**Jenny - Weapons Inspector by Vern**

Warning

This story & the accompanying illustrations, is quite graphic & deals with the following fetishes & situations:

Unknowing Exhibitionism

Unknowing exposure to aphrodisiacs

Unknowing ingestion of drugs

Women in Perilous Situations

Scopophilia (erotic gazing)

Proctophilia (fascination with rectums)

Caligynephilia (fascination with beautiful women)

Vestiphilia (fascination with clothing)

Kolophilia (fascination with female genitalia)

Humungushooterphila (fascination with 36 double delicious double D’s)

All of the characters are fictitious, with the exception of Uday Hussein

If any of these subjects upset or offend you, do not read this story!

Jenny was alone as the baggage carousel spun around. All the other passengers had claimed their bags and gone on to the Saddam Hussein International Airport’s customs area. She was at a loss as to what to do when a chubby Iraqi Army Captain and a handsome lieutenant approached her.

The captain introduced himself as Captain Yerboutie and the young man as his son, Phillip and he told Jenny that they would be her escorts while she was in Iraq. He commiserated with her about her lost luggage but informed her that he was authorized to provide her with the special uniform of a U. N. Weapons Inspector.

The two men escorted Jenny to a luxurious hotel that was part of the airport complex. Phil took her passport and work visa while explaining that Jenny would be staying in the hotel during her stay in Iraq. They traveled up the elevator and ushered her into a sumptuous room.

Phil pointed to a Gucci suitcase, told her to make herself at home and get over her jet lag. Jenny felt like a princess! A huge Persian carpet covered most of the rosewood parquet floor. All of the furniture was gold-leafed and a king-sized bed faced a floor to ceiling, mirrored wall. The marble bathroom had gold fixtures with the toilet and bidet facing a mirrored wall that continued along one wall of the shower enclosure. Jenny gushed on and on about the opulence of her accommodations. The Captain and Phil bid her adieu and told her they would call for her the next morning.

After Jenny had closed the door, they entered the darkened suite next door. The effect of the one-way mirror made it seem as if the wall had disappeared and they could see her as if they were in the same room.

Jenny studied her glorious figure in the mirror while stripping down for her shower. After the long flight from Heathrow, she luxuriated in the soft spray of the warm water.

The two Iraq Army officers donned black hoods and moved closer to the see through mirror until their eyes were inches from Jenny’s nude body. They marveled at the size of her breasts and how they stood up on their own with out the need of a brassiere. Her russet areolas surrounded her pink nipples and they could tell her 38 double D’s were real and not silicone as she lathered her magnificent hooters.

The slippery bar of soap squirted from Jenny’s grip, skittering across the tiles and the two men gasped as she turned her back on them, pointed her toes inward and bent from the waist. To keep her balance, she pressed one of the hemispheres of her bottom against the mirrored wall.

Jenny’s pigeon-toed stance stretched the muscles of her long, shapely legs and where her upper inner thigh tendons joined her glutes, those adorable little dents appeared on either side of her pudendum.

As her hands chased the elusive bar of soap, she wiggled her hips from side to side. When she reached for the soap, her hiney’s milky globe rubbed against the see-through mirror and pulled to one side, exposing her puckered sphincter surrounded by wispy, blonde angel fuzz.

If the Captain or Phil had cupped and spread her cheeks with their hands, they wouldn’t have gotten a better show. She finally retrieved the soap and finished lathering her lush body.

As Jenny reached for the hand-held shower head, Phil flicked a switch on a remote control panel and murmured “Aphrodisiacs” to his father. The strange, warm, tingling sensation Jenny felt as the odorless elixir gently splashed over her body she decided was due to jet-lag, but when she began to rinse her mons, Phil pressed a button on his control box so the shower’s discharge changed to a pulsating, needle spray.

Jenny’s lips formed a puckered “O” and her mouth cooed out an “ooooooo” as it nibbled at the air as if trying to find her husband’s cock stem to fill it. An involuntary reflex caused her knees to bend and spread while her hips bumped forward until her knees touched the surface of the one-way mirror.

