

**Learning the Hard Way**  
August 2021 – Commission  
Chapter Four

Well, here I am at last. Though I still haven't got a clue as to why.

'Here,' that is, meaning the sprawling, respectable hospital out towards the edge of town. Thankfully I've never really had the need to visit this place before, so it's all pretty unfamiliar. *C Ward, they told me. C Ward, second floor. Ahh, there's a sign...*

*Okay, okay.* "C Ward: Rehabilitation and Physical Therapy." *Interesting.* But why the heck would they be calling me – Jessica Altenburg, a simple yoga instructor and part-time athlete – in for a meeting? All that the nurse on the phone would say was something about a consultation, about an acquaintance of mine that they wanted my input on...

Unless... No, it can't still be about that perv I knocked out with my stun gun awhile back, can it? I mean, I guess I did call the ambulance for him that night, creepy as he'd been. And I guess they did call me afterward to see what had actually happened. But that was, like, months ago by now, right? Heh, guess I'm too soft-hearted for my own good. And now I'm paying for it: by having to cancel both my appointments this morning and drive all the way over here, probably just to sign some stupid paperwork.

God. If so, maybe I should have just left that cretin writhing on the street where he'd attacked me.

"I'm here to see Doctor... um, hang on, lemme see. Doctor..." I'm scanning hastily through the notes on my phone, looking for the name I'd been instructed to ask for. "Ah, here it is!" I tell the receptionist with a slightly apologetic grin. "Doctor Harper?"

"Oh, of course, sweetie," the grey-haired receptionist responds with a smile and a tilt of her head. "Just four doors down that hall there on your right. She's expecting you." *Expecting me? Well, I sure hope she is. I don't want to have come all the way here for nothing...*

Though, as I soon discover, "nothing" is about as far from the truth as possible.

"Well, Jessica," Doctor Harper tells me some minutes later, after I've timidly found my way into her prim, diploma-bedecked office. *Jesus, she can't be much older than me! Here I thought she'd be a wizened old fossil, or at least mid-forties...* "I'm so glad you were able to make it!" she continues with

a warm smile. "How are you doing these days?" "Um, fine, I guess," I tell her, tossing back my brown ponytail and trying not to betray my irritation at what are merely absurd pleasantries. "Look, I don't exactly know why you asked me in here, but I do have kind of a busy schedule, and- I mean, I'm sure you're super busy too, of course..."

"Oh, I see, of course! Yes, we'll get right down to business," Doctor Harper nods, leaning forward. "Well then. I suppose you remember how we spoke a few months ago about a Mr. Dalton? Steven Dalton? Came in here after having, ahem, received a bit of discipline from your stun gun?" "Yep," I tell her. "God, is this *still* about that bastard? Erm, sorry, Doctor- I mean, pardon my French-"

"No, he's a bastard," Doctor Harper tells me with a tight-lipped smile. "And you can just call me Ava, by the way. Look, we know what that piece of work was trying to do to you. We know he tried to assault you that night, and you simply did what you had to do. So don't worry," she hastened, seeing my trepidation. "No one's blaming you or suing you or anything of that sort. To be honest, he came in here looking pretty messed up, of course, but it was nothing that would have prevented him from being discharged within 36 to 48 hours."

"*Oo*-kay," I reply, relieved at least to hear that I'm not on the hook for injuring a perv. "Wait... you said *would*. So, like, he *wasn't* discharged?"

"Still here," Ava affirmed with another smile. "You see, he was raising hell, as you might say, in my ward. Verbally abusing the nurses, threatening us, physically resisting... it wasn't pretty. And I knew that if we let him go, he'd just go out and pull that crap on others: maybe on other, far less nervy women than you..."

"Wait, so you're, like, holding him *prisoner* here or something?" I begin to laugh at the absurdity of my own words, but the look on Ava's face draws me up short. "No, not exactly a prisoner," she smiles wryly. "But I suppose any place of rehabilitation can feel like a prison if someone doesn't appreciate being rehabilitated..."

"But enough words. Why don't you come along and see our little rehabilitation project for yourself?"

I'm fumbling for words as I trot down the hall after this woman. *Rehab? Wait, so what exactly does she mean? And why am I being involved-?* "Right here," Ava nods, and I follow her gaze to a closed door marked simply "238." "Now, I understand that some folks are a bit squeamish in medical environments. If you'd rather not-" "I'm fine," I assure her, my curiosity now in full force. "Besides,

I haven't come all the way here for nothing!"

"Okay," she says simply, and opens the door. "Step inside, dear."

*What the holy fuck is going on in here?* It takes me some time to understand what I'm seeing. Two white-coated nurses are beside a raised chair of some sort, tending busily to an abject, nearly naked figure seated within it. The figure is blindfolded and cuffed, apparently – for though it appears to be squirming and writhing slowly as if in pain, it clearly cannot escape the wide, pink plastic bands wrapped around the wrists and ankles.

Then, as my eyes adjust and I step closer, I realize that there's a very good reason why this cuffed, helpless figure is writhing. There's a massive plug strapped into the figure's mouth: and into that is flowing a thick tube, itself hooked to a large, nearly empty bag that appears to have been filled with some sort of oily-looking liquid.

"Good, still in time for her morning routine," Ava observes in a curious, detached tone. "Jessica, I'd like you to meet Stephanie: the newly reformed version of the bastard who tried to rape you."

