



POTTY TRAINING THE PRINCE

Part V

“Apologies, your Majesty, we were not expecting your arrival,” the horse bowed. “We’d be happy to give you some privacy, but we shouldn’t be much longer...”

Rafe had returned to his living quarters earlier than expected, as the last stages of its transformation were taking place.

“It’s alright,” Rafe said, as his eyes gazed along the stacks of wooden beams sitting across the floor of his living space. He could hear hammering and drilling from the bed chambers.

“Please carry on,” the King followed up, trying not to sound too weary. The infantilisation had begun.

“Is that his Majesty?”

Rafe’s fur stood on end as he recognised the voice of the inquisitor in the background, and sure enough, the gazelle strode out of the bed chambers, bowing courteously to the King in front of the builders. Rafe returned a pleasantry, agonisingly.

“I’ve been overseeing the transition,” he declared with a spiked warmth as he gestured lightly to the swapping of furniture. “Please let me know if there is anything that needs altering.”

Rafe nodded, unable to bring himself to say anything polite in falsehood.

Chairs had been moved to accommodate the return of a playpen, as two of the craftsmen screwed the thick bars in place. A finished, intimidatingly large feeding chair sat adjacent to the kitchen. Both pieces in striking dark wood, seamlessly slipping into the existing decor of the palace.

As for the hammering in the bed chambers... Rafe understood what that meant, surely. A changing table had been installed rapidly after his outing in diapers, so the last piece in this infantile prison had to be a crib. He wanted to enter the room, to confirm his fears, but the inquisitor would get no satisfaction from his first reaction.

Rafe was on the cusp of coronation as King, and new living chambers would be his. His childhood room, his current room, was being gutted and turned into a nursery. His or not anymore, it still stung to witness.

It humiliated him, but he feared the reaction from his father would be even worse, knowing *this* was where the older lion was sentenced to live.

Rafe watched the horse and his companion screw the last bars of the playpen in place, before they collected their tools and bowed on their way out.

Only the workers in the bed chambers remained, allowing the tension between the lion and the gazelle to release, so long as it was at a quiet level.

“I’ve been made the Minister for Royal Affairs,” the gazelle smiled, in that sneering, callous way he excelled at. “We’ll be seeing a lot of each other.”

“Let’s keep those affairs to business hours then,” Rafe all but growled.

“And miss out on all of the fun of your private quarters? No, I think not,” the inquisitor smirked, adjusting the glasses across his bridge, while proudly surveying the room. “It’s truly impressive what resources can be demanded when the Royal family is in need, wouldn’t you agree?”

The King remained silent. It was pointless arguing with the gazelle.

"Of course, they only think these accommodations are for your father," he whispered, "and we can keep it that way if you can keep your tail in line."

The gazelle of course, was difficult to avoid rising to.

"I am still the King, and you would do well to remember your tone," Rafe smiled, with a warning, in return, before raising his voice enough to be overheard. "Please check on your workers, minister, and leave my quarters as soon as the furniture is complete."

The inquisitor neglected to hold his tongue, and elicited a whisper. "If you don't want to spend the rest of your days in a pen, just like your dumb father, you will be *exactly* the King that my friends on the council want you to be."

The gazelle then bowed mockingly, raising his voice to a normal level. "Of course, your majesty." He turned towards the bed chambers, and the King left for his study, vowing to ruin him the first chance he could grasp.

"Friends in the council..." At least Sylas had the decency to be his own man when he fucked the throne.

Rafe doubted he or the council had the power to worsen his father's condition, but he was basing this on nothing more than no attacks coming for himself since. Both lions were seemingly stuck with the damage Sylas had caused, with little shift in behaviour since his arrest. This was opportunistic of them, not orchestrated.

Rafe didn't know just how many of these council members were "friends" of the inquisitor. He didn't know if a majority had supported him in power, or the majority was taking advantage. How could he strike back without knowing who his enemies were? How could he risk everything when he was the last in line to succeed? One wrong move and his family's history would end where he stood.

Let them do what they want, for now...

Rafe exhaled heavily, and realised his claws were digging into the back of his desk chair. He needed to keep himself in line if he wanted to emerge victorious. He relented his grip, and confronted himself with his own awkward reality.

He opened his robe wide, dropped his trousers slightly, before pulling the elastic waistband of his rubber diaper cover away from his tummy. He wanted to check himself, *by himself*, and thus thrust his paw inside. He was soaked. He would need to find Kofi for a change before he could continue with the rest of his day. He growled softly. One step at a time.

