**On a Schedule: Primrose’s São Paulo Security Screening SNAFU**

by tomb125

“Excuse me.., but unlike all of you, I AM on a schedule!” Primrose complained impatiently. Waiting in the queue with obnoxious kids around was not how she wanted to end her business trip. She hated the security lines and failed to understand the need for heightened vigilance. She had traveled to South America on behalf of the Bastermats Chemical Company, and following tedious, but successful sales negotiations, Primrose could not wait to get out of there. Dressed to the nines in a tight, yet classy grey silk business suit, Primrose wanted nothing more than to get home as fast as possible. Unlike everyone else, the superbly-proportioned blonde did not dream of removing her high heels as she clicked haughtily to the front of the line. She also refused to place her jacket in the plastic tub provided as she edged her way closer to the security gate. She had flown from SA several times and assumed that this time would be like every time before; a hassle, jostling in lines with the sweaty masses, but not the end of the world. Today though, in her expensive suit, she did feel somewhat over-dressed compared to all the young people, families, and tourists milling about. One particular family in line ahead of her was moving very slowly. She noted with irritation a boy and a girl carrying big frosty smoothies despite the signs all around prohibiting food and drink. “Clueless tourists”, Primrose thought nearly aloud as she bustled closer. She said to the children’s mother sharply, “Please keep your children moving, I haven’t all day to wait! Some of us here are on a schedule!” The mother, now chagrined, held her children back and let Primrose cut in front of them. Both parents stared glumly at their shoe-less feet. “And make sure these kids don’t spill their nasty milkshakes because this suite cost me over $1,000 dollars!” Primrose chuckled to herself as she clicked past in her lofty heels. How easy it was for her to embarrass people to get what she wanted. Little did she know what embarrassment was in store for her in only a few moments!

The airport was very warm and Primrose regretted wearing this close-fitting suit with so many layers as she felt a trickle of sweat slide down her back. The thought of an icy mojito in the executive lounge made it almost bearable as she waited her turn to go through the security gate. The sweltering heat wasn’t helping anyone’s tempers as she watched the over-worked staff struggling to get the crowd of people through to the gates. Primrose selfishly fretted the stifling humidity would ruin her stylish coiffure, when it was suddenly her turn. “Please step forward ma’am!” the security officer repeated as Primrose snapped back to reality. “Beeep” the alarm sounded as Prim stepped through and the female official asked her to step aside. “Are you wearing a metal belt or carrying any coins?” the young officer asked as she directed Primrose to pass through once more. “No, of course not! I travel extensively and fully understand the…. ‘Beeep!’” Again the shrill sound drew the attention of fellow travelers. “Could you please raise your arms above your head so I can pat you down?” Primrose huffed angrily but complied, more than slightly uncomfortable as the young woman ran her hands all over her body, briskly brushing up and down her arms legs before asking her to place her hands on the counter and lift her high heels one at a time. This display amused the crowd and the teenage girl in line behind giggled between sips from her banana smoothie, “That lady looks like a horse having her horseshoes checked!” Many nearby snickered at the spectacle.

By this time Primrose was very conscious that she was holding up the line and she began to flush at the amused attention she was getting when she was asked to step through the gate yet again by the increasingly frustrated security officer. “Beeep”….. BEEEEP!” Primrose couldn’t believe the alarm went off twice in succession. “I’m afraid I have to ask you to come with me for a more intimate search” the female officer proclaimed loudly, generating more tittering from other travelers. Primrose’s heart sank and her face went bright red as the officer led her away like a disobedient school girl. Her discomfiture increased when she heard the teenage girl asked her mother in a loud voice, “Mom, why is that lady being taken away?” Prim heard a ripple of laughter as the girl’s mother replied, equally loudly, “I don’t know darling, she must have done something very naughty”. Primrose followed the officer for only a moment when she stopped in front of a small cubicle barely fifteen feet from the busy line, now halted as everyone stopped to watch this scene unfold. The officer ushered Primrose inside. The modular privacy booth was tiny, five feet square, and the curtain only reached down two feet from the ground. One thin wall, Prim noticed, ominously had a large clothes peg.

