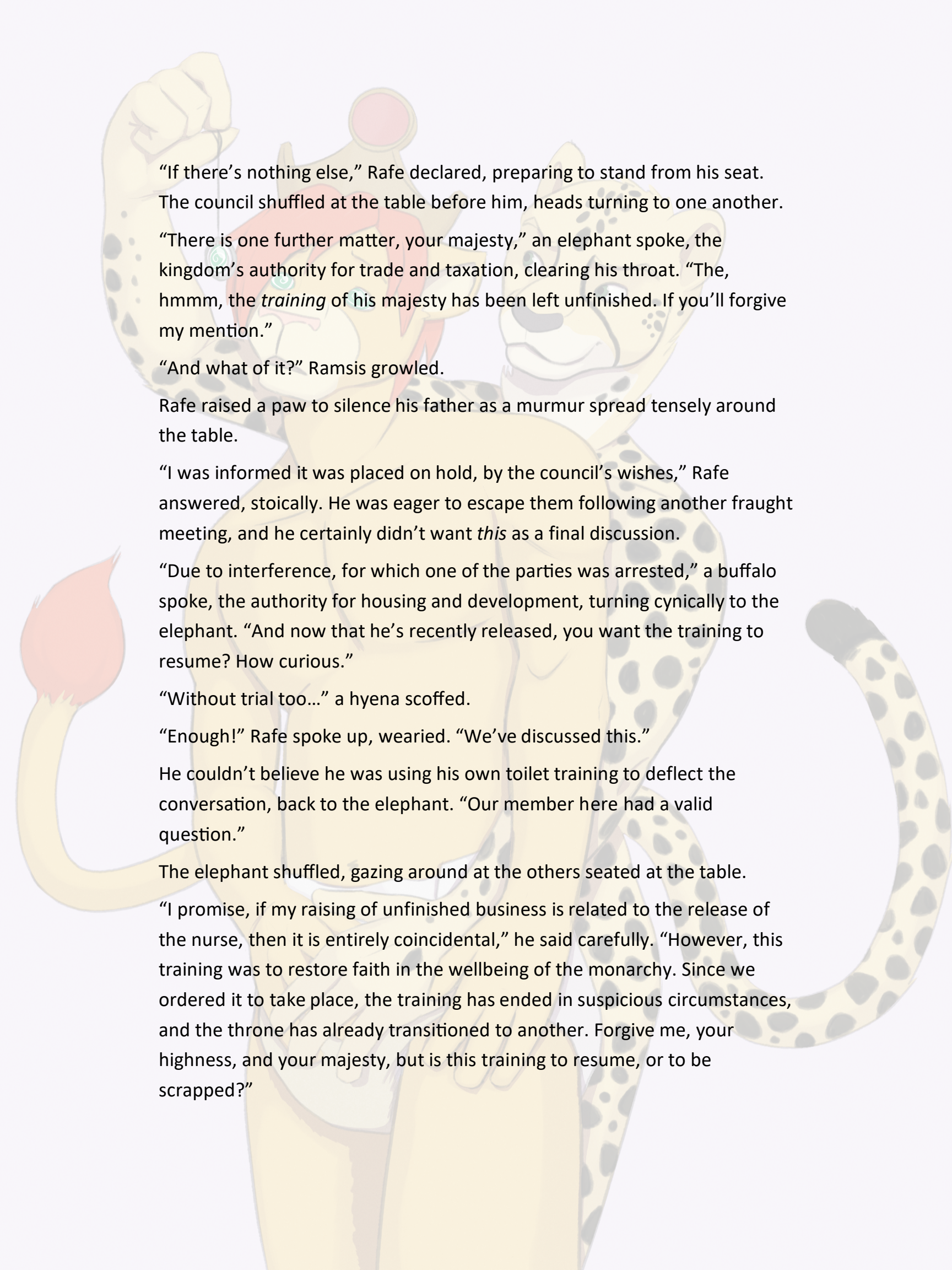




# THE INFANT KING

Part II



“If there’s nothing else,” Rafe declared, preparing to stand from his seat. The council shuffled at the table before him, heads turning to one another.

“There is one further matter, your majesty,” an elephant spoke, the kingdom’s authority for trade and taxation, clearing his throat. “The, hmmm, the *training* of his majesty has been left unfinished. If you’ll forgive my mention.”

“And what of it?” Ramsis growled.

Rafe raised a paw to silence his father as a murmur spread tensely around the table.

“I was informed it was placed on hold, by the council’s wishes,” Rafe answered, stoically. He was eager to escape them following another fraught meeting, and he certainly didn’t want *this* as a final discussion.

“Due to interference, for which one of the parties was arrested,” a buffalo spoke, the authority for housing and development, turning cynically to the elephant. “And now that he’s recently released, you want the training to resume? How curious.”

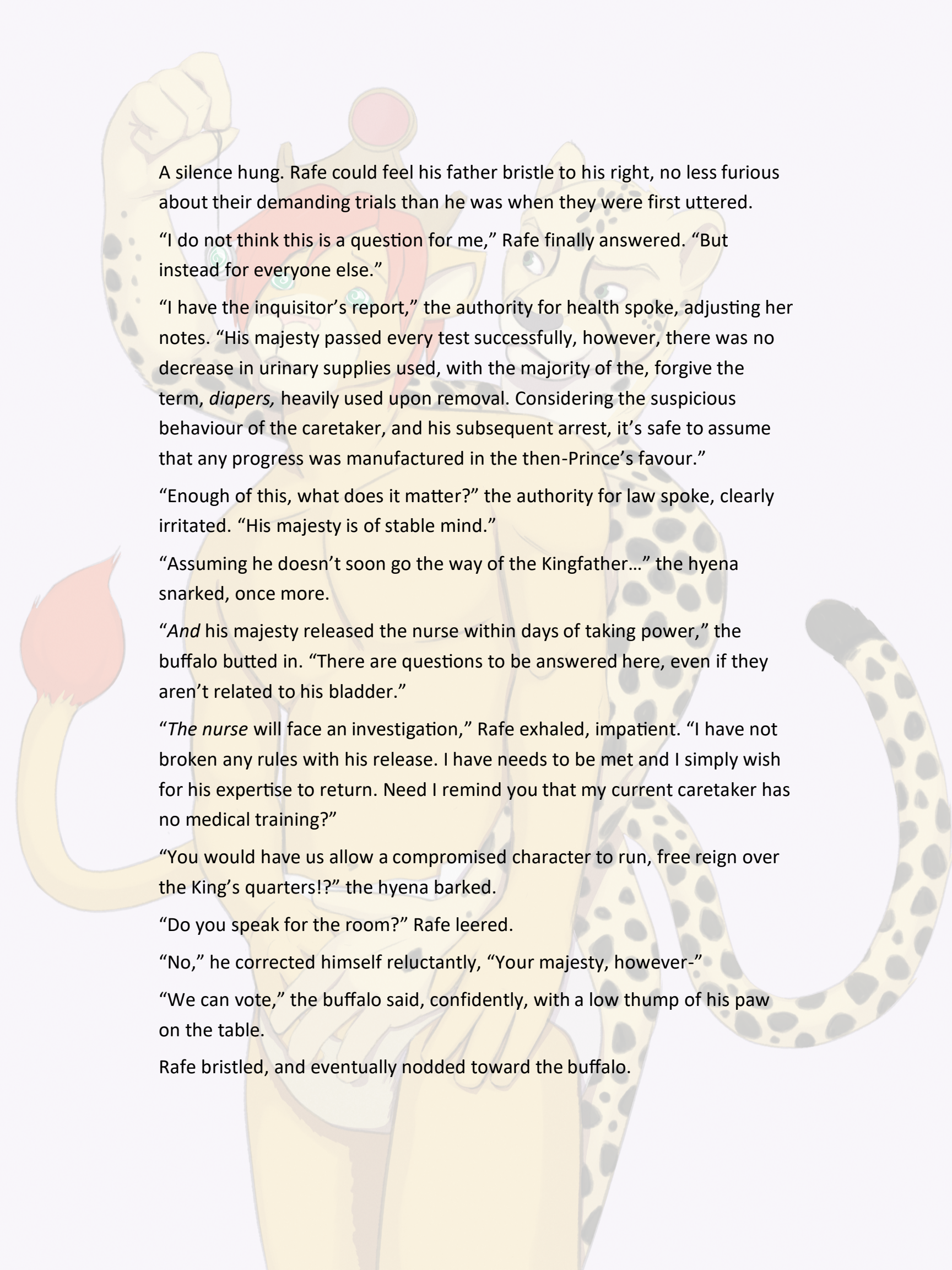
“Without trial too...” a hyena scoffed.