She lost all track of time as her meaty labia were sprayed and flapped like the wings of an excited pink butterfly. The mouth to her vaginal cavity yawned open so the aphrodisiac laden elixir douched the scarlet walls.

The pulsating jets pushed back Jenny’s clitoral hood, exposing the ruby bud to the men’s staring eyes. Phil anticipated her approaching orgasm and before she could be swept over the edge, he threw another switch on his control panel so the shower’s blast was reduced to a trickle.

Jenny slowly returned to earth as the men positioned themselves in front of the toilet and bidet. They moved again when she had finished and returned to the bedroom.

Jenny found the Gucci suitcase on a low bench that was against the mirrored wall across from the foot of the king-sized bed. She discarded her towel as she bent to unfasten the clasps so her magnificent breasts swayed before the two men. Her excited, erect nipples begged to be pinched and stretched.

She opened the luggage to find two expensive leather cases inside, one labeled ‘uniform’ and the other ‘sleepwear’. Jenny decided to leave the uniform inspection until morning so she could get a sound night’s sleep.

She opened the bag to find a baby-doll nightie, a pair four inch heel, ankle-strap mules and a tiny wisp of a string bikini pantie…all pale pink and trimmed with marabou. Jenny didn’t want to walk around a strange room barefoot so she placed her foot on the low bench and fumbled with the buckle of the ankle strap. The pink shoe perfectly matched her engorged pussy lips as they peeked from the damp, blonde forest of her pubis and the men got to be shoe salesmen as she put them on.

She didn’t sleep well in the nude, so she put on the nightie then held the pantie up for inspection. At the tip of the panty's sheer pink front panel, was a two centimeter gold sphere, two centimeters of elastic, another identical sphere, another two centimeters of elastic, another gold sphere, then, elastic attached to the panty's waistband. When Jenny tried them on, she found the top sphere snugged up under the hood of her clitoris, the elastic string pressed between her labia, the middle sphere pressed into the mouth of her vagina and felt like the tip of a penis. The next piece of elastic ran across her perineum and held the third sphere nestled in the pink asterisk of her bottom.

The baby-doll nightie only came down to her navel so her mid-drift was exposed and framed by the pink marabou as the top of her tiny panties left about half her blonde beaver exposed above the pink down of its waistband. She flopped back on the mattress at the foot of the king-sized bed, spread her thighs, hooked her arms behind her knees and unknowingly became the third person inspecting her pudendum.

As the Captain set up the camera, Phil pressed a button on his remote control console and Jenny was asleep before she could detect the sweet smell of the gas. He pressed three more buttons and the three pantie spheres began to hum and vibrate. A section of the ceiling opened and he controlled the descent of a strange, robotic device.

The next morning, Jenny vaguely remembered an erotic dream where fur lined claws held her in all sorts of lascivious position while a vibration on her genitalia brought her to the brink of orgasm but never let her spend. It was one of those dreams that seemed so real…as if it were really happening. She felt light headed as her hand drifted down to her pussy and she discovered that the bedding was sopping wet, her feet were in marabou mules, touching the floor at the foot of the bed and the king-sized bed was still made.

“Wow’, Jenny thought, ‘ I must have really been jet lagged! This is where I was before I fell asleep!”

She suddenly remembered the panties with the gold spheres and threw her legs back so her knees touched her shoulders. The upper sphere was still visible atop her clitoris, but the pink elastic was all stretched out and it disappeared into her nether holes. Her labia were engorged and her pudendum was a deep crimson color as if she had been rubbed and probed for hours. Jenny took hold of the pink elastic string where it spanned her perineum and gently gave it a tug. The sphere in her pussy shot out with an audible splat followed by a copious amount of a cloudy slick mucus. The bead in her anal chamber proved more troublesome. The harder she tugged, the more her sphincter muscle contracted until, at last, that sphere also popped out.

Just at that moment the telephone on the nightstand rang and a voice announced that she was expected down in the lobby in 45 minutes. Jenny pulled the baby-doll over her head, the panties down her legs, kicked off the strappy mules and jumped in the shower. When she’d finished her toilet, she opened the bag marked uniform.