Once they were in the cubicle, the officer told Primrose, “I am required to search you more thoroughly to find out what is causing the metal detector to go off”. Primrose countered, “You cannot possibly think I’m a criminal and furthermore, I am in a hurry to catch my plane!” The officer replied, quite tersely, “of course you don’t look like a criminal, but something is triggering the detector and it is my job to discover what that is”. “The sooner you comply, the less likely you are to miss your plane.” Prim huffed again and made a pouty face, admitting defeat. The officer continued, “Now please remove your clothing so I can search you”. Primrose in shock, knew what the young lady meant, but surely this could not be happening. Nearly six feet tall in her chic heels, Primrose was quite an imposing figure, and towered over the shorter young officer. Prim tried once more to extricate herself from this soon-to-be mortifying situation. “Young lady, you certainly know you are making a big mistake here. I’m really not the sort of person you should be stopping”. Primrose instantly regretted these words as she watched the security official’s face harden. How arrogant she sounded. Primrose knew her fate was sealed as the young woman angrily jerked the curtain closed and said loudly “The sooner you get on with it, the faster I can get back to work, and you get to your gate. Now STRIP!”

**On a Schedule: Primrose’s São Paulo Security Screening SNAFU-Part 2**

Realizing she had no choice, yet Primrose still protested, “All the people gathered outside are watching and laughing….This is terrible”. She took off her expensive suit jacket, followed by her pink blouse which the officer checked before hanging them on the clothes peg. Incorrectly hoping that this was enough, Primrose stood there in her slip and tight skirt, sweat glistening her forehead. She was perspiring not only due to the warmth of the airport, but also (and how she regretted this now) because she was wearing a sexy shaper. It was a cream colored torsolette, with demi-bra cups barely capable of enclosing Prim’s generous breasts and sturdy garters securing her expensive silk stockings. Along with it, she wore atop her garter straps, a skimpy pink bikini panty with white hearts. She had packed these old undies by mistake. Being Prim’s last clean pair, she didn’t have much of a choice today. She desperately hoped the young official would not discover them.

“Keep going” the officer said much to her dismay as Primrose unfastened her skirt and shimmied out of the garment. She felt beads of sweat forming on her arms as she stripped off her damp slip nearly bumping into the officer while attempting to avoid brushing the thin curtain. She realized miserably this bit of fabric was all that stood between her and the curious throng outside. Gawking at Primrose in her ridiculous shape wear, the teenager giggled and pointed, “Lady, you’re barely contained by that thing!” Humiliated, Primrose scowled at the girl and huddled against the wall trying to cover herself with her arms. Then, standing up to try and regain some control of the situation, she felt the shoulder straps pinch down as if they were in a tugging match with the garters below. This stretching was the reason the bra cups of the torsolette failed to contain Primrose’s magnificent boobs. Her rosy areolas were clearly visible peeking above the lacy white trim and her stiffening nipples threatened to pop out too. Staring on, the official believed she saw wisps of lovely brown hair peeking above the scandalously low panty line as Prim’s sexy belly pressed deliciously against the constraining girdle. When Primrose suddenly spun around to avoid the officer’s leering gaze, the girl discovered another treat. Prim’s panties from yesteryear were definitely not up to the task of covering her beautiful full bottom of today! Most of her cheeks were clearly visible and nearly an inch of butt crack rose above the lacy bikini waistband before the torsolette stretched across her lower back resumed coverage. Primrose felt the official’s stare burning into her nearly-bare rear as she scowled crossly over her shoulder, then looked down and saw most of her peachy bottom escaping from her panties. Primrose looked up with a sour expression at the giggling girl officer, now slapping her knee in mirth, as both pair of Prim’s cheeks blushed furiously.

Primrose tried again to stand upright in the tiny cubicle, tugging the rear of her torsolette down to cover her ass and restore a modicum of decency. She gasped when she saw the officer’s eyes widen, and as Prim, following the young girl’s astonished gaze, looked down, she saw her lovely erect nipples winking up at her, gloriously exposed. Squealing, she tried to haul the shallow bra cups back over her tits, but this simply exposed more of her derriere, prompting more hysterics from the young girl.