“Enough!” Rafe spoke up, wearied. “We’ve discussed this.”

He couldn’t believe he was using his own toilet training to deflect the conversation, back to the elephant. “Our member here had a valid question.”

The elephant shuffled, gazing around at the others seated at the table.

“I promise, if my raising of unfinished business is related to the release of the nurse, then it is entirely coincidental,” he said carefully. “However, this training was to restore faith in the wellbeing of the monarchy. Since we ordered it to take place, the training has ended in suspicious circumstances, and the throne has already transitioned to another. Forgive me, your highness, and your majesty, but is this training to resume, or to be scrapped?”



A silence hung. Rafe could feel his father bristle to his right, no less furious about their demanding trials than he was when they were first uttered.

“I do not think this is a question for me,” Rafe finally answered. “But instead for everyone else.”

“I have the inquisitor’s report,” the authority for health spoke, adjusting her notes. “His majesty passed every test successfully, however, there was no decrease in urinary supplies used, with the majority of the, forgive the term, *diapers*, heavily used upon removal. Considering the suspicious behaviour of the caretaker, and his subsequent arrest, it’s safe to assume that any progress was manufactured in the then-Prince’s favour.”

“Enough of this, what does it matter?” the authority for law spoke, clearly irritated. “His majesty is of stable mind.”

“Assuming he doesn’t soon go the way of the Kingfather...” the hyena snarked, once more.

“*And* his majesty released the nurse within days of taking power,” the buffalo butted in. “There are questions to be answered here, even if they aren’t related to his bladder.”

“*The nurse* will face an investigation,” Rafe exhaled, impatient. “I have not broken any rules with his release. I have needs to be met and I simply wish for his expertise to return. Need I remind you that my current caretaker has no medical training?”

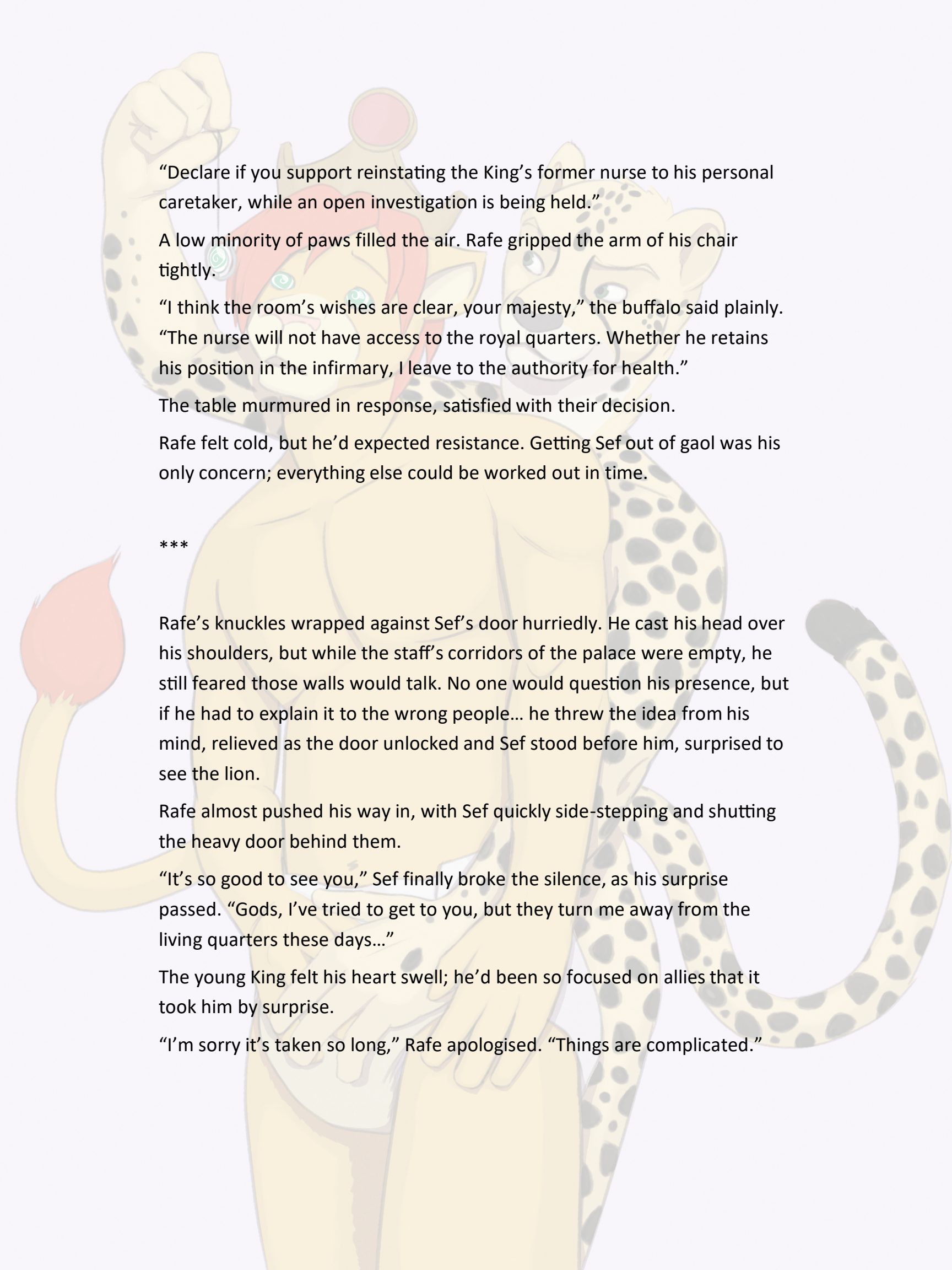
“You would have us allow a compromised character to run, free reign over the King’s quarters!?” the hyena barked.

“Do you speak for the room?” Rafe leered.

“No,” he corrected himself reluctantly, “Your majesty, however-”

“We can vote,” the buffalo said, confidently, with a low thump of his paw on the table.

Rafe bristled, and eventually nodded toward the buffalo.



“Declare if you support reinstating the King’s former nurse to his personal caretaker, while an open investigation is being held.”

A low minority of paws filled the air. Rafe gripped the arm of his chair tightly.

“I think the room’s wishes are clear, your majesty,” the buffalo said plainly.

“The nurse will not have access to the royal quarters. Whether he retains his position in the infirmary, I leave to the authority for health.”

The table murmured in response, satisfied with their decision.

Rafe felt cold, but he’d expected resistance. Getting Sef out of gaol was his only concern; everything else could be worked out in time.