Jenny was puzzled. Her weapons inspector’s uniform seemed a bit strange for Iraq, where the native women were required to don long robes that concealed their entire bodies. As she hurriedly tugged her knickers on, she failed to notice that the cotton gusset had been carefully cut out so the crotch was sheer, tulle netting.

There wasn’t a bra and the t-shirt was several sizes too small, so it hugged her ample breasts so tightly that her pert nipples and the crinkly flesh of her areolas were clearly defined.

The mini skirt only came to the bottom of her hiney cheeks so when she bent over just the tiniest little bit, the sheer back panel of her knickers was revealed.

Why she’d been issued full fashion, seven denier, suntan colored stockings and a desert tan suspender belt added to her puzzlement.

A pair of tan stiletto heeled pumps stretched her calves and her shapely thighs, defining her toned muscles. Ten centimeter heels forced Jenny to arch her spine so her perfect bottom’s creamy hemispheres were lifted and they jutted out, as did her breasts, so they just begged to be pinched and fondled.

A baseball cap and a shoulder strapped, zippered map case completed her skimpy outfit. She checked herself out in the floor to ceiling, wall to wall mirror, then hurried down to the hotel lobby to meet Phil and the Captain.

The father spoke out of the side of his mouth as Jenny teetered across the vast lobby, her stiletto heels clicking on the gold-veined marble tiles.

“Leave the toned and skinny ones for the fashion magazines. Jenny has just enough baby fat to result in that delightful jiggling You see, my son, even though last night was memorable, this is what is truly erotic for Caligynephiles1 and Vestipliles2 like us…the ornamentation…the suspender belts and full fashion stockings with the soft, creamy flesh bulging above the dark welts…diaphanous, full-bottom knickers, that barely shroud… shoes with heels so high, it is all but impossible to walk…breasts unconfined by a brassiere but rather a t-shirt so tight, it is as if it is painted on her. Now, our job is to keep her so preoccupied that she is unaware and to share her with the Regiment.”

After a brief exchange of good morning pleasantries, they exited the hotel. Phil opened the door of a U.N. Toyota pick-up for the excited, grinning Jenny.

She was so happy to be saving humanity from weapons of mass destruction, she was oblivious of the two men shooting her panty-clad beaver as she swiveled her bottom onto the truck’s passenger seat.

The dark tops of her stockings contrasted with the soft flesh of her creamy upper thighs. Since the cotton gusset of her knickers had been removed, her meaty labia were visible through the sheer tulle fabric as they peeked from the blonde tangle of her wiry pubic hair.

Captain Yerboutie got into the driver’s seat and Phil got into his 333 SP Ferrari. The 3997cc, V-12 engine growled to life and he fishtailed out of the driveway of the hotel.

The Captain explained that his son worked for the “Oil for Food” program and had requisitioned the car to guarantee that he wouldn’t be late for any of the programs meetings.

The Captain set off for their first inspection site and Jenny was so excited that she didn’t even wonder why there was a large mirror mounted on the firewall under the glove compartment that was angled toward the driver.

She babbled away about how proud she was to be helping to make the world a safer place as Captain Yerboutie adjusted the knob on the dashboard for the air conditioner. The lower vent aimed the cool air stream at Jenny’s knees and naturally, with out even thinking about it, she spread her thighs to get some relief from the stifling desert heat.

The roads were pock-marked by little CBU craters and they were constantly being jostled. Her pantie crotch camel-toed between her pussy lips as its back panel bunched up in the damp furrow of her bottom so she was constantly lifting one of her luscious hiney cheeks off the seat, hooking her finger under the leg band of her see-through knickers and tugging the gussetless crotch from side to side until it was free of her private places.

She found herself constantly squeaking in alarm because the Captain couldn’t seem to keep his eyes on the road and she had to warn him about some vehicle or crater that they were about to hit. She had to untangle her gossamer knickers every few minutes.

After an hour’s drive, they arrived at the inspection site, an industrial building with an open-grate awning over a loading dock and offices on the second floor.

Phil’s Ferrari was parked with some big Iraqi Army trucks along side the building and a group of soldiers were milling around. Just as Jenny opened the door of the Toyota pickup and swung one shapely, stocking clad leg out, the Captain spoke to her and she half turned at the waist to face him.

