

An Unforgettable Flight
Chapter Two
October 2021 – Commission

Goodness, the situations I get myself into are... well, you can't make this stuff up. Literally.

Yeah, I know I kinda started it. I guess I did pull Chelsea aside – Chelsea being that poor, frazzled stewardess – and make my offer to knock that asshole out cold with a little sleeping pill. I even told her about that guy we- well, never mind. But she was all ears, and before I quite knew it, there I was: bright young Nurse Amy, blithely volunteering in front of all the other passengers on this 767 to give this bastard exactly what he deserved.

And you know, for every moment that I wonder whether I'll get in trouble for this, there are a dozen others in which I find myself reveling in exactly what we'll do to him.

Oh, we won't hurt him... too much. We just need to take his dignity, his entitled attitude, his pride, and everything he thinks he is and crumple it up before his eyes. We need to publicly humiliate this jerk. And thanks to my past experiences, I know exactly where to begin.

What good luck to have so many fellow medical professionals on this plane!

"We're going to need to strip him first," I tell Chelsea and the two other nurses who have risen from their seats, eager to assist. I cast a wry and knowing glance over at 27C, where our victim – I mean, patient – lolls, snoring louder than my little Vespa scooter back home. "He treats everyone else with zero dignity, right? So it's only fair that we do the same to him and see how he likes it."

Oh, he's heavy: probably a good four hundred pounds, and not very much of it muscle. I hate to think what shape his poor internal organs must be in, what strain his heart must be under, and what condition that ill-used digestive system of his must be in. Well, never mind. We can remedy at least some of that later on...

Somewhat to my surprise, none of our fellow passengers do more than grimace and nod in agreement as we slip first his shirt, then his shoes and socks, and finally his pants from his corpulent frame. *Hmm, here's his passport! Frank Albion. Resident of New Jersey. 43 years old. Interesting.* I pocket the ID, then give a nod in response to the querulous glance from my fellow nurse – Alice, I think she said. "Yep, keep going! Need some shears for the underwear? I might have some small grooming scissors in my carry-on..."

But with a tearing sound and a sidelong grin from Alice and her companion Nina, the job is done. There lies our victim, unconscious and naked and completely at our mercy.

"I don't suppose you'd happen to have a-" But Nina is already on her feet, tugging down what must be her personal carry-on from the overhead bin. "It is lucky that I packed these samples," she smiles, and I almost laugh in delight as I see her produce a small stack of what can only be geriatric disposable briefs from the bag. "They wanted me to find someone to give this new line a try," she chuckles, handing one to Alice with a grin on her pretty face. "And I think this fellow is a perfect test subject, don't you? They should be the right size, too-"

"Don't forget the powder!" Alice interjects, and before I can stop her, she's brandishing a bottle of medicated talcum powder – taken from god knows where – above our patient's bare groin. "Here, we'll get the brief under him first. Nina, give me a hand here, okay?"

Well, it's only a matter of minutes until, as our fellow passengers look on in mingled shock and amusement, we've succeeded in our mission. The still-comatose guy is lolling there in literally nothing but a white, powder-filled diaper... and even though I suppose we could stop here, I know there's so much more we can do. So much more we *should* do.

"I don't suppose you happen to have any restraints in that bag of yours..." I venture.

Why on earth Nina has so much of this stuff in her bag is a mystery – although later, I begin to have my suspicions as to the reasons why. In the moment, though, I'm merely amused and delighted to see the complete Segufix apparatus appearing from the depths of that suitcase of hers. "Perfect – exactly what we need!" I cheer, and begin giving directions to get this snoring piece of human trash hoisted back into his seat. And all the while, Chelsea the stewardess looks on in what appears to be mingled shock, admiration, and mirth.

Once he's there, it's only a matter of minutes until the three of us have this obese fellow precisely where he needs to be: fully restrained. Ankles and wrists? Cuffed tightly to the seat's steel arms and legs. Pudgy shoulders? Firmly strapped back against the seat padding. Bulging waist? Wrapped securely in a wide plastic band, and complemented with a lovely, tight crotch strap that does nothing but accentuate the crinkling, puffy padding of the diaper beneath.

