



# THE INFANT KING

Part I

*I won't wet my diapers."*

Rafe slammed the bathroom door shut behind him with one paw clutched to his stomach. It was working.

Since he'd begun trying to self-correct his bladder with the swirling pendant, he'd felt twinges, aches in his groin. The kind of sensations that had vanished since the same swirling pendant first made him incontinent.

The lion had assumed those new aches were hints of progress; a little warning here and there before he felt his diaper grow warm. An ache that, with enough reinforcement, would soon turn into him deciding to let his bladder grow.

Feeling that discomfort several times each day should have been disconcerting, but the young King believed his path to recovery wouldn't be easy, and his reward of bladder control would follow.

Every morning Rafe had stared into the pendant, and repeated the words *"I won't wet my diapers"* until his mind dimmed, and now here he was, with a blinding ache in his lower tummy turning to desperation. When no warmth or wetness followed, it saw him flee to the nearest bathroom with hope. For the first time in a long time, he was *holding it*.

The young King stripped himself of his robe as hurriedly as he could muster, positioning himself in front of the elusive toilet while undoing his trousers and dropping them to his ankles. Only his diaper remained, and his shaking paw pulled at the tapes without concern for getting it back on.

This was new, and more important. The King was going to piss in a toilet.

Both tapes on his left-paw side screamed free; the echo of the tearing plastic for once the sound of victory as it bounced around the lavishly tiled walls.

Rafe tugged the diaper to one side, unfolding it, expecting to cradle his dick for the first time in months and point it into the porcelain seat he'd been denied.

This was it. He was turning the tide.

But as the diaper uncovered and freed his genitals, in the moment it ceased to be confined by the plastic padding, the lion's penis erupted outward, spraying his eager paw in rejection, before streaming across the wall, and soaking the toilet paper neatly hanging nearby.



This didn't feel like the bursting point of his aching bladder or an accidental decision; it was no different than simply flooding the diapers he'd been confined to. The timing was too perfect.

He fumbled to grasp his out-of-control penis and stuff it back into the diaper, but while trying to tuck it safely he achieved nothing except for pissing on the floor, his feet, and the trousers between his legs, until his body finally gave way and the ache in his loins subsided. His bladder was empty; he hadn't used his diaper, but Rafe was not the master of his own bodily functions.

*I won't wet my diapers."*

Rafe almost sank to the wet floor. How had he been so *stupid*. His bladder had released the moment his diaper had removed itself. He hadn't given himself control; he'd just changed the circumstances! It felt like the pendant's effect would live in his head, destructively, forever.

The lion growled to himself, frustratedly.

He was in no state to walk the halls back to his chambers, but his robe had remained unscathed. If he could make it back, without a diaper on, the robe might at least cover most of the wet stains beneath it.

He could dump the diaper here, assuming the tapes wouldn't attach once more. It wouldn't be the weirdest thing to be found during cleaning.

*The cleaning.*

His paw rubbed his face roughly.

He'd marked this entire room in a pungent odour. How could he explain this? That he couldn't control his bladder *and* couldn't use his diaper like expected?

Rafe sank further to the floor, until he sat on a dry patch of the marble. He was failing, badly, at keeping some respect on his name. The same respect that was the only thing preventing him from falling off the knife-edge of the throne. It was getting harder and harder to contain his incontinence; the council knew, as did a portion of the closest staff and guards, but if he couldn't tread lightly and pissed on the walls... Everyone would be talking about the pathetic excuse for a King he was. The King that he *used* to be.

It was humiliating, and then he felt it as his growls turned to watering eyes, that cloying grasp for infancy. Another of the pendant's remaining gifts. His mind started to shift, and he felt the desires to curl up, to have someone rescue him from this mess, and to get him back into a properly affixed diaper.

*No. Not here. Not now.*

The lion growled, squeezing his own palms. He was the King. He wasn't an infant. He was *the King*.

Two knocks wrapped against the bathroom door.

Rafe could feel himself sweat. He stood up frightfully, pulling the diaper back up to conceal himself, taping the open side back in place, awkwardly. His fingers trembled as he tightly pulled his trousers around his waist. He couldn't be seen like this, in wet trousers and a soaked room. He was going to fall into infancy, to black out. He couldn't let the light-headedness trigger and take him.

He tried to call out, to say *anything* to deflect whoever was at the door, but words failed him as the handle turned gently. Babyish thoughts swam in his mind. His paw clutched the edge of the bathroom counter, fearing he'd fall, but also not wanting to feel or be seen sitting in his own explosive accident either.

The door opened slightly, and the deeper voice of his father almost caused the lion's bottom to hit the floor again in relief. If there was one person he'd accept catching him like this, it would at least be his father.

"Father!" the King was finally able to expel from his body as the anxiety faded.

The older lion's head peeked inward, and upon seeing the condition of his son, he quickly swept into the room, shutting and locking the door behind them.