When he started in on a detailed briefing, Jenny forgot that her legs were splayed to their limit and her see-through panty-clad beaver was again on exhibition. She knew that the information was very important and she gave him her undivided attention as the troop silently came closer, some taking photos with their silent digital cameras.

As the soldiers hungrily feasted their eyes on the British Weapons Inspector, they could all see that Jenny wasn’t a bottle blonde! Her golden pubes, curling out of the leg bands of her knickers, matted against the flesh in the little dents formed by her stretched inner thigh tendons where her legs met the ‘V’ of her crotch. The pale flesh above the dark welts of her stockings glistened with perspiration because all of the cooled air in the cab of the pickup had whooshed out as she opened the door.

The Captain babbled away, keeping Jenny’s attention, as the soldiers crept so close that they could see her pink, coral-textured, labia that pressed through the tiny spaces in the tulle netting of her knickers. They suppressed their gasps and sighs as she shifted and raised one of her scrumptious bottom cheeks off the sun-heated pickup seat so the crinkled flesh of her sphincter winked out at the horny army men. The Captain uttered a phrase that the men understood as a signal that the show had come to an end and all of the soldiers turned away, acting busy so Jenny was unaware that her beaver had been shot.

As Jenny swung her other leg off of the pickup’s floorboard, the Captain dumped a portfolio of papers behind the passenger seat, covering her mapcase. She stood, smiled, and walked towards the soldiers, who seemed to be too busy to notice her, but then she remembered her bag and walked back to the truck.

As Jenny bent at the waist, rummaging behind the seat in search of her bag, the hem of her skirt rose above the seam of her cut out pantie gusset and a gust of wind (which the soldiers would later describe as “…a puff of Allah’s breath”) gently flipped the back of her skirt so its split open to its limit.

She was so intent on finding her bag that she was oblivious of the troops creeping towards her again. Jenny’s sky-high, stiletto heeled pump-clad feet were spread apart for balance as she shifted her weight from one to the other.

This caused her inner thighs' soft flesh, bulging over the dark welts of her sun-tan stocking tops, to quiver as her perfect bottom wiggled from side to side. Her 38 double D brassier-less breasts swayed to and fro, as did her luscious hiney.

The soldiers zoomed in with their digital cameras except for one brave sergeant who crept within centimeters of her adorable butt, his camera lens set on macro. His viewfinder was filled with the tiny bud of Jenny’s clitoris peeking from beneath its protective hood, the fleshy lips of her pussy and her puckered brown ring beneath the diaphanous tulle of her knickers. He didn’t give himself away by using his strobe because the fierce Iraqi sun illuminated the area where the sun normally didn’t shine!

The gossamer tulle net fabric of Jenny’s panty's back panel was stretched tight across her damp, fuzzy blonde furrow so every nook and cranny (especially her cranny!) was on display.

She finally spied the tan leather strap of her mapcase and bent one of her spectacular legs at the knee as she twisted and stretched to reach beneath the jumbled pile of papers. Her upraised, pump-clad foot made tiny, little circles and this caused the tendon of her upper inner thigh to tighten and flex her glute, spreading her cheeks so the pink asterisk of her bottom’s mouth flashed in the sergeant’s viewfinder. He was able to trigger the shutter before he fainted dead away!

As Jenny extricated herself from the pickup’s cab, straightened up and turned around, she saw the army men dragging the unconscious sergeant back into their midst by his epaulets. Captain Yerboutie explained that the sun had gotten to the sergeant and he ordered his men to fall in under the open grid awning shading the loading dock of the building that they had come to inspect.

A hole had been blasted through the wall on the second story at one end over the bricked in loading dock bays and a series of rungs ran up the wall at the opposite end of the building. Lieutenant Phil ordered the men to set up lights, then put them at ease and they reclined on their backs on the loading dock.

The Captain and Jenny would search the rooms on the second floor while the men rested. Jenny moved away from the men and quickly reached under her mini-skirt because her misbehaving knickers had bunched up between her labia and into her bottom’s crack.

