

AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



Lena becomes a baby by C.A.Z.

Lena Becomes A Baby

by
C.A.Z.

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Chapter 1 - A Fragile Awakening



Lena first felt the heaviness in her limbs. Her right arm lay motionless in a cast, her left leg completely wrapped. A dull ache throbbed through her body - not sharp, but unpleasant enough to make her realize something was wrong. The sterile air of the hospital room smelled of disinfectant, and the cold glow of the neon lights made everything seem even more surreal. But then she noticed something else. A strange sensation around her hips. Something soft, thick, that confined her in a way she didn't understand. She shifted slightly and heard a faint rustling. Her heart began to beat faster. An uneasy tingling spread through her chest as she slowly realized what it was.

A diaper.

Heat rose to her face, her stomach tightening. *She was fourteen! Why...? Had they put it on her after the surgery? Had she needed it?* Just as panic began to spread through her, the door opened and a nurse walked in, a friendly smile on her lips.

"Good morning, Lena. How are you feeling?"

Lena swallowed. "Uh... okay, I think."

The nurse placed a few things on the nightstand and then looked at her gently. "I need to change your diaper now, alright?" Lena abruptly held her breath, her face grew so hot it hurt. She wanted to resist, wanted to scream that she could do it herself, but she couldn't. She couldn't even move properly and the realization of how helpless she was hit her like a punch to the gut. "I know this is uncomfortable for you," the nurse said calmly, "but don't worry, I'll make it as quick as possible. You'll feel better soon."

Lena wanted to hide under the bed, her fingers clawed at the sheets as the nurse carefully pulled back the blanket. Then she heard the sound of the adhesive tabs being undone, and a shiver ran down

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her spine. The diaper was gently opened and cold air hit her skin. Lena closed her eyes, unable to comprehend what was happening.

“Just relax, sweetheart,” the nurse murmured as she wiped Lena’s groin and bottom with a warm, damp cloth. The sensation was foreign, uncomfortable - not because it hurt, but because it made her absolute helplessness all too clear. She felt every single wipe, every moment of this humiliation. Her hands clenched into fists, and she forced herself not to cry. When the nurse was done, she reached for a fresh diaper, opened it, and carefully positioned it under Lena’s hips.

“I’m going to lift you just a little, okay?” she said before gently raising Lena’s hips with soft strength, just enough to place the diaper in the right spot. Lena squeezed her eyes shut even tighter, she didn’t want to feel herself sinking back into the soft material. The nurse picked up a small tube and opened it with practiced fingers. “I’m applying some protective cream to prevent skin irritation,” she explained in a gentle voice. Lena flinched slightly as the cool cream was applied to her skin, the nurse’s fingers were careful, but the thought of having to go through this made Lena wish she could disappear into the floor. She felt the cream being spread evenly, a protective layer between her and the diaper. But it wasn’t over yet, next, the nurse reached for a can and gave it a light shake. “And now a little powder.”

Fine, cool baby powder sprinkled onto Lena’s skin, leaving a faint, powdery scent in the air. It felt dry and pleasant, but Lena was sure she would never be able to endure that smell without shame again. She didn’t want to hear the careful sound of the sides being pulled up and secured with adhesive tabs. But she couldn’t block any of it out. When it was finally over, the nurse pulled the blanket back over her and smiled reassuringly.

“There, all done. You’re fresh again. Everything okay?” Lena nodded stiffly, unable to look her in the eye. Her body felt even more foreign than before, not just because of the cast, but because of the memory of what had just happened. “You’re doing really well, Lena.

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Soon you won't need my help anymore, and then this will just be a memory you can laugh about." Lena didn't dare respond.

When the nurse left the room, Lena stared at the wall, the soft rustling, and the slight pressure of the fresh diaper. She couldn't ignore it. She had survived the fall, but she didn't know how she would get through the next few days. Lena lay rigidly in bed, her cheeks burning with shame, when suddenly the door opened.

"Lena!" The familiar voice made her startle. Her mother hurried into the room, her eyes filled with relief and joy. She looked exhausted, with dark circles under her eyes, but her smile was warm and full of love. "You're finally awake! Oh, sweetheart, I was so worried about you." Before Lena could react, her mother leaned carefully over the bed and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Lena tried to smile, but inside she was still reeling from the shame of what had just happened. The diaper was still there, and she could feel it, the soft, thick material, the faint rustling under the blanket. And her mother was standing right beside her, Lena's heart was pounding wildly.

Please don't say anything. Please don't notice.

But her mother didn't seem to pay any attention to it instead, she sat down on the chair next to the bed and gently brushed a strand of hair from Lena's face.

