

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle

May 2022 – Commission

Chapter Five

I am many things. I am Julia Rudawski: model, college graduate, politician, TV personality, and wife. But as of yesterday, I am more than that.

I am also the de-facto leader of our country.

The green-eyed gaze that meets me in the mirror this morning is grim, resolved, and confident: the look of a woman who will not be deterred. Yes, I know what I must do today. I must press forward with what we set in motion not twenty-four hours ago. I must see it through, no matter what happens. No matter my inner qualms. No matter the plaintive wails that my cretinous husband – the deposed dictator – may make.

So over my head I tug the uniform: the crisp white of a nurse, smooth and businesslike. It's not just for looks, of course. Dressing as a nurse today will put me in the proper mindset. For while I indeed am all those things – leader and politician and wife – today I will thrust all those aside. I shall be an angel clad in the white scrubs of the medical profession: not a mercifully angelic nurse dispensing relief, but an avenging angel. An angel of judgment and of terror to the vile man who has devastated this country...

A grim smile plays across my lips now as I slip the cap atop my fiery curls. Oh, yes. Here I come, Anton. Miss Julia is ready to pay you a visit!

"Hey there, loser. How are you feeling this morning, hmm? Ready to begin another day in your brand-new home?"

The sullen, disoriented gaze that meets mine through the bars is not exactly a surprise. He's been loaded with sedatives and relaxants all night, and it's going to take time for them to wear off. Never mind, though! My assistants will be happy to handle him when he's so limp and uncoordinated. So much easier when he's not screaming and struggling...

Is it wrong that I'm already grinning as I watch my straitjacketed, helpless husband being hefted out of his prison-like crib and laid out on the examination table to have his clearly soiled diaper

changed? "Such a dirty, pathetic little baby," I'm coolly observing while those gloved hands wipe industriously at the revolting mess of his well-filled diaper. "Goodness, and here I thought you were a grown man! How disgusting to be lying there in your own shit all night long – and sleeping through it, too! You really are revolting, don't you know?"

He's gurgling behind that gag now, his beady eyes rolling as his muscular control flickers slowly back and his flabby legs jerk in crazily uncoordinated fashion. Oh, my taunts are stinging him like gnats, goading his ego, egging him on into a simmering rage. And yet, bound as his arms are, he can do nothing but submit to the nurses tending him under my sadistic direction. "Enema," I grimly order, waving the nurses forward. "Two liters. We can't let him get dehydrated, after all..."

Dehydration. Oh, yes – such a risk for him, isn't it? Better make sure he gets a hefty dose of the special formula I had my pharmacist concoct. If only he knew exactly what sort of effects it's going to have upon him! Should I tell him... or maybe wait and let him discover for himself? I opt for the latter, and instead of exulting over him I simply smile and watch as the nurses affix that tube in his gagged mouth and begin two simultaneous flows: of soapy water into his shamefully bared rectum, and a flow of medicated formula into his gulping mouth.

Filled from both ends... double-penetrated... Forcibly bloated and swollen like the abominable little parasite he is...

"And now the diaper." He's moaning, spasming in evident discomfort as they heft him up and tug first one, then a second diaper beneath him. I'm nodding, watching the expert hands slip the enema tube free. "Hmm... hang on. He really doesn't seem to like the idea of messing his pants, does he? So why don't we give him a lovely little plug... you know, just to help a pathetic little pants-shitting baby like him hold it in?"

I'm not sure if he expected something so devious. But into his quivering ass the well-greased plug slips, and closed go both diapers, and as the last of the formula finally drains down into his wheezing mouth, the nurses heft him upright on the table. "Now I think our esteemed Supreme Leader Stinky-pants is finally ready for his press conference, don't you? Though I really think he'll need a bit of support to get there..."

"MMhhhoooo?!!" The look of terror in his eyes sets me into a spasm of mirth. "Oh, yes – of course you're going to a meeting like that! They're going to love seeing you, believe me. And don't worry – we'll even take out that gag so you can talk a bit better. Oh – and if you want us to stop the press conference, all you need to do is say the safeword, okay?" I'm giggling as I bend down and hiss it

into his ear. "The safe word is 'Mommy.'"

Believe me, we make sure what follows is very well-documented. And if you too want to chuckle at the absurd spectacle he made – hanging there helplessly in the oversized bouncer we built just for him, the gag now replaced with a giant baby pacifier strapped around his tousled head, those flabby legs kicking desperately at the ground as he tries to take the pressure off his horribly cramping, but still plugged ass – well, you can watch the video. You can listen to the calls and jeers of the "press", who were actually personnel and members of the resistance I asked to play the role. You can giggle at our mocking responses and his own inarticulate, babbling protests. And in the close-up shots, you can see the tears of humiliation building in his eyes, the utter horror and revulsion at the entire spectacle, and finally the crumpling of his disgusting face into nothing less than a full-out, shameful cry of "Mhhhoooooommmmeeee!"...