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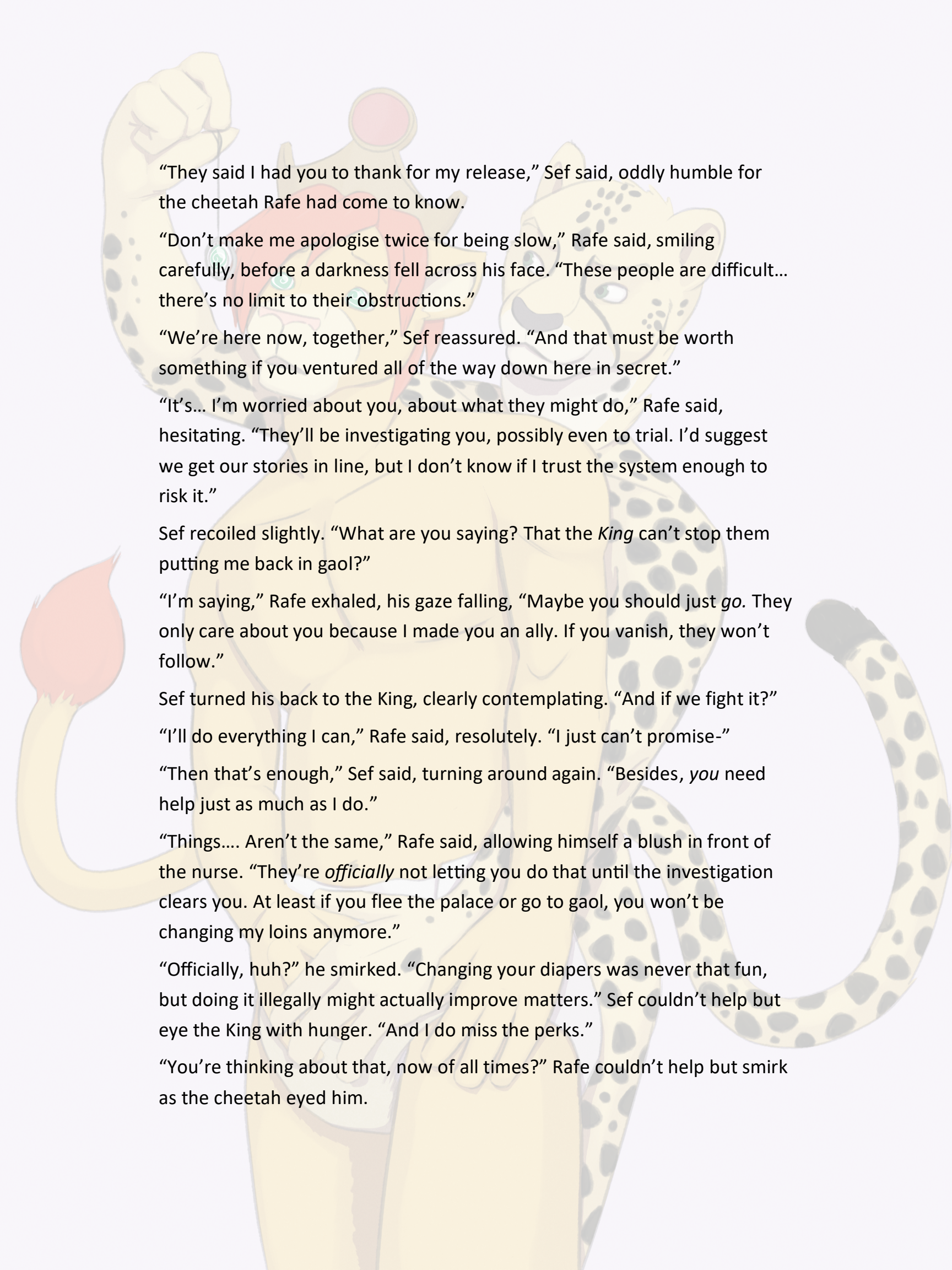
Rafe’s knuckles wrapped against Sef’s door hurriedly. He cast his head over his shoulders, but while the staff’s corridors of the palace were empty, he still feared those walls would talk. No one would question his presence, but if he had to explain it to the wrong people... he threw the idea from his mind, relieved as the door unlocked and Sef stood before him, surprised to see the lion.

Rafe almost pushed his way in, with Sef quickly side-stepping and shutting the heavy door behind them.

“It’s so good to see you,” Sef finally broke the silence, as his surprise passed. “Gods, I’ve tried to get to you, but they turn me away from the living quarters these days...”

The young King felt his heart swell; he’d been so focused on allies that it took him by surprise.

“I’m sorry it’s taken so long,” Rafe apologised. “Things are complicated.”



“They said I had you to thank for my release,” Sef said, oddly humble for the cheetah Rafe had come to know.

“Don’t make me apologise twice for being slow,” Rafe said, smiling carefully, before a darkness fell across his face. “These people are difficult... there’s no limit to their obstructions.”

“We’re here now, together,” Sef reassured. “And that must be worth something if you ventured all of the way down here in secret.”

“It’s... I’m worried about you, about what they might do,” Rafe said, hesitating. “They’ll be investigating you, possibly even to trial. I’d suggest we get our stories in line, but I don’t know if I trust the system enough to risk it.”

Sef recoiled slightly. “What are you saying? That the *King* can’t stop them putting me back in gaol?”

“I’m saying,” Rafe exhaled, his gaze falling, “Maybe you should just *go*. They only care about you because I made you an ally. If you vanish, they won’t follow.”

Sef turned his back to the King, clearly contemplating. “And if we fight it?”

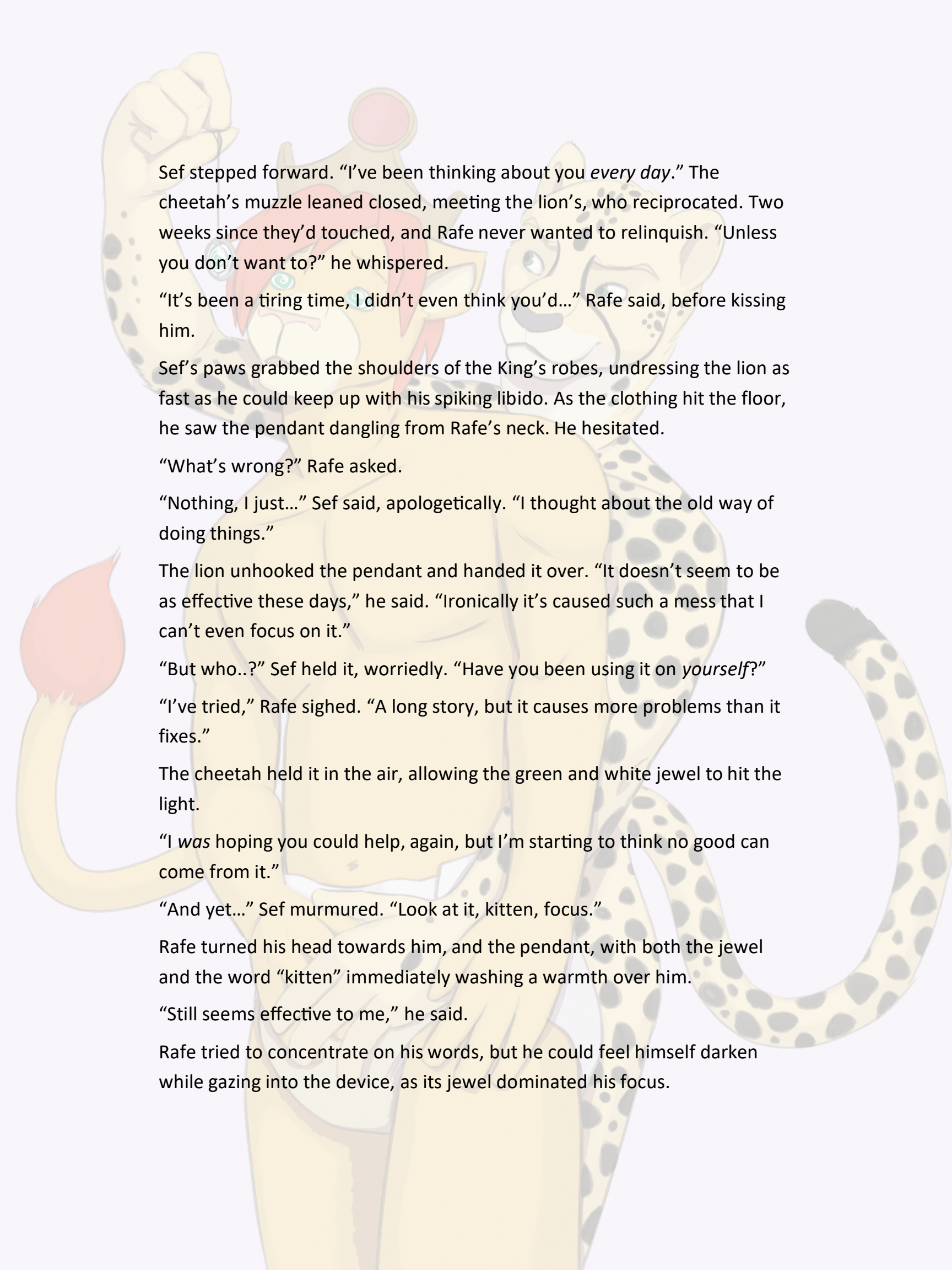
“I’ll do everything I can,” Rafe said, resolutely. “I just can’t promise-”

“Then that’s enough,” Sef said, turning around again. “Besides, *you* need help just as much as I do.”