*What the fuck?!*

The nurse on the left pulls back the blindfold, and a pair of glassy, sullen eyes blinks out at me before widening in horrified recognition. *Holy shit, it IS him!* "Wha- how- who-" "It's simple," Ava assures me, as I stare in transfixed fascination and horror at the hapless figure before me. "He had zero respect for women, for authority, or for those he deemed inferior to himself. He acted like nothing more than an entitled brat who believed he deserved everything he wanted. And so, we have simply used Steven's time here in rehab with us to make him... well, the opposite of all those things."

"It's Stephanie now – a far more fitting name for a sissy little brat," she smiles calmly, watching as the nurses begin to undo the many medical restraints holding the whimpering patient fast. "No one asks for her opinion anymore – mainly because she can't give it anyway while she's got something usefully filling that nasty mouth of hers. No one thinks of giving her anything but what she deserves: which is usually a hard spanking, an enema, and an early bedtime. And no one here would dream of giving her any more respect than she ever gave women in her previous life..."

"Bu- but-" I'm spluttering, shrinking back slightly from the nurses as they tug the captive figure free from the chair. "This can't be legal, can it? I mean, I know he was a piece of shit- Wait, hold

on. Is that a- a-?!"

"Oh, a diaper? But of course," Ava chuckles, laying a reassuring hand on my shoulder. "Believe me, our little Stephanie wouldn't do very well without one these days! And as for legality, why, of course it is, dear. Steven signed the consent forms himself, while in his right mind: papers granting us full and exclusive rights to rehabilitate him and treat him in whatever ways we deem necessary."

"But is this- all this... erm, *necessary*?" I'm eyeing the figure's bulky, pink diaper as the nurses remove the feeding gag and thrust an infantile, oversized, similarly pink pacifier into the blushing patient's helplessly drooling mouth. "I mean, sure, it's humiliating for hi- I mean, her. But surely once you *do* let her go... I mean, what's to keep her from going back to her old self?"

"I'm so glad you asked, dear!" Ava beamed, and beckoned the nurses to bring the patient forward. "Now, if you don't mind, I think you can soon answer that yourself. Ask her: *what are you*?" "What are you?" I repeat timidly, eyeing the diaper-clad figure before me, whose mouth is now suckling fervently on the silencing pacifier... almost as if she finds it comforting. "Me- me a ftupid widdle fiffy baybee," comes the voice: muffled by shame and her pacifier, and yet compelled as if by some inner force...

"Yes, you are!" Ava praises in a voice dripping with condescension. "Now ask: "What happens to bad little babies?" I repeat the question, and out comes the burbled, lisping answer. "Bad baybeeth get fpankeeth. Bad baybeeth get puniffed. Bad baybeeth get diffipwined." "Excellent!" she replies, then turns to me with what can only be described as a sadistic twinkle in her eye. "Okay, you're going to love this one. Ask-" and here she leans closer and whispers in my ear. "Who's a pathetic little potty-pants?"

I dutifully stammer out the words, but weird as they feel on my tongue, it's nothing compared to the sight that unfolds before me. "Me is a puhtedic widdle poddy-panth!" Stephanie blurts out, red-faced with humiliation as the words escape her – and even as she does so, she squats down in place and scrunches up her face, for all the world like a toddler about to fill her pants. "And there she goes!" Ava chuckles softly, gesturing at the thick, pink padding hanging between her smooth thighs, which is already beginning to discolor and swell with a flood of urine. "Nothing like a few simple hypnotic triggers to turn an entitled little prick into a pampered plaything, hmm?"

I'm speechless, staring into the tear-filled eyes, the clearly soiled diaper, the drooling mouth, the cheeks flaming in humiliation behind the infantile pacifier. "Wha- I- wow, I mean- that's- that's-" "We wanted you to see how we've progressed," Ava tells me now, as the nurses tug their

whimpering charge away and begin tugging what appears to be a frilly pink dress over her head. "She's come along well now, as you can see from the hypnotic triggers. There's no way that she'll ever go back to her old ways: not so long as there's someone holding her metaphorical leash, someone to speak those words and turn her into a pathetic little puddle..."

I would smile at the pun, but then Ava takes my breath away with her next words. "So, now that you've seen her, would you be interested in... how shall we say it? *Adopting* our little patient?"

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When all is said and done, I'm still not sure I made the right decision.

Oh, sure, it's not like just *anyone* has the chance to adopt their hypnotized, regressed, former would-be rapist as a sort of house pet. But neither would I have had the time or money to put up with her shit – quite literally. Diapers and restraints and medicines and formula aren't cheap, after all, and though the hospital would have helped me out, still... yeah. I decided to pass.

Not that I don't find myself kind of loving what they've done to her. Why else would I be headed to Room 238 again this afternoon?

I mean, what else is a girl gonna do for kicks on a Sunday afternoon besides visit a pathetic little sissy? No, honestly! Weird as it may sound, I've found that there's nothing quite so satisfying as taking charge of your former attacker and smiling as he – now she – begs you for her ba-ba... before you speak the word and watch as they slowly, shamefully squat down and begin to fill their diaper like the helpless little toddler they've been trained to be...

Yeah, maybe I'll adopt her later. Maybe not. But for now, even just a visit gives me that hefty dose of schadenfreude I need. In other words, it's a hell of a lot of fun.

**The End**