

Sarah Jane's Crazy Flight

January 2022

“This is your pilot speaking. We’ve reached our cruising altitude of 38,000 ft, and all looks well. There’s a chance we might run into some turbulence later on, though, so keep an eye out for that seat belt sign. Thank you!”

Sarah Jane groaned internally, even as she flashed a bright smile and handed out the first of what would be hundreds of mini pretzel bags before the day was over. This was going to be a hell of a flight: overbooked, crammed with rowdy sports fans and already-crying babies, and now turbulence on top of everything. Dammit – what on earth had she done to deserve this?

Her mind flashed unwittingly back to the night before last: the cold silences, the heated arguing, the finality in Colin’s voice as he’d told her it really wasn’t going to work out anymore. Her stewardess schedule just took her away too much. She was never there for him, and when she was, she was jet lagged and frazzled and slept all day. The last three months had all been a mistake – fun, of course, but really just a mistake...

She bit back a peevisish sigh and instead gave another sweetly polite reminder to please remain seated until the fasten seatbelt sign was off. Well, breakups happened. She’d lived through two before, and she’d live through this one. Nothing she couldn’t handle with chocolate and a bit of caffeine...

Okay, a lot of caffeine. She thought half regretfully of the three black coffees she’d downed before boarding, wondering if she hadn’t really overdone it this time. The energy they sent pulsing through her now was a godsend, of course – but that energy also came at a certain cost. The cost, that is... of putting her kidneys and bladder into overdrive.

Stop it. You just went before we left, she told herself sternly as she finished the preliminary snack round and prepped for garbage collection. *There’s two bloody lavatories on here. Just pop in one of those when you’re free and all’s well. No need to overthink things, girl...*

But god, how many people were on this plane!

She winced as a spasm of urgency radiated up from between her legs. Crap, maybe she’d better go now already? But a quick glance over her shoulder told her that the nearest toilets were both in use, their red lights glowing cheekily as if to mock her. *Well, never mind. Just focus on your work. Focus on- collecting trash...*

And then the fasten seatbelt sign came on, and she and her fellow attendants were all busy smilingly repeating the same instructions to passenger after unruly passenger. No, they needed to stay in their seats. No, no one knew how long it was going to be. No, it was all okay – turbulence just made it unsafe to walk about the cabin.

And all the while, she was biting back a little groan of desperation that seemed to intensify with every jolt. Because of course she couldn't brazenly head into the loo in front of all these passengers, in direct defiance of the rules they'd just made abundantly clear to everyone.

She sat now in the rear of the aircraft, nervously crossing and uncrossing her legs, hoping desperately that her fellow attendants weren't noticing her rising unease. She could hold it. They wouldn't be stuck in turbulence for the next two hours, surely. She'd just wait it out... and try desperately not to think about waterfalls... or rain on a grey day, splattering against the windowpane... or the warmth of a lovely, splashing bath...

Goddammit!

When at last the fasten seatbelt sign went off, Sarah Jane practically sprinted out of her seat. She could make it after all! She'd just slip in there and be out before anyone else could-

And then she saw them: the two passengers rising and easing down the aisle, each ducking into the toilets before she could reach them. As the tiny click of the two locks sounded above the rushing noise of the engines, Sarah Jane felt her heart sink to her toes. She- she'd been so close-!

Biting her lip now in ill-concealed frustration, she hurried forward, desperate to take her mind off her predicament. Fine. She could wait a tiny bit longer. She'd just take care of this one passenger request up in row 14...

She jolted sideways as the plane took an sudden lurch to the right. *What the-* But though the unexpected turbulence was the cause of her stumble, it was far from occupying her reeling mind. Far more troubling was this sudden spurt and rush of warmth from between her frantically clamping thighs... the wet trickles down her pantyhose-clad legs... the awareness that beneath her prim, tight little black skirt a humiliating flood was bubbling out.

She was wetting her pants – just like a pathetic little kid who'd waited too long for the toilet.

