

Hypnotising His Highness III

Rafe strode down the hall. Servants and guards passed him by without a glance. He was terrified, but the prince felt that if he kept moving forward and got the words out, he could get through the brief humiliation to come.

The large doors to his father's study swung open for him, ably pushed by the guard either side. Rafe nodded his appreciation nervously, and stepped into the long room. The king was standing over his desk, which sat on steps up on slightly raised flooring. Combined with the towering bookshelves and high ceiling, Rafe always felt intimidated by the larger lion in this room.

"Father, I need to tell you something," he blurted out, gulping. This was going to be mortifying, but Sylas was going to pay for what he'd done.

Two days ago, Rafe was hiding in his chambers, playing with himself in a filled diaper. It was a new obsession for him, a sexual perversion he'd been indulging with for a few months, one he could not get enough of. He'd enjoyed the naughty feelings, the babyish regression of it all, like a perfect counter point to the life of someone born to be a king.

It was at the end of his pleasure, while shooting his load into the filthy diaper, that he suffered a traumatizing flashback; Sylas, the royal advisor, leaning over him with a spinning device, uttering words of poison and filling Rafe's mind with new ways to demean himself. He'd never really questioned where his diaper fetish had come from (or quite how diapers magically arrived to be hidden in his room), but now his reality was starting to crumble upon discovering his mental invasion. With total clarity, he was seeing how much his life was altered without his knowing.

Sylas had already attempted to publicly undermine him, with Rafe now understanding why he, (at the time), inexplicably wet himself in front of his father. It was a miracle he escaped that one unnoticed, managing to conceal his wet trousers behind his robe, and his body behind a desk, until the king had left the room again.

This would all be degrading to admit, sure, but his father would understand it wasn't his fault. Sylas needed to pay for what he had done.

The king lifted his head from his desk, and turned towards him, silently concerned at his son's tone.

Rafe's eyes started to water as he tried to find the words. He just needed to tell his father what Sylas had done to him, to explain everything.

Sylas has used magic to turn me into a baby.

The words were right there, as ridiculous as they were true.

"What is it, son?" the king spoke softly, noticing the obvious fear in his son's expression.

Sylas had messed with his dignity, now it was time to have him thrown to the guards.

Rafe exhaled deeply, and opened his mouth. "Daddy, I need a diaper."

Internally, Rafe screamed. Had he really said that!?

He tried to scream what Sylas had done, but all that escaped was a whining, "I'm just a big baby, daddy."

The king's brow furrowed, angered at the games he assumed his son was playing. He was ready to respond angrily, when he saw the prince's paw lift towards his muzzle, thumb extended. The king now was lost for words, as Rafe started to suck his own thumb, ears lowering, and eyes glazing over.

Rafe lifted the edge of his robes with his free paw, exposing his trousers underneath. He tried to cry out, knowing what he was about to do, but Sylas had his body on auto-pilot. Some kind of defence trigger than left him stunningly aware of the power he did not have over himself.

His bladder released, trickling through the fabric, and darkening his clothes. Without any kind of diaper to hold it, the pee spread through his underwear, and quickly ran down his thighs, pooling on the wooden floor between his feet.

"What is the meaning of this!?" bellowed the king, opting for fury rather than fear for his son.

Rafe wanted to answer, to explain, but he feared attempting to open his mouth, not that he was even sure he *could*. He simply stood exposed in his warm, wet clothes, suckling on his thumb furiously, paralyzed.

Terror gripped him as he remembered what usually followed wetting himself; and his bowels gurgled in agreement. Before he could try and fight it, he farted noisily, defecating into the seat of his pants.

The king's fury turned back to alarmed fright, realising he was witnessing the mental regression of his only son before his eyes.

Rafe's expression had turned vacant, but also infantile and weak. He couldn't move, and the frustration and humiliation of his new nightmare sent him to tears, silently running down his fur as he worked his cheeks around his thumb.

His father now realised something was terribly wrong, and called for the guards, who rapidly burst through the doors.

"I need a medical team," he roared, with his voice cracking, his powerful legs easily making up the distance towards his son where he placed both paws on his shoulders. He looked him square in the eye, but the vacant prince continued to suck his thumb, as more urine dribbled from his crotch.

