

My Naked Airline Vacation

A businesswoman is blackmailed by her co-worker

by G. Lawrence

This is a fantasy adventure that would probably never happen in real life. At least, I hope not, so let's not overanalyze it. All characters are over 18 years old.

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So, here we were on a commercial airliner headed to an exotic tropical island. Mike had paid for the tickets, looking forward to a week of adventure. And why not? To prevent the sales reports that I had mishandled from being discovered by corporate headquarters, I had promised to do whatever he wanted for the entire trip. And I was still vague about what he wanted, uncomfortable with the way he kept smiling at me. But we had been acquainted for several years prior to his blackmailing scheme, so I didn't think he'd do anything bad.

I always knew he liked my body, though we had never dated. Just mild flirting. He also knew I'd not had any hook-ups lately, being absorbed with business affairs. It was my choice to accept his advances or get fired for malfeasance. I might even be held liable for millions of dollars in restitution. Saying I had taken bad advice from my former assistant, Shelly Willis, wasn't an excuse. The final decision had been mine. A decision that lost the company a major client and a lot of money.

My name is Sandy Hardinger. I was 32-years old at the time, 5'7, with a slim body, nice boobs, long dark auburn hair, and crafty green eyes. I'd been working at Carruthers & Company since leaving college ten years before, having invested a lot of time and energy in advancing my career. And until the disaster with the U-Crest account, I'd done spectacularly well, receiving many promotions. And walking over the occasional loser who got in my way.

Mike Dawson was 6'2, a 200-pound gorilla from accounting. We both stayed fit playing racquetball and working out in the company gym.

The plane wasn't terribly crowded as we squeezed down the center toward the rear, finding our seats about six rows from the end. I had the window seat while Mike took the aisle.

"Sandy, this is going to be great. You'll see," Mike said, stashing our bags on the floor near our feet. "Thanks for being so cooperative."

"You didn't give me much choice," I complained.

"This week is going to be challenging for you. I won't lie about that. But don't worry, I have a very creative agenda planned."

"I thought we were going to sit on a beach drinking pina coladas," I responded.

"There will be some of that. More for me than you," he answered with a snicker.

I kicked my bag on the floor. It was bulky.

"Shouldn't we put our carry-on in the overhead?" I suggested.

"We're fine. I've flown this airline before. A 10-hour flight. They'll serve food and drinks, and once we're in the air, they'll turn down the lights so people can get some sleep. In the morning, they'll give us breakfast about an hour before we land."

"Lots of drinks, I hope. I'm going to need them," I responded, trying to get comfortable.

"Here, use one of these fleece airline blankets," Mike said, draping it over my shoulders. It had a nice cozy feel.

"You're probably wondering about my plans," he said as passengers continued to board. I guessed we had another half hour before they closed the doors. "It's been my fantasy for years to have control over someone, and your stupid move with the U-Crest account opened the door, so don't blame me. What were you thinking? Submitting those wild forecasts? You even received a large bonus based on the false data. How much was it? \$250,000?"

"The research seemed solid at the time," I defended.

"Do you want to back out of this trip?" he asked. "The plane isn't off the ground yet. You can go home and I'll forward the files to Mr. Carruthers instead."

"No, I don't want that," I answered.

"So, you're onboard with this? All the way?" he pressed.

"Yes, I'm onboard," I confirmed.

"Good. Now take off your shoes and socks. I want to see your feet."

This was a little shocking. I would have never guessed him for a foot fetish. I slipped out of my tennis shoes, tied them together, and rolled up the socks. He took them from me, set them on the floor, and had me draw up my legs, fingering my toes. It tickled.

"You have nice feet. Perfectly formed," he complimented. "Now I want to see your tits."

"I'm not going to show you my tits. Not on a plane full of people," I protested, crossing my arms over my chest.

"No one is looking. Take off your shirt and bra. If someone comes by, you can pull up the blanket."

"Mike, please--"

"Do it, Sandy. Do it right now," he demanded.

I unbuttoned my white blouse, slipped my arms out of the sleeves, and undid my bra. The moment I was topless, Mike took them away, bundling them on his seat near the aisle. I pulled the blanket up. He reached under, slowly massaging my breasts. They weren't huge, but more than adequate.