"You really scared me," she said softly. "You fell from the tree in the park. Do you remember?"

Lena frowned slightly. Hazy images flashed in her mind, the rough bark under her hands, the cool autumn leaves floating in the air. And then the slipping, the sudden feeling of falling, the dull impact and then... darkness.

Slowly, she nodded. "Yeah... a little."

"You fell, and a passerby called an ambulance and I rode with you right away," her mother continued. "They examined you in the emergency room, and then you had surgery. Your forearm and leg are broken, but they're not complicated fractures. You just need to take it easy for a few weeks."

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Lena listened, but her mind wasn't really focused on the words. The diaper felt heavier and more present with every passing second. Every little twitch, every movement made her aware of it. She wanted it to disappear, to will it away, but she couldn't. Then it happened, as her mother spoke, her gaze unconsciously drifted over Lena's body, and for a fraction of a second, it lingered on the spot where the blanket bulged slightly.

Lena instinctively hunched her shoulders, her heart pounding in her throat. She knew her mother had noticed, but she said nothing - no comment, no pitying look, no awkward clearing of her throat. She simply kept talking as if nothing had happened. Lena didn't know if that was better or worse. Just as she braced herself internally, the door opened again and a nurse stepped in.

“Mrs. Bauer? Could you come with me for a moment?”

Lena's mother gave her an apologetic look. “I'll be right back, sweetheart.” She stood up and followed the nurse outside.

The door almost closed completely - but not quite. Lena heard voices, she didn't want to eavesdrop, but she couldn't help it. “...the neurological tests are still ongoing, but it looks like temporary bladder incontinence.” Lena's body froze. “It sometimes happens when the bladder is irritated by a fall. In most cases, it normalizes after a few weeks.” A lump formed in her throat.

“And if it doesn't?” she heard her mother ask, her voice muffled.

“Then we'd run further tests, but for now, we assume it will heal on its own over time.”

Lena gasped for air, her chest tightened, her heart pounding so loudly she could hear it in her ears.

Incontinence.

The word echoed in her head like a dull blow. She didn't want to hear it, didn't want to think about it, but it was too late and her throat constricted, and her thoughts raced.

This can't be happening. This can't be real!

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She felt her eyes burning and tears welled up, hot and unstoppable. She didn't want to let them out, didn't want to cry, but the fear overwhelmed her like a wave.

What if it didn't go away? What if it stayed like this forever?

The diaper rustled softly as she shifted restlessly, and that tiny sound was the final straw. Lena turned her head to the side, biting her lip to suppress a sob, but it was no use, and then tears streamed down her cheeks.

She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to pull herself together, but it was too much. The fear, the shame, and the helplessness. Everything crashed down on her at once and for the first time since her fall, all she wanted was to hide under the blanket and cry. Lena hastily wiped the tears from her cheeks as she heard footsteps. A moment later, the door opened again, and her mother stepped back into the room.

"Oh, sweetheart..." Her voice was soft and full of compassion as she immediately sat down beside Lena. She looked deep into her eyes, recognizing the pain, the fear, the uncertainty.

Lena bit her lip. She didn't want to cry, didn't want to seem weak, but her chest felt tight as if she were about to suffocate. Her mother gently took her uninjured hand and gave it a soft squeeze.

"I heard what the doctor said..." she began quietly. Lena felt a thick lump in her throat, she knew her mother must have noticed, that she had overheard the conversation outside and she knew she was aware of the incontinence. "Mom..." she whispered finally, her voice trembling. "What am I supposed to do now?"

Her mother sighed softly and brushed another strand of hair from Lena's face. "First, you're going to get better, my little one. And I'll be here to help you. No matter what happens."

Lena swallowed hard. "But... this isn't normal..."

Her mother smiled sadly and gently stroked the back of Lena's hand with her thumb. "You know, sometimes things happen in life that we can't foresee and yes, this is unfamiliar to you right now. It might feel wrong, but you're not alone, Lena. We'll walk this path together."

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Lena shook her head. "I don't want this. I don't want to be like this..."

Her mother didn't let go of her hand. "You're not 'like this,' Lena. You're still you. My strong, brave daughter. And no matter what happens, I'm here for you. You won't have to face this alone."

Lena blinked back tears, but it was pointless. "But what if it never goes back to normal?" Her mother leaned forward and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Then we'll find a way for you to live with it. I promise you, you'll always be you, no matter what."

Lena pressed her lips together, but her whole body trembled with fear. She didn't know if she could believe her mother. She wanted to so badly, but deep inside, there was still that terrible, gnawing uncertainty.

