**Strange Customs**

by[WillingWolf](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1456550&page=submissions)©

It was a Friday night and we were flying back from Amsterdam after 3 days and nights of sun sand and sex, without the sun or sand. My boyfriend of about six weeks had invited me, after his quarterly bonus was bigger than expected.  
  
Graham was a catch. Tall, dark and handsome could have been distinguishing marks for his passport and a great job in software sales provided a convertible and a nice life style. The word domineering came to mind as I daydreamed as we sat and waited for the suitcases. He liked to control. He played fly half for the first team so he could even dominate the games he played.  
  
It occurred to me that in the bedroom he always seemed to be in control. That suited me as I had always been both a willing partner and eager to please. Previous recent boyfriends had lacked that pushy drive and adventurousness that Graham had.  
  
We had, after the first few nights of passion, experimented with our sex life and he had found out fairly quickly how turned on I became by dressing up and role play games. That explained the nurses outfit in the suitcase which was a little present he gave me upon arriving in our hotel. Even before we unpacked our bags.  
  
His unpacking had consisted of taking 3 shirts and a couple of pairs of trousers and a handful of underwear and socks out of his bag in two minutes flat.  
  
I had said ' Go down to the bar and give me 10 minutes to change, I will be waiting for you.' The bastard had left me for three quarters of an hour, long enough to be very wet between the legs with anticipation, not long enough to achieve my favourite position on my back with my knees in the air and three fingers playing harmonies on my clitoris. His timing was perfect. I was raring to go and had been playing the game in my mind for half an hour. I would have received an Oscar for the scenarios I was playing in my mind.  
  
I greeted him as a long lost patient, undressing him carefully so as not to put undue pressure on the bruises sustained in the long walk from the bar. The throbbing between my legs grew as did his erection. He played his part as the injured soldier but still had not touched me.  
  
I examined him all over, when all I wanted was his touch on me. I massaged his shoulders and threatened an enema. That was enough.  
  
'Kiss me better.'  
  
That was the sign I needed to lower my lips over his cock.  
  
'Excuse me nurse your tits are rubbing against my side which is particularly sore. If you could perhaps kneel over my head?'  
  
While my breasts, a comfortable 38d, were on the large size I recognised that this was a stepping-up of the game.  
  
The panties that had arrived with the outfit were big, almost up to my waist and frills round the legs, but they were sheer nylon and left nothing to the imagination. The damp patch and the aroma gave away any hope of me shielding my arousal.  
  
The bastard still had not touched me. At last his fingers crept around the frill and eased into my sopping cranny. His nose quickly followed and his tongue, which at this stage felt longer than his cock, started the first of many orgasms for me.  
  
The next couple of days we did what every couple do in Amsterdam, smoked a little weed, tried the 'cannabis cakes,' saw a couple of blue movies and compared styles with the couple screwing on stage in the live sex show on the last night. A great Indonesian meal with Graham feeding me tit-bits off his fork and a couple of drinks at the airport and another on the flight had made me look forward to getting back to his flat.  
  
And we still had the weekend to come. He had promised to introduce me to some of his rugby mates after the game on Saturday.  
  
At last the suitcases arrived and we set off through the Green Channel to be interrupted by a young man in Customs uniform.  
  
'Good evening Sir, Madam do you have anything to declare.'  
  
'Nothing at all' said Graham. 'Do you have anything Kath.'  
  
'Of course not,' I replied, thanking my lucky stars we had decided not to bring back a few ounces of Amsterdam's finest.  
  
'Would you mind stepping over to the table please and opening your suitcases. Did you pack these cases yourself? Are you sure you have nothing to declare.'  
  
'Sure' said Graham throwing open his case for the Officer.  
  
'Come on Kath open your case, the man is only doing his job.'  
  
I was a little more reluctant as I knew the nurse's outfit was sitting on top, in anticipation of being used at the end of our journey.  
  
'If you please Madam?'  
  
They both stood and looked at me. I felt the first stirrings in my nipples and slowly undid the straps on the bag. Even worse than the costume itself were the panties, completely see through except for an opaque area around the crutch. His fingertips slowly raised the offending item in front of me.  
  
'For goodness sake,' I cried, 'Leave my stuff alone.'  
  
'I am going to have to ask you to accompany me into the office Miss. Refusal to allow me to look into your case is a serious matter.'  
  
'Kath,' exclaimed Graham. 'Don't make things worse for yourself.'  
  
'I haven't refused,' came leaping out as I realised I had told him not to touch my clothes and been taken a little literally.  
  
He ushered me into a small back office, just official posters and a small table in the middle of the room, on which he placed my suitcase and reopened the straps. Piece by piece he removed from the suitcase, my soiled clothing, relishing, it seemed to me, the opportunity to examine the seams particularly on my underwear for signs of drugs.  
  