“Things.... Aren’t the same,” Rafe said, allowing himself a blush in front of the nurse. “They’re *officially* not letting you do that until the investigation clears you. At least if you flee the palace or go to gaol, you won’t be changing my loins anymore.”

“Officially, huh?” he smirked. “Changing your diapers was never that fun, but doing it illegally might actually improve matters.” Sef couldn’t help but eye the King with hunger. “And I do miss the perks.”

“You’re thinking about that, now of all times?” Rafe couldn’t help but smirk as the cheetah eyed him.



Sef stepped forward. "I've been thinking about you *every day*." The cheetah's muzzle leaned closed, meeting the lion's, who reciprocated. Two weeks since they'd touched, and Rafe never wanted to relinquish. "Unless you don't want to?" he whispered.

"It's been a tiring time, I didn't even think you'd..." Rafe said, before kissing him.

Sef's paws grabbed the shoulders of the King's robes, undressing the lion as fast as he could keep up with his spiking libido. As the clothing hit the floor, he saw the pendant dangling from Rafe's neck. He hesitated.

"What's wrong?" Rafe asked.

"Nothing, I just..." Sef said, apologetically. "I thought about the old way of doing things."

The lion unhooked the pendant and handed it over. "It doesn't seem to be as effective these days," he said. "Ironically it's caused such a mess that I can't even focus on it."

"But who..?" Sef held it, worriedly. "Have you been using it on *yourself*?"

"I've tried," Rafe sighed. "A long story, but it causes more problems than it fixes."

The cheetah held it in the air, allowing the green and white jewel to hit the light.

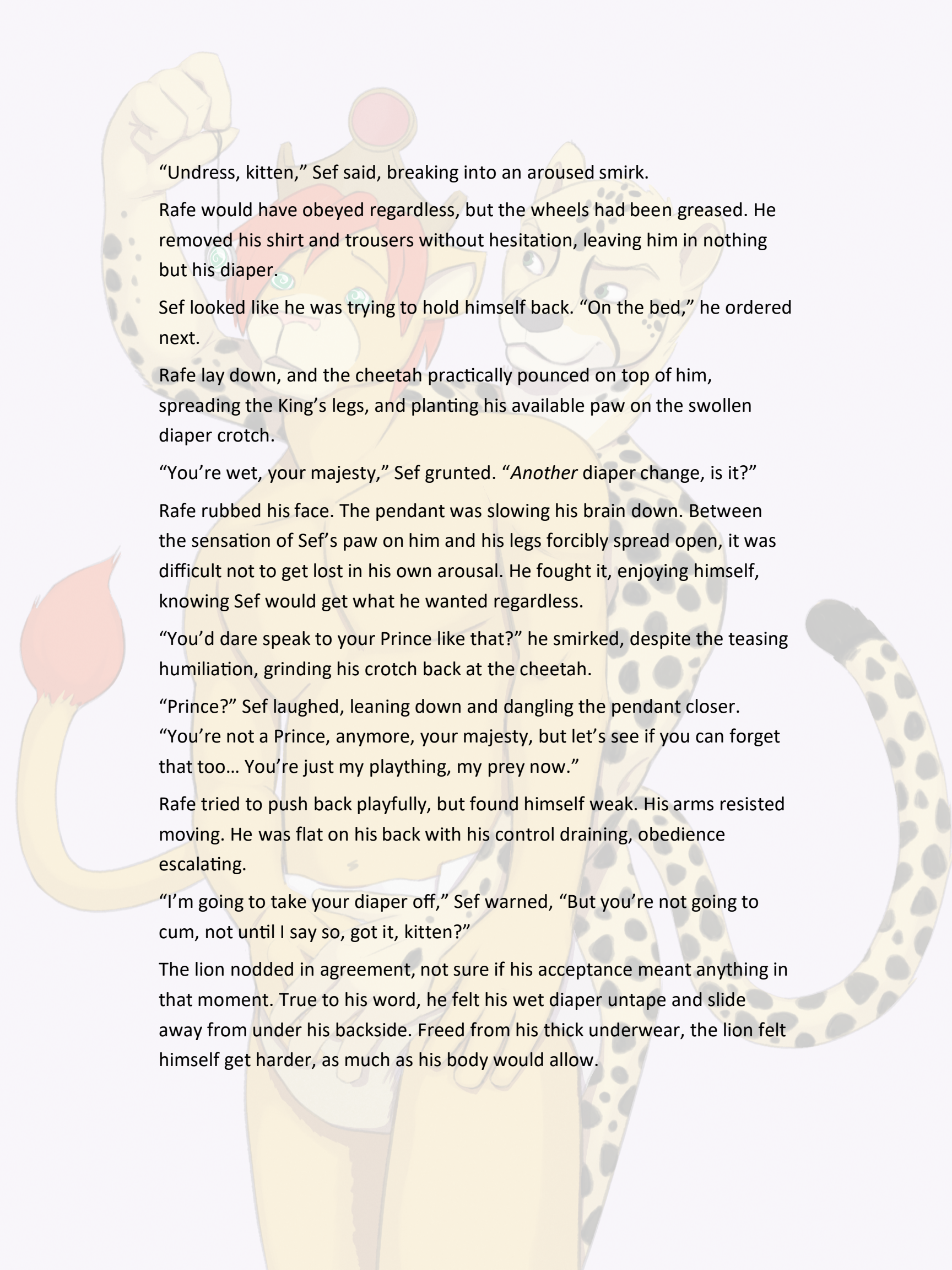
"I was hoping you could help, again, but I'm starting to think no good can come from it."

"And yet..." Sef murmured. "Look at it, kitten, focus."

Rafe turned his head towards him, and the pendant, with both the jewel and the word "kitten" immediately washing a warmth over him.

"Still seems effective to me," he said.

Rafe tried to concentrate on his words, but he could feel himself darken while gazing into the device, as its jewel dominated his focus.



“Undress, kitten,” Sef said, breaking into an aroused smirk.

Rafe would have obeyed regardless, but the wheels had been greased. He removed his shirt and trousers without hesitation, leaving him in nothing but his diaper.

Sef looked like he was trying to hold himself back. “On the bed,” he ordered next.

Rafe lay down, and the cheetah practically pounced on top of him, spreading the King’s legs, and planting his available paw on the swollen diaper crotch.

“You’re wet, your majesty,” Sef grunted. “*Another* diaper change, is it?”

Rafe rubbed his face. The pendant was slowing his brain down. Between the sensation of Sef’s paw on him and his legs forcibly spread open, it was difficult not to get lost in his own arousal. He fought it, enjoying himself, knowing Sef would get what he wanted regardless.

“You’d dare speak to your Prince like that?” he smirked, despite the teasing humiliation, grinding his crotch back at the cheetah.

