



POTTY TRAINING THE PRINCE

Part IV

His father was no longer the King.

The inquisitor's words rang around Rafe's head all night, not that he'd had much else to focus on. He was trapped in a nightmare of Kofi regressing him; and having his diaper changed after a bath, before being put to bed with a bottle hadn't left him with a large amount of bodily control.... It was worryingly close to the old days, stuck in his own head until he fell asleep.

He'd woken up with more physical ability, but Kofi was in the Prince's quarters again, forcefully ensuring the Prince's morning was without much independence.

His wet night diaper clung to his fur while his breakfast was delivered. He was used to Sef cleaning him up almost immediately, but the new rhino caretaker paid little attention beyond his thick finger having a hefty prod between the legs, constituting a "check".

Rafe was left to linger in his bed clothes while an attendant entered with food, and Kofi spiritedly took charge of the tray. Dread for the day to come was already gnawing at the Prince, and he wasn't to be spared any of Kofi's childish treatment as the rhino sat the plate of food on the table, and beckoned the lion towards him, holding a handkerchief.

Rafe didn't want to eat, but at least understood the need to get something inside him, and meekly obeyed, sitting at the table, alerting him even more to the damp garments between his legs. The handkerchief the rhino was holding was then quickly draped around the lion's neck, and fastened tightly into a knot beneath his short mane.

The Prince huffed, and took his cutlery tightly in paw. He was beyond arguing his embarrassment right now. The emergency council session surrounding his father's removal from power was imminent, and Rafe just wanted to get to it, and see where his future lay.

His father was still regressing, and it was costing him the throne. Rafe had had no idea until the night before. His stomach knotted tighter when imagining his father suffering the same humiliations, the same helplessness as he did.

Mercifully, Kofi left him to eat alone, and once the Prince had finished forcing as much food as his dwindling anxiety would allow him, the rhino took him away to be changed.

Rafe lay upon his changing table, staring at the ceiling. His babyish treatment, particularly having his diaper removed and his butt wiped, were ebbing away at his dread. He could feel those babyish thoughts, his regressions clasp at his mind. Kofi wasn't trying to break him, there was no verbal downplaying of his status, which was starting to feel deliberate. Even still, Rafe felt weak and easily susceptible.

He was lying naked, with his wet diaper only just removed as Kofi held his legs in the air, when he heard the large doors open, and the inquisitor strode straight into the bed chamber without so much as a care for privacy.

"Good morning, your highness," the gazelle smirked.

Rafe was not in the mood for him, and tried to fight any unconscious infantile behaviour. "You have no business here," the lion warned, wearily. If there was one bright side to crashing out of potty training, it was the thought of less inquisitor in his life.

"I think you'll find," he replied, "that you have a big day ahead of you, and I'm here to ensure you're prepared, now that we both know you couldn't piss in a pot if you tried."

Rafe's claws clutched the table, but his anger was immediately sated by his bottom being smothered in talcum powder, before it was dropped onto a fresh diaper.

"Better add some extra precautions for this little one," the inquisitor smiled towards the hard working Kofi, "We don't know how long this emergency meeting could run for."

Rafe didn't know what precautions he could mean, and resented not being spoken to directly. Kofi left him lying there, exposed for the gazelle who eyed him with a hint of disgust and condescension.

The rhino was attending to the storage cupboard where Rafe's spare diapers were kept, and returned with something slender and white. Before Rafe could discern what it was, the soft object was poked under his bottom, and his diaper was pulled up between his legs. Talcum powder puffed out as the diaper was snugly, tightly pulled, and taped in place.

"It's a little extra protection for your dribbling," the inquisitor rolled his eyes, watching Rafe's confusion. The Prince flexed his thighs, and immediately felt the extra bulk squeeze between his legs. He'd gotten used to his diapers by now, but this extra padding was...

Rafe didn't have time to think, as Kofi quickly grabbed both of his ankles, and started to poke both paws through the legs of some heavy, shiny, green underwear. Underwear made of rubber.

"H-hey!" Rafe quickly tried to yell, but the Prince should have known by now that neither of his attendants would listen to him. A quick pat on the diaper between his legs, and a sniff of the talcum powder in the air lessened his protests considerably.

