

An Unforgettable Flight

Chapter Four

December 2021 – Commission

Oh, god. I'd drunk too much booze again, hadn't I? Shit, the weird-ass dreams I'd had: full of cruel doctors, and bitchy nurses, and all kinds of horrific things they'd done to me...

My eyes blinked open uncertainly, and I found myself staring up at a pair of bars – and beyond them, the darkened ceiling of some sort of bedroom. What the hell? Bars? I turned to my right, and then to my left, only to find more bars on either side of me. And with every little movement of my head, a rustling crackle of something soft and plasticky beneath me...

Oh, fuck. Maybe it hadn't all been a dream, after all.

A sudden burst of feminine laughter sounded from somewhere beyond the closed bedroom door, and as I struggled to roll myself over and sit up, I felt myself puzzling over where I'd heard that voice before. Maybe- maybe I'd heard it in my dreams? But if those hadn't been dreams after all... well, then where and in what hell had I heard that voice before?

Thunk. Ow, fuck! I reached up to rub my head that had connected with the bars above me, only to find that my hand was... a sock? Wrapped up in one, at any rate. Feeling a rising bubble of irritation and panic within me, I wriggled my fingers in an attempt to free them – but it was no use. Both of my hands had been wrapped up with some weird sort of padding and covered in what appeared to be socks, and all I could do with them was beat them fruitlessly against the bars of this idiotic cage that resembled an oversized crib...

Wait. What the hell was I even wearing?

I couldn't have helped the yell of horror that escaped me even if I'd tried. As I glanced down and found myself wearing not my usual t-shirt and sweatpants, but a white sort of onesie-thing that wrapped around my butt and buttoned at the crotch, I knew for certain. Those dreams had not been dreams at all. They were my reality: my horrifying, humiliating reality.

It must have been that yelp of mine that brought them. Not just one, but four women came giggling and laughing through the door – and even as I was still blinking at the sudden burst of light, they were surrounding me, peering through the bars with their gloating expressions. "Oh, damn, he's awake!" "Good work, Chelsea! This thing is perfect. Wherever did you get such a big

crib?" "Aww, that onesie is precious! Though it's kind of plain, if I'm being honest..." "Yeah, I know, I know! Hang on, I think we'd better see if he needs a change first..."

A change?! But of course. I heard a metallic click and clank, and then the bars before me began to slide smoothly down. They were reaching in, pushing me down onto my back again, probing fingers feeling down between my thighs, testing my- my...

My diaper? Oh, shit. Those dreams hadn't been dreams after all.

"Kinda wet, but not too bad," the tall one announced, and as I stared up into her eyes something clicked in my mind. She was Chelsea. Chelsea, the flight attendant who'd been such a bitch. Chelsea, who god knew how long ago I'd found smirking over me, telling me that I was going to become her baby prisoner or some sort of shit like that. Chelsea, who must have done all this to me, and who I now found myself hating with the passion of a thousand suns.

"Aww, looks like you remember me now!" she beamed, and then she was tugging me upright again. "Yeah, remember your Mommy Chelsea? You're my baby now, honey: my sweet, overgrown baby in training..." "I'm noh- noh yuh baby," I spat, my tongue feeling strangely dry and thick in my mouth. "You can't do thith- you have no righ'- you bith-"

"Aww, but I do!" she giggled, and then they were all tugging me forward over the edge of the crib and down to the floor, where I stood at last on unsteady legs. "I have every right in the world, Frank! Or should I say, *Francine*? Because I've been thinking it over, and I really think you'd be far cuter as a little girl baby. Girlie baby clothes are just so much cuter, after all..."

"Fuck you," I returned coldly – and then, before they could react, I was bolting for the open door. Sure, I was dressed like an idiot, but that didn't matter. I had to get out – leave these lunatics – make my escape and find my way to the police. Out into the hallway! To the right. Slipping over the polished floor into the living room beyond. There- there was the door! Just a few more seconds-

Then the carpeted floor was rushing up toward my face, and my padded hands were flying out instinctively to protect me, and I gasped as I crashed to the floor, the breath wheezing out of me under my own heavy weight.