"I won't stay much longer so you can rest," her mother said softly. "But I'll be back tomorrow morning, okay?" Lena nodded slowly, though she wasn't sure if she wanted her mother to leave or not. Her mother leaned forward once more and kissed her lightly on the forehead. "I love you, sweetheart."

"I love you too..." Lena whispered, barely audible.

Then her mother stood up, gave her one last loving look, and left the room, then the door closed quietly behind her, and Lena was left alone. Immediately, she felt lost again. The fear crept back up, this time accompanied by a new, uncomfortable sensation: pain. It had been lurking in the background the whole time, but now it grew stronger. Her arm throbbed, and her leg felt heavy and uncomfortable. The painkillers must have been wearing off. She clenched her teeth, trying to distract herself, but it only got worse. After a few minutes, she couldn't take it anymore, with a trembling hand, she fumbled for the small remote next to her bed and pressed the call button for the nurse.

It didn't take long before the door opened again and a nurse entered. "Everything alright, Lena?"

Lena bit her lip. "The pain... it's getting worse." The nurse nodded understandingly. "That's normal. I'll give you some pain medication through the IV, and it'll get better soon."

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She stepped to the side of the bed, checked the IV stand, and connected a new dose of medication. Lena watched as the liquid slowly flowed through the tube and into her body. After a few minutes, she felt the pain subside, the throbbing pressure in her leg and arm gradually fading into the background.

Her body grew heavier, and the approaching drowsiness was welcome and the nurse smiled at her. "Try to get some sleep. Your body needs the rest." Lena nodded sluggishly. Her eyes grew heavy, her head sinking deeper into the pillow. The last thoughts she had before drifting off to sleep were filled with fear. But also with relief, at least for this moment, to escape reality.

Lena blinked against the bright morning light streaming through the large window. For a moment, she felt disoriented, unsure of where she was, but then it all came flooding back. The hospital, the fall, the surgery, and also the diaper.

Immediately, she felt the thick material between her legs, the faint rustling as she shifted slightly. The warmth rising to her face was almost as uncomfortable as the memories of the previous day. Her gaze drifted to the nightstand, her phone lay there, but it was off - the battery dead. She sighed quietly, what was she supposed to do all day here? Before she could think further, the door opened, and a nurse entered with a friendly smile. She pushed a small trolley ahead of her, on which lay a fresh diaper, washcloths, a bowl of warm water, soap, and a clean hospital gown.

"Good morning, Lena! Did you sleep well?" Lena hesitated, then nodded. "Today, we'll get you freshened up," the nurse explained gently. "Since you have the cast on your arm and leg, we'll stay in bed. I'll help you, but I'll be as careful as possible, okay?" Lena wanted to protest, wanted to say she could do it herself, but she couldn't. She was completely dependent on the nurse's help, and that made her feel even smaller. Without waiting for a response, the nurse pulled back the blanket and began carefully unbuttoning the hospital gown.

"I'll start with your upper body," she said reassuringly. With a soft, warm washcloth, she gently wiped Lena's arms, shoulders, and neck. The water felt nice, but the sensation of being washed by

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someone else made Lena feel terribly uncomfortable. The nurse soaped her skin with calm, even strokes, then wiped away the suds with a fresh cloth. "Now your back," she announced. She carefully lifted Lena slightly, so she was half on her side and ran the warm cloth over her shoulders and upper back. "Are you doing okay? Is the water temperature alright?" Lena only nodded silently.

When the upper body was done, the nurse took a fresh cloth and moved lower. "Now I'll clean your lower body, okay?" Lena swallowed and pressed her lips together. There was nothing she could do so she nodded slowly. The nurse carefully opened the adhesive tabs of the diaper and pulled it down. Lena held her breath as the cold air hit her skin, and before she could wonder if the diaper had been used, she noticed something. Her pubic hair... was gone. Her face instantly burned.

"W-why...?" she stammered. The nurse followed her gaze and seemed to understand immediately. "In the hospital, patients who need to wear diapers are shaved to keep the skin healthy and prevent infections."

Lena closed her eyes, this was beyond humiliating, not only did she have to wear diapers - now she was as bare as a little child. "It's okay, Lena, it'll grow back," the nurse said soothingly. Lena couldn't respond, she was far too embarrassed. The nurse took a new washcloth, dipped it in the warm water, and began carefully cleaning Lena between her legs.

Lena felt every single gentle swipe of the warm cloth, the sensation of damp warmth on her sensitive skin. She couldn't do anything about it, couldn't escape. She just wanted it to be over quickly.