"Very nice," he said. "I always thought they would be. So firm and perky. There is still time to change your mind. This is your last chance."

I thought about how my career would be destroyed, all because of my arrogance with that stupid account. And my eagerness to use Shelly's preliminary research without giving her credit for the work. We had been friends once. Good friends. But not after that. In some way, I felt I deserved this.

"Not changing my mind," I decided.

"You are very brave," Mike said. "Now take off your pants."

"My what?"

"You heard me. Do it."

I reached under the blanket, unbuttoned my slacks, pushed them down to my ankles, and slipped them off. Before I could stash them on the seat next to me, Mike snatched them away. He reached under the blanket, rubbing my belly, but didn't go farther down.

"Okay, now the panties," he said.

"Mike, please no. I'll be naked."

"People go naked in the tropics all the time," he answered with a smirk.

"We're not in the tropics. We're on a goddamn airplane!"

"It's good to practice," he replied. I slid the panties off and handed them to him with a frown. "There. This isn't so bad, is it? My little dove."

"It's very embarrassing," I replied, trying to see if anyone else had noticed.

"Well, it's supposed to be embarrassing, isn't it?" he chuckled.

Mike picked my duffel bag up, unzipped the top, and folded my clothes inside, followed by my shoes and socks. My purse followed.

"Careful, my passport and credit cards are in there," I warned.

"No need to worry," Mike assured me as I huddled under the blanket. I was thankful that it covered so much.

"You have lovely hair," he said, stroking it. "So long and silky. And I love your eyes. So big and full of life. Though perhaps a bit aggressive and bitchy at times. I'm so glad we have this opportunity to spend time together. Aren't you glad?"

"I wouldn't call these ideal circumstances," I answered.

"Oh, I think these are wonderful circumstances," he said. I saw him looking up the aisle as boarding was complete. He waved to a female flight attendant.

"Yes, sir, how may I help you?" she politely asked, sharply attired in a blue uniform.

"These bags are too big, and there's no room in the overhead," he said, handing her both duffels. "Can you please have them checked through with our other luggage?"

"Of course, sir, it will be my pleasure," she agreed. And just like that, she was gone with all of my clothes.

"Mike, what the fuck?" I protested, seeing the flight attendant had disappeared. Mike looked at me with a smile of pure joy.

"I own you now," he whispered. Trapped naked under a blanket on a plane full of people, he certainly did. I wondered what else he had planned.

"This is too much," I angrily complained.

"Be careful, darling. That blanket is airline property. You need to wonder how you're getting off this plane because it won't be going with you."

I stared at him blushing bright red. Oh, my god, I thought. This is not good. He was reading my thoughts.

"Don't be concerned, my brave little slave," he cooed. "I have an idea how you might escape. But it may require handcuffs."

My nipples went hard, and I felt moisture between my legs. I looked at him with a desperate plea. He was a step ahead of me.

"Yes, Sandy, your ex-friend Shelly, the one you didn't give credit to for all her years of tireless research, told me about your exhibitionist fantasies," he chuckled. "Standing nude before open windows. Going commando in public places. Leaving dressing room doors open. Don't worry, you'll be getting your fill. That is a promise."

The plane finally took off and food service was prepared. I heard casual conversation in the cabin, many looking forward to their island vacation of swimming, surfing, and golf, when not hitting the nightclubs. Two young men sat in the seats across the aisle, probably no more than twenty years old, were playing games on their phones. I took a magazine out of the seat pocket in front of me, thinking it would provide extra protection. Mike frowned.

"There will be none of that," he said, gathering up the magazines, brochures, and instruction cards until there was nothing left in the pockets. He got up for a moment, dumped the magazines in the rear galley, and returned with a smug grin.

"Don't think to use any tricks. If I want someone to see you, they will," he warned. He glanced at the two young men across from us, the threat clear.

"Do you think one of them would like to swap seats with me?"

"Oh, please Mike, you wouldn't," I quietly protested.

"Maybe I will. Maybe I won't. Just remember who is in charge," he answered.

"I won't forget," I acknowledged.

He reached under the blanket, beginning to play with my body again. His fingers roamed everywhere. And I mean everywhere. Despite myself, I was reacting. Squirming. My breathing grew heavier. When he discovered how wet I was getting, he chuckled in victory.

