There was a screen in front of Sam with spirals of ever changing colours spinning around and around. Sam couldn’t look away, she realised her head was held in place by straps and her arms were tied to the chair. She became vaguely aware of voices around her. The scene faded just as quickly as it had come to her.

Sam’s eyes opened again, or had they always been open? Sam had no idea if she had been asleep or just zoned out. The screen was still showing it’s spirals and Sam was relaxed in the chair, she was still strapped down but she wasn’t straining against them anymore.

“Are you sure she’s OK?” A male voice said.

“She’s fine, Dr. Nelson. Her vitals are all normal.” The woman’s voice replying to the man, “Just let things play out.”

“Professor Hughes, I know you really want this but…” Dr. Nelson sounded nervous. Sam could only stare at the screen in front of her feeling her brain tuning in and out.

“I am helping her.” Professor Hughes replied with a hard edge to her voice.

Professor Hughes. Why did that name sound familiar to Sam?

The spirals seemed to be speaking to Sam. She couldn’t explain it, she was sure there were no words on the screen and yet there were phrases repeating in her head. Blackness descended again as Sam let out a small moan.

Sam came to and was grateful the screen had been switched off. The room was dark but she was still tied down, she had no idea if anyone was in there with her but she felt exhausted. She slumped in her chair and felt something between her legs that managed to cut through the fog that dampened all her senses.

“Wha-” Sam lazily managed to say but her energy was non-existent.

There was a diaper between Sam’s legs. The restraints holding Sam’s head up were gone and she allowed her neck to relax, she looked down and saw that all she was wearing was a bra and a diaper. It confused what little part of her brain that was still capable of thought.

“She’s awake!” This was a male voice but it didn’t sound like Dr. Nelson, “Get the professor!”

Sam couldn’t work out what was happening and her vision was constantly fading in to and out of focus. She felt her eyelids being opened and a light shining into it, she tried to pull her head away but she was too weak. Somewhere behind her she heard a door open and then close.

“How long has she been awake?” Professor Hughes’s voice was loud and clear. Sam recognised it but couldn’t believe it.

“Just a few minutes.” Came the reply.

Sam was looking down at the ground with the strap around her chest keeping her upright. She saw a pair of women’s shoes and as her eyes moved up she saw a white coat. Sam made a supreme effort to lift her head up and once her vision cleared she saw Jess staring down at her. A smile split her face.

“Test the triggers.” Jess ordered, “If she passes proceed to phase two.”

Sam’s head flopped forwards again and she was enveloped by unconsciousness yet again.

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Sam could feel shaking like an earthquake. She had her eyes closed and wondered what was going on until a particularly big bump forced her eyes open in shock. She tried to sit up but found herself still lying across Jess’s lap. What’s more she was swaddled in a blanket and had a pacifier in her mouth. How had all this happened whilst she had been asleep?

“Relax, baby.” Jess cooed softly, “It’s just a bit of turbulence. We’re coming in to land.”

Sam was disorientated. The dream had felt so real. Or was this the dream? Her head was cloudy still and she almost felt like she was jumping back and forth between two realities. She was having trouble distinguishing between the real world and the dream one. If her thinking had been more coherent she would’ve felt concerned but as it was all she could do was look up at the ceiling of the plane as her tongue danced around the latex teat in her mouth.

After a couple of minutes Sam felt her strength returning a little and she started wriggling around. The confines of her swaddling felt almost claustrophobic and she wanted her limbs to be free. As she started trying to get up Jess looked down with a smile.

“**H U S H L I T T L E O N E.**” Jess said clearly.

Sam had heard those words not long ago and she remembered how it made her feel as it affected her again. The weakness enveloped her body and straight away her struggling weakened a great deal. She sucked on the pacifier feeling it giving her some comfort as the voice in her mind telling her that something was wrong retreated to the back of his mind.

“It’s OK, baby.” Jess said softly, “This is just to keep up the disguise.”

A small part of Sam knew that there was a problem. That she was completely out of control of the situation and at the mercy of someone she didn’t really know wasn’t a good thing, but her brain couldn’t offer any kind of resistance or a way to get away. Jess was playing with Sam’s hair and smiling. The small woman noticed her hair had been braided but she couldn’t remember that ever happening. Had it happened when she was asleep? Just how long had she been unconscious?

All this thinking was too difficult and Sam found it much easier to just listen to Jess’s words and do as she said. If Jess said this was the correct thing to do then it was the correct thing to do. The turbulence was still shaking her about on Jess’s lap and she felt grateful that the tall professor was holding on to her. She felt safe.

“I-” Sam started.