"Almost done," the nurse said in a calm voice as she wiped away the last traces of soap. Next, she reached for the fresh diaper. "I'll slide the new diaper under you first so you'll be all set in a moment," she explained gently. Lena flinched slightly as the nurse tucked the folded diaper under her hips and carefully lifted her to position it properly. "There, now a bit of protective cream." The nurse opened a tube and applied the cool cream with gentle movements to

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Lena's sensitive skin. Then came the baby powder. The familiar, sweet scent filled the air as the nurse sprinkled the fine powder onto Lena's skin and rubbed it in softly. Finally, she pulled the diaper up, adjusted it neatly, and secured the adhesive tabs. The familiar rustling made Lena's cheeks flush again, but it wasn't over yet. Next, her legs would be washed.

"Alright, now you'll get some fresh clothes," the nurse said kindly. She took the clean hospital gown and helped Lena into it carefully. Since Lena couldn't move her right arm, the nurse gently pulled the sleeve over the cast and then slowly buttoned it up. "There, now you're fresh and ready for the day," she said with a smile. Lena nodded hesitantly, even though she still felt just as uncomfortable inside. The nurse pulled a piece of paper from her pocket and placed it on the nightstand. "Here's the menu for lunch and dinner. You can just check what you'd like, I'll pick it up later."

Lena glanced briefly at the list, various dishes were listed, but she had little appetite at the moment. Just as the nurse was about to push the trolley out of the room, Lena remembered something. "Um... could I have something to drink?" she asked quietly.

"Of course! I'll bring you some water right away." The nurse smiled once more before leaving the room. Lena was alone again, the fresh diaper feeling cleaner, more comfortable than before, but at the same time, more real. Her gaze drifted to the window, out into the bright morning. Soon, the doctors would come for their rounds, and probably someone would talk to her about her incontinence.

Lena closed her eyes. She knew she had to get used to all of this, but she didn't know if she could. She lay still in bed, her gaze wandering aimlessly to the window. The morning sun shone softly into the room, but instead of filling her with warmth, she only felt empty and uncertain. Her mother's words still echoed in her head. *"No matter what happens, I'm here for you."* She wanted to believe it, but every time she heard the faint rustling under the blanket or felt the unfamiliar sensation of the diaper, she was reminded of how much had changed. A soft knock at the door pulled her from her thoughts.

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The nurse entered with a friendly smile, in her hand, she held a tray with a glass of water. "Here's your water, Lena. Take a sip first." Lena tried to sit up, but with the cast on her right arm, it wasn't easy. She remained half-lying in bed and reached for the glass with her left hand. As soon as she lifted it, she realized it was heavier than she'd expected. Her fingers were weak, and when she tilted the glass slightly, a splash of cold water suddenly spilled over her hand and dripped onto the sheet.

"Oh, no!" she gasped, hastily trying to put the glass back, but more water sloshed over the edge. The nurse was immediately at her side, gently taking the glass from her and placing it back on the tray. She grabbed a small towel and dabbed the wet spots on Lena's hand and the blanket dry.

"It's okay, that can happen," she said reassuringly. "Wait a moment, I have a better solution." She left the room, and Lena sighed quietly. Her cheeks were already burning with shame, even something as simple as drinking had become a challenge.

After a few minutes, the nurse returned - holding a transparent sippy cup. "Here, with this, nothing can spill anymore," she said with a cheerful smile, handing the cup to Lena. Lena eyed it skeptically for a moment, the sippy cup looked exactly like the ones they had used in kindergarten. Another reminder of her helplessness. A sharp pang of shame shot through her, but she knew she had little choice. So she took the cup and carefully took a few sips. It felt strange, but at least she didn't spill anything this time. Just as she was about to set the cup down, the door opened again. A doctor in a white coat entered the room, followed by a young resident carrying a clipboard.

Lena froze. She immediately felt her face grow hot as she realized she was still holding the sippy cup. The doctor gave her a friendly smile. "Good morning, Lena. How are you feeling today?" Lena lowered her gaze and quickly put the cup back on the tray.

"Um... okay," she mumbled. The doctor stepped closer to the bed and glanced briefly at the clipboard. Then he turned his attention back to her. "We'd like to talk to you today about your recovery and

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see how you're doing. Your leg and arm will heal well in a few weeks, but of course, we need to make sure you don't overexert yourself." Lena nodded slowly, waiting for him to bring up the topic that had been haunting her since she woke up. And then it came. "Regarding your bladder function, we ran some tests yesterday," the doctor began in a calm voice. "The good news is that we didn't find any permanent damage to your bladder. Your current incontinence is most likely a result of the fall. These things happen sometimes, especially when the body is in shock."

Lena felt her stomach tighten. "And... what does that mean now?" she asked quietly.