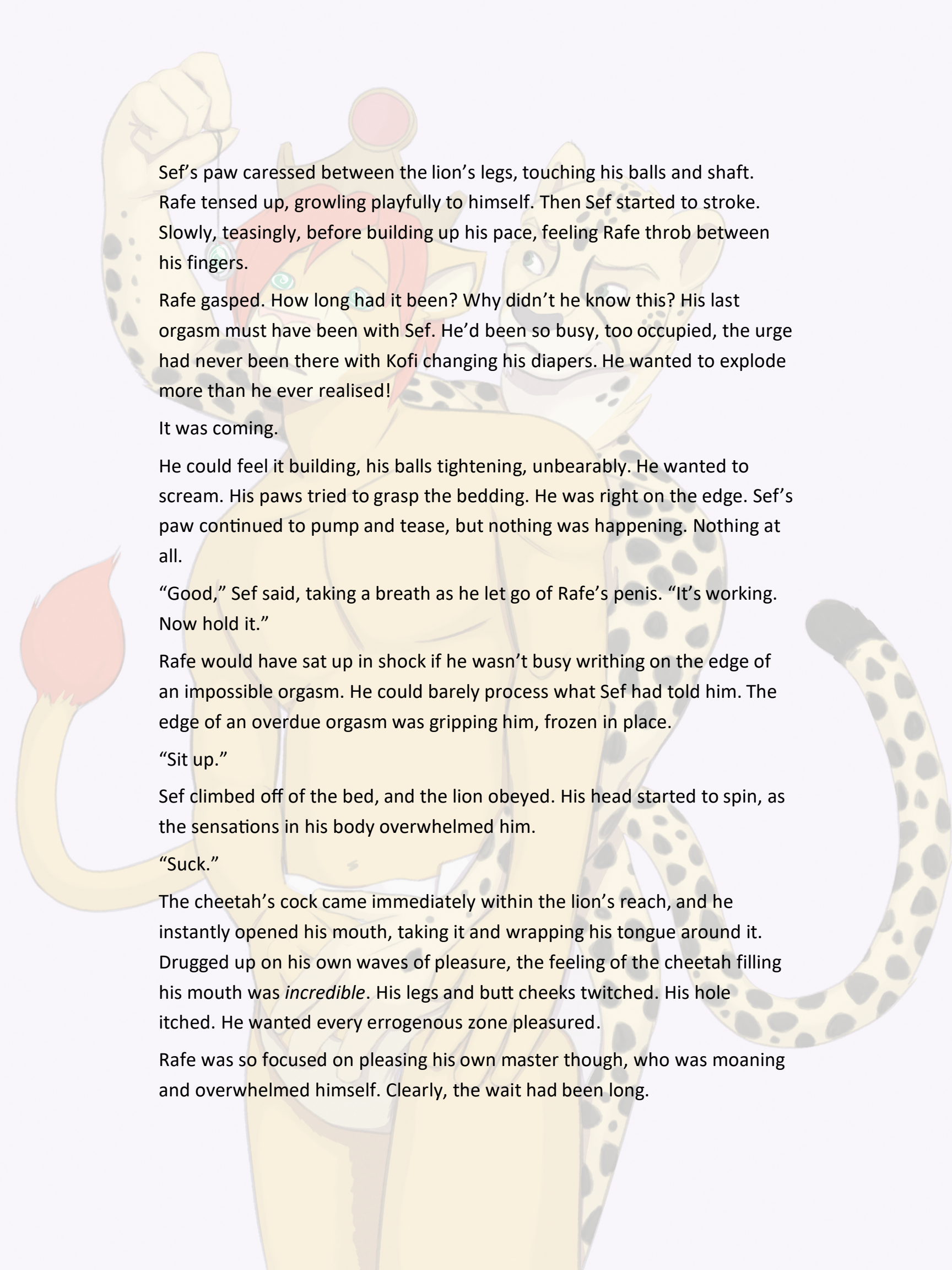
“Prince?” Sef laughed, leaning down and dangling the pendant closer.

“You’re not a Prince, anymore, your majesty, but let’s see if you can forget that too... You’re just my plaything, my prey now.”

Rafe tried to push back playfully, but found himself weak. His arms resisted moving. He was flat on his back with his control draining, obedience escalating.

“I’m going to take your diaper off,” Sef warned, “But you’re not going to cum, not until I say so, got it, kitten?”

The lion nodded in agreement, not sure if his acceptance meant anything in that moment. True to his word, he felt his wet diaper untape and slide away from under his backside. Freed from his thick underwear, the lion felt himself get harder, as much as his body would allow.



Sef's paw caressed between the lion's legs, touching his balls and shaft. Rafe tensed up, growling playfully to himself. Then Sef started to stroke. Slowly, teasingly, before building up his pace, feeling Rafe throb between his fingers.

Rafe gasped. How long had it been? Why didn't he know this? His last orgasm must have been with Sef. He'd been so busy, too occupied, the urge had never been there with Kofi changing his diapers. He wanted to explode more than he ever realised!

It was coming.

He could feel it building, his balls tightening, unbearably. He wanted to scream. His paws tried to grasp the bedding. He was right on the edge. Sef's paw continued to pump and tease, but nothing was happening. Nothing at all.

"Good," Sef said, taking a breath as he let go of Rafe's penis. "It's working. Now hold it."

Rafe would have sat up in shock if he wasn't busy writhing on the edge of an impossible orgasm. He could barely process what Sef had told him. The edge of an overdue orgasm was gripping him, frozen in place.

"Sit up."

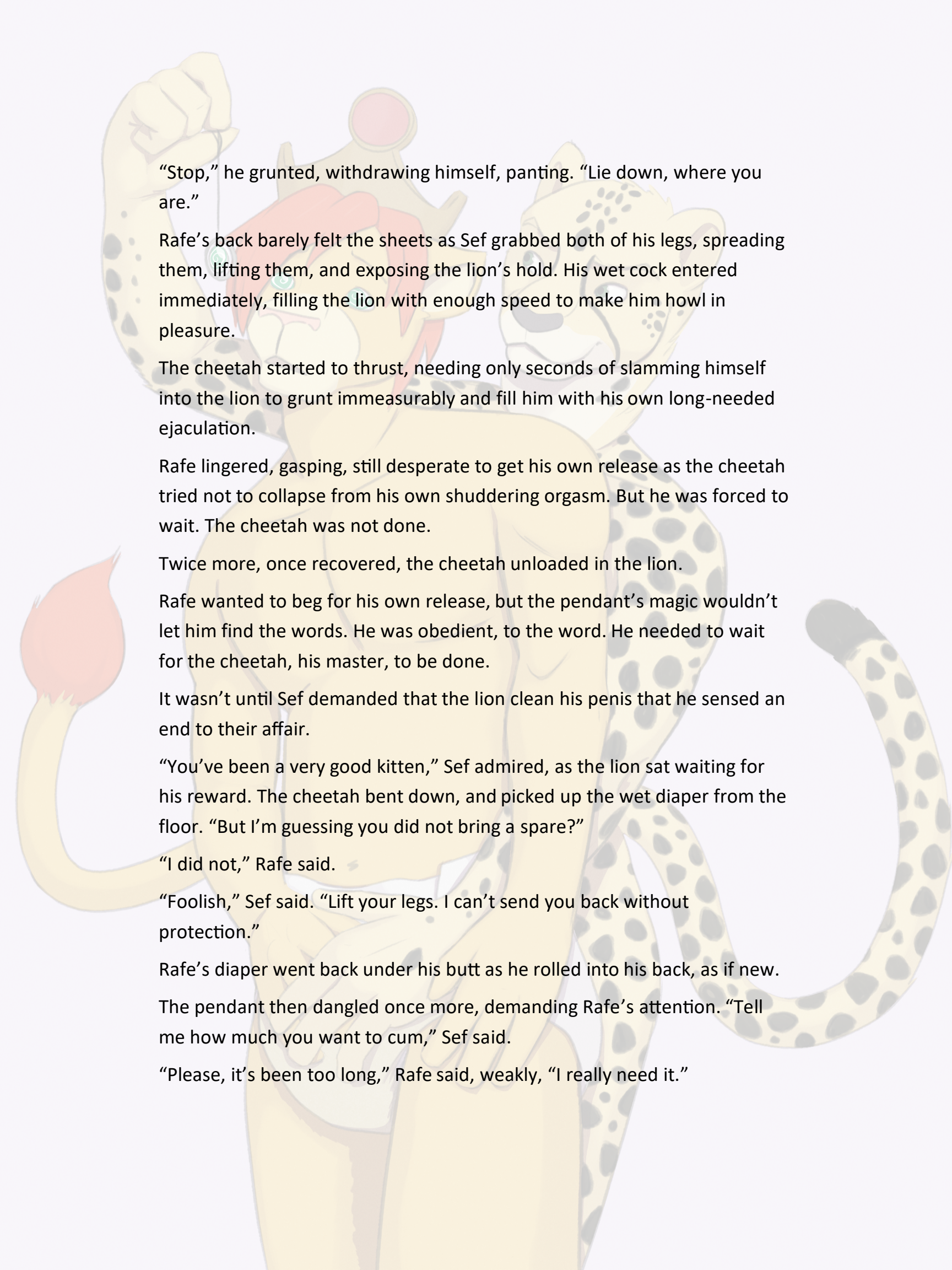
Sef climbed off of the bed, and the lion obeyed. His head started to spin, as the sensations in his body overwhelmed him.