"You love this, don't you?" he said. "My little exhibitionist toy."

"No, no I don't," I denied.

"Have no fear. You may not be enjoying it now, but it's a long flight," he murmured as his strong fingers caressed my damp hairless mound. Then the bastard upped his game, massaging and working my clit. Part of me wanted to resist, and part wanted more. I pressed back against the seat, my knees bending. My breath grew short. After more than I could stand, his finger finally curled inside me, sliding back and forth probing for my G-spot. And finding it.

"Oh, my god," I groaned as the orgasm hit. My legs straightened, arms reaching wildly. I had crazy eyes for a moment, thinking everyone on the

plane knew. Stifling my squeal was almost impossible. It was totally humiliating.

"This is going to be so much fun," he whispered.

Food service arrived, the same flight attendant offered wine, beer, juice, or soft drinks. She paused, looking down at me before speaking.

"I know she's naked under there. What is this about?" she said. Her name was Wendy.

"We just got engaged," Mike said. "This is almost a honeymoon. A pre-honeymoon."

"I understand, but please be discreet," Wendy said. "Honey, if you can't control how much noise you make, I can get a gag for you. I keep one in my bag."

"No. No, I--" I tried to protest.

"Thank you so much, Wendy," Mike interrupted. "We'll be sure to use it."

Wendy moved on, leaving us with two glasses of white wine. I gulped mine. After food service ended, everyone began to hunker down. The lights were gradually dimming. Wendy returned with a ball gag, giving a big smile. Such service.

Finally, the lights went down. The cabin grew quiet. There were a few reading lights on, and the young men across from us were still playing games on their phones, oblivious to everything around them. I curled up in my blanket, ready to go to sleep.

"What are you doing?" Mike asked.

"Isn't it obvious? We have a long flight."

"And it's about to get longer. Let's check out this gag."

"You can't be serious?"

He was. The gag had a rubber ball with two straps that clasped behind my head, and a fabric mask that wrapped around the lower part of my face. Even mumbling was hard. I struggled with it, trying to make adjustments, but it was fixed tight. Air holes allowed me to breathe.

"Come here and lie across my lap," Mike ordered.

With arguing being pointless, I got up on my knees and laid across him, keeping the blanket positioned to cover me. My head was nearly hanging in the aisle. Once I was settled, he caressed my hair, ran his fingers down my butt, and before I realized what was happening, he used a cord to tie my hands behind my back! I struggled but couldn't get loose. The blanket was falling off me, but that soon didn't matter as he peeled it away.

"You have been very contrary, Sandy. It's time to teach you that is unacceptable," he softly said. And then he smacked my ass with his bare hand. I wanted to scream, but the gag wouldn't let me. He spanked me again and again. I could imagine my butt turning red as I twisted under his grip. And then I looked up. The two young men across the aisle weren't playing on their phones anymore. Both were watching me being spanked in great wonderment. Mike noticed, too.

"Looks like fun, doesn't it?" Mike asked them.

"Yes, sir. Lots of fun," the closest lad said with big, enthralled eyes.

"Let me get you a better view," Mike offered, turning on the reading lights. "Maybe you can have a turn later?"

When I heard that, I started fighting even harder, and then realized I didn't want everyone on the plane witnessing the spectacle. I calmed down, letting him play his cruel game.

After ten smacks, Mike lifted me off his lap back into my seat, securing the seatbelt. With my hands tied behind me, there was no way of getting free. He didn't put the blanket back on me, but he did turn off the reading light, making me sit there naked in the partial darkness. Unable to speak. I was so mad that I was gazing at him with daggers.

"We can still call this off. It's your decision," he frustratingly suggested. "But then sending the file into corporate will be my decision. It might even get me a promotion. What do you think?"

I shook my head. As horrible as this was, losing my job and paying millions in restitution would be far worse.

"I'm glad we've figured that out," he said, getting up. "Now I need to use the restroom and have a talk with Wendy. You'll be fine here, won't you?"

I looked up, furious, twisting against the seatbelt. He just laughed. He turned to the other side of the aisle.

"I'm taking a break, guys. Would one of you like my seat?" he asked. The first one, a corn-fed farm boy, was up in an instant, plopping down in Mike's spot. He was blond and hunky with excited blue eyes. Mike leaned over to whisper. "Keep in mind, she has very sensitive breasts. Kiss them, and

suck them, but if you twist her nipples, do it nicely. She also has a sensitive pussy. Be sure to slide your fingers in gently."