"Settle down," Kofi chuckled, more bothered than amused, "be a good kitten."

Rafe blushed. The powder smelled *great*, and it didn't take long for the rubber pants to wriggle their way down his docile legs until they covered his diaper, and the elastic waist and leg bands snapped and settled firmly, sealing him into green, shiny, padded, round underwear. He felt every compulsion to suck his thumb, but he couldn't afford to regress now, not today. He dug his claws deeper into the table than before, and exhaled in relief when Kofi offered him a paw to get down.

Rafe's paws hit the hard floor, and he immediately felt the extra bulk around his loins. It stopped him in his tracks. His diapers had been embarrassing to date, sure, but he could always mostly walk and carry on as normal despite their crinkling or swelling. But this one, this was impeding him, and the inquisitor knew exactly what he was doing when he ordered extra protection.

"Now you won't have to worry about leaking should the meeting run long, or anyone experiencing your stale urine," the inquisitor sneered, "It'll save you the embarrassment of asking for a diaper change mid-way through."

Rafe glared back at him, still stunned at the hell-turn in attitude the inquisitor had taken over the last day. He was too afraid to antagonise with how borderline his triggers felt. One more "good kitten" and he risked being incapacitated. The inquisitor *had* to know this too, which only made him feel even more vulnerable to be toyed with.

Spending the day as an infant didn't seem to be his fate though, as Kofi started to dress him, nudging him to step into his trousers. Rafe complied, unsure of where he'd find relief right now, but it certainly wasn't in getting dressed and leaving his chambers, as the trousers left very little to the imagination as they fastened over his bulky rubber pants.

Rafe's robe would save him some blushes at least, but he finally snapped as his under-shirt was slid over his head, insisting he could dress himself. Kofi merely raised an eyebrow down at the Prince,

and held the robe open. Exhaling sharply, and feeling even more stupid for raising his voice like a child, the Prince allowed the rhino to finish dressing him.

“Remember your privileges,” the inquisitor lectured, darkly, “they may not last much longer.”

For a short moment, Rafe fantasised about destroying the gazelle’s career, but no words escaped his mouth. He’d have to salvage some power before he could act in the slightest way.

The Price tried to march from the room with his head held high, but the bigger diaper was forcing a waddle, and the rubber pants squeaked gently with friction under his trousers. All of his life he’d been trained to stand with dignity, to own a room, but he never felt meeker as he shuffled beyond the gazes of the other council members, and his thickly padded backside took a seat. Even with the robes and table to cover his padding, he felt entirely awkward, and exposed for all to see.

“King Ramsis, in light of recent revelations of your ailment, we have no choice but to pursue a taking of no confidence in the King’s ability to rule.”

A majority of their arms raised, traitors every one of them. It wasn’t unanimous, but it was a death knell.

“And there it is. A majority has spoken. King Ramsis, we will offer you the opportunity to stand down on your own terms, but let it be known, as far as the council is concerned, your time as King has ended.”

“So be it,” the King spoke, glowering. His father was being extremely restrained and accepting considering the decision. “I expect you to give the Prince your fair attention. The kingdom deserves a fresh start.”

Murmurs of dissatisfaction rippled through the tables.

“Your son has proven to be no more adept at-“

“You will address my son as the Prince, and as your future King!”

“The Prince failed to pass a simple toilet training test!”

Ramsis growled quietly. “That does not equate with his ability to rule.”

“How do we know he’s not hiding a secret worse than your own?”

“Both King and Price have been plagued by extended periods of infancy! How are we supposed to trust the throne has not been compromised entirely?”

Rafe felt his cheeks flush. He hated when the noise of the chamber surrounded his own weaknesses. The thick rubber diaper between his legs never felt more apparent.

This whole affair was bullshit. How his father dealt with the council all these years was beyond the Prince. His “toilet training” had been schemed to fruition by these very opposers, and if the inquisitor and Kofi knew enough to trigger him and expose the King, then some of these connections had to weed back as far as Sylas.

Their arguing mattered not. The council could not dissolve the throne entirely; Rafe would be taking the crown. He was unnerved, compromised for as long as the inquisitor was around and Kofi was tasked with caretaker duties. He had no idea who the inquisitor reported to on the council, if it were even a single person. Any move to liberate himself would have to be surgical, precise. The most powerful position in the land, and he couldn't buy his own freedom. So Rafe decided to build his defences as best he could.