"Suck."

The cheetah's cock came immediately within the lion's reach, and he instantly opened his mouth, taking it and wrapping his tongue around it. Drugged up on his own waves of pleasure, the feeling of the cheetah filling his mouth was *incredible*. His legs and butt cheeks twitched. His hole itched. He wanted every errogenous zone pleased.

Rafe was so focused on pleasing his own master though, who was moaning and overwhelmed himself. Clearly, the wait had been long.





“Stop,” he grunted, withdrawing himself, panting. “Lie down, where you are.”

Rafe’s back barely felt the sheets as Sef grabbed both of his legs, spreading them, lifting them, and exposing the lion’s hold. His wet cock entered immediately, filling the lion with enough speed to make him howl in pleasure.

The cheetah started to thrust, needing only seconds of slamming himself into the lion to grunt immeasurably and fill him with his own long-needed ejaculation.

Rafe lingered, gasping, still desperate to get his own release as the cheetah tried not to collapse from his own shuddering orgasm. But he was forced to wait. The cheetah was not done.

Twice more, once recovered, the cheetah unloaded in the lion.

Rafe wanted to beg for his own release, but the pendant’s magic wouldn’t let him find the words. He was obedient, to the word. He needed to wait for the cheetah, his master, to be done.

It wasn’t until Sef demanded that the lion clean his penis that he sensed an end to their affair.

“You’ve been a very good kitten,” Sef admired, as the lion sat waiting for his reward. The cheetah bent down, and picked up the wet diaper from the floor. “But I’m guessing you did not bring a spare?”

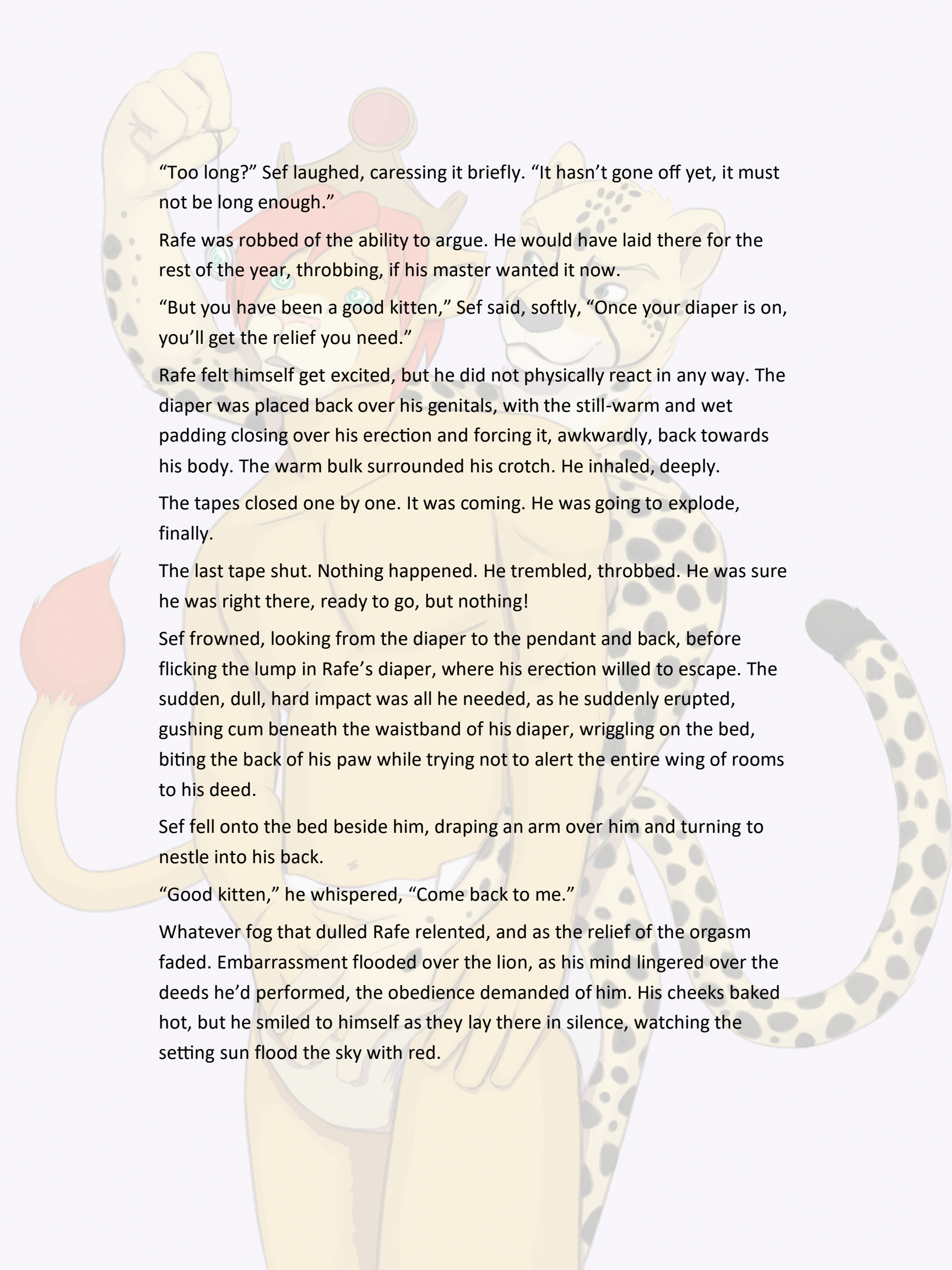
“I did not,” Rafe said.

“Foolish,” Sef said. “Lift your legs. I can’t send you back without protection.”

Rafe’s diaper went back under his butt as he rolled into his back, as if new.

The pendant then dangled once more, demanding Rafe’s attention. “Tell me how much you want to cum,” Sef said.

“Please, it’s been too long,” Rafe said, weakly, “I really need it.”



“Too long?” Sef laughed, caressing it briefly. “It hasn’t gone off yet, it must not be long enough.”

Rafe was robbed of the ability to argue. He would have laid there for the rest of the year, throbbing, if his master wanted it now.

“But you have been a good kitten,” Sef said, softly, “Once your diaper is on, you’ll get the relief you need.”

Rafe felt himself get excited, but he did not physically react in any way. The diaper was placed back over his genitals, with the still-warm and wet padding closing over his erection and forcing it, awkwardly, back towards his body. The warm bulk surrounded his crotch. He inhaled, deeply.

The tapes closed one by one. It was coming. He was going to explode, finally.