The former-King's face fell into confusion as he gazed around the room, muzzle twitching from the scent of urine across the wall to the puddle and soaked trousers around the waist of his son.

"I don't understand," was all the older lion could muster.

Rafe's head fell. "It was the pendant... I tried to fix things."

His father's great maw hung open, still unable to combine the pieces, but didn't press the matter.

"It's brought nothing good," Rafe followed, dejected. "I can't fix you, and I can't fix myself."

"I think it's a little too early for self defeat," the former-King said, gently.

*Early?* Time was one thing Rafe didn't have. His father was irritatingly calm for someone who's adult hours seemed to diminish by the day.



“I need to be able to do this. I need Sef,” Rafe said firmly, trying to force his weakness away. He watched the older lion’s body language shift on cue. “I know, I *know*, father, but if this damn pendant won’t do anything... I can’t see a path forward without some help, and I’m running out of allies. I’m going to release him.”

“Rafe, I *need* you to be sure about this,” his father warned. “I’m trying to help. The council could skewer you for this. The King working with criminal staff will-”

“He’s *not* a criminal!” Rafe interrupted, raising his voice. “He was only locked up because he was helping me! It’s the right thing to do.”

“And you want to pardon him because you *know* the trial won’t fall in his favour.”

“What am I supposed to do? They took him out because of me. Syllas would be doing gods knows what if it wasn’t for Sef... I can’t let him suffer for that.”

His father let out a weighty sigh. “And they’ll take *you* out if you try. Rafe I... I’ll support you, whatever you decide. But you elected me advisor and now you won’t listen. You need to think *very* carefully on what you do next.”

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Rafe escaped to the throne room. It was done.


One simple instruction. One simple swing of his Kingly position and Sef would be walking free within hours.

The council were terse, at best, but with just enough of a stern heel and a summoning of authority from the lion, they accepted the instruction.

He knew there’d be consequences, but he’d face them when the time came. Having Sef back would be better than floundering helplessly, whatever the price may be.

Rafe took a deep breath, and enjoyed the silence. It was hard to think of this room, this place as his now. He stood tall upon the dais, within touching distance of the throne but the grand chair still felt more like his father’s than his own.

A victory like today would help the young King feel like he belonged.



Irritatingly for the lion, his silence was short-lived, as footsteps soon followed him into the throne room.

The inquisitor didn't attempt to mask his steps, sweeping tightly towards the lion and the throne.

"What do you want?" Rafe spoke first, denying the gazelle an opportunity to immediately deliver his cold snark. The inquisitor would behave in a public setting. Rafe just needed to assert himself, and remind both of them who was in control here.

The gazelle indeed seemed irked by the lion's initiation, and lowered himself into a short bow, speaking quietly. "I'll get to the point. My friends on the council are not too happy with you swinging your tail around today."

"I've made my choice," Rafe replied, sternly. "If not one of your friends wants to come see me themselves, then they can address it tomorrow in session. Leave me."

The inquisitor remained, silently.

Rafe turned. "You would defy me, the King, in *this room*?" The inquisitor wasn't worth a second warning, or the merest doubt.

"I'm sorry, your majesty, it's just, I don't think my message has sunk in." The gazelle's head flicked slightly towards the door. The silhouette of a rhino was filling the space.

Rafe's instinct thought it was one of the guards, but he quickly recognised the gait of Kofi as the rhino's loud footsteps echoed in the empty room.

The King felt a slight chill run through his body. His paw tucked towards the pocket containing the pendant, but he fought the urge to brandish it. It was a stupid idea, and could be more costly than he expected.

Since the rhino had swapped guard duty for changing diapers, he rarely encountered him outside of his personal chambers, and certainly never in as deliberate a scenario as this one.

"Do not play games with me," the lion growled.

"When have I ever?" the inquisitor replied, mockingly. "Unless you think *all of this* is a game? What a childish thought."

Kofi was carrying a bag, hanging from one shoulder. His footsteps did not stop when he met the inquisitor, and he strode towards the dais, stepping up to the King himself.



“Not here!” Rafe breathed, venomously, recoiling. “Don’t *touch* me.”

“Call for a single guard, kitten, and I promise you, they’ll see more than you ever feared,” the inquisitor warned.

The rhino ignored the lion’s warnings and took hold of him by the upper arm, using his discernible size difference to yank the lion towards himself, and the throne, as the rhino took an uncomfortably narrow seat and spilled the body of the lion across his lap.

Rafe could feel panic take him. He couldn’t be seen here, like this, whatever they were planning.

Kofi reached into the bag, and pulled one of the King’s baby bottles from it, freshly topped up with milk.

“I hear you’ve been fussy, your majesty,” the rhino chuckled as he used his other paw to move Rafe’s upper body into position.