Sef was bored of sitting quietly in the dim light of the gaol. Maddeningly, mind-numbingly *bored*.

Push-ups, crunches, or any attempt to keep his body from withering was only getting the cheetah through so many hours of the day, never mind the toxic conversation with his only gaol mate, as Sylas the jackal sat on the opposite side of the room, behind many layers of bars thankfully, lest Sef *really* have something to be trialled for.

How long the jackal had already sat and stewed in here did not bode well for the cheetah; when one of the most dangerous characters to walk the palace sat without trial for a so long, what hope did he have in the queue? How much longer would he be left to rot, assuming a better fate awaited him on the other side...

He'd long accepted he was locked up of his own doing. Picking up that pendant, giving in to temptation to use it beyond helping the Prince... He'd played with fire, and yet, nothing that he was accused of on his arrest was necessarily true. Like he'd been targeted rather than caught.

Unless the King knew the cheetah had eased him further into infancy... he'd guided him along, but he'd been so careful! But if Ramsis knew... Sef was as screwed as Syllas was.

Only Rafe could save him, assuming the Prince was in any state to do so. For all Sef knew he'd been reduced to a cub again, or worse; trapped and powerless in a prison of his own.

Indeed, Sef was so bored out of his own mind that he feared he was hallucinating when his Prince walked into the small dungeon. The last person he expected to see, and the one he'd hoped for the most.

Rafe stood before him. One of the boar guards lingered powerfully near the door.

Sef scrambled to his feet, in disbelief, swarmed with guilt and panic, but unfeasibly happy to see his could-be saviour.

"Your highness," his voice cracked.

"Sef," Rafe finally said, "I'm sorry it's taken so long."

Sef had spent enough private time with the Prince to recognise the weakness behind his eyes. The Prince was well practised in presenting a stronger persona to others; he had switched off just enough for this visit.

"How are you doing?" the lion asked. He awkwardly looked around the room. It appeared to be his first time here, and the reality of Sef's imprisonment became clear to the lion.

"I've had better company..." the cheetah retorted. He felt embarrassed about his dishevelled appearance, and feared that answering the question truthfully would be too much for him now. His paw gripped one of the bars between them tightly.

"I feel much the same way..." Syllas said snarkily from his own corner.

The boar guard bellowed in stature. "You do not speak to His Majesty." He clanged the end of his spear against Syllas's cell.

Rafe turned slightly, but did not look at the jackal, who stayed silent in his own side of the room.

"Wait, did he just call you..?" Sef whispered. "Is your father alright?"

"Things have changed in the palace," Rafe said resolutely, returning to the imprisoned cheetah. "I'm getting you out of here, but I need you to stay patient a little longer. Stay safe, and don't *overreact*."

The King said it so very deliberately, while raising one of his own paws to clutch a bar near Sef's face. His fingers did not take hold of the metal tightly, as the lion's paw was holding something tidily- with a long, thin chain running down his sleeve. A glimmer of green escaped the lion's fingers.

The pendant. He had it!

Sef made no sudden movement. "O-of course, your majesty," he said, squaring his shoulders. "Take care, and thank you."

"Thank you for gracing us with your presence," Sylas shouted with glee, without moving looking in their direction. "And for keeping the stone floor dry. It smells enough here already!"

Painfully, Rafe hesitated, but the lion left the gaol without comment, with the boar closing the heavy door behind them.

What had happened to the King?

Whatever it was, Sef had done this; he'd put Rafe on the throne, *and* he was getting out. For the first time in days, the cheetah allowed himself to smile.

Rafe found his father sitting very quietly as he returned to his quarters. The former King had a dark look across his face as he stared into space, avoiding the new furniture in the room. His expression changed as Rafe entered the room, though several seconds too late to hide what was on his mind.

His father smiled towards him, just as Kofi's loud footsteps spoiled whatever privacy Rafe thought they might get. The rhino was already here, stepping through the frame from the bed chambers, with diapers in his hand.

"Oh good," he smirked, "You're here. It's almost time for your father's diaper, and I don't want to change both of you."

Kofi threw the folded diaper through the air, with Rafe catching the flying object instinctively.

"Get him ready, and then I'll take care of you, King."

