not appear to be the regal, powerful version of himself. The lion's eyes had widened slightly, his muzzle dropping for words to respond with, but remaining silent. He looked so vulnerable.

Sef's heart started to race. That was a look he recognised all too well. He was watching the supposedly cured King regress right in front of him, and it was *fascinating*. The nurse picked up a diaper from the shelf carefully; if the King recovered, or realised what was happening, then Sef could be on very thin ice.

"Is it time for bed, your Majesty?" he asked.

The lion seemed confused, but with his eyes locked to the diaper in the cheetah's paw, he nodded, and walked towards his bed, leaving the bathrobe behind.

The King rolled across his bed, onto his back, and lifted his legs in the air, presenting his genitals and butt for a diaper. Sef was speechless. The King had barely recovered at all! Father and son were clinging to the throne by their claws on the basis that the King was recovered and the Prince could be fixed... if the council knew about *this*, their days on the throne would be over!

The cheetah turned his back and rubbed his face with a paw. It was a lot to absorb, and despite his general dissatisfaction at being the designated royal diaper changer, he was about to diaper a second lion tonight by his own choice.

The King was starting to whine on the bed, clearly eager for what was to come. He wanted the diaper on him now.

Sef unfolded it, immediately remembering the size difference between these and the diapers he put the lithe Prince into, and placed it into the bed underneath the barely complying lion.

Having changed the lion's diapers many times before, the sight of the King's dick and balls was not a surprise to the cheetah. As he dunked them with talcum powder, the lion squirmed, his entire demeanour and mental state slipping away.

The King's regression seemed to follow along with his diapering, and as the wings and tapes were closed, encasing his furry loins in thick, padded plastic, the King raised his thumb to his maw, and nursed it in bliss.

None of this was new to Sef, but seeing it play out now, unhindered and far removed from the use of the pendant's help, he was mesmerised. Minutes ago, this lion, the King, was an imposing presence, and now he was kicking his feet and sucking his thumb to the noise of his own crinkling butt.

It was clearly the work of Sylas, from his time spent with the King, triggered into elegant regression in the face of his diapers. The Prince wasn't so lucky, and his unpredictable regressions seemed entirely chaotic in comparison.

Sef fingered the pendant in his pocket. What a transformation this object had brought upon these two. What a power it contained, a power he now held in his hands, without anyone to know about it but the Prince.

The state of the King was clearly the work of mastering the pendant. If only he could wield control of it the same way! So far he'd failed to remove any of the conditioning Sylas had forced upon the Prince, but it did have its uses too. He'd revelled in having power over the Prince, focusing the younger lion's arousal towards serving him.

And here was the King, as vulnerable as any of his enemies or rivals could hope, drooling and wetting himself on his bed. Wetting! Sef rolled his muzzle. The King's diaper was already stained. This was pathetic, and he had no intention of staying long enough to change the King's diaper so soon after putting one on him.

He plotted to leave immediately, but his fingers never left the pendant in his pocket.

He couldn't undo the changes Rafe was suffering, but he could create new ones for the Prince, and just like Rafe, the King was helpless in front of the nurse.

Sef knew he shouldn't do it, or risk it, but he withdrew the pendant from his pocket. He could tip the balance of power in Rafe's favour, in *his* favour. They were alone. No one would see. The King wouldn't remember.

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Rafe paced impatiently waiting for the inquisitor to arrive. The Prince's potty chair was sitting in the middle of the room, as always, and he was desperately focusing on not wetting himself while he waited. Not that he had any real control of the matter, but glancing and touching the front of his diaper for any discoloration or damp swell was keeping him busy.

The inquisitor had him in an exceedingly tight focus. While Sef was helping him cheat the potty training process, Rafe felt he needed to stop taking wet diapers off before each potty training session if he wanted to at least fabricate some real process.

The inquisitor was inspecting *everything* to do with Rafe's toilet habits. How many diapers he went through. The volume of his piss in the potty. His caretakers were now forbidden from emptying the Prince's diaper pail until the inquisitor had assessed the results. Every finding was marked on charts that he carried with him. It was a new kind of humiliation for the Prince, leaving him powerless in the face of his potty training process, and the bladder control that he couldn't restore.

Rafe kept clutching his diaper front nervously, and it was clear his anxious actions were starting to bother Sef.

"Try and relax," the cheetah advised, trying not to scowl too much.

"If I relax, I'll piss myself," the Prince grumbled, knowing that Sef wasn't wrong either. He'd piss himself regardless of what he did right now, and the cheetah didn't comment further.

