

Dominated on Arrival

Faye Valentine

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Boarding the private jet destined for Arcadia – an exclusive island resort I never thought in a million years I would have a chance of visiting, I looked up and down the rows. There were perhaps a dozen other women and three times that many men. And then there were the four flight attendants wearing form-fitting, curve-hugging purple and black latex dresses with plunging necklines and strappy heels. I had never seen a flight attendant dressed so provocatively, but then again this was the first time on a private jet.

One of the flight attendants approached and I saw the name tag with HEATHER written on it over her left breast. “Welcome aboard,” she greeted me with a friendly smile. Taking my ticket, she gave it a long look. “Blaire. That is such a pretty name.”

“Thanks.”

“My pleasure. Please, follow me to your seat and we can prepare for takeoff.”

There was only one empty seat remaining and it was right next to a handsome, clean-shaven twenty-something man wearing what appeared to be a tailored grey suit. Giving him a slightly nervous smile, I sat down.

“Hi,” he greeted me with a smile. “I’m Nate,” he said holding out a hand.”

I took it and my heart skipped a beat. *You’re a married woman, Blaire*, I thought. “Blaire. Nice to meet you.”

“First time going to Arcadia?”

“Yeah, you?”

“Nah, I’ve been there a couple of dozen times over the last few years.”

“What’s it like? I’ve heard so much about it I don’t even know what’s true.”

“Utopia. Shangri-La. Garden of Eden. Arcadia is paradise on earth without compare where you’ll be treated like a Goddess. And please forgive my forwardness, but you certainly have the looks of one.”

“Thank you,” I replied, my body temperature going up ten degrees as my cheeks flushed. Avoiding his gaze, I looked around at the other passengers and noticed one common theme. Down to the last person they were all incredibly good looking. I never considered myself ugly, but the other women destined for Arcadia made me look even plainer Jane than ever. At least in my opinion anyways. And the men. My god I’ve never seen so many handsome, well-built men in one place in my life.

The jet took off and was airborne several minutes later and I made idle chat with Nate to pass the time, but we weren’t even out of the state when everything went to hell in a handbasket. It happened so quickly no one had time to react until it was too late. Discussing careers – I was a nurse going back to school to become a doctor and Nate designed custom jewelry, he opened his small carry-on bag and pulled out a beautiful, wide silver cuff bracelet. I was so focused on him as he placed it around my left wrist that I failed to see the same thing happening to every other woman.

“Attention ladies,” a man now standing at the front of the jet said. “Listen up as I’m only going to say this once. Life as you knew it is over. The cuff bracelet that adorns each of your wrists is equipped with myriad functions that will enable us to keep you docile and obedient. No...”

“You’re out of your god damn mind!” a brunette near the middle of the plane yelled out. “If this is someone’s idea of a sick...Aahhghhh!” she yelped, her body going rigid and then convulsing as if she were having a seizure.

“As I was saying,” the man continued “the bracelets are equipped with many different functions that allow us to keep you in line.” Looking down at a clipboard and back up, he went on. “Melony there is experiencing a bit of mild electroshock therapy and unless you want to feel the same or worse I strongly suggest following our commands as compliance will be rewarded.” Hitting another button on the remote he held in his left hand, Melony stopped convulsing and slumped down in her seat.

“Each of you will now unbuckle your seatbelts, stand up and strip out of your clothes,” the man continued. “Ladies, you will suck the cocks of three men and when they are all hard you will move to one of the aisles where all three of them will fuck you to completion. Open your mouths for any reason other than sucking dick and you will be severely punished. Refuse to comply and you will be severely punished. Sit there looking stupid and you will be severely punished.”

I jumped to my feet and started unbuttoning my blouse out of sheer self-preservation. Despite his handsome good looks, I had no intentions of having sex with Nate or any other man on the plane as I am a happily married woman, but after witnessing even a fraction of what kinds of pain the bracelet could inflict upon me I was more than willing to suffer the humiliation of taking three men at once.

