

## Learning the Hard Way

May 2021 – Commission

### Chapter Two

Oh, my. This is going to be quite an interesting experience.

I allow my eyes to settle on the papers before me here in my quiet office. Being head physician has its perks, you know; it's a relief to have this still little sanctuary, away from the din of beeping monitors and clicking shoes and squeaky-wheeled gurneys in the corridors. And it's here that I can take time to reflect on recent developments.. To plot out our next course of action.

Naturally, there are always a million and one things to worry about: reports, budget analyses, HR memos, union negotiations. And I can't exactly act as if they don't exist right now. But just now, I've got one specific problem in mind that's more important than any other. One minor problem to deal with immediately... and his name's scrawled right there on the bottom of the paper before me.

Steven Dalton. Age 27. Admitted due to complications from a probable stun gun or taser, including cardiac arrhythmia and persistent localized fasciculation. Highly resistant to medical treatment. Repeated complaints, physical resistance, and verbal harassment of staff, including but not limited to sexual innuendos and threats of violence.

I saw the fellow when he came in, strapped to the gurney and looking anything but tough. It's hard to look macho, I suppose, when you're drunk and lying there in the jeans soaked with your own urine. But it seems that he's recovered that repulsive ego of his well enough... and that at this rate, he might be about to cause real harm to my nurses.

Hence the paperwork.

I suppose the plan – for yes, I do have a plan! – was germinating even then, when I first heard my head nurse's reports of his aberrant behavior. That plan blossoming now as I frown at the page, reflecting back on all the misogynistic creeps and entitled assholes I'd known in my life – some of them with fancy suits and degrees. *Hmm. He thinks he's the adult in the room... that he's in control. He craves that, clearly, and he also obviously believes that women are inferior to him in every way..*

So naturally, I conclude, the best way to correct him will be to negate every single one of those egotistical beliefs.

Oh, I know this isn't the *usual* treatment. We generally just treat people and let them go, assholes or not. But when I know for a fact that this fellow was about to rape a woman like me... and when I think of how he'll just go back and try exactly the same shit elsewhere, if not right here in my own ward... Well, I've got to do something, rules be damned.

We have his signature, after all, I smile to myself as I rise to my feet and stride to the door. That's all we need to get this corrective procedure started.

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"Umm, are you *certain*, doctor?"

We've just moved him to 212, the corner room with a bit more privacy and sound isolation. We don't need to alarm any of the other patients in the event he becomes rowdy. I'm flashing my professional, tight-lipped smile and looking Head Nurse Monica square in her brown eyes as I firmly nod. "Oh, yes – quite certain. We have his consent form, and you have my professional directions. You've briefed your nurses as well, I trust. Are we clear on everything?"

"Yes, Doctor... completely." I know Monica too well to be fooled by her clipped, professional response. That flash of appreciation in her eye... that energized spin as she turns to give quiet orders to her subordinates... She's pleased as punch at what I've just ordered.

And of course it doesn't take long for them to set things in motion. And almost immediately I hear the angry sound of his voice coming from behind the curtain. "Hey, wait- What the fuck? Get your claws off of me, you bitch!" Of course he hasn't changed, and he's not too pleased at Monica's peremptory pulling up of his gown. "Hush, we need to prep you for a very important operation," she barks, and as I step around the curtain and take in the spectacle before me, I can already feel the storm brewing.

"What the- No, no way in hell! Get your fucking *hands* off-!" "Quiet," I cut in, glaring through my glasses at the half-undressed fellow struggling with my nurse. "Now listen: you're here for medical treatment, and you've agreed to allow us to treat you. So you *will* comply with us now... or else." "Or else what?" he spits with a vindictive leer – at which I nod grimly at Monica. "Or else we do this the hard way," she retorts... and before he can blink, her strong, gloved hands are forcing the anesthetic mask down over his spluttering, unshaven face.

I'm supposed to remain professional, of course. But I can't deny what a sheer delight it is to step

forward and pin the struggling fellow back onto the bed while his eyes dilate and his wild exertions slowly grow feebler with every panting breath. "Sabrina, take over here," Monica orders, and the tall, athletic blonde steps past me, freeing Monica to begin the real work.

"Let's do this," Monica murmurs, eyeing the now-unconscious fellow with a rueful shake of her head. And then the gown is coming off, leaving the fellow naked and helpless before us, completely unable to protest a thing we might do to him...