In her hasty rearrangement, what she hated most happened. The leg bands caught the wings of her pussy and held them spread open, but the Captain was approaching so she had to abandon her adjustment, so her labia were pinned apart like a pink butterfly on display in a lepidopterist’s prize collection.

The Captain explained that she should start up the rungs first so he could break her fall, should she misstep.

The soles of her new stiletto-heeled pumps made negotiating the rungs a slippery business and it took all her concentration to make the climb. Jenny soon forgot all about the Captain as he scrambled up the ladder after the statuesque, six foot tall blonde, his face only centimeters from her see-through pantie-clad protruding bottom.

He craned his neck until his big, beak-like, nose was almost brushing the taut net fabric that stretched across her scrumptious hiney. He inhaled deeply and his olfactory senses were flooded with the smell of the unsuspecting Jenny’s agape, sweaty pussy. The scratchy tulle had rubbed over her Bartholin’s glands and a slick, cloudy mucus oozed from the vestibule of her vaginal chamber.

Since the absorbent cotton gusset had been removed, leaving nothing to soak up her pussy’s juices, the musky lubricant trickled from between her butterflied wings and mixed with her perspiration.

The Captain, remembering the plight of the sergeant, fought off a wave of dizziness, as he turned his head away and exhaled. The dark brown welts of Jenny’s stocking tops made scrunching noises as her sweaty inner thighs rubbed together.

She slowly, carefully made her way up the rungs, her delicious bottom twitching from side to side and Captain Yerboutie collected himself before zeroing in on his next target, just a taint away from his last.

He, ever so slowly, moved his nose until it was millimeters from the panty's back panel that spanned Jenny’s fuzzy damp furrow, his nostrils as close as he dared to her bottom’s puckered orifice. He gently inhaled, so as not to alert her by a cool rush of air and he was rewarded with the pumpkin odor of Jenny’s crinkled brown ring.

As she lifted her dainty foot to the next rung, the Captain was careful to follow, his flaring nostrils at just the right distance, still softly inhaling, just as a tiny, stinky, wet bubble of flatus frapped out of Jenny’s hineyhole.

He anticipated her reaction and stepped down a rung, holding his breath to savor her little gift as she looked over her shoulder to determine if he’d witnessed her faux pas.

Jenny was relieved, thinking the Captain was unaware of her passing gas so she continued her climb, wondering why she had let the steward on the airplane talk her into having the curried goat stew.

When Jenny reached the top rung, she realized that she would have to step across a considerable gap in order to get to the open grid awing platform and she focused her mind on dealing with this, forgetting about all of the soldiers that were lying on their backs, looking up through the grid, nor was she thinking about the Captain who was bringing up her rear.

She thought for a brief second about how uncomfortable she was with the wings of her pussy pinched in the leg bands of her knickers, but she dismissed taking any action because of the daunting task ahead of her.

Jenny didn’t see any handholds other than the rung she gripped but she decided to give it her best try. She hiked her tight skirt up over her hips, let go of the top rung, swung a stiletto heeled pump across the gap and just managed to plant her toe on the edge of the platform.

She swung her arms around in circles as she frantically tried to find her balance and Jenny’s double helping of delicious tits rotated in unison with her arms. She was unaware that Lieutenant Phil was spotting her and stood beneath her, ready to catch her if she fell.

She bent at the waist, locked her arms behind her back and arched her spine, which pushed out her chest, making her undulating boobs seem even larger. With her stocking-clad legs spread to their limit and her pudendum on display through her diaphanous pantie, father and son had the ultimate up-the-skirt, beaver shot.

Jenny was too frightened to even think about how lewdly she was displayed so all that she could do was make little squeaking sounds and roll her big blue eyes from the rungs to the platform and back again.

The muscles of her nether orifices started to spasm and since her fleshy labia were held wide by her panty leg bands, they could clearly see the snail’s mouth nibbling at the air as if searching for something to fill it. Jenny’s sphincter also contracted, puckering like it was waiting for a California kiss.

Then her muscles relaxed so both her pussy and her bottom’s mouth yawned agape so the Captain could see the scarlet, rippling walls.

