**Safe and Secure**

by rsw

**Safe and Secure Part 1**

Lois dreaded stepping out of the taxi. Her skirt was so short that anyone looking was sure to get a good look between her legs, and she wasn’t wearing panties. Likewise, the loose shirt she wore was sure to fall away from her chest and give anyone who wanted a view of her braless tits.

At least she’d be away from the driver.

She couldn’t believe that she’d gotten into the cab wearing only stockings and heels and that reliving her experiences at the construction site had led her to masturbate as he watched her in the rearview mirror. Only luck had prevented him from crashing into another car.

He pulled to a stop in from Terminal 9 at LAX, jolting her back to reality. Studiously avoiding looking at his face, she handed over her credit card.

Time to face her nightmare—wearing clothes in public so not made for her body type and, therefore, ridiculously revealing. If her job didn’t depend on making the meeting tomorrow or if there were a later flight, she’d have had him drop her off at a clothing store.

But there was no time for shopping. Instead, she’d have to rush through security wearing the ill-fitting clothes. If the plane hadn’t already left without her.

No. She’d not even consider the possibility. After all she’d been through, she had to make it.

Her toe tapping with impatience, she waited for the driver to return her card. When he did, she reached for cash for the tip. Stupid cheapskate accountants who didn’t allow expensing gratuities. Had any of them ever been on a site visit?

“No money,” he said. “You’ve already made my day, sexy lady.”

She finally met his eyes and found no condemnation, no disapproval. Instead, he seemed like he meant what he said, that she had brought him pleasure and that he was thankful for it.

Again, she’d shown off her body, done something in front of him that she wouldn’t consider doing in front of her most intimate lover, and nothing bad had happened.

Maybe the rest of the day wouldn’t be as horrid as she expected.

After a blush and a quick goodbye, Lois swung her legs out of the vehicle. With a skirt that short, there was no help for the fact that she was going to flash someone. The only thing she could do was to minimize her exposure by making it a quick as possible.

A middle-aged man in a suit happened to be looking her way, and his jaw dropped.

She quickly clenched her thighs together and stood. Her loose shirt gapped away from her chest. A half dozen people stared at her. They’d have seen everything she had to offer.

One woman openly called her a slut and shook her head.

Lois’ cheeks burned. She slammed the car door behind her and hurried toward the terminal.

The skirt’s huge waist swallowed her. If she didn’t keep a firm grip on the side, it would fall right off, leaving her butt naked on bottom in full public view. She tugged upward and glanced down at herself.

Blond curls peeked out from between her legs.

“Eek!”

Lois quickly let the skirt fall a little. A breeze hit the top of her butt. She didn’t want to know how much she revealed back there. Better that than her bush, though.

It felt like every eye in the terminal was trained on her, and it wasn’t just her imagination. Men whistled and gawked. Women snarled and hid children’s eyes.

Lois wanted to die. How had she been reduced to such a fate? An educated, professional woman walking through an airport dressed like the worst hussy possible.

Worse, her arousal returned incrementally with each stare and each rude comment.

She wouldn’t give into it this time. She was stronger than her libido. She would rise above.

Using her free hand to wrestle with her wallet, she approached a TSA checkpoint at the bottom of the escalator heading up to security. She handed a uniformed agent her boarding pass and ID.

Above, hundreds of people waited in lines. A clock on the wall showed the time. Her plane was scheduled to be boarding already. In five minutes, they’d be closing the door.

Tears welled in her eyes. All she had gone through hadn’t mattered. She was going to lose her job because of a missed flight.

“What’s wrong, miss?” the TSA agent asked.

With a trembling voice just on the edge of hysteria, Lois explained her situation.

The man took her by the elbow and pointed up the escalator. “Don’t you worry, honey. I’ll radio ahead to my friends. They’ll whisk you right on through and have the airline them hold your flight.”

“You’d do all that?” She hadn’t expected such great service from a government agency.

He smiled and shooed her on her way.

At the top of the escalator, she glanced back. The TSA agent was on the radio and staring up after her, much to the annoyance of the dozen people waiting for him to check their identification. He winked at her.

Considering the height and the angle, she realized he probably could see her butt cheeks up the skirt. She blushed and moved to pull the garment down in back.

Lois stopped with her hand in mid-motion. He’d done a lot for her. Feigning smoothing her stocking, she bent and stayed in that position until it was time to step onto the next level.

A wave of arousal shot through her, and she wanted to look back at the man to see if he had appreciated the view. And the crowd behind him.

Oh God! What was she doing?

A lady TSA agent motioned her forward past a long line of people. Clutching the waistband of her skirt tight to keep it from falling, she edged past the other travelers.

“Hey, why does the tramp get the go ahead of me?” one lady asked.

Every eye in the packed security area seemed trained on Lois. She tried to ignore the stares, but it was hard to disregard the mixture of animosity, curiosity, and pure lust directed at her. Surely, nothing else would happen to her. How many people could possibly see her undressed in a given day?