"King-father Ramsis will serve as my advisor," Rafe said, pointedly. "You may have lost faith, but he has more experience than anyone else in this room."

Rafe dared not make eye-contact with his father, as he feared he would be judged for a poor political decision; but Rafe was having it no other way, and was not prepared to be isolated.

"Very well. The royal caretaker's duties will extend to the King-father as well. If he's to serve on the council still, he should receive the best care."

Rafe stifled a grimace. He didn't want to picture his father under the babying whims of Kofi, but he needed stability, and not to unsettle the foundations of his control immediately.

The newly-King lion was granted one final privilege at the end of their long, and very heated session, as every council member left the chambers before Rafe, allowing him to stand up and eventually waddle out of the room unseen. He always imagined his coronation would be glorious, but as the sagging weight of his wet diaper clung to the rubber pants, he couldn't shake the feeling of defeat.

His father was lingering. Usually the epitome of strength, Rafe could notice the slight dip in his shoulders now.

"Making me your advisor was--"

"Yeah, I knew you'd say that," Rafe conceded, "but I don't know who I can trust yet... And I can't pluck my first advisor straight from the cells."

"Sef will be fine," his father reassured, "It was me they wanted... I don't think I need to warn you how much of a knife edge you're walking now. Keep them happy for the moment, whatever they ask, and pick your moment to show your strength."

Rafe hoped his father was right. He wanted to immediately rescue the cheetah and restore him instead of Kofi, but he knew things would never be so simple.

On the way back to his chambers, Rafe was waddling beyond his expectations, and worse, with his father alongside him. Ramsis made no comment on the full diaper he was carrying, but he figured his father had to have noticed the extra bulk he'd been saddled with, or heard the rubber-on-plastic by now.

Kofi was waiting for them inside, and Rafe's desperation to get out of this all-day diaper outweighed any embarrassment in having it removed. He was going to be the King, and immediately tried to assert himself. If he couldn't alter his circumstances, he could at least take control of them.

“Kofi, I need a change,” Rafe spoke clearly, matter of factly. He tried not to blush with his father in earshot, but likely failed.

“Let’s get you undressed, and we can check it out,” Kofi smiled. Rafe gritted his teeth.

Ramsis tried to make himself busy while Rafe was “helped” to remove his clothes, and the heavy, sagging green rubber pants were put on display.

“Oh gosh,” Kofi laughed, as if anything less was to be expected. His large fingers pulled one of the elastic leg bands away from Rafe, alerting the Prince to just how damp his fur felt. “You’re leaking badly, good thing we put these special pants on you! Let’s get this taken care of, then you can get your daddy ready for bed.”

Rafe was hoisted up into the Rhino’s arms faster than he could dwell on that comment, and carried straight to the bathroom, dumped on the floor with a hefty wet, squish, while Kofi started to run water into the bath. He must have misheard him.

“Stay there, good kitten,” he commanded, walking back out of the door and leaving Rafe feeling like a cub on the floor while the water flowed and splashed. He could hear Kofi address his father, but he was unsure of what was said. Rafe still didn’t know to what extent his father was infantilised. Was Kofi now using trigger words against him?

He wanted to stand up and go check out what was happening, but all he realised he was doing was playing with his toes. It was so frustrating! Being tired after a long day only seemed to lower his resistances to suggestion.

Kofi returned, and laid him down carefully, annoying the lion by pulling his toes away from his paws. He pouted as his rubber pants were then unsealed and pulled away. He shook his head, trying to remove the babyish instincts he felt, watching as the rubber pants turned inside out as they left his waist and diaper, glistening clearly with how wet they were. Rafe had never seen a diaper so saturated before, as he’d always been changed regularly. Dread hit his stomach as he realised how much he’d taken regular diaper changes for granted until now.

Naked, he was placed in the bath, with the soapy, bubbly warm water thankfully cleansing his piss-soaked skin and fur. Kofi washed him eagerly, somewhat roughly. He felt so childish, but thankfully only in an embarrassing way rather than any real regression or trigger.