Much to the lion's relief, there was a knock, followed by his chamber's doors opening and the inquisitor tightly walking towards the Prince and his potty without so much as a greeting. The gazelle was above such formalities now, clutching his pen and already making notations.

It took all of Rafe's strength not to get petulant as he finally removed his shirt in preparation. As irritated as he was, he needed to maintain a sense of dignity. His diaper was still dry, so he just needed to get it off and get onto the potty as soon as he could.

"Good luck, your Highness," Sef repeated calmly, a trigger command they'd worked on with the pendant to help Rafe use the chair when he sat down.

But as the Prince tugged at two tapes on one side, rushing to get the diaper down one thigh and off him, his penis popped free and sprayed urine across the floor. He gasped, and quickly tried to pull the diaper back into place to catch what he could, but the young lion's spray had

already turned into a stream and darkened a small zig-zag streak and golden puddle on the carpet, right in front of the potty and in clear view of the gazelle.

He tutted loudly. "That concludes this session."

Rafe was aghast.

"Just the pail left for now," the gazelle said smugly, "Then we can reconvene in two hours for another try." He strode towards the Prince's bed chambers, leaving the lion standing with his dry diaper taped around one leg.

Rafe's paws were shaking at how *stupidly* that had gone. There was no telling how far an accident, never mind a wet diaper, would set him back. He'd been doing so well so far, thanks to Sef.

Sef was silent, and concerned. Cheating potty training was never going to truly work unless they could start reversing the damage.

The inquisitor emerged once more, this time holding one of Rafe's wet, rolled diapers in his hand. There was seemingly no limit he'd go to for this...

"Tell me," he said briskly, mouth practically watering, "What was the purpose of the Prince's most recent diaper change?"

Sef stared back at him, trying to look incredulous, but both he and Rafe had a feeling where this was going.

"He was wet," the nurse replied matter-of-factly, irritated.

"Oh I see," the inquisitor said, "It's just this most recent one is very lightly soiled, and one might think the Prince was changed prematurely for the sake of *appearances*." The gazelle's eyes flickered towards the dry diaper Rafe was taping back on to himself, amateurly.

"It's my job to change the Prince," Sef growled quietly. "He needed to be in a fresh one for an appointment."

"I understand," the inquisitor said falsely. "But please remember it is *my* job to record everything. We wouldn't want the records to present the wrong idea."

Rafe could see Sef clenching his paw, but more alarming to himself, he could feel himself start to slip, no doubt fuelled by his shocked embarrassment. The telltale signs of his inevitable regression were dawning on him as he tried to focus with everything he could, clutching dearly onto his adult consciousness while in the presence of the inquisitor. He wanted to scream, to signal to Sef, but his body was trying to move independently from his desires. Rafe fought it, trying to freeze his reflexes in place.

"Either way, the council will be very dissatisfied to hear about this afternoon's failure," the gazelle lectured. "There doesn't appear to be any true progress in sight."

"That's bull," Sef breathed, ignoring any sense of decorum he should carry. "It's only one set back."

The inquisitor raised his paw. "I'm sorry if you feel that way, but you will have every opportunity to argue your position to the council in time. But right now you must not argue the *facts*."

Rafe couldn't believe this jerk. If this inquisitor business felt like a charade to emasculate him further before, the intentions of the council almost felt clear now. The Prince felt lightheaded. He wanted nothing more than to get down on the floor and suck his thumb. The thought was irresistible!

"The Prince may be using his potty without fail, *almost*, but I still see countless wet diapers in his daily routine. These two elements do not line up convincingly, I'm afraid."

With a sympathetic, condescending smile, the gazelle lifted his notes to begin a new entry. Rafe could fight it no longer, as his legs weakened and his paw practically burst free from his internal struggle. His thumb hit his mouth, and he sucked on it with such relief that his eyelids weighed very heavily, and his crotch grew wet and warm.

He was only startled to life by Sef yelling for attention. As his eyes snapped open from the gazelle to the cheetah, Rafe saw Sef holding the pendant aloft, directed at the inquisitor.

No!

The Prince wanted to yell and stop Sef; the risk was simply too high for this, but he felt just as weak-willed as ever in its presence.

The gazelle, however, was peering straight back as the pendant swirled. The pen hovered above his paper, where his hold seemed to slip. They toppled to the floor as he seemed to stop, his thinking ceased.

"Listen to my words," Sef said, with the confidence his desperation brought, "Obey my commands."

The gazelle didn't so much as move. Rafe couldn't believe it.

"The Prince passed his potty training today. There was no accident, and nothing to be concerned with."

The gazelle seemed to murmur, agreeing.

