**Airport Exposure**

**by [fatfree](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1007598&page=submissions)©**

Well, I've been very successful in business over the last several years, making me relatively rich before my 40's. My wife, Jessica, who was my high school sweet heart has been with me every step of the way. She has acclimated well to our new success and works in several charities about town. She also remains flawlessly fit dancing in local productions and working out. I've never been one to flash wealth, but she dresses like she is the wife of Tiger Woods, and looks as good as Tiger's little blond nanny/wife.  
  
She has been pressuring me to lead a charity trip to africa, taking supplies, helping the locals and such. She had a group of a dozen or more people from our town that she had lined up to go with us, mostly well to do couples like ourselves, many of them friends from our country club. I finally, under pressure, agreed to go, and we led the crew out for a week in the bush. Well, actually, we drove out to the villages by day and slept in a hotel in the city by night. The wives of this group are not really up for roughing it.  
  
Finally our good work done, Jessica and I dressed for the trip home. She cleaned up in the hotel, donned her skinny jeans, knee high soft boots, a blouse from somebodies spring collection, (I forget who) and her Versaci sunglasses. I admit, she was smokin' hot. We met the dozen other do gooders in the lobby and the group of us, seven men, seven women, loaded into vans to the airport. When we got there, everything was going well despite the place being a complete dump. We dropped of the luggage and made our way past the randomly placed african airport guards (with machine guns) to the security check point.  
  
The place was so backward that I was surprised that they even had a metal detector. Most of our party had gone thru and were waiting on us at the other side of the detector, we were the leaders after all. I went on with Jessica behind me. I made it through no problem, but the metal detector went off with Jessica. Of course, it always does. She had an operation as a kid after an injury and they had placed a small metal rod to fuse a few vertebra in her lower back. she always had to be "wanded".  
  
Their response was rather shocking. A couple of armed guys, shouting in a language I didn't understand, rushed to Jessica. She was trying to explain about the childhood surgery, but they started roughly patting her down. I, and our group, were on the other side of the security checkpoint, no more than eight feet away, with nothing to separate up from Jessica except for the angry looking guards who's gun barrels came up when I took a step forward. It soon became apparent that they intended to search her, and our only interpreter was one of the guards who had only minimal English. After the rough pat down, the guard with some English demanded that she remove her shirt. Looks like "wanding" was not an option here. Jessica asked for a female guard, asked for a private room, but was not understood. The airport was so basic, that no adjoining room seemed to be present anyway.  
  
Now, this was quite a spot to be in. Nothing I said had any effect on the guards keeping me on the other side of the metal detector, and our group of friends were staring with a mix of shock and anticipation and fear. Jessica, though very fit, has one insecurity. She hides her tiny A cups with gel inserts at all times, taking off her shirt in public would probably reveal her secret to our friends. Hopefully, she was wearing a miracle bra or something build in so it wouldn't be obvious. Clearly, she was going to have to comply with the increasing number of guards. They stopped processing people through security, so a crowd was waiting for resolution of the hold up. I and all of our friends stood, just feet away, helpless.  
  
Jessica took off her glasses, and as they were yelling and gesturing, shakily unbuttoned her blouse. Her leopard print bra came into view, one with the built in gel inserts, and I actually breathed a sigh of relief. She wouldn't be too embarrassed, it was really like a bikini top. Not so bad. She set her blouse down and looked up at the guards expecting to be cleared. Apparently, the guard that knew a bit of english had brushed up on words for garments, because the next sentence was loud and clear. "The bra too!".   
  
She stared in shock. Our coed group of friends from home, my golfing buddies, her fellow Junior Auxiliary members, people from our church, stared with muted excitement. She tried to argue, but the gun barrels came up on her side now and she reached for the front clasp. She turned away from us, toward the gathering crowd of people waiting to get through security, I guess thinking that she would rather expose her secret to strangers than all our friends. From behind, we saw the bra come off and fall to the ground. She stood wearing only her skinny jeans and boots, her smooth back toward us. The guard gestured for her to raise her hands and turn slowly 360 degrees for security inspection. She complied and her tiny A cups where completely flat with her hands in the air, her little pink areola, just over an inch in diameter, pointed at us when she turned to face us. She looked mortified. Believe me, all eyes were on her stark white, tiny boobs as she slowly spun for the guards. They then let her drop her hands, she placed her hands over her breasts immediately, and walked her through the metal detector again. Of course, it beeped again.  
  