Kofi towelled him off, drained the bath, and then left it to refill while he brought Rafe from the bathroom. Still damp, he was shocked to see the inquisitor waiting for him as Kofi dumped him on the changing table yet again. The towel around him did little to help his modesty.

He was ready to bare his teeth at this point, but remembered his father’s words.

Rafe then scanned the room, and the other lion was sprawled out on the sofa, sucking his thumb.

“What did you do to him!?” he yelled, sitting up. So much for his decorum.

The inquisitor openly laughed. “We didn’t do anything, your Majesty. *This* is the King the council saw fit to remove.”

Kofi’s giant paw pushed the lion back down flat, tutting at the interruption to getting his diaper put on. His legs were then lifted against his will, as was the procedure, while his tail was pulled through his bedtime diaper.

Rafe couldn't help but turn his head back to his father, with the lion looking so peaceful, flat on his back, clutching his toes in his free paw. He was just as deeply tranced as the last time Rafe had seen him like this. Like nothing had changed. Like he'd never recovered properly.

"Your father has been dwindling in adulthood for some time now. His infantile hours seem to be growing with each day. We'll be making some necessary adjustments to the royal chambers, provided your tenure lasts long enough to require it of course. Provided, you can do as you're told."

It was difficult to maintain a defensive posture while Kofi put the lion in diapers, and Rafe was brought to his feet as the job finished swiftly with a distracted lion. The inquisitor's words were colder than ever before.

"Do as I'm told?" Rafe questioned. He knew it was a bad idea, but the vague statement would annoy him further if left untouched.

"You can still be of use, I think," the inquisitor dictated, "and if you're not, you can join your father in a never ending infancy. So why don't you be a good little kitten, and help us out."

Rafe felt the familiar warmth of his trigger wash over him. It was so easy to lose himself now.

"That's right," Kofi smirked, "I've got twice as many diapers to change now, so be a good kitten and help out. Get your daddy into a diaper for bed."

It was the strangest feeling, having his heartrate escalate while he couldn't move. There was no question but to obey, and before he could stop and think it through, or try to fight, he was holding a diaper in his paws. A much larger diaper, that he knew would fit the bigger lion.

"Hurry up now. If he wets the sofa then you'll be in trouble."

Rafe wanted to help! He didn't need to be rushed. He unfolded the diaper, remarking at how much bigger it was compared to his own as his arms spread wide when unfolding the wings. Then he remembered the soft, crinkly diaper between his own legs, and vibrated with glee. He was such a good kitten. He loved diapers!

He set the diaper down, and tried to strip his father of his clothes. It was difficult, with the uncooperative, large cub kicking his legs gently. Kofi at least offered to help, but only so far as to keep the bigger lion in check while Rafe stripped him of his trousers, and placed the diaper underneath him.

The lion enjoyed helping, feeling useful, and as Ramsis's legs were lowered, he picked up the baby powder and... and he stalled.

