

The precious moments where Rafe first woke up were his favorite of the waking day. Seconds of ignorant bliss, memories of whatever dream he was having, before the lion felt the warm wet bulk between his legs, and with that, the thoughts of how screwed up his life had become came crashing down. Every morning he suffered this, and he savored the thought of going to sleep again.

The Prince did not want to move from his bed. The diaper he was wearing was wet, as expected. He didn't need to lower his paw to check it anymore. It had been a few days since he'd been rendered instantly incontinent. Nothing more than a mind trick, some magic or whatever, from the most traitorous man in the palace. Rafe clung to the hope that it could be reversed, but what he would be made to do first to get that control back terrified him.

He was completely humiliated by all of this. His short stint in the infirmary following a 'fit' had shown everyone that he was going to be in, and need diapers for the foreseeable future. His father knew. The advisors knew. They all knew he was having his butt wiped, powdered, and diapered several times every day.

There was a knock on his bedroom door. His stomach knotted, and he told them to enter. He knew it would be his nurse, right on time to get him out of bed and change him.

Sylas had arranged that Rafe would not be changing his own diapers, because why else would he be allowed such a privilege? He carried such influence in court, mystic or not, that no one questioned the jackal's order.

The cheetah, Sef, entered, who Rafe was sure resented these encounters as much as he did. A few years older than the Prince, the cheetah could never have imagined a highly sought after medical position in the palace would involve *this*.

"Your highness, I can't allow you to sleep in much longer," Sef stated, trying to assert himself delicately. "You have a lesson with Sylas after breakfast."

A 'lesson', Rafe thought, knowing full well that it was just going to involve Sylas emasculating the lion further. All of their previous sessions had been Sylas breaking down his resistance with that hypnotic pendant of his. He felt a little sick, worried if he'd suffer further mental changes this morning.

Rafe slid himself out of bed, knowing it to be unwise to not cooperate with Sylas. He stood awkwardly, blushing wildly at the sound of himself crinkling, and the sight of the sagging, soggy padding hanging between his legs. He didn't think he'd ever get used to being seen like this, as the cheetah's eyes studied him face to crotch. A few weeks ago he was one of the most powerful in the kingdom; now he was standing in nothing but a diaper, waiting for it to be changed.

The cheetah curtly opened Rafe's wardrobe, newly stocked with more diapers than Rafe could comprehend, and fetched what he needed. Rafe knew the routine, and lay down on the makeshift bench they'd brought in to his bedroom.

Rafe's tapes were pulled apart, the diaper removed, and his fur cleaned thoroughly. The cheetah did not appear to be happy, and avoided small talk while professionally attending to the Prince's new need. There'd been a tension between them since Rafe's hospital stay, and he felt bad about the arrangement, despite knowing it wasn't his fault. Not that he could utter a word about it, and explain to the cheetah why he was currently powdering his backside; his attempt to expose Sylas was what hospitalized him and cost him his continence.

Rafa got a whiff of his own baby powder as the diaper was pressed against his groin. The nurse had him quickly taped up securely again, and as much as he hated it, he was relieved with how speedily the nurse was now handling each change.

The cheetah reminded Rafe of his lesson again, and made a formal exit. The Prince was thankful to seem him gone; the less time the resentful nurse spent in his presence, the better.

Rafe dressed himself, and attended breakfast. His appetite wasn't with him though. He struggled to enjoy much food or drink the past few days, knowing his body was going to betray him and let it all out without notice. After a few bites, he could think of nothing else but the nurse wiping shit out of his fur yesterday morning. He grew queasy, and left the dining hall. He hadn't pooped since, and dreaded the thought of it.

Miserable, he headed for Sylas's study.

"Good morning, your highness." The jackal was eagerly awaiting the Prince's presence.

Rafe knew he couldn't tell anyone what Sylas had done to him, lest he suffer the regressive 'defence measure' deep within his mind, but maybe, *just maybe*, Sylas hadn't set up such a thing for punching the jackal right in the muzzle.

The Prince didn't utter a response, and merely glared weakly from behind the mane draped down his face.

"More attitude today is it?" Sylas sighed falsely, "I have just the treatment. Strip."

Rafe was furious, but was compelled to obey the royal advisor. He undid his robes, shirt, and trousers, and dropped them to the floor. His anger conflicted with his desire to obey him, and the spike of pleasure obeying brought. He tried to hold on to his anger, easily believing it to be the more natural of his feelings.

"And how is incontinence treating you, little kitten?" Sylas smirked, "You've arrived wet I can see."

Rafe said nothing still, but glanced down at his crotch. Wet already. He knew the diaper would hold up for much longer, but he still hadn't accepted the fact he was wetting it against his will.

"Speak, kitten, your silence is tiresome."

"It sucks, but not as much as having to be here," Rafe replied angrily, without much thought.