As he stood still, Rafe snapped into action and grabbed the notes being taken on him. He sighed in relief as there was no entry for this afternoon's session. He quickly filled in a "pass" mark, and scribbled a volume next to it, as best as he could to match the handwriting and not arise suspicion later.

With a nervous look back towards Sef, he dropped the notes back onto the floor, and Sef pocketed the pendant.

The inquisitor blinked, looking confused, and naturally for him, suspicious.

"Are you alright?" Sef quizzed, faking his best medical concern as he bent forward to retrieve the pen and notebook from the floor.

Rafe tried to subtly shuffle his feet to block and cover the puddle he'd left on the floor, stifling a grimace as his heel squelched into his own piss.

The inquisitor rubbed his brow, and took his belongings back. "Yes, I'm fine!"

"I can take you to the infirmary if--"

"That isn't necessary," the gazelle snipped, observing his notes again, and making his way to the exit. "I'll be back in another two hours for the next session."

As he left Rafe's personal chambers, the lion exhaled greatly, and glared back at the nurse. "That was stupid."

"That *worked*," he said tautly. "You were sucking your thumb right in front of him!"

Rafe felt his face grow hot, and sighed, "My apologies. But you shouldn't put yourself at risk for me."

"You're worried about me, *your highness*?" Sef said.

"There are knives being drawn in every corner," Rafe said solemnly, throwing a towel onto the puddle and cupping his wet crotch disappointedly. "Don't give them an excuse to take you down too."

He could only admit it to himself, but the Prince knew he was *also* relying on Sef to get him through potty training. He wasn't used to feeling so dependent on others for success, especially now that he was truly challenged.

The cheetah wrapped his arms around the Prince's shoulders. "It's you, me, and the pendant," he reassured, before growling playfully into the diapered lion's ear. "Let them try."

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Six nights in a row now Sef had diapered the King before watching the powerful lion curl up into a ball under this bed clothes. The procedure was almost clockwork, and the King seemed to be completely unaware Sef was involved in his bedtime secret.

The King would have dinner, retire to his study for a time, have a bath, and then emerge with his mental state draining as the hour of bedtime approached. He'd take one look at his diapers waiting for him, and Sef, standing patiently, invisible, would then get involved and see that the giant infant was dressed accordingly.

The cheetah was able to take a little more pleasure in simply diapering the King, rather than having to wipe his wet fur down each and every time. It made him feel powerful as he dwelled carefully on what new triggers he could create within the lion's mind, and that delicious sense of power was feeding back to how he would control and use Rafe sexually.

He'd started by reinforcing the King's more babyish behaviours, and moved on to expanding those thoughts. If he could nudge him in the right direction, maybe he could end up

permanently infantile again, but this time allowing Rafe to step up to the throne and seal both young lion and cheetah in a real position of power.

He tried to encourage the King to feel babyish at all times, and to embrace it, and retrieved what few small items he could sneak into the King's chamber to help him along. A pacifier, a plush toy, a nursing bottle. If diapers made him regress, Sef hoped he could use the rest of these items to fuel it further.

As he watched the King sleep, pacifier bobbing slowly with each breath, and the plush toy squeezed between his bicep and chest, he could only be patient and hope that the King would fall just as he had before.

The nurse's work was done here for the night, and he only needed to return to the Prince for one last potty training session of the day. Then he could fuck his brains out, and put him back in diapers for the night. Two diapered lions in the palace. If only the world knew.

He dismissed himself from the sleeping King quietly, but upon leaving the living quarters there were more guards outside than when he'd entered. Four in fact.

"Sir, under His Majesty's law, you're being placed under arrest," a rhinoceros spoke without so much as a further introduction.

Sef's paw instinctively grabbed the pendant in his pocket, but he doubted he could worm his way out of four guards at once.

"On what grounds?" he asked, trying to walk the fine line between surprised, incredulous, and respectful, as a bead of sweat trickled through the fur on his neck.

"Interfering with a royal inquisition," the rhino replied, before drawing a sharp breath, "And colluding with a traitor."

Sylas. The pendant. Mind-wiping the inquisitor. Sef, somewhere, had made a grave error. The pendant remained in his pocket, as he released his fingers.

"That's an outrageous claim," he said, trying to remain calm.

"Sir, we need to detain you while the matter is investigated. You know the rules of this realm."

"The Prince is expecting me," he tried, one last time, but feared there was no walking away from this. Shackles were raised.

"Sir, we won't be asking again."

A second bead of sweat ran down his neck as the cheetah raised his paw, and the shackles clanged shut around his wrists.