The guards disappeared as quickly as they appeared, and the fraught king tried to speak to his son, to detect some form of response from his eyes. But Rafe's body was stuck staring, as if the king were not right in front of him, his eyes still watering from his fully aware mind.

Rafe was starting to fear that he would not recover now. What if Syllas had planted a failsafe that took his body away? Would he be stuck in a bed for the rest of his days, helplessly filling diapers day after day?

The king sunk to his knees as the doctor arrived, flanked again by the two guards. Between them, they lifted Rafe, turning him horizontal, and whisked him away from the study.

It was a long journey to the infirmary for Rafe, staring out at the doctor and guards carrying his dirty body. They hurried along nonetheless, and gently placed the prince onto a bed, where the guards once again left, replaced by a ready and waiting nurse.

“Your highness, can you hear me?” The doctor, a studious zebra, leaned over Rafe, and started to gently wave, and snap his fingers, hoping Rafe’s pupils would move. Rafe yelled at himself to do something, to send a sign, but what happened only made things worse.

While still sucking his thumb as ever, Rafe burst into a babyish giggle. An infantile gurgle, before squirming on the bed in his wet clothes.

The doctor recoiled in shock, signalling for the nurse to proceed with his work. “He’s going to need a diaper.”

The young, awaiting cheetah started stripping away Rafe’s robes, and cut his garments from his legs. Rafe writhed as his fur was set free, swaying his legs as the nurse tried to take a warm cloth and clean him down.

Unaware that Rafe could hear everything, their professional courtesy vanished. The cheetah wrinkled his nose and exhaled in displeasure as he cleaned the excrement from Rafe’s cheeks. “He looks more suited for the nursery than the hospital.” He looked at the doctor, confused, then looked back at the giant baby kitten sucking his thumb and gurgling. He continued with his work, awkwardly trying to soothe and calm the wriggling limbs so he could finish the job.

“He’s still royalty, until we figure out what’s happened to him,” the doctor warned sharply, “Be careful or you could be changing his diapers for as long as you work here.”

Rafe was dying inside, consumed with shame. If he ever recovered, he’d never be able to look any of the staff in the eye again. It was like he was experiencing his babyish behaviour independent from his own thoughts. It terrified him.

The nurse deposited the wash cloth in a pail, and stepped away to some cupboards. Rafe tried to watch, but couldn’t voluntarily move his eyes or head, and lost the nurse out of his field of vision. He heard packages rustle, doors closing, then the soft footsteps as the nurse returned with a thick folded diaper in his paws.

Rafe was crying mentally again (which came out as a babyish whine), as the doctor assisted in lifting the prince’s legs in the air, helping the nurse prepare the diaper for the oversized kitten. He couldn’t see what was happening, but he felt the cheetah’s oily paw rub lotion around his genitals. Trying to yell in frustration, his body merely giggled some more, and squirmed, leaving the nurse and doctor trying to hold him still so they could fasten the tapes.

"I'll put him to sleep, he's not helping anyone like this," the doctor frowned, fetching a small bottle from the cabinets. He unscrewed the top, and swirled it next to Rafe's nostrils. He felt his eyes dim, and his legs relax, allowing the nurse to seal the padding around him.

He was back in diapers, and this time distinctly without any of the manufactured enjoyment he'd previously had. This was just humiliating. As his eyelids closed, he felt his bladder trickle in release once more, piss running down beneath his balls as he lay flat. And that was the last thing of his nightmare that he remembered, as his brain fogged, and blacked out.

Rafe awoke slowly. With a fright, he realised he could move his head again, but when he tried to follow up with the rest of his body, he found resistance. He lifted his neck just enough from the bed to spot thick brown leather straps across his body. His wrists, ankles, and tummy were strapped to the bed, and try as he might, he couldn't pull free.

He was still in the infirmary, and surely the doctor would let him out now that he was back to normal. Rafe called out for him, wriggling impatiently against his bonds. It was as he did this, did he realise the wet bulk between his thighs. He remembered the humiliating diapering he was subjected to, and grew evermore grumpy about wanting to get out of the infirmary.

"I'm glad to see you awake," the doctor said, entering the room, "You slept for a long time."