He couldn’t resist those protruding, creamy hemispheres, or maybe he felt pity so the Captain cupped one cheek of her pantie-clad hiney in the palm of his free hand, his fingers wiggling in her damp furrow.

Jenny squealed as he goosed her and she lost her balance but the Captain was strong enough to take her full weight as her toe came off the rung. He twisted his wrist, pivoting her to a safe footing as she yelped like a stepped on puppy when, her panty crotch was stuffed up inside her. His fingers came free with an audible squishy plop but Jenny’s knickers remained stuffed up inside of her.

Captain Yerboutie pushed off with his feet, grabbed hold of the edge of the awning and, like a circus acrobat, swung himself up to its open grid deck. Before Jenny could make any knicker adjustments, he gave her a little shove to indicate that they should start across the platform and she was so deeply lost in thought, mulling over what had just occurred , she failed to notice all the army men lying on their backs on the loading dock beneath her. The fierce Iraqi sun beat down and the bright lights that the soldiers had set up, a meter apart on the loading dock, shined up.

Captain Yerboutie led Jenny across the open grid platform, stopping her when she was directly over each of the 2,000 watt movie lights on the pretext of explaining what had been at the site and what they should look for.

Jenny only looked down through the grid once but was blinded by the bright beams of light so she didn’t see the army men and their cameras, below her. She was afraid of catching her stiletto heels in the open grid and concentrated on walking on the balls of her feet.

The soldiers had astounding views up her skirt and were treated to a lesson in lower female anatomy from a unique perspective. They marveled at the way her leg muscles flexed and relaxed with each mincing step.

The one meter square open grid panels had five centimeter diamond grid plates welded to each of their corners to hold them together and Jenny could see them in silhouette so she naturally placed the slick leather soles of her new pumps on them each time the Captain stopped her to talk. This caused her to stand with her legs spread apart so the forgotten soldiers each had a perfect view of her creamy bare inner thigh flesh that bulged above the welts of her dark stocking tops.

Her knickers were beyond camel-toed as the sheer gusset was still stuffed up into her nether orifices, her labia completely flapping free from the pantie leg bands. The scratchy tulle net fabric rubbed her vestibular glands causing a slick mucus to weep from the walls of her pussy chamber and trickle down her glistening inner thighs, soaking he stocking tops.

When the Captain turned his back on the way to their next stop, Jenny reached around and ran her hand under the waist band of her sheer, full bottomed panties, but only succeeded in tugging the fabric from her bottom’s mouth before he turned to talk to her again.

The soldier below her zoomed his digital video camera’s lens as she spread her legs to stand on the next set of little plates so his viewfinder frame was filled from the adorable little dents of each of her inner thigh tendons above her dark stocking welts with her pudendum illuminated by the movie light.

With her knickers see through back panel stretched across her soft hiney cheeks, he had a perfect shot of the crinkled brown ring of her sphincter. Jenny’s bottom pucker had been penetrated by two of the Captain’s fingers when he had saved her from falling and it showed its appreciation of being free of the knicker fabric by winking open and closed for the soldier’s camera.

The wings of her pussy were still pinned open by the panty leg bands and her snail’s mouth was still stuffed with the sheer gusset material, which wicked the lubricating juice from her pussy cavity. The soldier’s video shot came to an end as a glob dribbled free of the saturated fabric and splashed onto his camera lens.

Jenny and the Captain finally reached the blasted out hole in the wall of the office and stepped through it. That end of the room was in shambles but a big computer was intact at the other end. The Captain told Jenny that their mission was to retrieve the hard drive of the computer but since he was a computer illiterate, he had no idea what to look for.

She proudly announced that her work in offices back in England had prepared her to find it as she marched over to the console, got down on her knees and opened the computer’s access hatch. The hem of her mini-skirt worked its way up the wiggling hemispheres of her luscious hiney until her fuzzy blonde furrow was entirely exposed beneath her gossamer, full bottom pantie to the appreciative Captain.

He knelt down beside her on the pretense of praising her for her vast knowledge of computers but Jenny was too engrossed in her task as he scuttled back until his eyes were centimeters from her full moon.

