

LOST PRINCE

One wouldn't think the son of a tyrannical mad king wouldn't have any amount of sense. But luckily, as fate would have it, the city of Suhl'kaajt was blessed with an heir that bore far more sense than his father could ever have. And far luckier, the Mad King Vakth'Bythnul has no idea he even has an heir, let alone one that is far more sane than him. The Mad King's Heir was known as Zett'Elek, a beautiful, yet unassuming Udakii that looked like a better version of his father. A toned, healthy physique as opposed to a gaunt, boney form, flowing blue hair instead of raggedy greying hair, a beautiful set of blue, functioning eyes. He was better in every single possible way, and was far more suitable to the crystal throne than that withering mad scourge. But unfortunately, Zett was nowhere near the throne, in fact he wasn't even technically royalty. Instead, the poor Udakii 'prince' was housed in the lower sections of the city, tucked nice and neatly away from the public eye, and especially away from the eyes of the royal guards.

Zett'elek was barely out of his teenage years at the time, only turning 120 a month prior, and had barely any relocation of the royal blood inside him. All that he knew was that he lived modest home, with a modest life, living alone with a modest, yet very kind woman, a florist and former broodmother known as Dina'alja. She was larger than most Udakii women, bearing four arms, a mint green skin with dark green stripes, and long flowing dark green hair and a rather large bust. They both lived happy together, caring for one another like a family.

"Zett dear!" spoke Dina'alja. Zett'elek was never far from his caretaker, appearing around from a corner of the house, garbed in fine jewelry and lavish clothes.

"Yes ma'am?" Zett said with a soft tone, his narrow beak grinning.

"There's no need to call me that dear," Dina giggled, "could you come with me to the market?"

"Of course!" Zett said, grabbing a large, woven basket from a hook off the wall, "what are we getting?"

"Oh we just need to go to the grocer," Dina said, standing and retrieving her own woven basket, "some fruits and the sort. I had a nice idea for what we could have for dinner."

They shot each other a pleasant smile as Zett followed Dina out the door of their home, and into the crowded street of the lower section. The roads were always bustling with all colors of Udakii, all making runs to the market or to the god statues in the middle section, but the roads seemed especially busier that day. The two followed the stream of Udakii funneling down the road, Zett barely tall enough to see over the head of the sea of Uragi.

“What’s going on Dina?” Zett asked, looking up at her. “Everyone seems on edge about something.”

“I’m Unsure” Dina said, holding Zetts hand in her own, “let’s just get to the market quickly.”

They continued to follow the flow of the crowd, as they all seemed to be heading towards the lower plaza, all muttering idly to themselves.

“What’s happening?”

“What is our king doing?”

“Is that bastard instating another law?!”

Eventually the idle chatter came to a standstill as the crowd stopped in their tracks, all surrounding a single stone stage, raised up high in the middle of the plaza so even the smallest Udakii could see amidst the sea of bystanders. Atop the stage stood the black and red figure of Tuh’adek, standing proudly in the center adorned with royal armor and a spiked plate on the bridge of his beak. He stood behind a large object, covered with a large sheet of fabric. He spoke to the crowd, arms outstretched to his side.

“Good evening!” he said with a sensual, yet unnerving voice, “or what presumes to be an evening under this rock we call our home!”

He paused, as if expecting a roar of laughter to meet his greeting, only being met with a long uncomfortable silence. He cleared his throat.

“As you all may have discerned, the king is rather... sensitive to criticism” Tuh’adek spoke, “as well as am I. I am very much a firm believer of the notion of not speaking if there is nothing kind to be said. But I am sure you are all very kind.”

The crowd remained silent, Tuh’adeks voice giving off an unsettling pleasure deep within his voice, as if he was silently daring the crowd to prove his notion wrong.

“As I thought,” he said with a wide grin across his beak, “but it is my dearest shame to admit... that we could be nicer. Our dear king loves to hear the words of our praise, for our lungs to sing the songs of his greatness! And for his own people to speak such obscenities about his gracious rule! It saddens me deeply.”

Tuh’adek tried to feign his remorse, dramatically pressing his wrist to his forehead as to say ‘woe is me’, but his smile failed to fade from his beak.

“So as to make an example,” he continued, unsheathing his sword, “Your royal protectors have gathered a very special volunteer to help us ensure our king remains happy!”

Tuh’adek gripped the sheet in his hand and pulled it away from the object, throwing it up into the air like a grand reveal, to which the crowd gasped in response. Under the sheet was a male Udakii, gagged, blindfolded bound tightly with ropes. The male was completely stripped of all his jewelry and clothes leaving him naked with his neck exposed for the crowd to see. Tuh’adek knelt

down and gently grabbed at his bare throat, causing him to whimper and shake with response.