Rafe almost rushed to defend himself, blaming Syllas, but quickly held his tongue. He felt meek, knowing the state the doctor had seen him in. "Can you let me out of here now?" he asked, trying to be polite despite the discomfort his ordeal had brought him.

"You suffered a fit, your highness," the doctor spoke carefully, "I'm sorry but I cannot allow you to leave until we are sure it will not happen again."

"It wasn't- Well at least undo these straps!" he huffed.

"The straps are precautionary, I'm afraid. You were acting... we were concerned you would not stay on the bed in your sleep."

"I am your prince!" Rafe snapped, tired of his predicament, "release me at once."

"Now, now, medical safety takes precedence when it comes to royal patients, your highness. No harm will come to you; try and relax. I'll fetch the nurse to take care of... things, and the kitchen will bring you a meal shortly. It will be only be for a day or so."

Rafe noticed the doctor did not so much as slightly bow on leaving the room. Any excuse to rise above one's place and ignore the monarchy's respect... He growled, and futilely pulled his arms against the straps once more.

The cheetah nurse emerged with a diaper once more. "Don't, please..." Rafe's voice cracked as he realised his position would not save him from a diaper change.

The nurse looked at him sympathetically, as he tore the tapes on his swollen diaper gently. "I'm sorry, your highness, it's all precautionary. You don't want the alternative."

Rafe smacked his head backwards against the pillow as the diaper was peeled away from him. Both the prince and the nurse were relieved it was just wet. There was just enough wriggle room with his leg straps to allow the nurse to get him cleaned, and a fresh diaper under his butt. Before he knew it, he was once again professionally emasculated by the lean feline, and stuck in plastic underwear.

"Well, it's good to see the young prince is looking better."

Rafe's blood instantly ran cold. Sylas was now standing in the doorway, the latest and worst in the line of people to demean him. The prince bared his teeth, desperate to hurl an insult at the royal advisor.

"That will be all, nurse," Sylas breathed, and the cheetah left the room without so much as picking up the balled used diaper or wash cloths between Rafe's legs.

Rafe stared, furious at the jackal towering above him. "You- This is all-" he snarled, afraid to complete the sentences.

"You can speak freely," he smiled, "It's about all you can do right now."

"What have you done to me?" Rafe yelled, thrashing his arms against the straps.

"I think you know already." Sylas paced the room, enjoying leering over the immobile prince.

"The things... the things you made me do," Rafe exhaled, thinking back to masturbating in dirty diapers, horrified.

"I've made some *fundamental* changes to your mind. Unfortunately for you, you now know you cannot tell anyone about this. Any attempt to do so will result in a lapse in... development," the jackal smirked.

"You can't get away with this. Someone will find out."

"Oh, little kitten, haven't you been paying attention. I just said you can't tell *anyone*. You're mentally, physically incapable. And if you don't believe that, well, it'll be amusing to see you attempt it again. In case last night's exercise didn't sink in."

"You let me remember it was you..." Rafe whispered, stunned. He now knew it was a deliberate act to prove how much trouble he was in.

Sylas leaned down to the bed ridden prince, and savoured his next words like he was in no rush to utter them. "Yes. I did. And now you know just how powerless you really are."

Rafe tried to fight it, but a single tear ran down the side of his face.

"I'm afraid, when the doctor lets you go, that you will need to wear *these* permanently." Sylas picked up the wet, heavy diaper left behind by the nurse, sneering in disgust of the lion's piss. He dropped it so it fell onto Rafe's chest, sitting close enough so the whiffs were inescapable.

"No, please... please don't do this to me," Rafe broke.

"Don't worry my little kitten. If you beg hard enough I'll allow you to enjoy them again. A simple mind trick and you'll love your diapers again, in ignorance, like you have done for the past few months. But only if I allow it."

Rafe snarled, and cried into the air. "Get out!"

"As you wish, *your highness*," Sylas smirked, bowing, "Have a speedy recovery."

Rafe was crying in frustration before the jackal had left the room. His nightmare was getting worse and worse. He'd never beg Sylas to put him back into that babyish, diaper-jerking state. But was being a helpless pants pisser, aware but powerless, any better? And was it just piss, or was it the other thing too? Rafe couldn't dwell on it. He felt ill at the revelation he was stuck incontinent, which was ironic for where he was currently residing. `