"But he hasn't-" Rafe argued, before reprimanding himself. *You're the damn King, act like it.*

It was one thing to be forced to babysit his father after his mind had regressed, but another entirely to start diapering the former King before his mental state changed, to *humiliate* his own father like this.

The young lion straightened his back. "Not until the Kingfather requires it."

"I require it, now," Kofi lectured, irritated, halting his walk to the kitchen. The enormous rhinoceros turned to glare at the lions. "Next time I won't be asking, kitten."

Rafe ran his paw over the small bugle of the pendant in his pocket. As much as his instincts screamed, he dared not try to use it on Kofi, untested. He needed to try to recover his father when they were alone. He knew this. He needed to be in control of himself, and the pendant to stay a secret. He had to comply, and keep Kofi happy.

Small steps.

The fact that he possessed the pendant now was a victory in itself. If anyone else in the palace had known about its power, he would likely never be holding it. One small lie about it

being royal property, and a simple throw of Kingly demands, and the palace security handed it over from Sef's seized items begrudgingly.

Rafe had never felt the need to *act* royal before, but throwing his weight around was starting to feel essential.

He closed his free paw, clutched the diaper a little tighter, and took a deep breath. His time to use it would come later.

"Rafe, it's alright," his father said, sensing the anguished tension in his son. 'My mind will fade soon for the night anyway..'

The older lion started to remove his own clothes. Kofi left the room, no doubt to carry on his own duties rather than in any act of mercy.

Rafe unfolded the diaper slowly, buying as much time as he could. He admired the stoicism the former King managed to keep, in the face of his degradation.

The older lion removed his underwear with as much dignity as he could muster, before sitting himself down awkwardly on the floor, and lying backward.

Rafe knelt down with the diaper in both hands. "They'll pay for this, father, I swear it."

His father's eyes were already glazing over. His bashful, pained expression faded as his awkward changing position turned into more of a wriggle, more unsettled, until his paw raised towards his head and the former King started to suckle on his thumb.

"Hurry up!" Kofi bellow, unseen.

Rafe growled, and tried to slide the diaper under the bigger lion, which was far easier said than done that evening.

"You'll have to do better than that," Kofi chided him, as he marched out of the kitchen to no doubt see what was taking so long. He nudged the King out of the way, less than graciously, before lifting his father's legs with incredible ease, and sliding the diaper underneath.

He pulled it through the lion's legs and fastened the tapes on either side tightly. The former King only seemed to regress further, and played with his toes once the job was done.

"Do *not* push me!" Rafe spat, lifting himself off of his own padded bottom. The rhino showed no interest in his outburst, and simply held him in one place with a giant hand, before grabbing the lion's crotch and butt with the other.

Rafe's bulky diaper squelched under his rubber pants. The wet material squished wetly against his skin.

"It'll have to do," he grunted, "I said I wasn't changing both of you."

Rafe bared his teeth, but the rhino did not care, bending down to get his paws under the more infantile lion of the two.

Rafe watched his father get lifted, with a little more strain than Kofi ever showed lifting the younger lion, heaving him upwards and against the rhino's shoulder, with one paw cupping that thick, freshly padded backside.

"Follow," he ordered, as he carried the lion to the kitchen, before placing the former King into the new feeding chair that had been built. He sat high enough for Kofi to feed him. Straps

were tightened around his waist and crotch, and a large tray was locked into place at belly-level.

All remnants of his father were once again gone, as the lion sat, fully infantilised in the chair, kicking his legs and playing with the tray in front of him. Rafe feared the chair would topple over due to the bigger lion's weight, but the sturdy design was well crafted, like everything else they'd been furnished with.

The rhino was busy pouring a pureed slop of food into a bowl on the kitchen island beside them.

"Feed him," Kofi smirked, "unless you want to sit in there next." The rhino then slid the bowl and a spoon towards the King.

Rafe swallowed his protests and picked up the bowl carefully. It was large enough to be a regular meal for the lion, but destroyed entirely of the food it used to be. In other words, entirely degrading.

The tray of the feeding chair was at Rafe's standing head height, which did not aid the undignified experience. He pulled one of the chairs across the floor, and boosted himself high enough to reach his father's mouth.

The bigger lion's expression was so dumb and playful that it was easy to spoon feed him. His father was blissfully unaware of the demeaning experience he was undergoing, and if anything, it was exactly what he needed. His mouth opened whenever the spoon hovered in front of his muzzle.