I think the mics might even have caught the spludgy, gooey sounds that began emanating from his thick – and prominently displayed – diapers the moment we lowered him out of the bouncer. Not to mention our laughter and the squishy thump as we "accidentally" let the straitjacketed tyrant slip onto the floor... right upon his freshly loaded diaper. For even the best plug will leak and slip free... particularly when two quarts of soapy water are churning within, begging to flood out in the most disgusting accident imaginable.

"Oh, dear! Well, you did your best, baby," I console as we haul the shuddering and moaning lout back toward his "nursery." "Fhhuucckk oooo!" is his only articulate response – and I shiver with delight at what his foul language has just allowed me to justify. "Such a dirty mouth on our patient!" I exclaim. "We'd better clean that out right away, shouldn't we?" Of course my nurses agree, and of course I laugh as he is forced to submit not merely to the much-needed indignity of a diaper change, but of a second enema – and a bar of soap jammed deep within his spluttering mouth.

"Now, be a good boy and let us clean all that naughtiness out," I admonish sternly, watching with relish as the tube is withdrawn and his third diaper of the day is drawn tight around him. "Just let it go. Think of it like your hold on power, baby. You want to hang onto it so bad... but in the end, you're going to lose it all. No matter how hard you try."

And over his blubbering and the sound of his latest enema jetting out into his rapidly swelling diaper, I wink at the nurses. "Now, can you all manage things for a moment? I need to step away for just a moment, but don't worry – I'll be back before you know it!" Oh, I will. You see, I have a particularly special surprise for Anton... and it's almost time to give it to him.

"Just be dears and make sure to get him all prepped for you know what. Better make sure he doesn't run away, either..."

Dmitri and I go way back. I'm not saying I've always been in love with him, of course. When Anton came to power everything got a little... complicated. But when I saw how manfully he stood up to Anton as a member of the Cabinet, and how deftly he managed to evade Anton's traps for so long, and how even in prison he refused to crack or compromise his integrity... well, I could hardly help but fall in love with him.

"Sorry I'm late, darling," I murmur now, as his arms slips warm and strong around me. "I just got so busy, you see..." His dark eyes are twinkling, his beard delightfully scratchy as he bends down and kisses me on the mouth. "Oh, did you now? I don't suppose I can help?"

He knows damn well how he'll be helping. I told him exactly what I have in mind a few days ago, shortly after we broke him out of prison. And far from being repulsed by it, he's more than ready to assist.

Which explains why we're now proceeding back to the "nursery". I want us both to be there when I confront Anton. I want to be able to laugh together later at the horror in Anton's eyes when he learns what to him must be a horrifying truth: that I've been working with Dmitri for months now. I want us both to relish the satisfaction and utter *schadenfreude* of teaching this abomination a lesson...

"Where is he now?" I'm stepping forward into the nursery, and I find the nurses dutifully gesturing toward the giant rocking horse in the corner. Atop it rests the captive Anton, now completely naked save for the set of cuffs on his hands and feet and the drool-spattered ball gag between his lips. He cranes his neck up at our approach, and then we're staring down into his shocked eyes.

"Say hello to your old friend Dmitri," I order – and Dmitri lets out a low and dangerous laugh as he regards the man who had kept him imprisoned these long, long months. "Oho, 'hello' seems like such a poor greeting!" he chortles, and then he glances over at me and plants an affectionate kiss full on my lips. "Here, darling. Instead of meaningless words, why don't we show this pathetic excuse of a worm what we really think of him?"

I may be skilled at many things, but writer I am not. God, how I wish I could express the shades of horror and fear flitting through our former tyrant's eyes as he watches us prepare! Off comes my nurse uniform, needed no longer. Off comes Dmitri's shirt, revealing the gaunt but still-muscled frame beneath. And all the while, as the two of us strip naked, the two nurses are staring on impassively, responding only to our requests for the toys and instruments that will be required...

"He is ready?" "Yes, ma'am. Lubed and ready." I smile at the sight of the still-glistening dildo on the table, and I nod, tugging the strap-on tighter around my naked hips. "Thank you, miss." Then turning to my companion – my love – my Dmitri. He's so beautiful, so naked and erect, so clearly ready to do what must be done. "Now then... shall we?"

The gag comes out then as Dmitri is maneuvering into position behind him. "No- no, please!" he slurs, flailing desperately in his bonds at the sensation of Dmitri's probing hands spreading his defenseless ass-cheeks. "This is- this- you can't-" "We all said that, too," Dmitri snaps, and a crack of skin on skin splits the air. "And yet you did anything and everything you wanted. You have no right to mercy now, you fucking bastard-"

The shuddering wail as he enters is music to my ears... almost as musical as the way they quickly devolve into muffled grunts and gurgles under my ministrations. You see, it's only inevitable when his mouth is being filled completely by my thrusting strap-on.

Yes, I am many things. But right now, precisely which role I am embracing does not matter. I am simply a strong and enraged woman, wreaking such wonderfully satisfying vengeance upon the man who has hurt her in every way imaginable.