

## The Hand that Rocks the Cradle

April 2022 – Commission

### Chapter Four

What an unforgettable day it had been!

Katarina lay back in the unfamiliar bed, reveling in the wonderfully soft sensations of the luxury surrounding her. She'd never really considered herself or her family poor, even after her father's unfortunate disappearance. But this... This luxurious bedroom in what was apparently another presidential property, where her resistance contact had led her only a few hours before – well, it was incredible. Such a massive bed! Such silky-soft sheets and cloud-like pillows! Such a massive bathroom, and such a lovely bathtub!

She wriggled happily in place, thinking now of a very different – and far less comfortable – bed only a few kilometers away. For deep in the bowels of that gleaming new medical facility, hidden away from the prying eyes of all but the high-level guards and top-secret medical personnel who ran it, she now knew there lay a room: a large, clinical room filled with the most disturbing objects and furniture. A room in which the former dictator now lay... and which, as their prisoner, he would not be leaving for quite some time.

Her eyelids fluttered shut as her mind filled with the unforgettable memories of that day. Perhaps it was morbid of her, but somehow she couldn't resist playing the scenes over and over in her mind like a horror film on repeat...

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It hadn't been more than an hour after Anton had disappeared that she too had been helped back into the same vehicle that had brought her and whisked away. Having managed to clean herself up beforehand, and having been helped free from the humiliating shock collar around her neck, she was feeling at least more relieved and presentable. And so, as the car had approached the massive new medical facility she'd heard Julia refer to, she was growing ever more anxious to know what was going on.

Was this... was this really where Anton had been brought?

Oh, yes it was. She found out shortly after, as she'd been politely escorted down gleaming corridors filled with fluorescent light and the harsh smells of new tile and industrial cleaner. Into that room

they'd led her, whispering that she should wait and watch – though in those first few seconds, she'd thought there must be some mistake. Why had they arrived in a *nursery*, of all things? This wasn't some sort of maternity ward... was it?

And then she'd noticed just how large the furniture was. How the massive crib was graced not with a simple wooden rail, but with stainless steel bars that looked stout enough to contain an enraged elephant. How the massive piece of furniture on the far left was more like a medical examination table than a changing table... and how from every corner there seemed to hang a tangle of ominous-looking straps and restraints.

Oh, god. Julia hadn't been joking when she talked about forcibly turning her husband back into a baby, had she?

He'd been brought in then: still on the stretcher, his mouth still wrapped tightly in the medical tape that sealed his protests away into silence. Straps still bound him tightly to the board beneath, while around him loomed a half-dozen masked but clearly female doctors and nurses. His eyes were fluttering open, his limbs beginning to stir within their bonds, his chloroform-soaked brain finally fighting its way back to consciousness...

Though as he shortly found out, it was not a consciousness any normal man would have wanted.

Katarina watched in horrified fascination as the professionals hefted him easily up onto the table – stretcher and all – and set to work. "Shears," she heard one murmur from behind her mask, and gloved hands began guiding the sharp blades through layer after layer of his luxurious clothes: through the trousers still around his legs, through shirt and undershirt and socks until every expensive shred of clothing had been stripped away.

He was struggling, of course – for to judge by his now-horrified eyes, the cold weight of the shears against his skin must have thoroughly wakened him from his stupor. But his efforts were about as effective as those of a fly in a spider's clutches... and not a single strap seemed to even begin to yield to his desperate movements.

"Depilation," the same masked doctor spoke, and out came an array of tools and creams that set Katarina staring in wonder. One was lathering the patient's skin, another wielding a shaver, a third applying some sort of cream. And before her eyes, Anton's entire body, from head to toe, was stripped bare of hair. Even his head was shaven, and his cuffed arms released temporarily to remove every shred of hair from under his arms. "Smooth as a newborn babe," was certainly a phrase – and

Katarina, riveted by the sight before her, found it echoing through her mind. How appropriate it now seemed for this strangely hairless, naked young man before her!

But hold on: what was this strange new set of equipment they were getting out next?

She didn't quite catch the head doctor's words this time, but it didn't really matter. She shivered involuntarily as gloved hands reached down toward the patient's now-hairless groin and lifted the limp penis between their rubbery fingers. God, the memories of only a few hours before! Feeling that nauseating cock, then so taut and erect, slipping disgustingly between her lips toward the back of her throat... But how different it was now! And as she gazed, those gloved fingers brought a slender tube up to the tip... inserted with delicate precision... set to work feeding it in...

Then, as the harsh fluorescent light caught the little tube now hanging from the former dictator's limp penis, she saw it filling with a pale yellow liquid. And then she realized, with a thrill of horror, what she'd just witnessed. Though she'd never seen one before, there could be no doubt. This was a catheter – and that meant that Anton had just lost control not only over the country... but even over his own bladder.