“Shh, just lay there for Mommy.” Jess said. She was smiling but her voice made it clear this wasn’t up for debate.

Sam did as she was told.

The turbulence continued and Sam felt all the jolting calling a need to her bodily functions. The bottles she had drunk had filled her small bladder and now she was being told by her brain just how much she needed to visit the little girl’s room.

“I need the bathroom…” Sam lisped awkwardly around her dummy. Her little cheeks turned pink at the embarrassing admission.

“Can you wait till we get through customs?” Jess asked.

Sam wasn’t really sure but she stayed quiet. Just a few seconds later she felt the plane bounce and belatedly realised they must have finally landed. The problem was that the bounce also exposed just how much she needed to use the bathroom. She chewed on the bulb of the pacifier and crossed her legs under the swaddling. They couldn’t get off this plane fast enough for Sam.

“Ladies and gentleman, this is your Captain speaking, we have safely landed but there is a bit of a queue for the gate. We’ll be switching off the seatbelt sign but we ask people to remain in their seats unless they have a reason for standing.” The intercom said.

Sam visibly winced as the pilot announced they would have to sit on the plane a little longer. The small chance she felt she had of making it to a bathroom seemed to fade away. She let out a little whine and looked up at Jess who was patiently waiting as the plane came to a stop outside a gate.

“I don’t think I can make it.” Sam mumbled in embarrassment. How could she try to argue she didn’t need this treatment when she was so desperate that she couldn’t wait till they got through customs?

“You need the potty?” Jess asked condescendingly.

Sam could only nod her head as her cheeks blazed. She felt so embarrassed. Before taking off she had been a fully functioning and independent young woman, now she was swaddled in another person’s lap and hoping this other person would take her to the toilet before she embarrassed herself further.

With a small ding the seatbelt light turned off and Jess slowly got some things together before standing up. Sam could see other people walking down the aisle and dearly wished she was one of them. Eventually Jess stood up with Sam being held in her arms. She walked over to the bathroom but it was occupied.

“Please hurry…” Sam muttered around her pacifier. She wasn’t sure if she was talking more to whoever was in the toilet or Jess.

“Excuse me.” Jess said. Because of the swaddling holding Sam in place she wasn’t able to see who she was talking to until a stewardess walked close to them.

Sam couldn’t help but blush as she was held in Jess’s arms between the two women and able only to see their upper bodies, faces and the ceiling. She could feel a slight dampness in her panties and truly didn’t know if it was urine that somehow leaked out or sweat. Either way she felt like she was going to burst.

“Can I help you?” The stewardess asked.

“No, I’m OK thanks.” Jess replied with a smile, “I’m just going to take my little one to the facilities at the back of the plane.”

“Oh, of course.” The stewardess replied, “It’s a long flight. She can’t be expected to make it all the way. We should be disembarking in about five minutes so you have plenty of time.”

Sam didn’t know what the stewardess was referring to but she just wished Jess would get on with things. She needed the toilet immediately. If there was a toilet at the rear of the plane why weren’t they going straight there? Sam tried to work out what the stewardess meant by not being “expected to make it all the way” as Jess carried her down the aisle towards the rear of the now stationary plane.

Sam was carried all the way to the back and then a door was opened. As she went through the doorway she immediately saw that this bathroom was bigger than the others but that barely mattered to her at that moment, she just wanted to be sat on the potty so she could finally relax.

“Hold on a moment.” Jess said.

Sam was lowered and surprised when she rested on a padded surface. It seemed to be too big for the sink area and she couldn’t work out why else there would be such a space in a plane. There would be no reason for a table in a bathroom…

The swaddling was loosened and then pulled out from under Sam. She looked around in confusion for a second and then gasped. She opened her mouth to shout.

“**H U S H L I T T L E O N E.**”Jess said.

Sam’s mouth hung open for a second and then closed without making a noise. Now she knew for certain that there was something going on. It was the phrase she had heard before and just like the previous times she immediately felt limp and incapable of independent action. She didn’t know what was happening to her but she knew it wasn’t good.

Equally not good was her current location. With her vision no longer obstructed she saw that the padded table she had been placed on was a baby’s changing table. She tried to move her arms or legs but could only flail like a baby, her legs kicking out uselessly.

“Just relax, baby girl.” Jess said with a smile, “We’ll have you all sorted in a couple of minutes.”

Sam watched helplessly as Jess reached down and opened one of the drawers. She reached in and pulled out the item Sam had feared she would. The diaper was designed for a baby but Sam already knew it would fit her. The white padding crinkled softly, the cartoon prints on the landing zone seemed to scream “Baby!” and Sam cringed as it was brought towards her.