Suddenly, ceasing to ogle the discomfiting dishabille of the no longer pompous Primrose, the officer glared and pointed at her ludicrous lingerie, insinuating Prim continue undressing. Beginning to become overwhelmed with shame, Primrose lowered the shoulder straps and rolled the top down, revealing her large perfect breasts to the young woman. The garment was made of tight stretchy spandex and rolling it down to her waist wasn’t easy. Scarlet with embarrassment she numbly obeyed when she was told to “raise her arms” and then “lift her breasts” as the younger woman examined her torso beneath them. Prim was now sweating freely in the tiny cubicle and she began to hyperventilate. Despite being so uncomfortable, she was feeling oddly horny and her sweat-shined nipples betrayed her humiliation by taking on the appearance of hard pencil erasers. She could also feel her mons begin to moisten.

Primrose’s slender hope her thus far exposure was all that was necessary, was instantly dashed when the officer declared, “take the rest off”. Primrose whined “PPpp..please no…everyone outside can see and hear what is happening in here”. The official snapped “hurry up and stop stalling. Otherwise, I’ll haul you out in hand cuffs!” So feeling much like a disobedient child, Primrose suffered the indignity of having to roll down and squeeze out of her torsolette in the very small space. She awkwardly leaned into the girl, “OH..OOooppps.. Oooh, excuse me”, as she stooped on her towering heels to unfasten her stockings, then she began to haul down her torsolette. This was no easy feat as the fully-figured Primrose was now quite hot and sticky. Pulling the shaper over her large, moist bottom took quite some doing. The young officer laughed again aloud as Prim’s bikini panties went down with the descending torsolette exposing half of her mismatched trimmed brunette bush, and baring nearly all her delicious butt crack as the panties rolled below her sweet cheeks. Primrose, howling with dismay, let fall the torsolette, and quickly pulled her panties back into place although this tiny pair was unable to cover much of anything. Regrettably, Prim realized, their too-snug fit in this embarrassing situation was causing a definite awakening in her loins. As the torsolette, hit the ground with a noticeable “clack”, a boy outside asked, “Is that lady undressing in that little room?” In the cubicle, the official motioned toward the cute panties and directed sternly, “those too”. Outside, the boy’s father laughed when he saw the polka-dotted panties drop to the floor around Prim’s heels and answered loudly “She certainly seems to be baring it all!” Everyone in the congested concourse chortled as Primrose, hugely ashamed, crouched naked just few feet from the crowd behind the flimsy curtain. Naked save for her heels, she clicked about fretfully while plucking at her loose stockings as the officer scooped up her underthings and hung them on the peg. Her large, unsupported breasts wobbled to and fro, and her generous ass jiggled as she bumped into the back wall of the cubicle causing an audible “crack” from a support member. The flimsy structure rocked to and fro, and the curtain swayed, alarming Primrose of impending exposure. She instantly clapped her hands over her hot muffin and large boobs with pointy nipples and stared wide-eyed, but the curtain remained in place as the officer told her “Steady!” Primrose heard more sniggers outside as someone mocked “Steady in there!”

**On a Schedule: Primrose’s São Paulo Security Screening SNAFU-Part 3**

In a matter of minutes Primrose descended from a very attractive and composed corporate-class traveler to a denuded distressed damsel in front of a fully dressed younger woman inside a tiny cubicle with a curtain that reached nowhere near the floor. Blonde and blushing, Primrose gawked downward at her hard nipples, threatening to jump off her breasts, as she felt and saw, with awestruck eyes, the reddening of her flesh, spreading from her face, down her throat, and across her boobs. In her mind’s eye she saw what the people outside could see; one set of stocking-clad legs in heels from the knees down prancing about anxiously, and one set of legs in black uniformed trousers and stoic black shoes opposite them. The young officer smiled sweetly at Prim’s predicament. Being very careful to not to brush against the curtain, Primrose gingerly followed the girl’s commands as she was asked to open her mouth. The officer first probed her oral cavity with a wooden paddle, and then produced a penlight. When the officer suddenly thrust the light between her lips, Primrose, staring bug-eyed, clamped down upon it. The officer chuckled at the sight of Prim sucking both the paddle and the bulbous penlight, with a shocked, wide-eyed expression. Then the young officer asked Primrose to shake out her ruined hairdo as the girl brusquely combed through her sweat-streaked hair. This raking of Prim’s near-soaked hair sadly gave her the appearance of a wanton wench. Once more Primrose was forced to lean against the shaky wall and lift her feet so the girl could check her heels. Prim, acutely aware she was completely naked whilst all this was happening, stammered nearly weeping, “Surely there must be some boundaries?”

