

# Hypnotising His Highness

Life was good for Prince Rafe. The young lion would one day be king, but the pressures and needs of ruling a kingdom were a far cry from here.

In his excess of luxury, he was oblivious to the problems that existed within society. Try as the King might, it was impossible to keep every facet of society happy. Some grumbled with dissatisfaction, but a minority plotted the downfall of the monarchy itself.

One such zealot was the King's chief social advisor, a jackal named Sylas. Many within the palace often wondered how the inexperienced jackal had risen to the top, but it was a fleeting thought. He was highly trusted, and any who met him were quickly enamoured by his personality. Questions of his ascendancy never lasted for long.

Unfortunately for Rafe, he was the primary target to undermine the royal family. Sylas had arranged a private meeting with the prince; both a culmination of weeks of prep work and the next step in his master plan. Unbeknownst to Rafe, his life was about to be forever changed in ways he couldn't fight, and worse, he'd welcome his own destruction.

The prince welcomed Sylas into his study, trying to stifle the boredom he felt by showing the interest in social relations expected of his family. It could have been worse of course; a meeting with one of the stuffier members of court. He liked Sylas, though he wasn't sure why. It was as though Rafe had to remind or convince himself that he found Sylas's presence soothing. Something about the jackal seemed entirely off-putting, like there were sirens in the back of his head.

The advisor bowed gently, and they swapped pleasantries. The door was shut behind them, and the evening, autumnal light made for a cozy atmosphere. Sylas walked towards Rafe's desk, leaned back and rested his butt on the edge. Rafe frowned slightly. This wasn't exactly formal behaviour around the palace, yet he didn't speak up. Somehow he felt it was okay if it was Sylas doing it.

Silence lingered in the room. Rafe stood opposite the jackal, and cleared his throat gently. They were here to discuss the prince's media presence in the capital, but Sylas was idly toying with a silver pendant in his paw, with a flashy green centre. As far as jewelry went, it was gaudy, even for royalty.

"Sylas..." Rafe said tautly, feeling immediately guilty for chiding him. Rafe did not need to speak sternly to staff often, but he had never felt guilty for a telling off before. It surprised him.

"Oh I'm sorry, *your highness*," Sylas said, lifting the pendant by a piece of string. "It's just this jewel. It's so green I could gaze at it for hours, wouldn't you agree?"

Sylas held the pendant aloft, Rafe's eyes moved instinctively towards it. The prince agreed it was beautiful, though he didn't care for the distraction. But as he stared at it, the jewel seemed to be moving. It wasn't possible he thought, but he didn't mind. It soothed his thoughts. The lion felt relaxed; any irritation or boredom now a faded memory.

Sylas moved the pendant from side to side checking to see if Rafe's eyes were locked to it- and they were. He had the prince exactly where he wanted him now. For weeks, under the guise of 'social relations' meetings, Sylas was slowly eroding any resistance within the lion's mind. It was a careful game. He needed to break the prince entirely; trying something large scale without careful planning could be disastrous. It was one thing artificially gaining the trust of an entire court, but another changing a person's behaviours.

"Hello, Rafe. You can stop watching the jewel now."

The lion blinked several times as Sylas removed the pendant from sight, but he did not return to normality.

"What is your codeword?" Sylas had embedded the codeword several weeks ago, as both a means of address in this hypnotic state, but also as proof he had fallen under.

"Kitten," the dazed prince replied.

Sylas smirked. The codeword might as well amuse him at the same time.

"And how do kittens present themselves to their chief advisor?"

Rafe said nothing, but immediately started to undress, stripping away his robe, shirt and trousers. He lastly slipped out of his underwear, without question, and dropped to his knees, arms behind his back. He was presented completely naked, without shame, apart from the modest golden crown still perched over his short mane.

This naked position was the last test Sylas had run, from a series of escalating sessions Rafe had no memory of.

In the back of his mind, Rafe wondered why he was doing these things, but it never occurred to him he was being controlled. It just felt confusing to him, like his mind was on autopilot, while struggling to process and put facts together.

"Good kitten. I brought some things for you to wear tonight." Sylas opened the bag he had carried with him.

Rafe watched the jackal open the leather bag. He knew this was wrong, but he didn't know why. He wanted to wear whatever Sylas was fetching for him. Sylas was to be trusted. He didn't recognise the clothing that was coming from the bag. Something green, something blue, and something white. It was crinkling, plasticky. It was familiar, but what was it?

Sylas moved away from the desk, placing the items on the floor. He then unfolded something large, colourful and plastic, and draped it over the hardwood ground.

It was a plastic mat Rafe realised. The coloured prints and designs were alluring, comforting and familiar to him. He liked looking at them, but why? It was cub stuff.

"Lie down for me, kitten," Sylas spoke smoothly, and Rafe complied.

The mat was cold, and he felt himself flinch as his back lay down. Lying down, with Sylas towering over him, he felt very vulnerable, but to be doing anything other than what he was ordered seemed wrong.

The jackal got down on one knee, and picked up the white plastic thing from before. "Do you know what this is?"

Rafe tried to speak but couldn't find the words to answer, so he shook his head. It was on the tip of his tongue, or rather, the tip of his brain. Why couldn't he remember what it was?

Sylas smiled, baring his teeth dominantly. Rafe knew that shouldn't be reassuring him.

