

An Unforgettable Flight

Chapter Three

November 2021 – Commission

You know how they say that sometimes the tiniest falling rock can set off an entire, earthshaking avalanche? Yeah, I think that's more or less what my first little chat with Nurse Amy was.

I'm probably in way over my head now. But oddly enough, all our highly unorthodox treatment of this jerk of a passenger seems to be going swimmingly. Heck, the passengers were actually cheering us on as we humiliated him, forcing him to fill that diaper of his and have it changed right in front of god and everyone. But still, now that he's been restrained once more and is glaring sullenly back at us, I know that I need to find a way to deal with any repercussions after this plane eases to a halt in Tokyo. I need to ensure I won't get my ass fired for assaulting a passenger or something. And perversely, precisely because I need to make sure he won't squeal – or sue us, or cause some really unfortunate publicity for my airline – I need to finish what I've started.

In other words, today is going to be only the very first day of this asshole's rehabilitation process.

"Hey, can I talk with you for a minute?" I ask Amy, for the time being ignoring the muffled grunts and angry glares from our restrained patient. "Just back to the lavatory again, if you don't mind..." Once there, I lay it all out for her: my concerns about what to do with Frank once we land, and my willingness to keep up what we've started. "I mean, part of it is simply that I can't have him threatening my job," I admit, and Amy nods readily. "But I really do want to see him learn to respect women – and that's something that he's only going to learn through your techniques – and over a long period of time..."

"So, what? You want to, like, kidnap him or something?" Her tone is half-joking, but as I nod firmly her expression morphs into one of incredulity. "Listen, we'll be helping him!" I reason, gesturing down the aisle at the hapless captive. "He's gotta learn at some point, right? What do you want to do? Tell him nicely to be a good boy and send him on his way?"

And so, in the end I win her over – though to be perfectly honest I expected a much bigger fight. "We're just gonna need him out cold for a few hours," I explain, with a quick glance at my watch. "We'll be landing in only two more hours, and he's gotta be bundled away safe and sound before then."

"Bundled away?" she echoes wonderingly, but obligingly trots back down the aisle to reconnoiter

with Nina and Alice. I have no doubt that they'll do their best in forcing another bevy of tranquilizers down the guy's throat, which means that in the meantime I can begin working through some other highly important matters. His identification, for one thing. And the potentially sticky matter of his friends and next of kin who might be perturbed to have him seemingly drop off the face of the earth.

But, by a stroke of good fortune – or maybe just as a natural result of his clearly repellent personality – it appears from my quick check of the passenger database and his possessions that the lout in question has no close connections to worry about. No emergency contact data provided. No family photos in his wallet, no meaningful contacts in his phone, nothing more than a Costco membership card and a Mastercard. He's apparently made a booking for a week at a hotel in downtown Tokyo, which I quickly cancel. After that, all that remains is to take care of the guy himself: to knock the creep out cold, and get all the witnesses to go along with us...

God, sometimes I frighten even myself with my own cunning.

By the time I emerge from my quick check of his records, he's already starting to snore. "Damn, you really put him down for the count!" I whisper to Nurse Amy, who flashes a cheeky grin and shrugs. "Took a bit of doing, but yeah – we did it in the end. Believe me; with what we put into him, he's not going anywhere for a good four hours at least..."

And so, with our victim – I mean, patient – safely unconscious, it's time for me to address our other passengers, many of whom are already casting amused and expectant glances over at the loudly snoring, diaper-clad guy in 27C.

"Listen," I begin in my brightest and sweetest tones. "I really can't thank you all enough for bearing with us as we've been dealing with our friend here. I know it must be a distraction and maybe even a disturbance from what is already a long and tiring flight." *Now for the pitch.* "As you can see, we've been informed by our medical experts that the best thing for handling this situation is to keep him sedated and under control until we land –which we've done, with the help of Nurse Amy and her assistants. And of course, since his harassment and behavior will be a matter for serious and possibly even criminal investigation, we'd simply ask for now that none of you report what you witnessed here today. Are we all okay with that?" A pause, in which a few scattered cheers and claps went up. *Good, good. They're with me so far...*

"There's just one little issue remaining, which is that we need to get him safely into custody for questioning once we land. And as you are no doubt aware, his size makes it very difficult to shift

him around. But fortunately," and here I produce the folded bundle of cloth I've found deep in a flight attendant-only locker, "We've got the perfect solution right here! I'm wondering if you all would mind if we took care of bundling our irritating friend away right now?"

It's a body bag, of course – kept hidden away for those unfortunate moments in which a passenger might actually die while onboard. And far from being disturbed by it, these medical professionals responded with laughter and scattered applause. "Sure, go for it!" "He deserves it, definitely." "It's just a body bag – he can breathe through it just fine..." "Want some help, ma'am?"