"Not so fast, you little stinker," came a voice, and then strong hands were clutching at me, dragging me backward, flipping me over despite my frantic struggles. A weight settled painfully on my gut, and I found myself staring up into the grimly smiling face of one of those other nurses. Amber?

Amy? Not that her name mattered. She was atop me, pinning me to the floor, stuffing something thick and cottony into my protesting mouth – and the other three were exclaiming about exactly what to do with me. Ropes. No, Segufix. No, cuffs. Hey, maybe it was time to open those presents a little bit early...

Presents?

Oh, yes. It was only once they'd herded me, still struggling and shaking with muffled rage, over to one of the kitchen chairs and cuffed me fast with more of those awful Segufix bands that I found out what they meant. "We're here to celebrate your adoption by Chelsea, duh!" the one I heard them calling Nina giggled. "We all helped give you a bit of what you deserved on the plane, after all. So we thought it was only fair to drop by a few weeks later: you know, just to say hi and give her some presents to help train her new baby..."

Wait. A few weeks?! Had I really been conked out for weeks at a time? I honestly couldn't remember much more than a confused mass of cramping guts and taunting voices and the feel of cuffs on my limbs, so maybe it was. Or maybe they were just making it all up to make me even more terrified...

If that was their plan, I had to say it was working.

But no one seemed to mind the frightened glances or the muffled pleas for mercy I was trying desperately to force through the cloth gag they'd stuffed in my mouth. "First things first, Chelsea! Yeah, open this one. We thought you'd get a lot of use out of something like this..." What emerged from the pink-and-blue wrappings was a rubber bag – one of those things you see in doctors' offices sometimes, with a long white tube snaking down and ending in a lubricated tip.

"An enema bag? Aww, thanks – just what my baby needs!" Chelsea exclaimed with a smirk – and then they were telling her how they could use it for feedings, too... if you added another of the toys they'd brought. Painful seconds ticked by as they filled it at a counter somewhere behind me amid a chorus of giggles, and before I knew it, the wadding in my mouth was being tugged free. "Whaa-? Fuc-hhmmppphhh!" I wasn't even able to get one fully formed word out before I felt a rubbery bulb being thrust into my mouth. They were gleefully gagging me once more: inflating the device, hooking the tube to it, laughing about how I'd better be a good baby and drink my juice if I ever wanted to get free again...

Of course I gulped at the fizzy, strangely sweet liquid that came flooding into my mouth. I didn't have a damn choice: because it was either swallow or choke to death.

I soon found myself losing track of all the diabolical things that these women had brought to increase my torment. I saw frilly diaper covers, and onesies, and plugs, and paddles, and mittens, and some things that I had no idea how to even describe, let alone how they were used. And all the while they were grinning over at me, patting my bulging cheeks and cooing over what a good baby I was being, drinking all my yummy juice like a good girl...

Why, oh why did they have to act like I was a girl? I was a guy, through and through! I had the dick to prove it and everything. God, if only there hadn't been four of them, I'd have knocked the little bitches out and shown them their place... But the cuffs held fast, and the liquid kept coming, and soon I was just sitting there praying that I wouldn't vomit before that awful feeding tube ran dry.

Did I mention that I really had to take a piss, too?

"Aww, such a good baby!" I'd drained the bag dry, but judging by Chelsea's grin she wasn't nearly done using it to torment me. "Now, I really think we'd better see how this works for the other end, don't you?" *No, God, no- not that!* But there was nothing I could do but sit there, gurgling and struggling in my bonds, while the sadistic bitches busied themselves with preparing some awful soapy mixture and filling the bag full to the brim. They were going to give me an enema, and somehow I knew that they weren't exactly going to give me a chance to use the toilet afterward, either...

Of course not. Down on the floor they shoved me, having released me from my chair only to lock my ankles and wrists together. "Mmmphhh!" I wheezed as I felt gloved fingers invading the damp padding around my ass. *No, I couldn't let them- I'd wriggle, twist, struggle for all I was worth-*

But as I felt the slick tip of that hateful tube slide deep inside my ass, I knew I'd lost.