Down to just my panties – the rest of my clothes lying over the back of the seat, two more men approached from the rear and introduced themselves as Cory and Jeff – the former another handsome white guy while the latter was an equally good-looking black man. *First threesome and black guy in one go*, I thought as I dropped onto my knees. Taking Jeff’s black rod into my mouth, I wrapped my hands around Cory and Nate and started jerking them off.

I was the first woman to react to the perverse command, but I was not the last as one by one all but three did as commanded including Melony. The remaining women followed suit only after they were given an intense dosage of electroshock therapy. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the four flight attendants kneeling at the back of the plane with their heads slightly bowed.

Going to the aisle, I straddled Jeff’s hips and lowered myself on his big black cock. Looking back over my shoulder at Nate I pleaded with him. “Please go slow. I’ve never taken it up the ass before.” Facing forward, I opened my mouth and accepted Cory’s dick. Lube hit my asshole and I did everything in my power to relax, but that did not make it any easier as Nate shoved his entire cock into my virgin ass in one powerful thrust. I screamed around the pole ramming down my throat, but that did little to slow them down as they fucked every hole hard and deep.

I held out for as long as possible, but there was only so much I could do when three handsome, well-hung men fucked me at the same time. Minute by minute my timid grunts and groans became purrs and moans as they were starting to have an effect on my body. I tried thinking of every horrible thing I could think of, but my thoughts inevitably came back to Jeff’s thick member filling me more than I’ve ever been filled before. In the back of my mind I knew this was tantamount to rape, but my body did not care as the pleasure increased to the precipice of bliss. Rushing over, I orgasmed hard and I was given my first creampie followed a few minutes later by the second as Jeff pulled out and Nate took his place. After that, Cory filled my pussy with his load and then shoved a thick plug into me to keep the rest from leaking out.

I knew exactly why they were trapping their semen inside of us and I still kept my mouth shut – hopeful in the knowledge that my husband and friends knew where I was headed and that if I did not return in three weeks as scheduled they would notify the police and rescue would be on the way. Stuck on a jet soaring through the skies at over six-hundred miles an hour, there was

little I could do against so many men especially with the bracelet locked around my wrist threatening to electrocute me or worse so, like a good girl, I played along.

“Now they you’ve taken your Masters’ loads you will now ask us to mark you as our sex slave,” Nate said.

It took me a moment to comprehend what he was saying and even then I did not fully understand the scope of what they wanted from us. “W-What do you mean by sex slave?” I stammered.

“You and every other woman aboard this plane will be trained as a sex slave, Blaire. That means you will perform every sexual act we command no matter how disgusted by it you may be and you will do it with a smile. Now ask us to mark you as our slave or you will be punished.”

“P-Please...please mark m-me as your s-slave, Master.”

“Each of us will give you our personal mark showing they you belong to us,” Nate explained. This is going to hurt like hell so feel free to scream your pretty little head off.”

Using some sort of gun heated to what felt like the surface of the sun, the three men took turns branding my right hip with: NATE’S NYMPH, CORY’S CUNT and JEFF’S JEZEBEL with about a one inch space between each mark. Saying it was going to hurt like hell was putting it mildly as my screams were enough to cause buzzing in my own ears. But my torment was not over yet. Next, Nate pierced my nipples, Cory placed two rings in my hood, and Jeff placed three tunnels evenly spaced along my outer labia using some sort of punch-like tool that permanently tore away the flesh so even when I removed them the holes would never close. I was allowed to take my seat after that and all I could do was cry as the other women endured the same ordeal.

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More than three hours into the flight, the man at the front of the plane once again spoke. “You are all under the impression that you’re headed for Arcadia and have no doubt informed family, friends and loved ones of that fact, but I’m here to let you know that’s not the case. We are, however, going to a private island resort. Only instead of basking in the sun on white sand beaches sipping margaritas and being pampered, you’ll be trained as sex slaves. This is your new life and the quicker you accept it, the better off you’ll be. You have eleven hours to rest and recuperate until we land and your training begins. I suggest you make the best of it as it’ll be the last uninterrupted rest you get for a very long time.”