The doctor gave her an encouraging smile. "It means your body needs time to recover. It's possible that everything will regulate itself in the next few weeks. If not, we'll look into it further." Lena nodded slowly, but the uncertainty inside her remained.

What if she never went back to "normal"? What if she had to go home like this? To school?

She bit her lip and tried not to let her thoughts drift further in that direction. The doctor made a few more notes on his clipboard and then looked at her again. "Do you have any questions, Lena?" Lena just shook her head silently. "Good. Then rest up, and if you need anything, let us know." With those words, the doctor and his resident left the room.

The nurse stayed for a moment longer. "I'll come back later to pick up the menu for your meal. If you need anything else, just press the button, okay?" Lena nodded mechanically. "I'll be back soon," the nurse said with an encouraging smile before leaving the room.

Lena leaned back into the pillows and let her gaze drift back to the window. The sun was shining brightly into the room - but for her, everything felt gray and heavy. She knew she had to be patient, but at that moment, it felt like she was crumbling under the weight of her helplessness. Lena was alone in the room again, her gaze fixed on the white ceiling above her. The faint rustling of the fresh diaper under the blanket kept reminding her that nothing was the same as it had been before. She sighed quietly and turned her head to the side.

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On the nightstand lay the meal menu the nurse had left, she picked it up with her uninjured hand and skimmed the options. "Potato soup, pasta with tomato sauce, or fish with rice..." she murmured softly. She didn't really have much of an appetite, the lump in her throat made it hard to think about food. But she knew she had to choose something and after a brief hesitation, she marked the pasta and put the menu back down.

Just as Lena was trying to sort out her thoughts, the door opened, and the nurse entered with a breakfast tray carrying a fresh roll with spread, some butter, and a steaming cup of tea. At the same time, her mother walked into the room, her eyes lighting up with relief when she saw Lena.

"Ah, perfect timing!" her mother said with a smile as she purposefully pulled a chair up to the bed. "You must be hungry, Lena."

The nurse set the tray on the nightstand and picked up the empty sippy cup. Without a word, she opened the teapot she had brought and poured the warm tea into the cup. Lena's mother watched the scene and raised an eyebrow in curiosity.

"A sippy cup?" she asked. The nurse smiled slightly. "Lena tried with a regular glass, but with only one free hand and lying down, it was a bit tricky. With this cup, nothing can spill."

Lena felt her face grow hot and in that moment, she wished for nothing more than to sink into the floor. Her mother glanced at the cup for a moment and then gave a small chuckle. But instead of saying anything, she simply took the breakfast tray and calmly began cutting the roll and spreading the butter. Lena bit her lip. The way her mother looked at her - full of warmth but without pity - made it almost harder for her. She knew her mother only wanted to help, but for Lena, every little gesture felt like a confirmation of her own helplessness. She just wanted to be normal. The nurse, seemingly unaware of Lena's inner struggle, took the meal menu from the nightstand. "I'll take this for now. If you need anything else, just press the button, Lena." Lena nodded almost imperceptibly, too ashamed to say anything. With a friendly smile, the nurse left the room, leaving her alone with her mother.

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As she spread the butter, her mother murmured to herself, "Good thing we took out the supplementary insurance. Now you have a private room and at least some peace and quiet." Lena swallowed hard. She hadn't even thought about the fact that she had a private room until now.

Wasn't that something reserved for elderly people or important figures in the hospital?

Her mother didn't seem to notice her mental pause. She continued cutting the roll into small, bite-sized pieces. "I've taken nursing leave for the next week. I want to make sure I'm here for you until you get used to the new circumstances." Lena was inwardly stunned.

Nursing leave? Wasn't that something you took for small children or elderly people?

But the worst was yet to come. When her mother picked up the first piece of the roll and held it to her lips, Lena stared at her in shock.

"Mom, I..." she began, but her mother just kept talking.

"I'm really sorry you had to have an accident right at the start of the holidays... you were so looking forward to having a bit more freedom." Lena barely listened. She could only focus on the piece of bread in front of her face. Almost fourteen years old, and she was being fed by her mother. It felt absurd and humiliating. She wanted to take the piece from her hand, wanted to eat it herself, but with the cast on her arm and her immobile position, she knew it would end in another embarrassing scene. So she lowered her gaze, opened her mouth, and let her mother feed her the first piece. As she chewed, she felt smaller than ever before, not just because she was being fed, but because she knew she simply couldn't do it on her own.