"Now the diaper," murmured the doctor, and from somewhere under the table came a garment the likes of which Katarina had never before seen – or at least not at this scale. But it was undeniably a disposable diaper – a massive, crinkling monstrosity, clearly created for one purpose and one purpose alone. Cuffed limbs, struggling now in greater horror than ever, were unfastened and lifted and refastened – and under that bare and shaven ass it slid, inexorable and irresistible.

"No need for this anymore." And with a quick snip, the little valve on the end of the catheter tube was severed, sending the stream of urine out into the former dictator's brand-new – and still open – diaper.

A giggle burst from Katarina's lips despite herself, and at the sound the doctors and nurses raised their heads. "Sweet, isn't it?" the head doctor called, and her voice showed that beneath her mask she was smiling. "Nothing like that first wet diaper to bring home exactly what's happening to him." At those words, Anton lashed out with a fresh round of struggles, choking and gurgling wildly behind his gag. Yet all his defiance earned him was more pain. For at a word from the head doctor, syringes were brought out... the diaper sealed tightly shut around him in a puff of powder... and somehow most ominous of all, a bag of some unidentifiable liquid hefted onto an IV pole in the corner.

"No more struggling," came the doctor's words, soft but fiercely powerful as she gazed down into his resentful eyes. "You know all about power and control, Anton. And you of all people should know – when someone is in control, those who aren't must learn to obey... to give in." And into his body the needles sank: one in each shoulder, one in each bare thigh, and a final into his exposed belly. "No struggles. No fighting. Just limp... obedience..."

Katarina's eyes grew wide as over the next minute, the captive dictator's struggles began to subside. Whatever they had injected him with, it seemed to be a powerful relaxant – for even once the gloved hands began loosening the cuffs, all his limbs could do was jerk and twitch in helpless, uncoordinated spasms. "Yes, yes," the doctor called derisively, loud enough for all to hear. "Go on, now! Show us all what a big, strong dictator you are! You've always said men are naturally meant to dominate women, right? Surely you can show us how that works? Or wait... maybe you're just too busy filling that fresh diaper of yours full of *shit*?"

"Whuuuuggccckk oooooo," came the reply – for with a swift snip and tug, the gag had been removed. Yet even without it, the ludicrous babble that came from the helpless fellow's lips only set Katarina giggling again. "Now, now! Such naughty language!" scolded the doctor, as she handed a strange new device to one of the nurses. "Didn't you ever learn that if you don't have anything nice to say, you shouldn't say anything at all?"

Katarina shivered at the sight – for in perhaps the most ironic development of the day, she watched as the very man whose cock she had just been forced to suck not a few hours before, now lay there having a rubbery, cock-shaped gag forced deep into his dribbling mouth.

She lost track of how much time went by in that room after that: watching the nurses taunt and torment him... connecting that tube to his new gag... forcing their now nerveless prisoner to gulp down a massive dose of what appeared to be some sort of medicated and laxative-filled infant formula. And oh, how satisfying it had been to watch the humiliated, limp form of this dictator being bundled away into a pastel pink straitjacket and wrapped tightly in its unyielding restraints. "Not that he needs it right now," the doctor had smiled as her assistants had drawn the wide straps ever tighter around their patient. "But it only seems fair to take some extra precautions with such a troublesome patient... don't you think?"

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Katarina lay there in the dark now, her hand slipping down almost irresistibly to stroke gently between her legs. Why was she finding this craziness so... arousing? For in her heated imagination

she could see the final moments of her time at the facility this evening: how they'd bundled the helpless dictator into that gleaming cage of a crib. How they'd drawn up the restraints and pulled his now-smooth legs apart and cuffed them tightly to the corners. How they'd clipped the shoulders of his straitjacket fast as well, leaving him pinned in place like a bug in a display case. How the nurses and doctors had taunted him, wishing him a good night filled with baby dreams and smelly diapers and the most embarrassing nightmares that he could ever imagine.

Her breath caught now as the realization washed over her. Anton was out of power now. And yes, that meant so many wonderful things – the return of her father, perhaps, and a new future for her in college, and happiness and comfort and security for her mother. But honestly, right now all she could focus on was the glorious thought of that despicable Anton: lying there in that crib like a pathetic infant, feeling his diaper growing heavier and wetter all night long, trapped and humiliated within the infantile prison that his own wife Julia had seen fit to force upon him.

And this was only the first day. What fresh horrors would be waiting for him tomorrow?

Again, maybe it was very wrong of her. But as she stroked and ground her way under those silk sheets into a quietly shuddering orgasm, Katarina had to admit that she couldn't wait to find out.