Sylas cackled. He wasn't holding the hypnotizing pendant, but his conditioning of the Prince was so deep-rooted now that he could make some commands without its help. "Many a male is broken by someone else cleaning their butt. I can forgive a little rebellion, but still, it's not... becoming of a prince."

Rafe clenched his fist, and fantasised about throwing one of his shitty diapers at the jackal's head. If only he had a tangible way to take this guy down.

"On all fours, kitten. Let's put some respect back in you."

Rafe obeyed, and felt warmly comfortable as he did so. He tried to focus on his rage again, but complying was feeding him such pleasant feelings...

"Good kitten."

There was that warmth again. He desired Sylas to stroke his mane. *Focus. Focus!*

"I understand you haven't been using your diapers as thoroughly as you could be."

Rafe looked up at jackal towering above him, guilt washing over him at the disappointment in his voice.

"Are you skipping meals?"

Rafe nodded ashamedly, eyes on the floor. Inside he was screaming. His control of himself had slipped without noticing. Sylas's words were poison. He *had* to break free of this control soon.

“Well, that’s not good for a royal baby kitten, is it? What would your father think?”

Rafe’s palms were planted on the floor, but his arms shook as he fought for any response that he felt belonged to himself.

Sylas was right though; he was a growing prince and needed to eat all his meals!

“I’ll do better, sir” Rafe spoke softly. He found he couldn’t focus on his surroundings anymore. Sylas’s voice just swam through his mind.

“That’s a good kitten. Now why don’t you use that diaper properly, and show me how good you really are.”

Rafe smiled. He was lost in his own world, where using his diaper was the only thing that mattered. Then it happened, and as the diaper start to expand, fill between his legs. He didn’t need to push, it just *happened*. It was warm, pleasurable, and then he snapped out of his trance, horrified at what he had done, and who he was in front of.

He almost panicked, like waking sharply from a vivid nightmare, but the experience was very real. He felt every moment of it, helpless, and it made peeing himself without his knowledge seem like a comfort to go back to.

“Disgusting,” Sylas sneered. “You can’t make it through one lesson without defecating yourself.”

Rafe didn’t know how to respond. He was sure Sylas had made him do it. His thoughts were such a mess now.

Fecal incontinence was too much for the once-proud prince. Still on all fours, he wanted to punch the tiles, but felt nothing but his frustration turn to tears.

“Please,” the Prince begged, raising to his knees, and looking up at the jackal. “Please give me control back.”

“Why would you want control back, *when your dirty diaper pleases you so?*”

Rafe was confused. Sylas had removed ‘pleasure’ from wearing the diapers when Rafe became aware. Then he felt it again. His penis twitched. His paws trembled. *No. Not like this.*

Rafe’s paw slipped across to his diapered crotch slowly. His penis was growing, throbbing for attention. His warm diaper started to feel incredible. It was all too much. He rubbed the front, shuddering at how *good* it all felt. He forgot Sylas was watching. He just needed to rub one out, to experience some happiness again. It felt like it had been so long since he’d jerked off.

His paw rubbed harder and harder, faster and faster. His eyes were closed, his mouth agape. He was getting so close. It was so easy in fact.

Rafe became aware of Sylas’s voice. “Can you do it?”

Yes!

“Your balls are so full, aren’t they?”

They were! Rafe was just about ready to blow. Any stroke now.

“Such a pity your cock can’t get hard anymore.”

Rafe almost didn’t comprehend what he had heard. The words took time to make sense, and it wasn’t until the lump in his diaper softened did he realise what Sylas had said. It wasn’t working, none of it, and Rafe wanted to cum *so much*.

“Why... What..?” He could barely form a sentence.

“You can’t cum any more, kitten. I can squeeze some more obedience, *break you a little further yet.*”

Rafe felt dumb, like his brain wasn’t firing fast enough. His balls were screaming to explode, trapping him at the edge of lust.

“I might return it to you, if you behave and accept your new place in diapers. Leave my sight, before my study smells of the sewer. Find the nurse to clean you up again.”

Rafe could barely blink before he found himself out in the hallway, holding his clothes. He struggled to dress himself, and hurried back to his quarters, waddling with the insufferable weight between his legs.

The diaper no longer aroused him. He was reeling from his sensations and emotions shifting like sand. More than anything he wanted to cum. It was the only thing his body desired now. He felt like he’d do anything to try and achieve it, and it scared him.

He stumbled into his quarters, where Sef was waiting, like it was all planned. The cheetah could smell him right away, and turned his muzzle in disgust. He said nothing, and motioned for Rafe to go to his bedroom and get on the bench.

Rafe stripped quickly, sweating. His arousal was so heightened that he wanted to tackle the cheetah to the ground. He was lean, good looking; Rafe wanted to have his way with him.

The Prince lay back and separated his legs. He tried to breathe deep, focus on letting himself get cleaned up. Amplified lust was taking over his thoughts.

