**Airport Security Checkpoint**

by Janie

My company bought me a new sexy salsa rhumba dress. It looked better on me, now that I tanned a bit on the beach. It was ocean aqua-green in color, so tropical, probably Cuban-inspired. It’s layered above the waist into three tiers, like a flirty skirt but salsas styled below the waist. So it’s asymmetrical, cut higher in the front long while its long and flowing in the back, with this beautiful flirty flounce ruffled trim. It is so sexy! I wasn’t actually sure I could wear it going home, yesterday. It’s made of crinkled cotton gauze, for light beach cover or cocktail parties. Even though it’s opaque in the sun, indoors it looks sheer. It was just so flirtatious, though, I couldn’t resist trying it out, so I decided to see if I could. It was so wonderful! Leaving the hotel though, I got cold feet. So I thought I I’d better wear my business jacket over my beautiful dress, just in case it got me in trouble. I just couldn’t believe I was actually going to do it, though! The only reason I did was I was traveling by myself, but it worked so well. Every guy’s eyes were on me, from the moment I got out of my cab. I think even some of the woman there were in shock when they saw it, it was so sheer, underneath, and exposed. But I wore my best floral print panties –floral print boy shorts with lace trim -- cotton of course, all very proper for a young woman, I suppose. I wanted to be not just attractive, but comfortable on the airplane as I flirted. I knew I might perspire a little (OMG, just a little?), plus they just looked so pretty underneath my dress in the mirror at the hotel. So I decided I had to wear the best of everything I had, so people would not think I was a common slut. So I wore my gold lame strap sandals with the dress, knowing I was very overdressed for travelling. They were the ones I normally only wear to receptions, but I decided today would be special. I wanted to look my very best going home, very elegant and high class. Plus I also wanted to show off all I had on that I normally wouldn’t – especially my beautiful underpants!   
  
So I put on the best makeup I could, complete with bracelets, rings on my fingers and even my toes. I wore mascara with shadow, so my shimmering pink nails done with my bright red toes, that I had done only four days ago looked stunning. I had done the works, as best I know. Parting my short brown hair down the middle, I put on my longest hoop earrings, the ones I almost never wear because of how much they show (and little kids like to pull them!). I looked gorgeous, knockout drop-down dead gorgeous, so I decided to wear my reception sandals instead of the flip-slops I normally do. I thought about wearing my heels, but carry luggage too? Not hardly. But as it was I looked so scandalous, I suppose to say the least.   
  
Looking at myself in the mirror before I left, I looked gorgeous; no outrageous says it better I think. I wondered if I could make it through Security at the airport, though. In the right light my aqua dress looks perfectly see-through – my panties and absence of a bra were so clear. So I pulled out my business suit jacket at the airport. That disguised it a bit. Then I I left the hotel at 8 am, spending two hours getting made up.   
  
The best part was going through Security. They made me take it all off, everything – my business jacket, sandals, purse EVRYTHING!!! Then I had to go through the scanner like everyone else, holding my cell phone up in the air above my head in front. My panties showed though my dress so clearly as I stood barefoot in my anklet, I kept thinking, OMG!!! Janie, what are they thinking!!? All these people kept staring at me in the scanner as I posed. I kept messing up by moving just a bit, so eventually they gave up and sent me out for the wand, as well. Then this poor black woman had to wand me down outside as I posed, arms up, legs apart, panties exposed. She must have thought I was such a slutty little white whore, which I guess I was! Ha! Even the guys going through were fighting to get right beside me as I posed for her. It was priceless; I was messing it up so badly, but no one said a thing about my dress!! Security, that is. They kept looking at me like I was only wearing my panties, which I guess I essentially was. My wrinkled cotton gauze cover dress was just so light, I was enjoying it so much. Guys were craning their necks and positioning themselves for a better look from all sides, before and after the x-rays, conveyers and scanners.   
  
As it was all finishing up, I took a long time to pull my stuff back together. I put my jacket back on last. But the best part was, I was so wet! I wondered how long it would take me to dry out. After we got on the flight, a half hour hour later, I was seated in an aisle seat at the front of the tourist class area. It was just behind the First Class partition. After the plane lifted off when they turned off the seat belts sign, I opened up the arm to sleep across the center seat, which was empty. Then I pretended to snooze, with my head over the armrest on my folded jacket and purse. The poor guy I leaned by the window against didn’t complain at all, I don’t think he knew what to do. For the next hour and a half, though, everyone in first class or using the restroom got to see how wet my panties actually got as I relaxed so they got a good view.   
  
  
love, Janie