After taking her shoes and purse, the agent led her past everyone straight to the scanning machine. “OK, honey, go right on in.”

Lois was ever so grateful as she walked straight through the machine to the other side.

“Stop.” The male agent on the other side halted her. “You have to be scanned.”

“But the other lady waved me through,” Lois said.

“She moved you to the front of the line.”

Lois looked back at the machine. The one where they required you to put both your hands in the air. If she did that, there’d be nothing holding up the skirt. “Can I get checked with the wand, instead?”

The man looked irritated. “Sure. I can move you to a waiting area until an agent is available to give you special attention. Can’t guarantee you’d make your flight, though.”

Lois looked from him to the machine and back again several times.

The woman from the other side called, “Your flight won’t wait for long.”

Angry murmurs came from the crowd. Lois was holding everyone up. She’d already been so humiliated. So many people had witnessed her nudity. Could she endure more?

Maybe she could crouch slightly, like when she exited the taxi. Maybe that would hold it up some. Surely it wouldn’t fall all the way off.

She stepped back inside the machine and placed her feet inside the yellow marks.

“Just put your hands up, and we’ll be done,” the male agent said.

She sucked in her stomach, trying to hold the fabric up using the “V” made by her tummy. Tentatively, she raised her hands, ready to catch the garment if it moved at all.

It worked. The skirt slipped to her mid butt in back but stayed in place in front.

Lois carefully stretched her arms above her head. Still the garment didn’t fall down any further. She knew she displayed a little bit of butt cleavage. Better that than showing off practically everything.

She almost laughed at the fact that she considered herself relatively modestly attired. A day ago, she’d have died from shame at being in front of all these people wearing a skirt that didn’t fully cover the tops of her stockings and a shirt that revealed her navel. Add to that the fact that the skirt threatened to slip totally off her at the slightest movement, and she was sure her old self would have absolutely died.

It was fine, though. The garment held.

Lois let out a long, relieved sigh.

There was no sound as the skirt released from the no longer existent fold in her stomach. The gentle touch of cotton didn’t register as it slid down her silk stockings. She felt nothing as it pooled around her feet.

She stood with her arms held up staring at the glass in front of her.

The gasps didn’t clue her in, either, so lost was she in her own little world. She did think that the scan was taking an awfully long time compared to normal.

Lois glanced at the male agent. He stared at her with wide eyes and a slack-jawed mouth but didn’t say a word.

“Are we almost done?” she asked.

“J-just a minute. There’s a problem with the software. They’ll fix it in a jiffy.”

A woman muttered “whore” loud enough for her to hear, and a man wolf-whistled. She looked down.

“Oh my God!”

Her ass and bush were fully exposed to everyone. The commotion caused even more people to look. They crowded around. She dropped her hands to cover her front and bent to grab the skirt.

“Ma’am!”

Lois disregarded the shout from the male agent until she felt a hand on her arm.

“I’m sorry, ma’am, but the scan isn’t complete. You must return to your previous position, or I’ll have to call the police to arrest you.”

She was completely bent over, her bare ass sticking into the air. Her hand grasped the skirt pooled around her feet. Was he really telling her to straighten up, leaving it where it lie?

No. That couldn’t be. He couldn’t seriously be suggesting that she prolong the exposure of her naked privates to the hundreds of people watching her.

Was he crazy?

Lois drew in a breath to tell the guy off. A string of curses formed in her mind. She was going to really him have it.

“Yes, sir,” she said.

**Safe and Secure Part 2**

Lois left the skirt on the floor and rose.

Her shirt only reached to just above her belly button, so a wide expanse of bare skin showed from there to the tops of her stockings, including her blonde bush and completely nude ass. She raised her arms above her head.

Absolutely nothing prevented the crowd of passengers from seeing her bare skin from above her navel to the tops of her stockings. Skin that was usually the most protected from view. That no one save her doctor ever saw.

Now, everybody saw.

She couldn’t believe how embarrassed she was. Humiliated. Mortified.

Horny.

Some of the passengers had gathered opposite the glass, and she knew she treated them to the best show as she made no attempt to cover the area exposed by her spread legs.

Arousal the likes of which she hadn’t felt since being exposed above the construction workers returned. She was actually glad that the agent forced her to keep her hands high. If she lowered them, she was afraid of what they might do of their own accord if they neared her soaking pussy.

A day ago, she’d have been aghast at the thought of someone seeing her bra strap. Now, her body seemed to crave exposure. What was happening to her? How could she be so easily controlled by her libido?

After what seemed like forever but was probably only a minute or so, the man spoke, “The machine’s down. We’re going to have to have you go through the metal detector.”

Confused, she nodded and bent to pick up her skirt.

“Leave it,” he said. “I’ll just run it through the conveyor for you.”

She looked at the crowd of people behind her. To reach the detector, she’d have to walk through them. He couldn’t be suggesting that she do so bottomless, was he?