As Lena slowly chewed the last piece of the roll, her mother settled more comfortably into the chair beside her. With a gentle smile, she began to speak. "I spoke with the doctor earlier, Lena," she said, placing her hand reassuringly on the edge of the bed. "If everything stays the same by tomorrow morning, you can go home."

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Lena's eyes widened slightly. "Tomorrow already?" she asked, surprised.

Her mother nodded. "Yes. They just want to make sure you're stable. In the meantime, I'll prepare everything for your care at home. I'll stay with you for the first week. That's why I took nursing leave." She smiled slightly. "It's one of the perks of my job."

Lena didn't know how to respond. On one hand, she was glad to be going home soon, but on the other, the thought of being at home in her condition scared her. After all, it was already hard enough here, and at home, she wouldn't be able to hide things as easily.

Her mother seemed to sense her thoughts and pulled a small charger out of her bag. "Here's your charging cable. I'm sure you've been waiting for this." Lena nodded and reached for it with her left hand.

"Thanks, Mom." For a moment, she actually felt relief. Her phone had been dead for hours, and she felt cut off from the world. Her mother stayed for about an hour, they talked about various things - friends, the holidays, and Lena's favorite TV shows. It felt good for Lena to have a bit of normalcy in this sterile hospital room and finally, her mother stood up.

"I need to run a few errands. But I'll be back after lunch." She paused, a slight smile on her lips, and added in a teasing tone, "Or should I come back to feed you your lunch?" Lena shook her head vigorously, her cheeks burning.

"No, Mom! Please don't!" Her mother laughed softly and gently stroked her head. "Alright, I get it. Rest up, okay? See you later." With those words, she left the room.

As soon as her mother was gone, Lena immediately grabbed the charging cable and plugged it into her phone. She sighed in relief as the screen lit up and the battery icon appeared. It was still empty, so she had to wait before she could finally use it. For the first time, she took a good look around her room, the private room was surprisingly cozy, the bed was positioned near the window, where the bright sunlight streamed in, bathing the room in a warm glow. To the right hung an IV stand, to which she was connected a small

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nightstand next to the bed offered just enough space for her water bottle, the sippy cup, and a few personal items. To the left stood a simple chair that her mother had used earlier and further back, against the wall, was a flat-screen TV. The room was clinically clean, but the green curtains by the window and a small plant on the windowsill gave it a touch of life.

Private room... hmm, Lena thought. At least no one can see me here. Being changed and fed...

Just the thought made her tremble inside. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, soon, she would be able to go home, but the uncertainty about how things would continue there lingered like a shadow in her mind. After a short while, Lena's phone finally turned on, and she breathed a sigh of relief. She immediately opened a few messaging apps and scrolled through updates from her friends.

Time passed faster than she had expected and in the middle of watching a video, the door slowly opened, and the nurse entered the room with a cart.

"Well, Lena, it's lunchtime!" she announced with a friendly smile. Lena blinked in surprise.

Was it really already noon?

She set her phone aside and watched as the nurse pushed the cart right next to the bed. On the top shelf was a tray with the ordered pasta dish and a small glass of juice. But before Lena could eat, the nurse turned to her.

"I'll just check your diaper first, okay?" she said as she carefully pulled back the blanket. Lena felt her heartbeat quicken, even before the nurse had checked the diaper, Lena noticed the changing supplies on the lower shelf of the cart: fresh diapers, wipes, cream, and baby powder. Just the sight of it was enough to make her face burn. "This needs to be changed," the nurse said matter-of-factly after a quick check. "But first, let's get you some food."

The nurse adjusted the bed so Lena was almost sitting upright and placed the tray directly in front of her on the small table. The pasta dish was in a handy bowl, and it was easy to eat with a spoon. Lena carefully took the spoon in her left hand and found that it wasn't

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too difficult to eat with it. As Lena hungrily took her first bite, the nurse filled the sippy cup with juice. She placed it next to the tray and said, "Here's some juice. If you're thirsty, just take it." The warm meal felt really good to Lena. It was the first time since her accident that she felt somewhat normal, she could eat on her own, even if it was slower, and the taste of the pasta was comforting.

When Lena finished, the nurse cleared the tray and reached for the changing supplies. "Okay, now let's take care of the diaper," she said in a calm tone. But just at that moment, the door opened, and Lena's mother walked into the room.

"Hello, you two!" she called cheerfully. But as soon as she saw the scene, she seemed to understand what was going on. "Oh, I'll help with the diaper change!"

"Mom, please don't!" Lena immediately exclaimed, her face turning bright red. "That's not necessary!" Her mother just smiled. "Lena, I changed your diapers when you were a baby. And when you come home tomorrow, I'll have to do it anyway. So you might as well get used to it." Lena wanted to protest, but her mother was already moving closer to the bed.