At this point, I could see that she was in trouble. They guards were even more agitated, and american style security protocol was clearly not in their training. Of course, they gestured for removal of the rest of her clothes. She turned her face to us and shouted, "don't look at me!" Of course all eyes were glued on her tight round ass as it came into view. She had faced away again, treating the crowd on the other side of the security line to her tiny hanging boobs as she pulled the skinny jeans down, her boots having already been removed. She no doubt though our friends seeing her ass would be better than her vagina, but she is a skinny girl. What she didn't realize is that when a skinny girl bends at the waist like that, a whole lot is revealed. She rarely wore panties, and was probably regretting it now, as her ass crack came into view, followed by the pigment of her little anus, then even the outer lips of her pussy and she bent to remove the jeans. Our hometown crowd was hypnotized by the sight. I could hear, the husbands, my friends, breathing hard just behind me. There was no way she know how much was on display behind, or she would have turned the other way. She got one of her bare feet out of the jeans, but the other was hung, she hopped a bit, turning a little to the side as she tried to get out of her jeans, and we were treated to a side view of a small, white bouncing tit as she panicked a bit and struggled to comply with the still shouting guards. Just as her foot came free, one of them gave her a litte push. Not really violent, but more impatient. She was a bit off balance though, and the push tipped her over and spun her a bit. She was facing us fully when she fell. As it was a surprise, she didn't have time to brace herself and I looked on with horror, was actually restrained by one pissed off guard, when she landed on her back, her legs splaying at the knees when she fell. I heard her head hit the concreate stunning her. I looked up, and not seven feet away, my wife lay on her back, frog legged and stunned, completely naked. Her pussy, I would normally call it a vagina, but spread as it was, it could only be called a pussy, on lewd display. Her tiny white tits flat as she lay on her back, her little nipples pointing at the ceiling. I saw some camera flashes and looked back at my group of do gooders. Several of the husbands had their high powered digital cameras out taking photo after photo. "For evidence" one yelled. "We need proof of this abuse!" said another.  
  
Her position was such that her little clitoris was even visible to myself and our friends. Just below her spread vagina, the dark little ring of sparse hair of her pigmented asshole was also on display, being photographed even. Despite this, she lay still for over a minute. The guards just stood there, perhaps worried about hurting the American.   
  
Finally, she came to, and rolled over onto all fours to get up. She sat up first, treating our friends to they first head on view of her tiny tits in their normal position. At this point she didn't even seem to notice. She flipped to all fours, her tiny tits hanging down, just a little handfull each, her ass to the crowd that has yet to go through security. She then stood, her arms at her side, dazed. They cameras next to me continued to click, several camera flashed came from the other side of security as well. They marched her, naked through the metal detector again, she, having come to, trying to cover her boobs an vagina as she walked through, failing to cover much. The metal detector chimed again.  
  
This seemed to confound the men present. I was worried about a "cavity search" in front of god and everybody, but another guard appeared, this one with better english and a few more stripes on his uniform. He spoke for a long time with the men as my little shy wife stood, barefoot and naked before over 100 people, 12 of them our friends. She had one hand over her pussy, the other over her little white boobs. One nipple was seen over her forearm as she stood, her round white ass uncovered. He seemed to reach a decision and tossed her clothes and boots to us. He pushed her, naked through security and shouted, in English, for her to "get dressed and go".   
  
On our side of security, surrounded by our friends, completely exposed and mortified, my shy wife was to dress. No bathroom was near, so she could dress on the spot or run for a bathroom, somewhere else in the terminal. She went for her bra first. Her little, perky white A cups came into full view once again as she struggled into her bra, her hands, of course no longer covering her little pussy with it's one week's growth of pubic hair. Amazingly 2 of our guys were still snapping photos of her. I yelled at them to "Put them away"! Photos of her standing naked were certainly not evidence of anything, but her every exposed detail. As the bra covered them, I did notice that her nipples were quite erect. Could have been the cold, maybe not. The jeans, of course are tight as hell. She pulled them up in the same little hopping motion that she uses at home, her tight, round little white ass bouncing as she pulled them up. A detail missed by nobody. Finally, she was dressed and we hurried to the gate.  
  
On the plane, my wife seemed physically fine, but was embarrassed beyond description . She has always been shy, always making sure she didn't show too much skin. Her exposure seemed to much to process. My friends, her friends, sat all around us, Telling her that she had nothing to be ashamed of, that it could have happened to any of us. One guy even told her she needn't worry that "everything looked good." This earned him a jab in the ribs from his wife.   
  
I had planned on trying to confiscate the memory chips from my buddies cameras, but I noticed them loading them onto their laptops during the long flight home, no doubt making copies in folders I would never know about on their hard drives. I had to settle for "getting a CD for evidence" and a promise that they would delete their copies after. Yeah right.   
  
Life was going to be a bit strange at home knowing that my golf buddies had 12 megapixal photos of my shy little wife's tiny breasts, her ass, her splayed vagina, even her little lightly brown anus. I thought about the flashes going off as she lay with her little clit pointing at the crowd of our friends and I closed my eyes.