She didn't quite know how she stumbled her way back past the other concerned attendant. She didn't quite remember anything but the frantic rush to hide, to find a towel- a jacket- anything to conceal her disgrace. Her hands were shaking with fright and humiliation as she ducked into the far back once more, feeling damage and confirming that her unexpected flood had indeed leaked all the way down her legs.

What to do, what to do? Fortunately for her, she now realized with a flash of gratitude, the black airport uniform did a lovely job of concealing the moisture. Yes, that was it. She'd just wrap this flight jacket around her waist, and the incriminating damp patch – virtually at eye level with the seated passengers – would be discreetly concealed. Yes, that was it. And then she'd just have to duck into the toilet later on and dab up the extra...

Face flushed, she strode slowly back through the aisle now, aware with every step of the now-cooling dampness between her legs and thighs, and of the soft rustle of the jacket around her waist. *Pretend everything's normal. Fake it 'til you make it, as they say. Go out there and collect that freaking trash until the toilets open up again...* Which is precisely what she did, head held high, as the minutes ticked past and her urine-soaked panties cooled and bunched between her legs...

"Umm, miss?"

It was a guy in aisle 23, seated by the window and glancing her way with a look of mingled concern and interest on his face. "I, uh, I have something here," he offered, from the context sounding for all the world like he meant that he had trash to deposit in her proffered bag. But the shopping bag in his hand he instead handed directly to her, with an earnest glance up into her eyes. "Here-something for you..."

The little handwritten note saying "not trash" on top was enough to make her start, then nod brightly and tuck it down in her other hand. It was large, whatever it was. Large, and relatively flat. Like a book or small notebook, but thicker and more soft. Like a folded pair of sweatpants...

It was then that the toilet door, now only two rows away, opened. And at long last, Sarah Jane smiled primly at its recent occupant and darted inside, bag and all.

Ohhhh... that relief felt so good! Once her bladder had finally emptied the rest of its contents – safely, this time – into the toilet, she opened her eyes and reached for the strange bag. Probably just something dumb. Probably nothing more than a blanket that he didn't need and had stuck into a bag of his own or something...

It took awhile for her to comprehend what was inside. For folded neatly inside, with another hastily scribbled note atop it, was some sort of folded white thing: plastic and soft and oddly reminiscent of a- a-

Wait, was this a prank? This was a freaking *adult diaper!*

Her narrowing eyes flitted over the note in her trembling hand. "Sorry, no offense. I just think you need this even more than I do right now." And then, at the bottom, almost as a final thought: "If you'd like help putting it on, I'd be happy to assist. Seriously." Followed by a phone number.

Holy shit. What on earth was she going to do now?

Her eyes flashed from the still sodden panties and hosiery around her knees, to the strangely soft garment in her hand, and then back to her panties. No- no, she couldn't. She didn't know the first thing about putting them on. She'd just- oh, but the panties were all cold and gross now-

She wasn't sure anymore whether to laugh or cry. Either option seemed ludicrous, not to mention gross and humiliating. One part of her recoiled from the bare idea of a diaper. She was a grown woman, and diapers were for grannies and babies. It was just one accident. She'd just been unlucky. But then another, quieter voice reasoned that the diaper would have spared her all this nonsense. She wouldn't have to worry about cleaning up, and concealing it from passengers, and hoping against hope it didn't come to the attention of her superiors...

And then there was this guy in the mix now. Who the hell was he, anyway? How had he known... and why on earth did he have something like this – in his carry-on, no less? Did that mean he was that he himself wore...

Her gaze dropped reflectively to the note once more, and she felt a sudden spark of irrational curiosity. Maybe he'd just caught her on the rebound. Maybe she was just being an idiot. But to her own surprise, she found that she badly wanted to know more about him. Whoever the heck he was, he'd clearly been genuinely concerned about her, and discreet, and selfless too. Which was all more than Colin had ever been, that was for damn sure!

At least if she did meet up with him they wouldn't have to worry about breaking the ice, she mused wryly, tucking the giant diaper away in its bag at last. She'd stow it away... for now. Sure, she'd put up with the wet pants for the rest of this crazy flight. But maybe, just maybe, when they'd finally

landed and she'd had a bit more sleep, she'd give this guy a call.

Not like she had much to lose.