The nurse, who obviously saw the situation as completely normal, nodded. "Then we can do it together."

The nurse began by pulling the blanket all the way back and lifting Lena's hospital gown slightly so the diaper was fully visible. Lena could hardly bear the heat on her face and wished she could just turn away.

"Alright, we'll do it like this morning," the nurse explained as she laid out a fresh diaper and the other supplies. She undid the adhesive tabs of the old diaper and carefully pulled it down, leaving Lena completely exposed for a moment. Her mother held back, but Lena could feel her gaze and wished she could sink into the floor. The nurse took a wipe and began gently cleaning Lena between her legs. She was thorough but careful. "This is important to keep the skin healthy," she explained, more for Lena's mother than for Lena. "Would you like to take over?" the nurse suddenly asked, handing a fresh wipe to Lena's mother.

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“Of course,” Lena’s mother said without hesitation. She cleaned the remaining area, including Lena’s bottom, with calm, practiced movements, while Lena could barely breathe from embarrassment.

“Very good,” praised the nurse. She folded the old diaper, set it aside, and slid the fresh diaper under Lena’s hips. As she did so, she lifted Lena slightly, with her mother helping by placing a hand under her back. “Now comes the cream,” the nurse explained, opening a tube and squeezing some onto her palm. She spread the cream evenly over Lena’s sensitive skin, including her groin and bottom, to prevent irritation. Then she sprinkled a generous amount of baby powder over it, filling the room once again with the familiar powdery scent. “That’s almost it,” the nurse finally said, pulling the diaper up and securing the adhesive tabs on both sides. She checked the fit once more before nodding in satisfaction. “There, now you’re fresh again,” she said with a smile.

Lena’s mother cleaned her hands and stepped back. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Lena didn’t answer, she simply couldn’t. Her face burned with shame, and she just wanted this moment to be over. After the nurse cleared away the used materials, she made sure Lena was comfortable again and pulled the blanket over her. “If you need anything else, Lena, just press the button,” the nurse said before leaving the room. Her mother sat back down on the chair and looked at her.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” Lena shot her an annoyed look.
“Mom... please stop.”

To spare Lena, her mother changed the subject. “I brought you a toothbrush and some clothes for tomorrow,” she explained, placing the items on the chair and starting to lay them out, pointing to each piece. “A comfortable T-shirt and a tracksuit - something loose will probably be most comfortable for you.” She paused briefly before adding mischievously, “I left out the underwear.”

Lena stared at her mother in disbelief. “Mom, please stop!”

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She felt her cheeks turning red and turned her head to the side. But her mother just chuckled. "Okay, okay, fine. I just like taking care of you." Lena sighed deeply. She felt like a little child, and her mother didn't seem to notice, or maybe she just didn't take it seriously. The shame crept deeper under her skin. Still, her mother stayed for about an hour, chatting about all sorts of things as if nothing had happened. She mentioned that she was clearing out a room on the ground floor so Lena wouldn't have to climb stairs. "I want you to be as comfortable as possible," she explained, listing her plans.

Lena only nodded mechanically, she didn't want to disappoint her mother, but the thought of being so restricted and dependent weighed heavily on her. It felt like she was losing her independence piece by piece, after a while, her mother said goodbye to head home and continue with the preparations. "I'll be back tomorrow morning," she said, gently stroking Lena's hand before leaving. As soon as she was gone, Lena immediately reached for her phone, it helped her pass the time and distract her thoughts. She scrolled through messages and watched a few videos, but the helplessness and the underlying pain remained.

Later, as the pain grew stronger, the door opened again, and the nurse from the previous evening entered. She pushed a cart with dinner inside, followed by a younger woman Lena hadn't seen before. The young woman was also wearing a nurse's uniform but seemed less confident and stayed slightly in the background.

"Good evening, Lena," the familiar nurse said with a friendly smile. "I've brought some help today." She gestured to the young woman. "This is Julia, one of our trainee nurses." Lena nodded hesitantly, but she immediately felt uncomfortable. The thought of someone else being there made her nervous, she avoided the young nurse's gaze and already felt her cheeks growing hot again. "How are you? Are you in pain?" the nurse asked as she placed the tray on the nightstand.

Lena nodded slightly. "Yes, a little..."

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“We’ll renew the IV after dinner so the pain will ease again,” the nurse explained, already placing the pre-cut roll in front of Lena. The sippy cup was still on the nightstand and without a word, the nurse picked it up and filled it with juice. It didn’t seem like a big deal to her, but Lena felt the shame spreading through her again.

Why did she have to be treated like this? Couldn’t she just be normal?