Then, just when Primrose expected the ordeal to end, the girl ordered, “Squat down, back against the wall, legs apart”. Incredulously, Primrose scowled at her, “You can’t be serious. People will see me!” But the girl was completely serious and told Primrose to “get hopping”. Slowly and most reluctantly, Primrose capitulated, and did as she was told. She pressed her hot, sticky, naked back against the cubical wall and assumed the difficult posture, incredibly embarrassed, as she tried to hold the position while struggling to keep her ass high enough to stay above the hem of the curtain. The despondent Primrose was absolutely sure her bottom was clearly visible from the terminal. “Legs further apart”, ordered the girl as she knelt down in front of Primrose, their knees almost touching.

Suddenly, with no warning, the officer exclaimed, “Darn it!” Before Primrose could react, the official sprang up, opened the curtain and darted out, leaving the d\*\*\*\* half open. Horrified, Primrose leapt up to yank it shut. As she fumbled to close the curtain, the crowd outside cheered at the sight of her large bouncing boobs and conspicuous brown bush bobbing straight at them. After all, a statuesque bare blushing blonde in heels is a sight hard to miss! “Somebody's not exactly matching!” came a voice from outside, referring to Prim’s blonde ‘curtains’ and brunette ‘carpet’. Finally closing the curtain, Primrose waited miserably, naked, in the furthest corner of the cubicle, unsure what to do next after what had just happened. Suddenly, the agitated officer came back in and with unbelievable slowness, closed the curtain behind her. Stunned, Primrose recognized through the curtain gap, the family she had insulted earlier as a dressed woman. They were all smiles, looking at her and laughing. The girl with the smoothie pointed right at her jiggling buns as she scampered behind the guard, “Look at the nakey lady!”

Primrose almost cried when she realized the reason for the officer’s sudden departure. The young girl forgot somethings needed for the examination; a small mirror with a long handle, and a couple of pairs of latex gloves. “Please assume your previous position” the officer snapped, as Prim sadly squatted down. Totally naked, her nipples hard as diamonds, she used her hands to try and cover her throbbing pussy and tits while cowering in front of the fully clothed younger woman, Primrose never felt so exposed in all her life. Scarlet with embarrassment, her predicament was heightened by the fact she could clearly hear people laughing at her humiliating condition merely feet away, on the other sides of the thin walls and flimsy curtain. Curiously, despite her most uncomfortable state, Primrose continued to feel the fire in her loins growing hotter. The officer smiled when she noticed a large bead of sweat glide down Prim’s back and disappear into the cleft of her lovely bottom.

**On a Schedule: Primrose’s São Paulo Security Screening SNAFU, Fourth and Final Partv2**

Resuming her uncomfortable and embarrassing squat position, Prim thought surely things couldn’t get any worse. The officer placed the mirror underneath her open thighs and ordered, “I want you to reach under with both hands and open yourself for me”. Dumbstruck, Primrose complied, her eyes welling with tears of humiliation and frustration as she did what she was told, dreadfully aware that anyone outside could most likely see her bottom inside. Sweat poured down her now-nearly naked crimson body. The cubicle was so small the officer’s face was only inches way from Primrose’s, and she noticed a slight smirk as the officer suddenly inserted two fingers inside her sopping sn\*tch. The officer blinked in astonishment then tittered loudly realizing Primrose was intensely aroused. It was the most humiliating moment of Prim’s entire life as the young woman unemotionally moved her fingers around inside her for a full minute before eventually slipping her gloved fingers out. Then, without allowing her to stand, the girl ordered Primrose to turn around and lean on the wall. Despite being full figured, Primrose was athletic and fit, but her thighs burned as she awkwardly shuffled around on lofty heels no less, without standing up. Her heart sunk as she saw the officer removing her gloves and then then heard the ‘snap’ as she pulled on a fresh pair.