Rafe shuddered, as dread crept over him. He'd been in a similar position himself already, and was reminded several times every day that he could end up here again.

The lion ate through the mushy food with great ease, much to Rafe's relief, but finished his meal with spills and smears on his jaw, into his mane, and down his chest. Rafe realised that he needed a bib, and winced at the thought of putting one around his father's neck.

Kofi released the former King to the playpen, where he crawled mindlessly with some stuffed toys, and nursed himself on a large bottle of milk.

Rafe was finally taken away to be changed, which was less of a liberty and instead a signal that Kofi was done for the night. He made sure to strip himself of his own robes quickly before Kofi entered the bedroom, so that he could hide the pendant in his laundry without being noticed. He then allowed Kofi to wipe him down on the table in silence, putting his energy into devising a plan to revive his father and arrest the stranglehold on his position.

Kofi once again added the bulky stuffers to the King's diaper, before taping it shut. He was spared rubber pants overnight, as if they didn't matter when he wasn't required to waddle himself around the palace noisily.

"I'd like to be alone tonight," the King said, as firmly as his nerves would allow. "And I'm sure you'd prefer to be elsewhere too..."

Kofi eyed him studiously, but quickly agreed. The rhino showed even less interest in being here when he wasn't regressing the former Prince, and dumping the King with babysitting responsibilities granted just enough freedom to get away with such a request.

"If you could just put my fa-, put him in the crib, before you go."

The rhino obeyed, knowing Rafe could neither lift his father nor herd the overgrown cub into the crib successfully.

"You'll need to join him when you sleep tonight," Kofi grunted. "The King's quarters are still being prepared."

"Let us both pretend I told you this was outrageous," Rafe said, coldly. He hoped it was enough of a comment to see the rhino leave without suspicion.

"You're fun when you know your place, kitten," Kofi stifled a laugh, and left the quarters. "Bottles are in the kitchen!"

Rafe felt the tension in his shoulders recede as the large doors to his quarters shut, but he held his breath for several seconds until he was sure the "caretaker" had truly left. Finally feeling safe, the lion thrust his paw into his laundry basket, and retrieved the pendant from his trouser pocket.

His father was on all fours in the huge crib, looking around the room with an empty stare, babyishly wriggling slightly, without any purpose.

Rafe's bed chambers, the room he grew up in, was a memory compared to what it was now. His bed had been disassembled and removed, replaced with this gargantuan infantile cage. Now sitting elegantly alongside the changing table, and the wardrobe full of diapers, it was a monument to his humiliation, now to be inherited by his father.

He cradled the silver pendant in his fingers, but avoided looking straight at the circular patterns of the stone dominating its centre. One little piece of jewellery had caused so much destruction, so much change. He still didn't understand its power, truly.

It had stripped him of his bladder control, his bowel control, his autonomy, put his libido under command.

It had seen Syllas arrested.

Ruined his father.

It brought he and Sef together.

Could it fix his father too?

Rafe tried to coax the older lion's attention, but the infantilised lion hardly responded to another. He walked towards the bars of the crib.