The lion tried to wriggle and use his legs to throw his weight towards escaping the rhino’s thighs, but his greater arm clamped the King in place with relative ease. Rafe grunted, and tested his bonds again, but the rhino had him trapped in place.

*If anyone walks in...*

The inquisitor watched, bored, as Kofi finally tipped the bottle of milk towards the King and squeezed the nipple towards his mouth. Rafe refused, and he felt the nipple’s pressure give and allow milk to dribble down his muzzle and onto his neck and shoulder.

If they pushed, if any triggers took hold... Rafe was terrified at blacking out into infancy here, exposed to anyone in the palace who could find him. Yet still he refused the milk.

“Kitten, drink up,” the inquisitor droned. ‘The sooner that bottle empties then the sooner you can claw some dignity back.’”

Kofi wrestled with the lion in his lap as best he could, propping his head upwards, teasing his mouth with the occasional dribble from the bottle.

“Fussy ’was underestimating it!”

“You bore me, kitten. Drink the bottle.”

Rafe glared, and pushed once more against the rhino’s arm. The triggers were grasping at his mind. He wouldn’t be able to fight for long if they kept it up.

“Open your stupid mouth, or the only throne you’ll be sitting in is a highchair. Don’t think Kofi won’t enjoy shovelling slop into you and shredding what pretences of normality you have left.”

The lion’s growl likely echoed from the throne room, but it was an outburst beyond the public humiliation he could suffer. He opened his mouth slightly, and took the nipple and the milk that followed.

“Good kitten. I appreciate this room might give you insinuations about your station and your power, but that mane isn’t thick enough for the crown you try to carry,” the inquisitor finally lectured, only happy to begin once the lion had been silenced. “You need to remember that we control you here as much as we do when hidden away from gossiping eyes.”

Why did he feel so helpless, so powerless? They were threatening him and he was sucking a bottle while allowing them the pleasure. He needed to be rid of these triggers, of this curse.

“Your little stunt rescuing the nurse might feel clever but if you care for your allies then you’d do best to keep them at arm’s length.”

*Bastard.*

Rafe could feel the rage burning inside him. Anger was a useful tonic, centring him in the miasma of his infantile mind, but he still felt cloudy. His mind was slowing down. The milk was tasty.

“You do not make decisions, you do not have independent thought. The King is nothing more than the council’s puppet, do you understand me? You are only useful to us doing as you are told.”

The milk bottle ran dry. A silence held. Evidently the inquisitor was done.


Kofi released his vice like clamp on the lion, and allowed him to slowly climb down to his feet.

“Robe off, trousers down,” the inquisitor suddenly barked.

Rafe seethed as blankly as he could, and slowly undid his clothing until he was standing before the throne in nothing but his diaper and shiny rubber pants. He trembled in the space of the gigantic hall. His anger was helping, but it was hard to tell where his triggered-obedience ended and his pretence began.

With his dimmed-attention firmly on the inquisitor, the lion lost awareness of what Kofi was doing behind him. It wasn’t until the rhino’s large index finger





pulled both the rubber and waist of his diaper out from the small of his back did he realise his tormentors weren't done. This wasn't a diaper check, or a simple exposure.

Before the lion could truly react, he felt a warm splash hit his fur as a torrent of water flooded the back of his diaper, instantly drowning and asking too much of what absorbent material was left.

As he made eye contact with Kofi, with his jaw uselessly open while screaming internally, the rubber pants snapped back into place and the scent of what had really happened hit him.

Rafe could smell urine, immediately. Strong, salty, acidic. His butt cheeks tingled as the diaper clung to him tightly.

Kofi resealed an empty bottle, and dumped it into his bag as he lifted it back over his shoulder.

The King was carrying someone's piss in his diaper, now dangerously saturated, and the only person who was currently changing his diapers was walking away.

"Don't forget your place, kitten," the inquisitor smiled, before turning to follow the rhino. "Good luck in court."

"I'll find you later for a *diaper change*, your majesty," Kofi laughed. "Don't dare take it off, or you won't like where the next bottle goes."

He'd been marked. It didn't feel like the inquisitor's style. Was it Kofi's urine? Someone from the council sending a message? Even if he had to wait an hour in this disgusting diaper he'd likely wet it enough already to really test these rubber pants.

Rafe felt lightheaded, and bent down for his clothes, grimacing as the diaper squelched as he flexed, over burdened with liquid and no doubt drenching the rubber pants in its failure.

Dressed once more, he was able to sigh in some relief and catch his thoughts.

Soon the palace's doors would be wide open to more requests and questions from their citizens. He needed to switch on, to shake off the mental mess he'd been left with, but the stench of his humiliation was drowning him. The full diaper between his legs threatening to burst when he'd take a seat.

The King focused on Sef. He'd see him again before the day was done. They'd be together again, and he could work on removing Kofi as caretaker. One step at a time.