“Now please put your hands behind you and pull your buttocks apart”, the girl ordered. Prim’s elongated nipples brushed the textured surface of the cubical wall triggering yet more stimulation to her already tightened teats as well as her burning bush. Primrose felt the girl’s hand between her moist shoulder blades, “I said lean forward!” as Primrose’s hot sweaty breasts were squashed flat against the cold wall along with her scarlet forehead. She could not believe this was happening. She screamed to herself, “This is a nightmare! Molested stark naked in an airport full of people!” Yet there she was, inches away from comfortably clothed travelers, undergoing the most degrading treatment she had ever experienced. She whimpered when the young woman ordered her to “pull harder” and without any warning, or sufficient lubrication, painfully forced her gloved finger inside Primrose’s bottom. “Oooo, Oh, Oh, Oh!” Prim squealed at the unwelcome intrusion. Her face now the color of an eggplant, Primrose clearly heard the crowd outside the cubicle laughing as they knew exactly what was happening inside. Someone cried out, “WHAT IS GOING ON IN THERE?” Prim, thighs aching and with a half crazed look on her face, smelled the officer’s minty breath on her naked shoulder. “Time to delve a bit deeper dearest...” the young girl whispered in Primrose’s ear, as she added a second finger and pushed even further. Prim yowled like a wet cat, the discomfort and humiliation unbearable. Primrose, implausibly further stimulated, began panting loudly and bouncing her boobs against the cubicle wall in tempo with the young woman’s probing digits. Unfortunately, just as Primrose was about to cum, the officer suddenly withdrew. Primrose shouted “NO! No,nononono…, DON’ T STOP!” The deprived Primrose jumped forward as her bottom made a loud popping sound, like a wine bottle being opened. This brought more hoots from people outside the cubicle. Primrose lurched wildly, toppled to the side, her legs splayed scandalously as the walls of the booth collapsed, the whole booth crashed down upon the concourse floor. Primrose landed across the flattened wreckage face down, on her knees and elbows. Her soaked mop of hair hung limply over her nearly purple face and breathless puffing rosy cheeks. Prim’s bare bottom was thrust skyward, knees apart, showing the world her feminine charms in all their aroused glory. “EEEEEeeeeeeK” she cried and quickly rolled on her back, now supported by her elbows, knees still wide apart. Primrose stared wide-eyed down at the display she now presented the terminal crowd in utter astonishment, her mouth forming a perfect “O” shape. Her beautiful trimmed bush was open just enough by her splayed legs for everyone to see her throbbing labia. Her breasts lunged upward, her elongated nipples rising even higher. Just as she wondered how all this horribly came to occur, waves of humiliation and pleasure overwhelmed her. Unable to further contain herself, Prim squealed like a vixen, and began bucking her hips wildly in the air, on the cusp of the most explosive orgasm she ever had experienced. At this exact moment however, the young girl mentioned earlier, who with her family, stood transfixed staring at this sordid sight with bewildered expressions, dropped her extra-large banana smoothie on the terminal floor. Astonishingly, the contents of said shake spewed forward in two waves toward the simmering sexpot squirming shamelessly on the concourse floor. As if in slow motion, the first wave splattered Primrose’s crotch, saturating her steaming puss with a creamy ice-cold slush, instantly arresting her imminent orgasm, and robbing Prim of her so-wanted release. The second wave of goo struck Primrose directly in the face, soaking her countenance and sweaty locks in a quart of yellowy confection. Primrose, utterly gobsmacked, could only stare comically cross-eyed, down at her frosted feminine flower, her mouth dripping smoothie, hung open comically agape. With her climax literally on ice, the unfortunate unfulfilled flash-frozen femme now resembled a semen-soaked sl\*t. As the surrounding crowd exploded into laughter, Primrose grasped the uproarious situation. Clamping her sticky legs together with a delightful “smack”, she shrieked loudly enough to shatter glass. She saw cameras everywhere and then she noticed the family she insulted earlier, in the front of the crowd laughing and filming as their video camera recorded her complete mortification.