"Yes, sir," the obedient youngster agreed. Then Mike disappeared, leaving me to the mercy of a gawking kid.

"Ma'am, I just want you to know, this is the greatest moment of my life," he said very respectfully. Then his hands got to work, and didn't stop until my next orgasm had me writhing like I never had before, tears rolling down my face. The seat cushion under my butt was getting soaked. The young man was ecstatic, and then gave way for his friend, another oversize kid brimming with enthusiasm. Strangely, I was never the least bit afraid.

These were just big friendly kids thinking they had my permission. And I did nothing to change their perception. Mike was right about it being a long night.

It was an hour before Mike returned, giving each of my boyfriends extra turns. Neither let up for an instant, each trying to outdo the other. It was a game for them. I lost track of how many times I came, growing limp under their control. Mike chased them out of his seat.

"I've been watching from up forward. That must have been exciting."

My response was exhausted mumbles and groans.

"Do you need to use the restroom?" I nodded that I did. "Good, with Wendy's help, we're prepared." He showed me a dog collar and a leash.

"This will make sure you don't get lost on the way. And even though the rear restroom is only six rows behind us, I think the one in the middle of the plane will be better."

He undid the seatbelt and brought me out into the aisle. Not everyone was sleeping, several looking at us with surprise.

"We just got married. Isn't she a peach?" Mike said more than once, leading me toward the center galley. Everyone watched my tight round ass wiggling as I passed. Wendy was there waiting for us.

"You guys are so romantic," she gushed.

"Like we discussed, we'll be in the restroom for a while," Mike said.

"Have fun," Wendy responded. "Welcome to the Mile High Club!"

My eyebrows shot up, much to Mike's delight. It was a larger than usual restroom available for handicapped passengers. Mike removed the gag but not the rope.

"Mike, what the fuck?"

"You knew we'd be having sex on this trip. There was no secret about that. You agreed."

"I didn't agree to bondage sex in an airplane bathroom!"

"There's still a way to get out of it, if you want. This won't happen without your consent."

He already knew my answer.

"Fine, go ahead and do it," I permitted.

"Not good enough, my little eagle. I want your full cooperation, starting with a blowjob."

"You are a sick motherfucking prick," I spat.

"We are who we are. Remind me again why you're here? Oh, that's right, you stole Shelly's research before it was finished and tried to make it your own. And when she quit, you didn't even say goodbye. After years as your assistant."

I got down on my knees. At least Wendy had put down a clean mat. I licked and sucked, trying to get him off as fast as possible, but his knobby stem still took five minutes before he exploded with a grunt. And then, not satisfied with cumming in my face, he bent me over the sink, pounding my soggy pussy doggystyle with abandon. And to my shame, I was enjoying every damn minute of it. Not that I'd ever tell him that.

We returned to our seats twenty minutes later. I was still being led on my leash but no longer gagged. I heard whispering. And then I saw people taking pictures with their phones. Mike stopped several times to pose with me, turning me around for better shots.

"We're newlyweds, and my lovely new bride is a nudist," he explained.

"Would you like to touch her?" Many did, and with Mike's encouragement, they were not shy about where they put their greasy fingers. I hunched over several times trying not to squeal.

We finally got back to our seats, receiving friendly waves from the boys. They were actually nice kids, and embarrassed as I was, I appreciated their enthusiasm.

"Where's my blanket?" I asked as Mike fastened the seatbelt.

"Gosh, I don't know. Someone must have stolen it," Mike answered. "I'll ask Wendy, though she'll need to prepare for breakfast first. It should turn up after that."

"By then the cabin lights will be on again. Everyone will see me."

"Yes," Mike agreed. "And taking pictures."

Mike finally cut me loose and we settled down for a few hours of blissful sleep. When the lights returned, Wendy came by with a new blanket.

"I know you guys are having fun, but the airline can't get a bad reputation," she warned. "Sandy, have you figured out how you're going to get off the plane?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I can't let you keep the blanket. It's airline property," she answered with a giggle.