We do want help – and we get it, too. Oh, I wish I could describe the surreal scene that unfolds: Nina and Alice unfastening the Segufix bonds holding him in his seat, Amy securing his wrists and ankles together, and then all of us easing his prodigious bulk off his seat and down into the waiting confines of the body bag. I maybe should be getting a picture of the most comical development of all – Amy and another passenger seated astride him, trying to zip the thing closed around his flabby bulk – but then I decide not to... just in case there's any trouble later on. It'll have to be good enough to simply remember the scene, and the laughter from the fellow passengers, and the taunts of "Good night, asshole!" and "Sweet dreams!" that are jeeringly hurled his way...

And so it is that, when at long last we hear the grind and thunk of the landing gear and we jerk forward in our seats while the captain slows the plane to a safe taxiing speed, seat 27C is empty. Instead, deep in the farthest confines of the rear, propped against the bags of in-flight garbage, lies a bulky, strangely lumpy body bag, just waiting to be carted off...

For further treatment, of course. In the discreet confines of my own place on the outskirts of the city...

Not that he has any idea where he is when he wakes, of course. Nurse Amy and I made sure of that.

For when he wakes at last, nearly six whole hours after touchdown, Amy's long gone. She had that conference to prep for, after all, and so after helping me bundle the lout through the door and into the spare bedroom, she was off to her hotel. "You saw how the restraints work, right?" she'd grinned with a sidelong glance at the cuffed and now-soggy figure of our patient. "Do whatever you have to with him. You have my info, of course, so feel free to text if anything comes up..."

So yeah – it's just me and this asshole now. I'm tired as hell, naturally, but not too tired to change

the soggy diaper he's wearing. Not too tired to run those straps to the corners of the bed, binding him spread-eagle to the mattress. Not too tired to double-check his gag, and to smile to myself at just how this one crazy day has come to an end: with me safely back in Japan, and with a guy whom I can take my revenge on for the rest of the foreseeable future...

It's late morning when I wake at last, and even as I struggle to open my eyes I can hear the strangest of noises coming from the spare bedroom. *What the hell?* I wonder absently – until the memory of the last 24 hours hits me, and I sit upright with a start. Has it all been a wild dream? Surely I didn't really- truly-

Oh, I did. Still clad in just my lingerie – because why dress up when I live alone? – I pad into the guest room and stare, fascinated, at the sight before me. And there he lies, just as obese and helpless as I remembered. And smelly, too, and soggy. Because clearly the rest of the laxatives were making their way through his system, and judging by the state of the bulging diaper between his fat thighs, he must've been sitting in his own, overgrown, messy pampers for quite some time.

"Aww, if it isn't my new baby prisoner!" I jeer, approaching and beaming down into his pig-like face. He stared up at me, gurgling strangely behind his gag, and I smile. "Oh, my – I bet that's super uncomfortable. I don't suppose you'd like your new Mommy to untie it, would you?" I don't quite know where this Mommy talk is coming from, but somehow with him being treated like a baby it only makes sense... doesn't it?

And so I set about cleaning him up. The gag comes out at last, and I messily tip a glass or two of water into his sputtering mouth to keep him hydrated. "Goodness, I'm really going to have to find a bottle for such a messy baby," I chortle, and am rewarded with a gasping "Fuck you!" before I silence him once more with a wad of cloth. "Babies shouldn't talk at all, let alone like that!" I scold, with a hand pressing firmly down into the messy bulk of his reeking diaper. "Come on – you really don't want to be mean to the one person who can change you, do you? Or does my baby want to lay here in his shitty pants the entire day?"

Once I've cleared away the mess and taped him into a fresh diaper – from the stack Amy left behind, of course – it's time to tell him precisely what's going to happen to him. And oh, how much fun it is, too!

"You're here because you're a piece of shit human," I tell him plainly, watching with relish as he writhes in his bonds. "You harassed me. You made yourself a hell of a nuisance to your fellow passengers. You really seem to think that the only person who matters in life is you. And so, I've

decided that if your own mama didn't teach you how to be a decent person years ago, it's high time someone did." He's grunting, straining, struggling to break free... but of course the bonds stay firm.

"So I guess what I should be saying is welcome!" I continue brightly, glancing down at his crinkling and absurdly padded crotch. "Welcome to the first day of the rest of your life... as my baby. You're going to stay here, like it or not, until you learn your place. You're going to learn to respect women, not treat them like dirt. You're going to be trained to obey me and do everything I say, because if you don't... well, you're going to come to wish you hadn't. Got that, asshole?"

The flicker of fear in those angry eyes is strangely intoxicating. And as I rise, more conscious than ever now of what a feminine figure I must cut in my lingerie, I cast a wry backward smile. "Oh, and don't worry – I'll make sure you don't get too lonely! A few of my friends from yesterday said they might want to come see you before too long..."

Now, then. Time to go find my new baby slave some formula!