The previous night’s robotic probing of the gassed and aphrodisiac drugged Jenny had stretched and excited her muscles as the vibrating spheres had brought her to the edge of orgasm over and over again.

The Captain knew that the knockout gas had left her memory void of any recollection of the long night but only the idea of her helplessness was a turn-on for the Captain and his son.

The previous night’s activities were to prepare her for today. Her flesh had been stimulated as if she had been gang-banged so now the mouths of her rectal and vaginal chambers involuntarily nibbled and winked.

He replaced his distance glasses with his magnifying reading glasses and summoned up all of his restraint to stop himself from plunging his penis into her jiggling bottom. He knew that it was within his power to have Jenny “Harem’d” but that was not his game.

He and his son Phil were true scopophiliacs3. They had carefully arranged everything: Jenny’s wardrobe, the location, even the soldiers had been picked to have a similar sexual fetish. Most importantly, she was to be kept unaware of their game of subjecting her to peril and unknowing exhibitionism...and exhibited she was!

With her head, upper torso and mind in the bowels of the computer, her spine arched so her gossamer pantied bottom protruded up, Captain Yerboutie knew he had plenty of time to inspect Jenny’s well prepared nether region as she looked for the computer’s hard drive.

This elaborate scheme at first had been rejected by Uday Hussein, but Captain Yerboutie pointed out that they could all have a good laugh at the weapons inspector’s expense, so “anything for a laugh, Uday” approved the plan. The Captain and Phil thought of it as “voyeurism with an unlimited budget”.

Jenny located the hard drive but getting it disconnected from the main frame wasn’t easy. She took hold of a wiring bundle terminal and wiggled it, her jutting bottom echoing her struggle, her pump-clad feet kicking tiny kicks.

The Captains gaze drifted from her stiletto heels, up her stockinged legs to the pale bare flesh of her upper thighs. He leaned slowly closer, glancing down through the magnifying lenses of his reading glassed until Jenny’s curly blonde fuzz came into focus.

The golden fleece sprouted from her knickers leg bands and framed her glistening pudendum, from her mons veneris below her clitoral hood, along side her butterflied pussy lips, growing more lushly over her perineum and encircling the crinkly brown ring of her sphincter. Her vaginal opening, her pink vestibule, her urethra and her clitoral bud were right there for him to study, held splayed by her gussetless pantie crotch.

He leaned in a little closer so he could again softly sniff her aroused, musky, sweaty scent. Jenny tugged at the stubborn wiring plug and unbeknownst to her, the pink asterisk of her bottom’s mouth puckered then dilated open to expose the scarlet walls of her rectal cavity.

The Proctophiliac4 Captain was almost overwhelmed as the spicy, pumpkin pie odor filled his nostrils. Jenny pushed out a squeal of delight as the wiring bundle popped free of the hard drive’s terminal and the Captain stood up as she freed the component from the main frame.

Jenny stood beaming a smile as she handed the hard drive to the Captain and tugged down the hem of her skirt to cover her bottom. He heaped lavish praise upon her as they made their way back across the open grate of the awning.

Phil was waiting for them at the top of the rungs and stretched his hand out to Jenny so she was able to step across the gap with ease.

As Phil climbed down the ladder, gazing up at the golden challis, Jenny lost her footing because of the slick soles of her new pumps. Being a gentleman and an officer, Lieutenant Phil was right there to catch her on his face.

On the drive back to the hotel, Jenny was grateful that the little Toyota pick-up had an air conditioner, but her babbling about the recovered computer’s hard drive was interrupted by her warnings to the Captain to keep his eyes on the road.

Unfortunately, the only thing on the computer’s hard drive was the contents of these web sites:

http://www.onyx.demon.co.uk/jfolder/btmframe.htm

http://www.adventures-of.com/contents/wild.htm

http://adultcartooncontent.com/subjectbillward.html

http://frenchcomix.laluciole.net/memberslogin.html

http://www.subtextopedia.com/Wanda/index.html

http://www.endart.com/index.htm

http://www.missjones2000.com/

http://www.kathywest.com/pages/members.htm