"Better fetch one of those super-heavy-duty diapers," I heard Amy giggling as the warm, liquid weight in my belly grew and I writhed in growing discomfort. "Or maybe two. Because when he lets loose, I really don't think just one will be able to handle it..." And so it was that when the entire bag had been forced into my bowels, I felt myself being rolled over and onto two fresh diapers: not as a replacement, of course, but as additional, and apparently badly needed, layers of protection.

"Ooh, let's try out those new clothes, too!"

I don't think I'll ever forget those agonizing minutes: standing there in my cuffs and bulging diapers, my swollen gut cramping like I'd just contracted food poisoning. And all the while, these four laughing women were busied themselves in removing my onesie and finding new, frilly abominations to force me to wear. First came a pink onesie, and lacy pants that snapped shut over my diaper, and then stockings, and locking mittens over my hands, and a stupid baby dress with a stupid collar and a hideous frilly skirt that barely came down to my thighs...

"Oh, and don't forget the wig and bonnet!" "Ooh, yeah: and maybe this new paci ? It doesn't lock, but I suppose you could find a strap..."

As the horrible wig descended on my head, and the inflatable gag was replaced with a humiliating baby dummy that filled my mouth with its rubbery teat, I let out an involuntary whimper of terror. Something was giving way down there in my belly... and there was no longer anything I could do about it.

"Aww, does the wittle baby have a tummy ache?" "Go on, it's okay!" "Just use your pretty dipie, baby – that's what it's for!" Not that I had a choice. I groaned behind the hateful nipple in my mouth as the first wet explosion burst free and flooded into the seat of my diaper. I was shitting myself. Literally shitting myself in front of these four women, and all while being dressed like the stupidest, most pathetic baby girl imaginable...

"Ooh, that's right! Make a stinky for us, baby!" "Aww, poor wittle Francine! Such a rumbly little tummy..." And I found myself sinking to my knees, groaning softly and sweating as wave after wave of shit and water spurted out of me, filling the first diaper and then spreading wetly out into the second. The weight was growing heavier, sagging between my thighs, just like the smelly pampers of some stupid drooling baby helplessly loading her pants...

And then my bladder let loose, too, adding even more hot liquid to the rising flood.

"Phfuck ooo," I managed once the storm had subsided. "Phfuck evey one uh ooo..." "Ooh, baby used some naughty words!" Amy exclaimed, and I saw Chelsea pursing her lips in determination. "Bad baby!" she scolded, and I found myself suddenly being pushed down onto all fours. "Babies who talk like that don't deserve to talk, do they? All they deserve is a spanking: a hard, hard spanking..."

Apparently when I thought that it couldn't get any worse than standing there shitting my brains out into a diaper, I was wrong. It could get worse: much worse. I lost track of how long the

spanking went on, each of the four women taking turns raining blows down upon my squelching, smelly, diapered ass. And all the while I was hearing them taunt me for being such a smelly little baby, a dirty, potty-mouthed little sissy who didn't deserve to talk if all I could say was naughty things, a stupid, pathetic, shitty-pantsed little girl who needed to learn her lesson...

I was sobbing by the time they finished, as much from the humiliation as from the pain of their repeated blows. I couldn't bear to even meet their gaze as they forced me back onto the floor, exclaiming over how smelly I was and how badly I needed a change, opening my diapers and groaning over how disgusting I was. All I could do was screw my eyes shut and gulp back my sobs and pray... not for release, humiliatingly enough, but for the fresh, clean bulk of a new diaper.

Yes. I, Frank Albion, was lying there before four women dressed like a sissy baby, crying and begging wordlessly for nothing more than a clean diaper and the comparative safety of the cage-like crib in which I'd wakened. They were in complete and utter control, I knew now. And much as I hated to admit it, all I could do was let it happen, hoping against hope that I wouldn't lose my sanity along with my dignity before these women eventually tired of tormenting me.

If they ever did. But judging by the gleam in Chelsea's eyes as she forced the giant pacifier back into my mouth, that wasn't about to happen anytime soon. And so I thought pathetically – not for the last time – that maybe taking that flight to Japan had been a mistake.

THE END