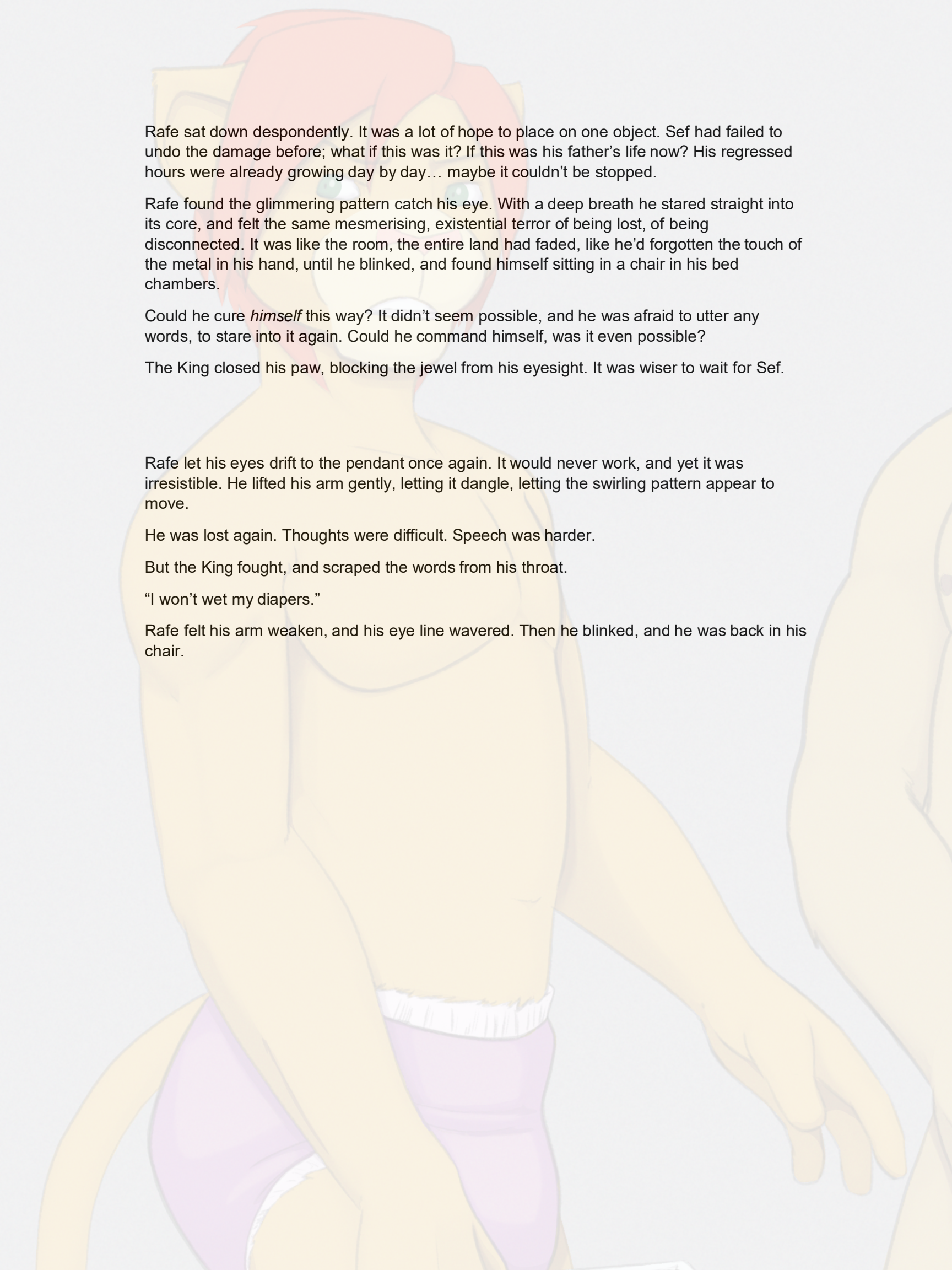
"Father?" He tried, holding the pendant aloft, hoping it stole the lion's gaze naturally.

"...Ramsis?"

Still the lion did not return a meaningful look.

Rafe squeezed his paw through the bars, enough to shake his father's shoulder, gently, before repeating it with slightly more frustration. It was as if the lion was completely unaware of anyone else in the room, his infantile mind beyond recognition.

The King withdrew his arm from the crib, as tension gripped his gut. He would have to try when his father was his normal self, hoping he could convince the proud lion to fall under its control.



Rafe sat down despondently. It was a lot of hope to place on one object. Sef had failed to undo the damage before; what if this was it? If this was his father's life now? His regressed hours were already growing day by day... maybe it couldn't be stopped.

Rafe found the glimmering pattern catch his eye. With a deep breath he stared straight into its core, and felt the same mesmerising, existential terror of being lost, of being disconnected. It was like the room, the entire land had faded, like he'd forgotten the touch of the metal in his hand, until he blinked, and found himself sitting in a chair in his bed chambers.

Could he cure *himself* this way? It didn't seem possible, and he was afraid to utter any words, to stare into it again. Could he command himself, was it even possible?

The King closed his paw, blocking the jewel from his eyesight. It was wiser to wait for Sef.

Rafe let his eyes drift to the pendant once again. It would never work, and yet it was irresistible. He lifted his arm gently, letting it dangle, letting the swirling pattern appear to move.

He was lost again. Thoughts were difficult. Speech was harder.

But the King fought, and scraped the words from his throat.

"I won't wet my diapers."

Rafe felt his arm weaken, and his eye line wavered. Then he blinked, and he was back in his chair.

I'M NOT CHANGING
BOTH OF YOU.
GET YOUR FATHER
INTO HIS DIAPER.