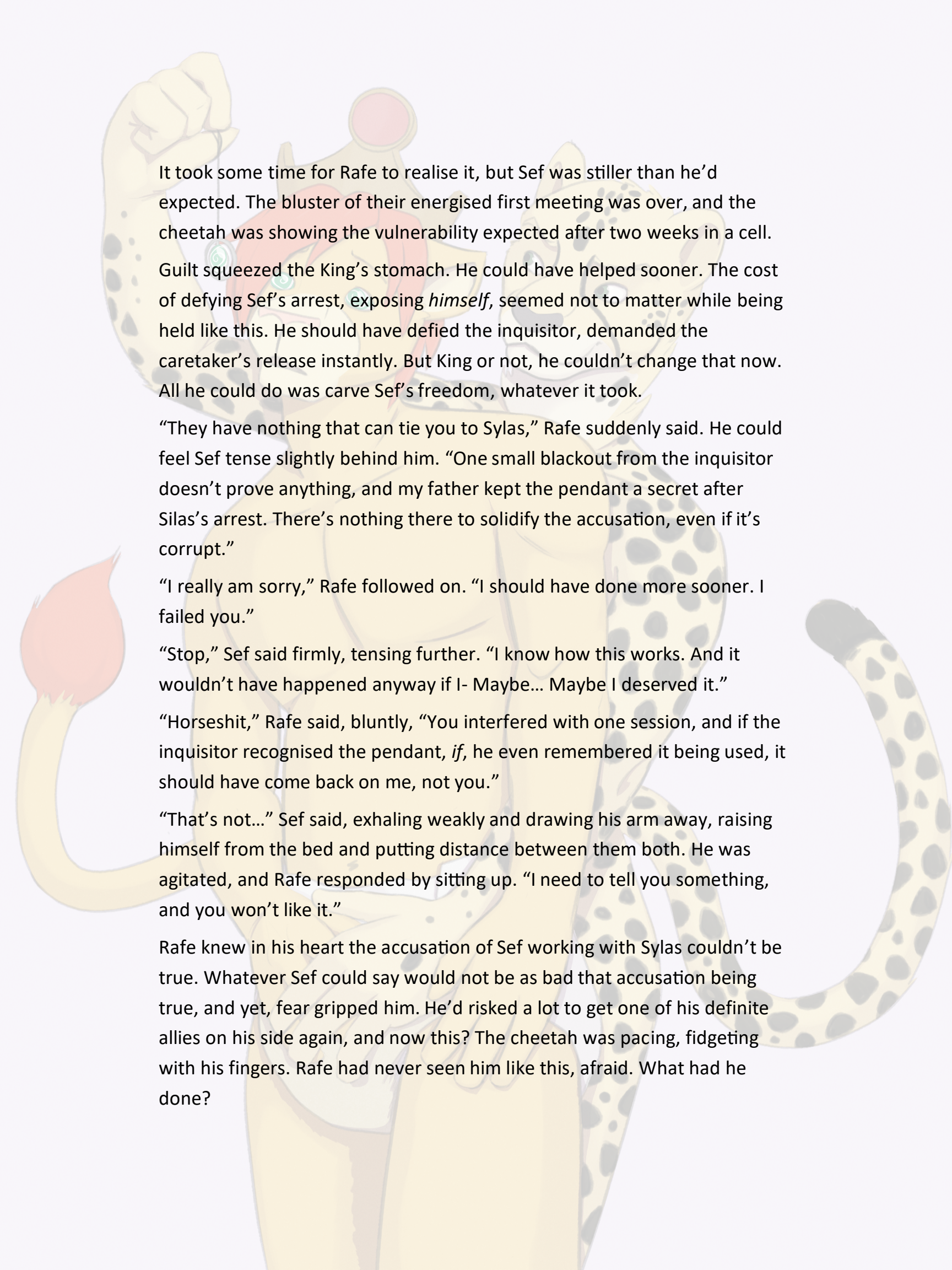
The last tape shut. Nothing happened. He trembled, throbbed. He was sure he was right there, ready to go, but nothing!

Sef frowned, looking from the diaper to the pendant and back, before flicking the lump in Rafe’s diaper, where his erection willed to escape. The sudden, dull, hard impact was all he needed, as he suddenly erupted, gushing cum beneath the waistband of his diaper, wriggling on the bed, biting the back of his paw while trying not to alert the entire wing of rooms to his deed.

Sef fell onto the bed beside him, draping an arm over him and turning to nestle into his back.

“Good kitten,” he whispered, “Come back to me.”

Whatever fog that dulled Rafe relented, and as the relief of the orgasm faded. Embarrassment flooded over the lion, as his mind lingered over the deeds he’d performed, the obedience demanded of him. His cheeks baked hot, but he smiled to himself as they lay there in silence, watching the setting sun flood the sky with red.



It took some time for Rafe to realise it, but Sef was stiller than he'd expected. The bluster of their energised first meeting was over, and the cheetah was showing the vulnerability expected after two weeks in a cell. Guilt squeezed the King's stomach. He could have helped sooner. The cost of defying Sef's arrest, exposing *himself*, seemed not to matter while being held like this. He should have defied the inquisitor, demanded the caretaker's release instantly. But King or not, he couldn't change that now. All he could do was carve Sef's freedom, whatever it took.

"They have nothing that can tie you to Sylas," Rafe suddenly said. He could feel Sef tense slightly behind him. "One small blackout from the inquisitor doesn't prove anything, and my father kept the pendant a secret after Silas's arrest. There's nothing there to solidify the accusation, even if it's corrupt."

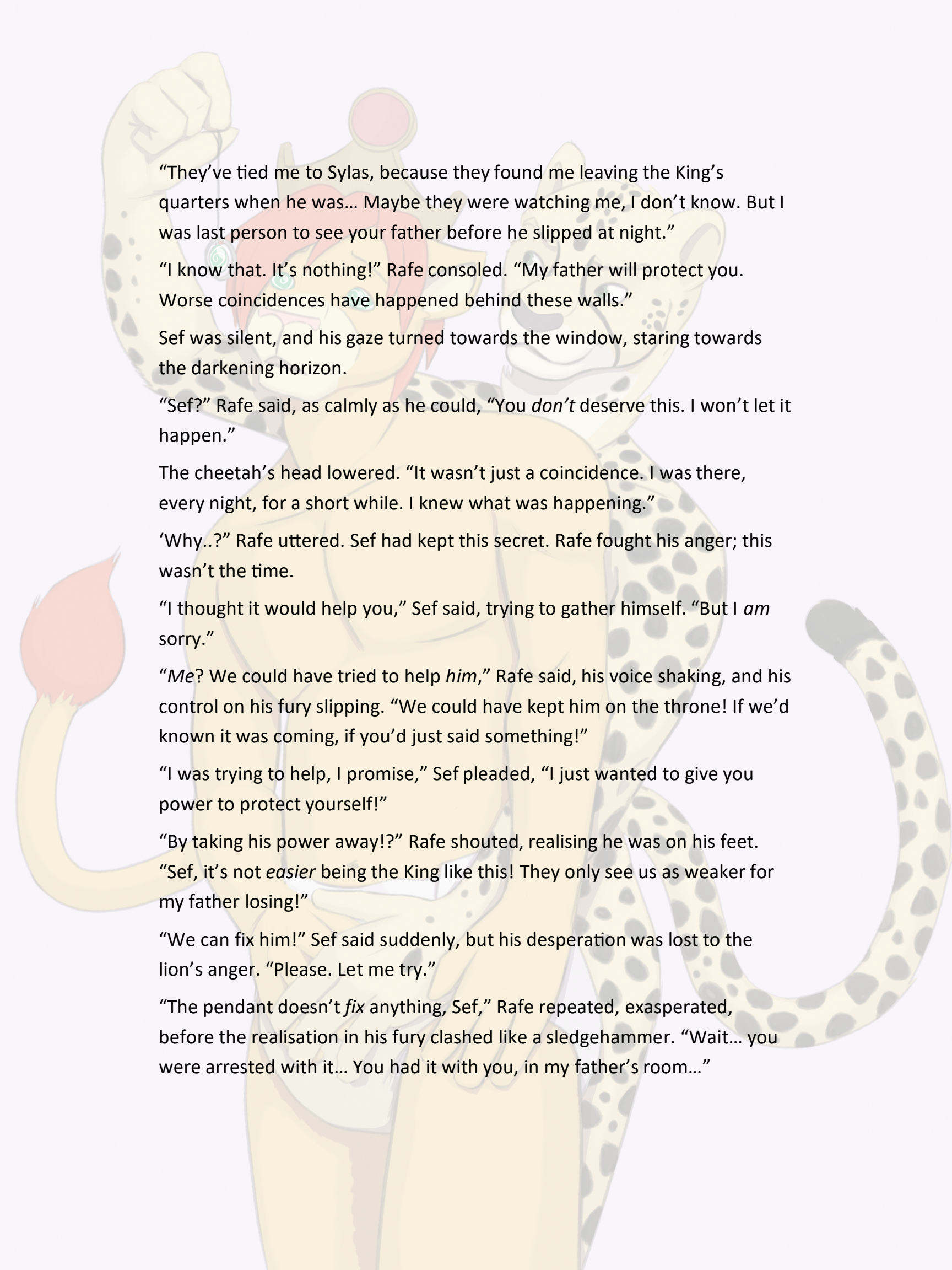
"I really am sorry," Rafe followed on. "I should have done more sooner. I failed you."