"It's a diaper, for little kittens. Just. Like. You." Sylas's voice was turning parental.

*Diaper? What's that? Like me? I'm a little kitten? This isn't right.* Sylas unfolded the diaper and Rafe saw the hourglass shape, the padding, the tapes. It all hit him. *No... no, no, no.* He couldn't remember what was right but he knew he didn't belong in diapers anymore.

Rafe's right arm twitched, his eyes widened. He tried to yell but nothing escaped his barely-opening jaw. He felt paralytic, like he was in the wrong body.

Sylas noticed this, and smiled some more. "I suppose this will be worse for you, if you realise what's happening. Dissonance is the trickiest part. I thought I had broken your resistance by now. No matter, it won't change anything. I can work around this. Now lift your butt for me."

Rafe felt himself obey, horrified. Sylas slid the diaper underneath, followed by a sweet smelling powder. His butt lowered, and Sylas worked the diaper over his loins, taping it shut firmly.

Rafe could not move passed this degradation. His mind boiled with anger. Sylas would pay the moment he was free. There was no way he could get away with doing this to the prince inside the palace walls.

"Sit up for me, little kitten." The little kitten sat up on his powdered, crinkly behind.

"Arms up." Rafe raised his arms as a pastel coloured green shirt was pulled down gently over his head.

"Paws out." Rafe watched each of his paws disappear inside soft-blue mittens, which were laced firmly on each wrist.

"Open wide." The prince felt himself whine in terror, but nothing came out of his mouth. He admittedly felt relieved when nothing but a giant pacifier was placed between his teeth. "And suck."

Sitting on his knees, dressed like a baby was too much for the prince to bear, having nothing but his thoughts to himself. Shame was overcoming him, but things were about to get much worse.

"I'm sorry you're not enjoying yourself," Sylas smirked, "but that is going to change very soon." He withdrew the hypnotising pendant from his pocket.

The prince tried to do everything in his power to look away, but that was impossible once the jackal demanded it. His gaze disappeared once more into the swirling green.

"I want you to wet yourself now. Good kittens go to the bathroom in their diapers. Continue sucking your pacifier. Understand?"

Rafe wanted to fight it, but his mind was growing foggy again, like he was trying to fight to stay awake. He knew he hadn't gone to the bathroom all day, though he hadn't questioned it until he was suddenly aware of his bladder aching. He stopped caring immediately as he let go, his crotch growing warm, splashing and bubbling as the diaper filled up. The release of Rafe's bladder all at once was too much, and pee started to escape from the swollen sides, wetting his thighs and running through his fur. It didn't trouble his new mental state one bit.

His paws twitched, not out of resistance but because he wanted to *feel* the diaper. The big soggy diaper around his waist felt right, and he wanted his palm all over it. Instead, he sucked the pacifier furiously in pleasure, as drool started to run down his fur.

"That feels good, doesn't it? You don't like dry diapers. Any time you wear a dry diaper, you're going to wet it as fast as you can."

The swirling jewel was burrowing its influence deep within Rafe's mind. Nothing existed apart from it, Sylas's voice, and whatever sensation that followed.

"Repeat after me. 'A good kitten is a soggy kitten'."

Rafe replied, mumbling the words around the pacifier, more drool spilling from his mouth to his shirt.

"A good kitten also makes messes in his diaper. You are a good kitten, aren't you, Rafe? Poop your pampers... Do it now."

Rafe nodded, and perhaps it was for the best that his mind was mush right now, as the lion grunted and voided his overdue bowels into the back of the diaper. It expanded noisily, the prince being sure to take his time and get everything out.

Sylas could barely contain his glee as the prince seamlessly slid into mind-numbing infancy. It was time to seal the deal. "Sit down in your mess, kitten."

The prince obeyed, plopping his butt down on the floor enthusiastically with an audible squish.

"Rafe, you love wearing diapers. You love being a baby kitten. You love pooping your pampers. You never want to stop. When we are done here, you will be ashamed, you will be humiliated, but you will want to do this again. Every time you use your diapers, your love for them will grow, until you have nothing but an insatiable, obsessive desire to wear them. You will have no memory of me being here, and everything you have done will have been your own idea."

Rafe just sucked his pacifier in an oblivious trance. Sylas admired the ridiculous state of the prince, drooling and sitting in his own faeces. A few more 'meetings', a few new suggestions, and this would become a regular thing, without his hand ever being suspected. In a matter of weeks he could have the only heir to the throne reduced to a babbling infant, permanently.

Sylas now only had to arrange for a 'secret' delivery to the prince's chambers. His new little kitten won't be able to resist them in his own privacy. With the staff under Sylas's thumb, hypnotically or not, no one need know the prince's weird new habit until the time was right.

"Spend fifteen minutes more crawling around in your dirty diaper, then your mind will start to come back to normal. There's a good kitten"

Sylas deposited the pendant back into his pocket, picked up his bag and walked towards the door. "Oh how I wish I could see your face when you come to... your father would be so proud of you, Rafe."

With that, Sylas swept from the study, closing the door behind him. How Rafe would ever get to the bathrooms to clean himself up didn't concern Sylas one bit, though he was sorry he would miss it.

Rafe stuck his stinky butt in the air, and crawled around directionless, sucking his pacifier dutifully. He was totally lost in his brain-melted daze, but from the look on his face, he was happy on some level. For the next fifteen minutes at least, life was good.