The cheetah was already undoing the diaper, swallowing hard, and attending to Rafe’s dirty fur. Wet wipes slid along the lion’s fur. Across his butt, over his hole, and along his penis. Rafe’s whole body shook. The pleasurable sensations were still there, but nothing could push him further towards coming.

Sylas said he needed to be a good kitten.

The nurse slid a fresh diaper under the now clean lion.

A good horny kitten.

Rafe suddenly sat up. He knew what he had to do.

“What are you..?”

The cheetah looked confused and irritated at the interruption. Rafe grabbed the nurse’s waistband with both paws, and yanked the elastic trousers down. Rafe stared at the cheetah’s penis, feeling a hunger unlike any before. He glanced up again at his caretaker, who nodded slightly, and Rafe buried the cheetah’s cock in his muzzle.

The cheetah moaned loudly. It wasn’t the best reward for cleaning shitty diapers, but he’d take it. A grin broke across his muzzle, and he thrust his groin back against the Prince’s face.

Rafe, freshly diapered, shuffled along to court, pointedly dressed in his robe and crown, but feeling nowhere near regal as he once did. His father had requested his presence while he dealt with issues of the population. His lust had satiated slightly, but he could still taste the cheetah on his tongue, and feel in his loins the burning desire to ejaculate.

He moved past some guards, and other members of the council, and stood in the wings of the dais. His father was sitting, engaging in a respectful back and forth with a gazelle. A large crowd normally gathered for these meetings, to air their concerns and hope for a resolution directly from the king.

Sylas stood in front of the King, administrating. Rafe dared not make eye contact with the jackal, for fear he'd succumb to the same lust with him. He didn't believe the royal adviser was interested in such goals, but nothing would surprise the Prince anymore.

Rafe could not concentrate, paranoid that everyone around him could know, could smell, what he had just done. For all the sexual depravities Sylas made him endure with diapers, they were mostly alone, in private. Having sunk to such depths with his nurse, he now felt exposed.

He could not forget the image of the cheetah's cocky smile as he pulled his trousers back up. The same smile that endured as he pushed Rafe backwards to finish the job he started. The Prince had barely processed the shocking taste of cum in his mouth as his nurse, far more authoritively than ever before, finished pampering him.

"I didn't think my position would come with *these* benefits, your Highness" the cheetah had teased. "I might start looking forward to changing you now."

A staff member in the palace would normally have been fired on the spot for that behavior, but Rafe simply lay on his diapering bench, worried about how much he started to like the idea. The cheetah's demeanor was *attractive* all of a sudden. His rampaging lust would get him in far more trouble than he imagined.

As the nurse left his chambers, Rafe's paw immediately flew to his crotch, rubbing the padding, desperate to see if his performance was enough to break Sylas's control. No matter how hard he had rubbed, his penis never stirred.

It frustrated him still, as all he could think about now was the cheetah returning. Forcing Rafe to his knees wearing heavily used diapers. Sliding his trousers down again...

A outbreak of gasps woke Rafe from his mesmeric state, and he instinctively jerked, checking himself. Nothing was wrong, his robes were dry, and he hadn't soiled himself. Then he heard the murmurs, and looked up again to see his father stunned still, as trickling water ran down the seat on the hard throne.

No, not water. Piss.

Rafe's heart-rate spiked. The council and common folk were stunned, muzzles agape at the weakness shown by the King, who was afraid to move in such a humiliating state.

Sylas had done this.

Rafe could endure what the jackal had done to him, but now, if his father fell too, it would be disastrous for their family, for the kingdom. Remembering every moment of shame, degradation, pain, and frustration, he could not, and would not, let his father be destroyed in the same way.

In the growing chaos of the throne room, Rafe grabbed the nearest guard's wrist, and dragged him out of the room. Rafe knew too well what would happen if he spoke a word of this. He feared the same would happen if he tried to write it down, but in his terror knew he had to try.

Ignoring the guard's confused questioning, Rafe could already feel his legs weaken. He forced his way into a private study room, and grabbed the first pencil and piece of paper in sight. He had to be fast. He knew he was already slipping.

He managed to scribble 'Sylas' as his paw shook; his previously immaculate handwriting now a childish scrawl.

The guard stood in bewilderment as Rafe attempted a second word, 'bad'; the only thing that he could now think to put down. As the pencil finished making contact, his knees gave up beneath him. It had to be enough.

The Prince fell onto his padded posterior, as his mind slowed down. His actions felt alien, lagging behind what his brain wanted them to do. He was forgetting words, names, where he was, *who* he was.

The guard was calling out to him, his paw resting on the Prince's shoulder as he sat on the floor.

Rafe struggled to grasp and hold on to his final thoughts. Sylas. Daddy. He feared he had failed, and prayed this wasn't his end. His bubbling frustration was too much for his regressing mind, and as his eyes watered, he let out a throaty wail, crying like helpless toddler.

It was the last thing Rafe remembered before his mind went dark, his body taken away from him.

It was just like going to sleep again, and he didn't know if he'd ever wake up.