Sam gurgled uselessly as she tried to tell Jess that she absolutely didn’t want a diaper. She saw it get placed next to her and as much as she wanted to knock it away she couldn’t make her arms obey her.

“It’s OK.” Jess said as she went to the foot of the table, “Just let Mommy help you.”

Sam was panicking. She wanted to run away but was unable. The phrase Jess had said had taken control of her body away from her. She had fog clouding her thoughts and despite knowing Jess was doing something to her she felt compelled to listen to what she said. Her racing mind was pushed further back in her brain and the voice telling her to just relax and let “Mommy” help her got stronger.

Jess started manipulating Sam’s relaxed body. She stripped Sam down to her panties before they came off as well. Sam was completely naked but unlike at the airport Jess was not going to give her any time alone, quite the opposite in fact.

Sam closed her eyes and blushed as her hips were lifted to slide the diaper underneath. She was lowered on to the padding and felt her soft skin sink into it slightly. She remembered this feeling from the horrible nursery and it felt like the two sides of her brain were screaming at each other, one side had a soothing voice and was telling Sam to just listen to Jess whilst the other was more insistent and telling her she had to resist. Unfortunately the more insistent voice was drowned out.

The diaper was pulled up between Sam’s legs and taped tightly closed. It was just how the small woman remembered it feeling. The padding separating Sam’s thighs felt even thicker than she remembered. Her legs were splayed out slightly and lightly kicking at the air in the disorganised way a baby would do it.

“There we go!” Jess looked triumphant that she had finally managed to get Sam into a diaper, “That’s not so bad. Now you can do your little tinkles and not worry about things like the toilet.”

Sam shuddered as the small amount of control she had over her own body fought to hold back the urine that wanted to break out of her bladder. Whatever Jess was doing to her Sam was determined to try to hold on to the last bit of dignity she felt like she had. If she could just get off the plane she could get away from the weird professor and go home. Sam was dressed in her yellow jammies again as she tried to fight off the fog that prevented her from calling out for help.

Sam was lifted up and placed against Jess’s chest. Sam’s face pressed against Jess’s shoulder which at least let her hide her blushing cheeks. She could feel the professor’s hand on her padded rear and was cringing over how it felt. To make matters worse her bladder was still aching for relief. They went back down the plane and to their seats again. Shortly after sitting a pacifier was pulled out and pushed between Sam’s lips.

“You’re being such a good girl.” Jess said as she brushed Sam’s braided hair out of her face, “We’ll be off the plane soon.”

Indeed it was only after sitting for a minute that the doors opened and the stewardesses started helping people exit the plane. Sam saw people looking down at her and smiling as they walked past, all Sam could was mumble around the pacifier and uselessly move her arms and legs. Underneath her jammies the diaper rubbed against her and crinkled. She still needed to pee but she was fighting the signals telling her to just let go.

Sam felt humiliated that she had been reduced to this. She looked up at Jess and remembered her dream. She couldn’t remember anything like that happening to her and yet it felt so real. She didn’t understand how this had happened, she willed herself not to cry but found it difficult to hold back her emotion. Her whole mind swirled with confusion, more than anything she needed some time alone to sort things out in her mind.

The frustration of wanting help from the people walking past but being unable to talk in a way that she could be understood only made her more upset and frustrated. She felt like Jess was holding her body hostage and Sam had no way of calling for help or escaping her.

Jess eventually stood up and sat Sam on her hip as she collected their baggage. It was a little awkward but Jess was able to start leaving the plane. Same saw stewardesses waving at her as she was carried past. She reached out clumsily with her arms silently begging for help but her pleas went unanswered.

“She likes you.” Jess chuckled as she looked down at Sam reaching out for the airplane employee.

“Oh my God! She’s so adorable.” The stewardess replied with a big smile, “Have a safe journey home.”

Sam cringed at the way the stewardess spoke to Jess about her. It was like she was incapable of response or understanding, deep down she knew that the stewardess assumed that was exactly the situation. The harder Sam tried to prove her wrong the more she proved her right. She tried to talk but the baby babble that came out of her mouth was unintelligible, the pacifier dropped from her mouth and tumbled down between Sam and Jess.

“Oops. Careful, baby.” The stewardess said. She caught the pacifier before it hit the floor.

Sam saw her examine the latex bulb to make sure it was still clean. Sam blushed as she saw her drool all over the soother. Satisfied it was clean the stewardess turned it towards Sam and pressed it between her lips.

“Thank you.” Jess smiled, “It’s been a wonderful flight.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it.” The stewardess replied, “We hope to have you and your little cutie aboard again.”