Clambering up unsteadily on her high heels, her previously coiffed hair now in wet ropes of banana shake, Primrose looked around wildly for her clothes. Not seeing them, she adopted the classic ENF pose with one hand trying unsuccessfully to cover her large boobs capped with unbelievably stimulated nipples, and the other pressed between her legs to shield her oh-so-cold coochie. Icy shake continued to drip from her face onto her tits causing her nipples to extend another quarter inch! Her unsecured stockings drooped about her knees. Sweating profusely and covered all over in a moist sheen, Primrose wore the body blush of a boiled lobster. Staring into the laughing audience, her heeled toes shoulder width apart and her knees tightly held together, Prim’s ridiculous posture only served to push her big bare bottom delectably out and up. Looking frantically side to side, through hair covered with creamy banana smoothie, Primrose stared with her mouth hanging open in shame, her eyes wide as saucers. Unable to cover her enormous bosom, Prim’s rock hard nipples peeked out to the delighted crowd and cameras. Primrose awkwardly clicked her heels on the tile floor looking for knock-kneed way out. All around her, Primrose saw faces of people laughing and pointing at her. She screamed over their laughter, “Pleeease, someone cover me!” The young officer who searched Prim suddenly appeared and offered Primrose an airline schedule poster from the smashed cubicle wall. The crescendo of the crowd grew louder as poor Primrose struggled to use the poster to cover her boobs and pussy while her big pink bottom bounced about completely exposed. She anxiously hopped from one heel to another, spinning in circles as the crowd howled on all sides. The wife of the family she insulted earlier took the opportunity to smack her ass hard three times and said, “That’s just what a haughty cow like you deserves!” “OOOO OH, OH, Owwwie!” Primrose exclaimed, miserably peering over her shoulder with her frosted face at her reddened bare bottom.

Finally, other officers moved in and as they pulled Primrose back to the wreckage of the cubicle, a series of blooming red hand prints appeared on her full tushy. One officer gave Prim a small towel to wipe off the now-crusty smoothie splatter while another gave her girdle back. “Thanks a lot!” she hissed, as she sn\*tched it away from him. Even though the officers tried to hold up the little curtain to end the bawdy exhibition, many of the crowd, including the family, hooted raucously as the silly Primrose struggled to pull on her ridiculous girdle, an effort made hopelessly difficult because of her embarrassment and sweat-covered body. Wriggling to haul the too-tight garment over her generous wobbling rear end and then her bouncing breasts, was truly a sight to see.

Fifteen minutes later a now-dressed but still shaking Primrose tried to sound composed when she asked the officer who strip searched, exposed, and degraded her, exactly to whom she should complain. The officer replied, “No one”. She said, “I was only doing my job”. She didn’t even apologize. It apparently was the fault of the over-calibrated metal detector sensing the metal fasteners securing Primrose’s silk stockings to her girdle. Despite trying to remove as much smoothie as possible from her countenance in the WC, There remained quite a bit of sticky shake on her face and in her hair. Hustling up the jet way to her plane where everyone was already seated, Primrose endured her final indignity as she saw the grins on the faces of passengers who had clearly enjoyed her humiliation, and had pictures, movies and stories to tell all their friends back home. She hotly panted as she squeezed by the girl she insulted earlier on the way to her seat. The girl unexpectedly held aloft her polka-dotted panties she had absconded with and waved them to the cheering cabin of passengers. Everyone now knew Primrose was wearing no panties! Primrose felt about her loins and realized the mortifying truth. She pouted as she plopped into her seat and started bawling.

Back in the airport, a janitor fortunate to have witnessed the calamity, held up Primrose’s discarded cover, the poster flight schedule she had so unsuccessfully attempted to use to conceal her nudity. The portion dealing with Primrose’s departing flight was soaked with her sweat, banana smoothie, and Lord-knows what else. He laughed out loud and remarked “I guess she WAS on a schedule after all!”

The End