“This poor, senseless Udakii right here had a very loose beak.” Tuh’adek said, “one of our loyal guards overheard him calling our king ‘unethical!’ and ‘a monster!’ could you believe that? Our king isn’t a monster, nor is he unethical! Isn’t that right my oh so confused friend?”

Tuh’adek slowly tightened his fist around the helpless Udakiis throat, causing him to gasp and cough around his gag before nodding violently, muffling spastic agreements and pleas until Tuh’adek released his grip.

“See? There’s no reason to speak ill about our king!” Tuh’adek said, waving forth a few guards positioned close by, “but we cannot forget the fact that you did. And these actions cannot be forgotten without...correction, now can it?”

The guards Tuh’adek beckoned forth were carrying heavy chains, dragging them along the stage and untying the helpless Udakii and attaching them around his wrists and all four ankles. The chains around his wrist seemed to have been connected to two spools high above the stage, and within moments the Udakii was hoisted into the air, forced to stand on his hind legs as his forelegs were spread out to his sides, with his arms held above his head, leaving the male helplessly exposed, his naked undercarriage shown for the entire crowd. Many of the crowd averted their eyes from the nude and panicking Udakii, but a good portion watched on with a concerning level of intrigue. The guards around the Udakii made sure the chains were tight and rigid, before each guard revealed spears and whips.

“Close your eyes Zett,” Dina whispered, “you shouldn’t see this.”

But Zett’eleks gaze was fixed elsewhere. Not on the helpless Udakii, but past him. Far off in the distance, on the far end of the interior wall of the mountain, Zett could see the figure of Vakth standing in front of a windowsill, looking as if he was talking to no one, watching the spectacle despite being blind.

Tuh’adek waved his hand silently, and soon a guard lifted his arm and cracked the whip along the Udakiis’ back, forcing a pathetic shriek of agony to echo throughout the cavern. The male arched back away from the whip, only to force his belly into the pointed tip of a spear, causing him to howl and cry in pain. The crowd was mortified, watching as the chained Udakiis back was whipped over and over again, as guards jabbed spears into his sides. One particularly cruel guard waved a leather flogger whip, and cracked it hard against the exposed balls of the whimpering Udakii, even going as far as to whip his helpless front cock, just to hear the poor male scream in pain.

The crowd was afraid, to say the least, witnessing one of their own kind tortured and humiliated in such a way, but they knew if they tried to stop the display, they would meet the same, or possibly worse fate.

“We need to go!” Dina said, grabbing Zetts arm firmly, but finding he wouldn’t move, he was

just staring up at what she thought was the stage.

“I told you not to look!” Dina said, flustered, “this isn’t right.”

It was only then when Dina looked beyond the tortured Udakii, she could see what Zett was staring at. At the windowsill where Vakth was talking to himself, he was suddenly staring down at the crowd, eyes wide, directly at them. Dina froze the same as Zett, looking up at the King with wide eyes. There couldn’t have been any way that King Vakth could be staring at Zett from that far away into a crowd where Zett could barely be seen from, surely. But it was almost undeniable. From the way he was looking down into the crowd, pale eyes fixed, there wasn’t any doubt he was staring directly at Zett.

“Stop!” Tuh’adek shouted, the guards standing down and leaving the Udakii a bloodied, whip scarred mess, panting and wheezing as both his cocks were shamefully exposed.

“Now don’t think this momentary bit of respite means your actions aren’t still being corrected.” Tuh’adek continued, gently gracing the tip of his sword underneath his front cock, making the Udakii shiver violently. “We need you to stay like this for a few days, for you to think about what you’ve done. But don’t worry!” Tuh’adek reached around the rear of the Udakii and jammed a few fingers into his ass. “We’ll make sure you’ll be nicely taken care of.”

The Udakii whimpered as his body was used against him, filling him with shame and dread as he hung his head low, choking back muffled sobs as he was molested by the very guards he once looked up to.

“I believe our king rather enjoyed our display, wouldn’t you think?” Tuh’adek said to the crowd, only met again with silence and dread. “Well I don’t know about you, but I rather enjoy punishing injustice, and I’m certain our king-” Tuh’adek gestured up to the king’s position in the windowsill, only to see his horrified gaze affixed to the crowd. He stepped away from the chained and whimpering Udakii to look up at the king’s gaze more closely, trying to follow where he was looking. Dina took this as an opportunity to leave the crowd, pushing their way back down the street before Tuh’adek followed his gaze, only to see a sizable hole in the crowd where Dina and Zett once stood. He was suspicious, looking around the crowd to see if anyone seemed noticeably out of place. Dina quickly rounded the corner before Tuh’adek looked in their direction, Zett held firmly close to her as they quickly hurried back home.