The restraints come first, of course: wide, medical restraints encircling wrists, ankles, neck, and waist. A full-body shave too, though unorthodox, is done within a matter of minutes thanks to the exertions of Laura and our youngest staff member, Amy. "Good, good," the head nurse murmurs, casting a glance over at the special medical cart I'd suggested she assemble. "Now, then. Sabrina, that's enough anesthetic. Let's get him silenced, though, before he comes around."

The gag is nothing pretty, but it promises to be effective. As I watch the thing being prepared in those expert gloved hands, I find myself thinking back to that kinky guy I'd dated once years back, and how he'd tried to impress me with his naughty ball gag. Oh, this is certainly nothing like that pathetic excuse of a silencer. This one's inflatable, all latex and plastic straps and business, and as Monica inserts it into the guy's slack-jawed mouth and inflates it pump by pump, I can't help but smile in grim satisfaction as I watch the guy's cheeks swelling and filling. *Take that, mister. No more talking now... guaranteed.*

Better yet, thanks to that little insertion tube, we won't even have to remove it for feedings.

It's poetry when first the guy begins to stir, when he first tugs at the restraints that are now holding his limbs pinned down to the bed. It's beautiful when he first tries to speak, then yell, and finally scream into that gag... all to zero effect. And it's sheer magic to watch his face when I, confident that he is fully awake now and able to understand every word I say, step forward and address him.

"Steven, you've been making quite a name for yourself here," I tell him, looking down squarely into his resentful eyes. "You've been harassing our nurses, resisting your treatment, threatening us all... Not only that, but we've recently discovered that you've only arrived here because you happened to be criminally harassing and assaulting a young woman! You are clearly unfit for release into society at this point... and so, rather than turning you over to the police, we've decided to keep you for a little extra treatment of our own."

The other nurses are listening raptly as I go on. "Listen closely, Steven. I know how men like you think. You think you're better and stronger and smarter than others – because you're an adult, and you're white, and you're a man. I know it. We need to change that, and we're about to do it now. We're going to show you that you are *not*, in fact, better and stronger and smarter than anyone. We'll show you that you don't need to be a man to be in charge... and also that having a penis doesn't mean you're in charge of anything. In short," and here I draw breath for a final flourish, "We're going to take away every single one of those things you think make you who you are."

Oh, it's delightful to watch the horror in his eyes as Laura, smirking behind her mask, steps forward and slips the lubed nozzle of the enema tube expertly up his anus. "We're going to clean you out, for starters," I inform him, still locking eyes with him. "Feel that liquid flowing into your bowels? That's all going to come out again, and you won't be able to control it." He jerks futilely in his bonds, but I only smile and nod to Nurse Monica.

"Taste that?" I ask next, watching the stream of creamy liquid begin slipping through the tube and disappearing into his gagged and suddenly gulping mouth. "That's your new formula, full of vitamins and diuretics and laxatives and everything you'll need to become a good, restrained, regular patient for us..."

And then I hear the crinkling behind me. It's Sabrina, unfolding the night-weight disposable diaper with a flourish. "Oh, yes, I almost forgot about that!" I chuckle sarcastically, motioning the nurses to set to work. "We thought it might be a bit nicer for you to learn just how adult and in control you are by having you fill a diaper for us – just like a baby. And believe me," I smile, relishing the disgust and fear contorting his face as the nurses' gloved hands tug the rustling thing tightly around him. "Now that you've got that enema in you, I really don't think you're going to have much choice."

The fellow was sweating, hyperventilating, clearly about to send his blood pressure through the roof. At which I finally found myself relenting a tiny bit. *Won't do to actually hurt him...* "Maybe a shot of Thorazine," I whisper to Monica – and within a few minutes, it's streaming into his feeding gag.

"Don't worry," I tell him at last, as we watch his struggles gradually quieten and the panic in his eyes give way to mute questioning and worry. "You're in good hands. We know exactly what you need... and we're going to give it to you."

As the first noisy squirts emanate from the rapidly filling diaper between his quivering legs, I smile

once more, thinking anew of just what a satisfying adventure we're embarking on. At this rate, it will only be a day or two until we can begin the next phase... which, if I have anything to say about it, will be decidedly pink and lacy.