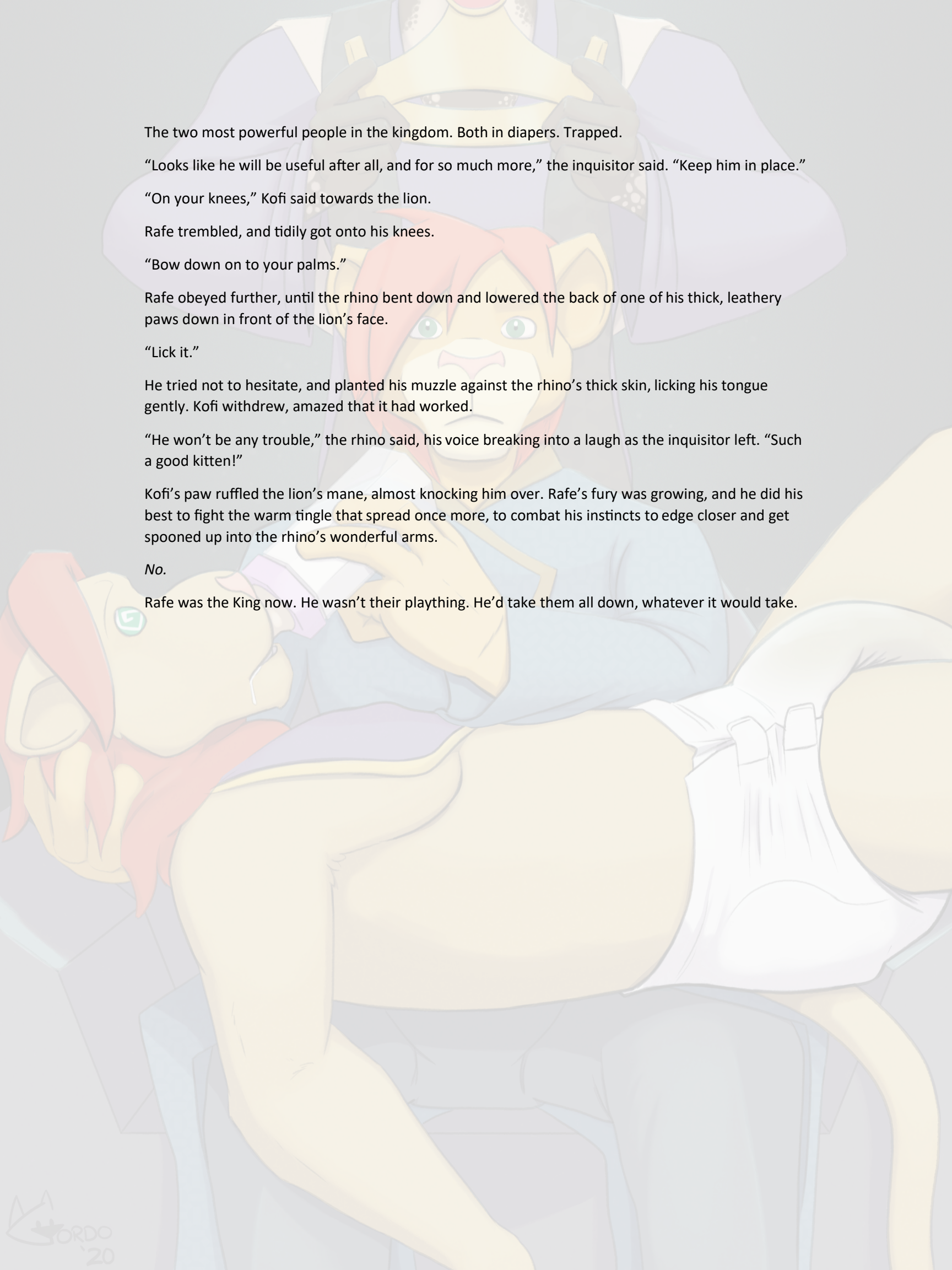
No.

Rafe froze. What were they doing to him?

"Kitten," Kofi said directly. "Finish your task."

Rafe knew the alternative was worse, and as much as he resented willingly obeying, he continued to powder his infantile father, and tape his thick diaper up with shaking paws. He hoped they wouldn't tell the difference between him being tranced into obeying, and faking it, but he couldn't afford to encourage more trigger commands.

Rafe stood back patiently, unable to take his eyes off the white crinkling plastic mass between his father's wiggling legs.



The two most powerful people in the kingdom. Both in diapers. Trapped.

“Looks like he will be useful after all, and for so much more,” the inquisitor said. “Keep him in place.”

“On your knees,” Kofi said towards the lion.

Rafe trembled, and tidily got onto his knees.

“Bow down on to your palms.”

Rafe obeyed further, until the rhino bent down and lowered the back of one of his thick, leathery paws down in front of the lion’s face.

“Lick it.”

He tried not to hesitate, and planted his muzzle against the rhino’s thick skin, licking his tongue gently. Kofi withdrew, amazed that it had worked.

“He won’t be any trouble,” the rhino said, his voice breaking into a laugh as the inquisitor left. “Such a good kitten!”

Kofi’s paw ruffled the lion’s mane, almost knocking him over. Rafe’s fury was growing, and he did his best to fight the warm tingle that spread once more, to combat his instincts to edge closer and get spooned up into the rhino’s wonderful arms.

No.

Rafe was the King now. He wasn’t their playing. He’d take them all down, whatever it would take.