“Please don’t make me walk through that crowd of people naked.”

“You’re not naked, ma’am. You still have on your shirt.”

Her hands moved to the bottom of her blouse. “Please don’t make me take that off, too. I’d simply die if I had to show my tiny tits to everyone.”

What was she doing? Was she really begging him to strip her naked? She had to get a grip.

He adjusted his pants. “Now that you mention it, there may be some metal in there. Best to remove it.”

Too late. He’d taken her up on her offer. What had she done?

Lois swallowed hard. Her nipples poked against the fabric of the blouse, making it obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra. She’d been ordered to strip totally naked in an airport, in public, in the middle of hundreds of eager and horny and judgmental eyes. And it had been her idea.

There was no way she was going that far.

But she had no choice. Her need drove her.

Her hands gripped the bottom of her shirt and pulled. Slowly. Her mind warred with her arousal. Taking off her shirt made no sense. There was no reason for it. No justification whatsoever.

If she stripped completely, it would be obvious that she did it solely because she got off on the exposure. All those people would know her to be a naughty slut who couldn’t control herself.

And people had their phones out. This would be all over the internet. Coworkers would see it and know her shame.

Inch by inch, the bottom of the shirt rose, revealing more and more of her bare skin. It reached the bottom of her breasts.

She paused. Much farther and they’d see her biggest flaw, her nearly flat tits.

How could she bear it?

She couldn’t do it. She wouldn’t. Her mind insisted.

Her arousal battled back. She needed to be seen. Needed release.

Her mind lost.

Lois tugged. The shirt rose, revealing her rock hard nipples.

Oh no! she thought. People are seeing that. Taking pictures of that.

She almost came on the spot.

Suppressing a shudder, she finished pulling the shirt over her head and meekly handed it to the TSA agent. He grinned at her.

Bare. Exposed. Naked.

Stunned and unsure of herself but horny as hell, she turned to face the crowd, her hands clutched against her thighs. Some of the men cheered. Some of the women shot daggers at her with their eyes. No one looked at anything else but her.

So aroused was she that her legs shook, and she teetered out of the scanner and stepped toward her audience. The people closest to her edged back to make a narrow corridor.

Her naked, wobbling body brushed against their clothes, emphasizing the difference between them and her. They were respectable, professional, fully-dressed travelers. She was a wanton, trashy, naked slut who was getting off on displaying herself to them at the flimsiest of excuses.

Lois wanted so badly to sprint back to her clothes and throw them back on. To run and hide and let no one ever see her face again.

All around her, phone clicked and recorded. There would definitely be shots and video of her totally naked on the internet. Millions of people would be able to see everything God gave her.

Lois wanted so badly to sit on the floor, spread her legs, and masturbate to the most powerful orgasm ever.

She shuddered.

A man patted her ass. Another copped a feel of her breast. She moaned.

Lois staggered past the lady TSA agent and through the detector. Of course, it didn’t buzz. She wore only stockings which hadn’t the slightest bit of metal.

Her legs buckled, and she fell. On all fours like a dog. With her ass stuck out and legs splayed. Hundreds of onlookers saw and captured the whole event on cameras.

She wanted to die. She wanted to cum.

The lady agent put a hand on Lois’ back. “Are you okay?”

Lois could only nod numbly.

“Oh dear,” the lady said, “you seem to be making quite a mess between your thighs. We should clean that up.”

Lois was vaguely aware of the other agent tossing the lady a cloth of some sort. The woman’s meaning didn’t hit home until Lois felt soft, feminine hands pushing her thighs apart, exposing her most intimate parts even more. To everyone. To their cameras.

“No,” Lois said. “You don’t have to…”

“Nonsense, my dear. It’s no trouble at all.” She rubbed the inside of Lois thighs with the cloth. “My! You are soaked.”

Lois’ blush extended to her entire body at the quite loud announcement to everyone about just how aroused she was. Could this get any worse?

“The source of the fluid seems to be here.” The towel moved straight to Lois’ pussy, and the pressure increased. “Better get it stopped.”

The woman thrust the cloth in and out, ostensibly to “clean her up,” and the motion had the exact opposite effect of stopping the flow.

Lois panted. Pressure built.

She had to get herself under control. Having another public orgasm simply was not acceptable.

Lois clenched her legs together and pushed herself off the floor. “I’m sor— Thanks but… I-I have to go.” She grabbed her clothes and wallet from the male agent and stumbled away from the check point.

No other passengers came through while she hastily pulled on her outfit. An airline representative with a shit-eating grin on his face took her by the hand and escorted her to the gate. They practically ran, giving her no time to even stop and buy a t-shirt to cover herself. Dozens more people probably got great views of her unprotected privates as she wasn’t able to keep the skirt in place.

At least the plane hadn’t left yet. She thrust her boarding pass at the gate agent and prayed that the rest of her trip would be uneventful.