By the time breakfast was served, there wasn't a person on the plane who hadn't seen me crouching in my seat trying to hide under the fleece cover. Several stopped to make polite conversation, the men leaning over farther than they needed to. When one creepy guy reached to touch me, the farm kid jumped up and twisted the perv's arm, warning him to mind his manners.

When the plane landed an hour later, my carry-on bag magically reappeared. It turned out Wendy had never checked it through, keeping it in the galley. I saw Mike slip her \$100. I wasted no time getting dressed.

"Thank you for flying with us," Wendy said with a friendly wave.

"Fuck you, bitch," I sourly answered.

Mike had a chauffeured limousine waiting for us outside the airport, all the bags being thrown in the trunk. I wasn't surprised when we got in the back seat and he put the privacy screen up.

"Take off your clothes," he ordered.

"Here?"

"It's a privately rented car. No one can see through the tinted windows."

I sighed and removed my pants, tennis shoes, blouse and bra, hesitating before removing my panties. Mike held my clothes bundled in his arms, waiting. I finally gave in, pulling my panties down and handing them over. The privacy screen was suddenly lowered.

"Like what you see, Juan?" Mike called.

"Si, very much, sir," Juan replied, leering through the rearview mirror. I crossed my hands before me. Mike pushed them aside.

"Now, now, we don't need such modesty here," he said. "Let's roll all of the windows down for better air."

"Oh, no. Please, Mike, I've done everything you asked. I'll keep doing everything you ask."

"Yes, babe, I know you will," he replied.

"No, no really. Please," I begged with tears in my eyes.

"Okay, my sweet honey bear. Maybe later," he relented.

"I can't go into a hotel like this," I objected.

"Didn't I mention? We're not going to a hotel. We have a nice, secluded bungalow on a private beach. Well, not completely private. You'll be having plenty of company."

"Please, you don't need to be so mean," I whimpered.

"Mean? Let me show you mean," he responded. Then he rolled down the window and threw my clothes out on the highway. I turned, looking out the rear to see them fluttering away. I had nothing left in the car.

On the far side of the island, we traveled on a rarely used gravel road to the beach, the island filled with lush trees and exotic plants. There was a small community along the sandy shore, including a bait shop, a farmer's market, and a bar. Several people waved. The house we stopped at wasn't a bungalow. It was a small mansion, and likely very expensive.

"Home, sweet home," Mike said. "Did I mentioned that I own this place?"

"Where did you get the money to buy a place like this?" I asked.

"I had an unexpected windfall, thanks to the U-Crest Corporation."

"U-Crest? The company that I--"

"Yes, your mistake made me rich when I shorted the stock. Insider trading can do that."

He opened the door and helped me out to the driveway, watching the bright sun glisten off my naked skin. The driver opened the trunk and took out his bags. But not mine. Then he got back in and drove away.

"Mike! He's got all my stuff! My clothes! My purse! Everything!"

"You won't be needing clothes," he smugly answered.

The front door of the mansion opened and a young woman came down the steps dressed in a loose cotton blouse and a thick grass skirt, giving Mike a passionate kiss.

"Welcome home, lover," she purred. They held hands as they turned towards me. "Sandy, what a surprise. How nice of you to visit."

"Shelly?" I sputtered, using my hands to cover myself.

"Yes, mousy little Shelly Willis, the woman whose work you took credit for, year after year. Until I fed you those doctored financial statements," she answered. "And if you don't want them forwarded to corporate headquarters, you'll be doing exactly what I say from now on. By the way, you look so lovely like this, all naked and helpless. We'll make this your official wardrobe during your stay on the island."

I stared at her in disbelief. My former friend not only had control of my career, she had control of my body, too. I started to cry. She took out a handkerchief.

"Now, now, none of that," she said. "We're going to have a wonderful time. Pleasant mornings strolling on the beach. Sunbathing. Swimming. We'll share drinks while catching up on old times. I have arranged for you to make a little extra money working nights at the saloon. Dancing nude on stage. You'll see, a month here in paradise will help you get a whole new perspective on life."

"A month? No, I'm only here for a week," I said.

"Oh, you haven't heard?" Shelly said with a catty smile. "After a long talk with Mr. Carruthers, I was able to get you a month's leave of absence. And I'll talk to him about getting an extension if we need it. You and I are going to have so much fun together."