“That sadistic, perverted bastard!” Dina’alja said, slamming the door to her home in a fit of rage, tossing her basket into another room, “that Tuh’adek has no right keeping us in place by torturing that poor boy! His actions, as well as the kings are a disgrace to the Udakii!”

Her rightful anger clouded her judgement, not even regarding Zett'elek during her rage fueled tirade. It was only then when she saw Zetts look of abject horror did she snap out of her rage.

"I'm... I'm so sorry, Zett." she said with a somber tone, "you don't deserve to be involved with all this. Here, glow-leaf tea on the fire and we can-"

"Why was he staring at me." Zett'elek said, staring up at Dina with a thousand yard stare. Dina tried to keep the atmosphere upbeat, taking an ornate teapot from her shelf, reaching out her window to pluck a few glowing blue leaves hanging from her veranda.

"Who was staring at you dear? I didn't see anyone!" she said, forcing herself to smile as she filled the teapot with water and dropped a handful of glowing leaves into the water. She set up her burner stand onto her counter and filled the bottom with loose tinder and lighting it with a fire striker, setting the teapot over the open flame.

"It shouldn't take more than a moment dear!" Dina chirped happily, humming softly to herself as she watched the tinder fire roar beneath the teapot. They each stood there silently, Zett staring at Dina with cold conviction, with Dina just humming to herself as she watched the fire.

"Dina'alja." Zett said with a serious voice, silencing Dina's playful humming. "I know you saw him. That Udakii, that gaunt, skinny, cloudy eyed Udakii standing at the windowsill staring down at us even though he's blind. That was the king, our king. And that was the first time I've seen the king outside of a description. He looked like me."

Dina fell silent and stared into the teapot, watching the leaves simmer in the boiling water, watching them glow brighter in response to the rolling boil.

"He stared at me, Dina." Zett continued, "not at me, through me. Passed that blank expression and those sightless eyes he stared right through me! Like he knew who I was, even though he couldn't see! And it's as if... I knew who he was."

"Zett..." Dina began, before being cut off by Zett.

"Who am I, Dina." he said bluntly. "I think you know, so tell me. Who am I?"

"I... I swore to your mother," Dina began, turning to Zett, "I swore to her that you'd never find out that man was your father."

"He's my father?!" Zett exclaimed, "Gods that's even worse than I imagined! I could have sworn that man was me from outside our realm!"

Dina was taken completely aback by this response, and needed to physically recuperate before speaking again.

"I...what?!" Dina said, a look of confusion plastered over her face. "What on Phi'uja brought you to that assumption?!"

"Oh I don't know!" Zett said, "later in my life could fall through a tear in our dimension and become a tyrannical blind monarch, you wouldn't know!"

“NO I WOULDN'T” Dina said, completely astonished, “BECAUSE THAT IS SUCH AN INSANE, NONSENSICAL JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS THAT MY MIND COULDN'T EVEN CONOJUR IT!”

“IT COULD HAPPEN!” Zett screamed.

“NO IT COULD NOT!” Dina screamed back.

Zett and Dina only realized their conversation had turned into a screaming match when they saw a passerby peering in through their window, making confused eye contact with them both before walking away.

“We probably shouldn't be screaming so close to the window.” Zett said, trying to calm down.

“You're right, I'm sorry, it's just,” Dina began, “I never wanted you to find this way, if at all!”

The teapot on the stand began to whistle and fill the air with a soft light blue steam and she took it off the burner.

“Let's sit down and talk about it, dear.” Dina said, pouring herself a cup of tea, the glow from the leaf infused with the water. “Grab yourself a teacup, I'll pour it for you.”

“Thank you.” Zett said, grabbing a teacup from a shelf and curling down in the other room, Dina soon followed, filling his cup and curling down across from him. “I honestly can't believe Vakth'bythnul is my father. Are you sure my mother was telling the truth?”

“Who would want to lie about fucking that lunatic?” Dina said sipping from her cup.

Zett choked on his tea in the middle sipping, covering his beak as it ran down his chest. Dina giggled and wiped his chest with a cloth.

“Sorry for being crude” she giggled, “but I honestly don't know much. When your mother gave you to me, she told me to hide you from the king at any cost. I was infertile then, and the idea of having a child of my own, and knowing that you could have been in danger, I couldn't refuse. You were such a beautiful peacub.”

“Do you know where she is?” Zett asked.

“I don't, sadly. But if anyone were to know, it would be your father, but asking him of all Udakii would be far too great of a risk. If he found out he had a son, who knows what he would do to you.”

Zett grew quiet for a moment before sipping his tea, staring out at the window and watching the glowing leaves gently sway on the veranda.

“I have a feeling he already knows.”

