Almost Strip Searched.

A Jenny Story.

Beeeeeeeep! That damned alarm is more sensitive nowadays than I am. airport
security meets new heights and all that stuff.
‘Have you any metal objects on your person, madam?’ asked the uniformed guard.
I walked back through the arch took off my watch and tried again.
Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep!
There was no more metal that I could take off without causing a riot in customs.
‘Would you pick up your bag and come with us, please, madam?’
Did I have a choice? Would my arm be twisted up behind my back? Would a gun
be stuffed up a nostril? I picked up my bag and with one officer in front to show the way and another behind to make certain I did not escape I was escorted through to a room at the side of the customs area and the door was shut behind me.
‘We do not want to embarrass you any more that is essential to check that you are
not carrying any Weapons of Mass Destruction so we will not ask you to undress
completely for the search we must carry out. You packed this bag yourself?’
She opened my bag and found mainly my undies and a few odds and ends
including my Tampax.
I opened my mouth for her to peer inside with a little torch and let down and shook out my long blonde hair at her command.
‘Take off your shoes and place them on the table, please’ Awfully polite these
officers are until they have you bang to rights. I slipped off my high heels and put
them on the table. They were viewed suspiciously before being cleared of having
explosives in the heels.
‘Undo your blouse, please, madam.’ I undid the buttons on my blouse and let it fly
open. My push up Wonderbra with its plastic under strip under my breasts was
exposed. ‘And unclip your bra, please.’
I reached up my back, pulled the strap of my bra down and unclipped it. How was I supposed to get it off with my blouse still on?
‘Remove it from your breasts and lift your arms above your head.’
My breast with their nipple rings - why do blonde’s breasts have such perky rose
pink nipples? - popped into view and were duly inspected by the officer as though my bra had contained a ton of coke rather than my F size boobs. The officer came
forwards, squeezed the material of my bra and ran her hand round my chest, up into my armpits and up my back.
‘Thank you, madam, you can put your bra and blouse back on now.’
I dropped my arms, leant forwards and dropped my boobs into my bra cups. Now
they had seen my metal nipple rings they must be aware what had set the alarm off and would let me go.
‘Are you wearing stockings or tights, madam?’
‘Hold-ups actually. They are cooler in this weather.’
‘Just slip your panties off then, please.’
An awful lot of ‘pleases’ from these officers. I lifted the sides of my skirt and
pushed my thumbs into the side straps of my panties and eased them down and off.
Slightly damp in the crotch from anticipating what would happen to me behind that
closed door but not voluminous enough to cause an explosion unless a guy saw them.
I was getting away lightly with these checks I thought as the officers dropped my
damp drawers on the table. BUT! She extracted a box of ‘Disposable Surgical
Gloves’ from under the table and a tube of KY. Maybe I wasn’t going to have to take my clothes off and get naked but the examination was going to be no less thorough.
‘Lift your skirt so that your buttocks are exposed and lean on the table, please’
Not ‘please’ again. I lifted my skirt and leant on the table with a cold draught
blowing on my exposed, moist pussy. I considered the view the second officer was
getting of my bare bum and pussy atop a pair of nylon clad legs. Did they have a
surveillance camera and sell pictures to male officers? The officer lifted my skirt so
that it would not cover anything she wanted exposed and snapped on a rubber glove.
After giving it a dose of KY she walked round behind me.
‘Stand with your feet well apart, please.’
Say that word again and I’ll scream. I slid my feet apart and felt my moist labia
slide apart. My clit ring must have popped into view confirming that I did indeed have metallic objects about my person.
‘I just need to check that you have nothing concealed internally so I am going to
have to perform a cavity search. Try to relax and it will be quickly over.’
I felt that slippery finger part my labia and slide up and down between them and
than a finger was inveigled into my vagina and I could feel it come into contact with my cervix during its travels. Nothing found except moisture the probing finger was withdrawn and slid its way upwards between my bum cheeks until it found my tight little anus. More jelly was placed on it and it resumed its search.
‘Hold your buttocks apart, please, madam, so that I can minimise your discomfort.’
My breast were laying on the table to prevent me falling over as I placed my hands
on my bum and pulled my cheeks apart. The finger wiggled away at my orifice
gradually working its way past my taught muscle until it finally slid freely into my
back passage. The only question was how deep it could penetrate. I was not certain whether to gasp with pleasure or horror as I found out just that.
The finger was withdrawn and I was told I could stand up.
‘You have nothing concealed about your person, madam, It must be your ...... body jewellery that set of the detector.’ She handed me a couple of wipes. ‘If you like to clean yourself up and resume your clothing you are free to board your flight.’
I wiped off the slimy jelly and dragged a panty liner from my bag. I was sure that
some of that stuff would ooze out as I was sitting on the plane and I didn’t want a
damp patch on my nice new skirt. Wiped down I stepped into my knickers and tucked the pad into position before clipping my bag shut and being escorted back to departures with a slightly lubricated feeling as my legs moved against one another.
Well! I might not have been stripped naked but as sure as sure keeping my clothing on had not prevented these officers from a very thorough search. Maybe I would have preferred to strip naked. They might have thought that searching me piecemeal was less embarrassing. I didn’t!
I removed my ‘body jewellery’ and put it in my bag for the flight home

Jenny