"And now to give us all some peace and quiet," I announce, slipping a wadded stocking from my own bag into the guy's snoring mouth, then watching in satisfaction as Alice deftly wraps a few

strips of medical tape around to secure it in place. The guy twitches slightly then – probably as much at the scattered applause and cheers that go up from the onlookers, as at the sensation of having his mouth stuffed full of something other than food. "There!" I exclaim, with a glance and a wink at Chelsea. "Now we're all going to enjoy our flight a bit more, aren't we?"

Oh, if only I could explain just how beautifully, gloriously satisfying it is when that jerk finally wakes up!

It must be nearly half an hour later, after we've all settled back in and begun chatting with our astonished and laughing fellow passengers, that he emits that first groggy moan. "Oh, excuse me! Looks like our patient needs me," I apologize to the Swiss cardiologist to my right, before rising and laying a cool hand on the guy's twitching arm. "Hey, baby!" I lilt, hardly managing to suppress my laughter at the incredulous and blearily disoriented look in his piggish little eyes. "Wakey-wakey! Aww, are you a little... *tied up* at the moment?"

Of course he struggles – all the more so once I explain to him precisely why he's being treated like this. "You harassed our lovely stewardess," I rap out, with a gesture in Chelsea's direction. "You've done nothing but bother her and the rest of us here today with your foul language, and your non-stop demands, and your awful, unthinkably rude behavior. You didn't just simply cross the line of decency, buddy; you smeared it, kicked it, spat on it, and pounded it into oblivion. And so... well, all of us here decided enough was enough."

"Oh, don't worry!" I add, with a wink at Alice and Nina who are looking on gleefully. "We'll make sure to keep you entertained the whole time. And actually, we think you can help us provide a bit of in-flight entertainment in return. You know, to make up for being such an intolerable ass before..."

I know a thing or two about dealing with patients who don't want to take their medicine. And that knowledge comes very much in handy now as Nina hands me a water bottle that she's filled with... well, with something evil. I'm not going to ask too many questions, but judging by the drug names and phrases I heard her and Alice discussing, I'm pretty sure it's going to have some intense effects.

Not that this spluttering, struggling guy can do anything about them. Surrounded by chuckling passengers and their smartphone cameras, I force the liquid down his throat, ounce by ounce, and briskly replace the gag as soon as it's over. "Now, then!" I smirk, as I watch the hatred and fear smoldering in his eyes. "Don't worry – you'll be fine. It'll only take an hour or two to work through

your system, at the most..."

God, it's delightful to watch the bastard's face as the realization of exactly what that means dawns in his groggy and drug-addled brain.

And sure enough, it happens... and even sooner than I anticipated. Maybe an hour later, somewhere around halfway into this insanely long flight, his terrified and muted whimpers are drowned out by a muffled, gurgling splatter – and I know that our fast-acting laxative has found its way through his clogged digestive tract. "Not such hot stuff now, huh?" I ask, having risen from my seat and standing imperiously over our beet-red and struggling victim. "God, look at you – shitting yourself like an actual baby! So much for being a man, hey?"

Then the smell reaches us, even as another wave of muffled explosions sound from beneath his flabby and padded ass. "Good god, you stink!" I call out for the benefit of the fellow passengers, who erupt in a chorus of giggles and similar exclamations of morbid disgust and delight. "Oh, god, really?" "Yeah, can't you smell it?!" "Oh, damn, that's fucked up..." "Hey, buddy! Serves you damn right, you asshole!" "Aww, did the great big baby make a great big stinky in his dipie?!" (That last was from Nina.)

"Look, folks!" I join in gleefully, as I squish the now-warm padding deep into his groin and revel in his muffled groan of revulsion. "This guy who thought he could do anything he wanted is sitting here now, shitting his pants like an absolute idiot! What do you think we ought to do with this stinky, shitty asshole now, hey?"

Yeah, maybe I'm risking my entire career here. I dunno. Maybe I'm gonna get in big trouble. But as I and my two accomplices finally release our victim in a chorus of laughter, only to push him down and begin the messy process of changing his smelly diaper, I find myself shrugging away such thoughts in indifference. *Well, too far gone now. Might as well push it all the way now that we've started, right?*

Though that's before Chelsea calls me over with an odd note in her voice and a strange gleam in her eye. She seems to have hatched a new idea... and I'm not sure if I can quite believe what she's telling me, let alone agree to it...

(To be continued!)