The young nurse watched the scene attentively but said nothing. Lena wondered what she was thinking.

That a nearly 14-year-old was still being treated like a toddler?

The thought only made her more nervous. As she slowly ate the roll, the room filled with an uncomfortable silence. The nurse calmly prepared everything for the IV while the young nurse stood by, apparently waiting for instructions.

The food did Lena good. It was simple, and the raised bed made it easier for her to eat with her left hand. Still, she felt watched, and that made every bite harder to swallow. When she finished, the nurse cleared the dishes and began renewing the IV. Lena relaxed a little, thinking the pain would surely ease soon. At least until the nurse said, “I’ll just quickly check your diaper before we go.” Lena immediately stiffened, and her face turned red again and she hoped the check would be quick, but it only got worse as the young nurse watched. The older nurse lifted the blanket, checked briefly, and then said, “Everything’s still fine. We don’t need to change it.”

But that brief moment was enough to make Lena flinch inwardly with shame. She turned her head to the side and avoided looking at either of them. The heat in her face burned almost unbearably, and she felt like she might sink into the bed. She barely noticed as the nurses left the room. Only when the door quietly clicked shut did she take a deep breath and close her eyes. As she calmed down, Lena realized the pain was gone and an overwhelming feeling of tiredness took over.

Is it because of the medication? she thought before drifting off to sleep.

The sun shone warmly on Lena's face as she slowly opened her eyes. For a moment, she blinked into the light, turned her head to the side, and reached for her phone. A press of the button showed her that it was later than yesterday, almost time for the doctors' rounds. She sighed quietly, the thought of the doctors and the upcoming conversations made her chest tighten. She didn't want to go through that routine again, didn't want to be reminded once more of how helpless she was.

Just as she set the phone aside, there was a knock at the door, and the medical team entered the room. The same doctors as yesterday and the familiar nurse from the morning before.

"Good morning, Lena," the doctor began with a smile. "How are you today?"

"Fine," Lena replied softly, even though she felt anything but fine inside. The doctor stepped closer and glanced briefly at the assistant's clipboard. Then he turned back to her.

"The results of your latest tests look good. You're stable, and we've given the green light for your discharge, so you can go home today."

Lena only nodded. The thought of being allowed to go home was relieving on one hand, but on the other, the idea that all her problems would simply continue there made her uneasy.

"Rest well and give your body time to recover," the doctor added before saying goodbye and leaving the room with his team. The nurse stayed a moment longer. She picked up the sippy cup from the nightstand and held it up. "I'll bring you a fresh one for breakfast later," she said with a small smile before leaving as well.

A few minutes later, the door opened once more and Lena's mother arrived, right on time like the day before, with a smile on her face. "Good morning, sweetheart," she greeted Lena, immediately pulling a chair up to the bed. The nurse entered shortly after with the breakfast tray. On the tray were rolls, a small bowl of jam and butter, and the sippy cup freshly filled with tea.

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While Lena's mother set up the breakfast and began feeding her like the day before, the nurse stayed and turned to her mother.

"Mrs. Bauer, I wanted to discuss something with you," the nurse began calmly. "We recommend getting a special mattress cover for home and maybe even plastic pants for Lena. That can ensure the mattress stays clean in the first few days, just in case something happens."

Lena froze mid-motion, her gaze fixed on the nurse. "What do you mean?" her mother asked, slightly concerned. The nurse leaned a little closer and spoke quietly.

"Lena was changed last night because the diaper was completely soaked. It was likely due to the medication and her deep sleep. She didn't even notice it."

Lena felt the blood rush to her face, her cheeks burned, and her throat tightened. Her heart began to beat faster, and a lump formed in her throat.

"Ah, I see," her mother said calmly. "We can do that. I'll take care of it tomorrow." But Lena could barely listen. The nurse's words echoed in her head.

Changed last night... She didn't even notice it.

Suddenly, another thought shot through her mind. The young nurse from yesterday... she wasn't there, was she? Her breathing grew shallow, and she felt the shame almost overwhelming her. The thought that a stranger - especially that young trainee nurse - might have seen her in that state made her inwardly collapse with embarrassment.

"Everything okay, Lena?" her mother suddenly asked when Lena didn't react to the next bite. Lena snapped out of her thoughts and nodded hastily.

"Yeah... yeah, everything's fine," she murmured and took the bite, but it was hard to swallow.

The nurse finally said goodbye after giving Lena's mother a few more tips, leaving Lena and her mother alone in the room. "Alright, sweetheart," her mother said as she prepared the next pieces of bread. "Eat a bit more, then we'll get you dressed and ready