"Stop," Sef said firmly, tensing further. "I know how this works. And it wouldn't have happened anyway if I- Maybe... Maybe I deserved it."

"Horseshit," Rafe said, bluntly, "You interfered with one session, and if the inquisitor recognised the pendant, *if*, he even remembered it being used, it should have come back on me, not you."

"That's not..." Sef said, exhaling weakly and drawing his arm away, raising himself from the bed and putting distance between them both. He was agitated, and Rafe responded by sitting up. "I need to tell you something, and you won't like it."

Rafe knew in his heart the accusation of Sef working with Sylas couldn't be true. Whatever Sef could say would not be as bad that accusation being true, and yet, fear gripped him. He'd risked a lot to get one of his definite allies on his side again, and now this? The cheetah was pacing, fidgeting with his fingers. Rafe had never seen him like this, afraid. What had he done?



“They’ve tied me to Sylas, because they found me leaving the King’s quarters when he was... Maybe they were watching me, I don’t know. But I was last person to see your father before he slipped at night.”

“I know that. It’s nothing!” Rafe consoled. “My father will protect you. Worse coincidences have happened behind these walls.”

Sef was silent, and his gaze turned towards the window, staring towards the darkening horizon.

“Sef?” Rafe said, as calmly as he could, “You *don’t* deserve this. I won’t let it happen.”

The cheetah’s head lowered. “It wasn’t just a coincidence. I was there, every night, for a short while. I knew what was happening.”

“Why..?” Rafe uttered. Sef had kept this secret. Rafe fought his anger; this wasn’t the time.

“I thought it would help you,” Sef said, trying to gather himself. “But I *am* sorry.”

“*Me?* We could have tried to help *him*,” Rafe said, his voice shaking, and his control on his fury slipping. “We could have kept him on the throne! If we’d known it was coming, if you’d just said something!”

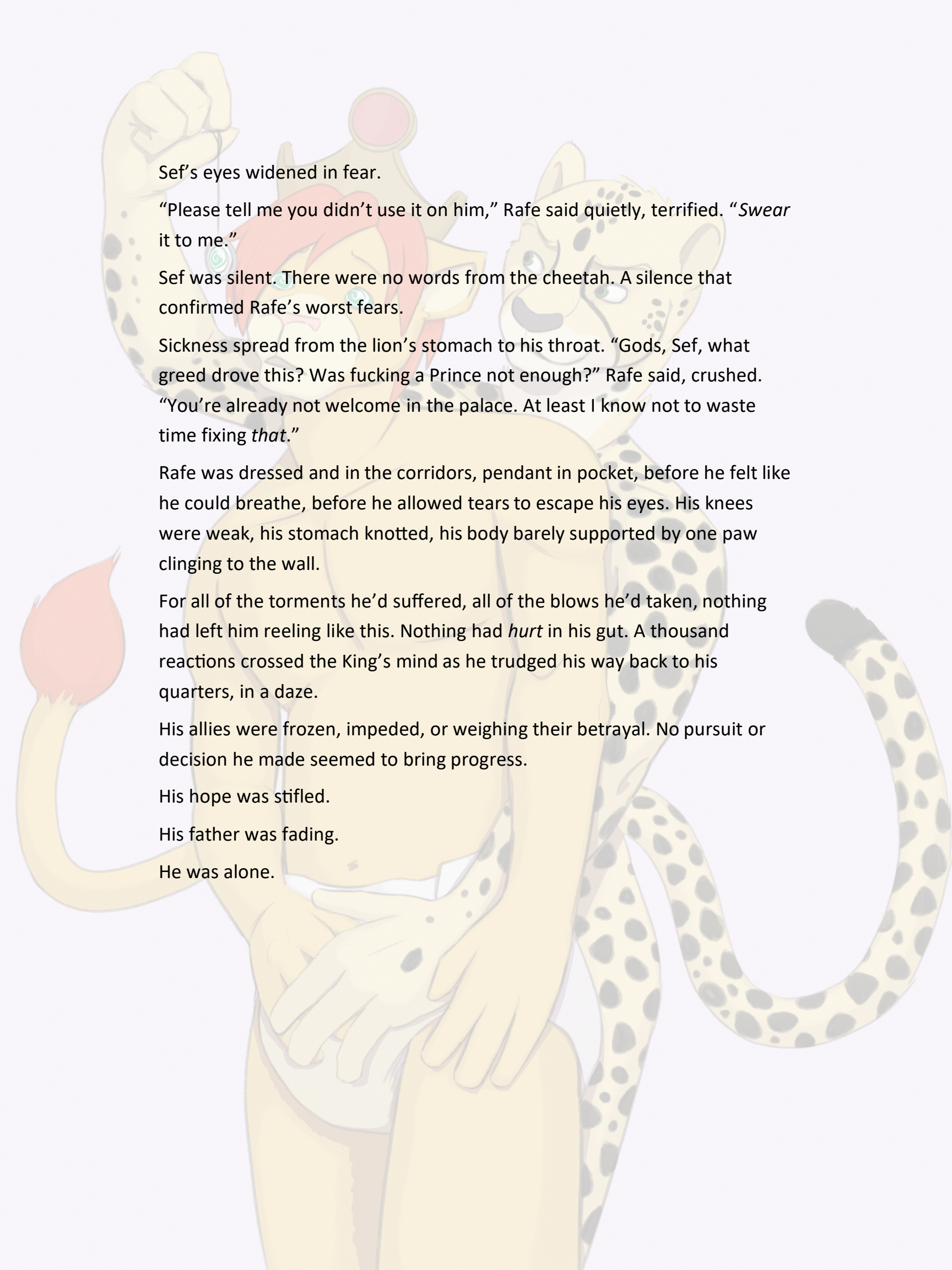
“I was trying to help, I promise,” Sef pleaded, “I just wanted to give you power to protect yourself!”

“By taking his power away!?” Rafe shouted, realising he was on his feet.

“Sef, it’s not *easier* being the King like this! They only see us as weaker for my father losing!”

“We can fix him!” Sef said suddenly, but his desperation was lost to the lion’s anger. “Please. Let me try.”

“The pendant doesn’t *fix* anything, Sef,” Rafe repeated, exasperated, before the realisation in his fury clashed like a sledgehammer. “Wait... you were arrested with it... You had it with you, in my father’s room...”



Sef's eyes widened in fear.

"Please tell me you didn't use it on him," Rafe said quietly, terrified. "Swear it to me."

Sef was silent. There were no words from the cheetah. A silence that confirmed Rafe's worst fears.

Sickness spread from the lion's stomach to his throat. "Gods, Sef, what greed drove this? Was fucking a Prince not enough?" Rafe said, crushed. "You're already not welcome in the palace. At least I know not to waste time fixing *that*."

Rafe was dressed and in the corridors, pendant in pocket, before he felt like he could breathe, before he allowed tears to escape his eyes. His knees were weak, his stomach knotted, his body barely supported by one paw clinging to the wall.

For all of the torments he'd suffered, all of the blows he'd taken, nothing had left him reeling like this. Nothing had *hurt* in his gut. A thousand reactions crossed the King's mind as he trudged his way back to his quarters, in a daze.

His allies were frozen, impeded, or weighing their betrayal. No pursuit or decision he made seemed to bring progress.

His hope was stifled.

His father was fading.

He was alone.



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22