He checked the straps and seams on my bag and wordlessly put everything back in leaving the nurses outfit and panties back on top.  
  
'We have reasons to believe that you may be carrying drugs,' he intoned. 'Will you consent to an informal body search or shall I arrest you on suspicion'.  
  
'Bloody hell' said Graham opening his shirt and unzipping his trousers like a man on fire.  
  
'We have nothing to hide'.  
  
Thirty seconds later after briefly piling his clothes on the table he was dressed again and they were looking at me. My nipples by now were fully erect as I pondered the situation, surely this could not be happening to me. A familiar heat began to spread through my groin as I said,  
  
'O K but send in a female officer.'  
  
'Certainly,' stated the customs officer going to the phone. 'I will contact the duty officer and get her out of bed. She will be here in about an hour, but not over happy.'  
  
We looked at each other.  
  
' The car is waiting outside Kath,' was all the support that I got.  
  
'You saw me. It would not take a minute.'  
  
We all knew that I was not going to get the cursory glance that Graham had attracted. The heat between my legs had grown to a tingle and a fantasy was growing out of a nightmare.  
  
'Why don't I just leave my clothes on and you have a quick feel.'  
  
The words I blurted out to see his eyes sounded wrong somehow as his lit up with the opportunity. The words 'quick feel' suddenly sounded wrong. No sooner the words than the deeds.  
  
I was turned around and made to lean my hands against the wall and spread my legs. His hands felt along my arms over the tee shirt, under my armpits and down my back. They slowly eased over my jeans belt and down over my bottom, which was rigid with stress at that moment. His fingers firmly slipped between my legs and I jumped as I imagined the crutch of my jeans getting damper by the minute.  
  
'Keep still.'  
  
The hands roamed down my legs and back to my shoulders.  
  
'Turn around.'  
  
I looked at Graham who was sitting on the edge of the table looking very relaxed.  
  
'Graham don't you think this is silly.'  
  
'Don't make things worse, Kath these people have a lot of power and I fly a hell of a lot . Co-operation is always easier.'  
  
I felt his fingers in my hair, over my shoulders and his rough hands cupped both my breasts. An involuntary groan escaped as he looked me in the eyes and felt my erect nipples through the flimsy little bra I had put on that morning.  
  
I have always preferred to wear one as my breasts are on the heavy side and I was very pleased that I had at that moment. Magnificent, my last boy friend had called them, but still not big enough to hide 8 ounces of cannabis under them.  
  
My eyes closed and I shuddered as his hands ran down past my waist. His fingers started feeling my crack again, which pushed me onto my toes. 'Its no good, you could have skin patches on, these clothes will have to come off.' They both looked at me again.  
  
'I will fetch a lady officer if you can wait but...' and they looked at me again.  
  
I started to go pink.  
  
'Pretend you are on the beach,' says Graham.  
  
Not much support there then. By now my panties, such as they were, were beginning to get damp. He had already seen one stained pair and I started to go red as I imagined him seeing the pair I had on. Maybe it was my imagination but I began to smell my arousal.  
  
I slowly put my hands on the bottom of my tee shirt and lifted it slowly up my body, over my breasts and over my head. I stood there clutching it to my chest, in the vain hope of covering them.  
  
I could feel that my soft lacy bra did nothing to cover the erect nipples as they stood out proudly.  
  
He held out his hand for the tee shirt. I passed it over and folded my arms. He checked the seams and threw it on the table.  
  
'Jeans'.  
  
My panties were thongs, worn not to show a panty line. Turning round to remove them would expose even more of me than the front. Slowly eyes downcast I undid the belt, then the zip and shrugged them over my hips. The vee of the front panel was damp. I could feel it. They could see it. The customs officer exchanged glances with Graham as I handed over the jeans.  
  
'There that wasn't too bad.' said Graham. 'Maybe he won't need to take everything off.'  
  
I looked gratefully at him.  
  
'Sure.' said the customs officer. 'I can see just about everything I need to see.'  
  
He smirked.  
  
'Against the wall please.'  
  
Buoyed by hope I turned exposing my bare bum and leant against the wall. He kicked against my feet and I coloured again as he spread my legs, wider than before. A momentary pause as I awaited the touch of his hands on my shoulders was broken as his hand went straight between my legs under my g-string and wiped along the lips of my vulva.  
  
'What's this?' he said, and I turned round to see him holding a condom full of white powder.  
  
'That's not my mine!'  
  
I shuddered, as he raised it to his nose.  
  
'It smells like you,' he said. 'I think an analysis of the juices along this condom will match nicely.'  
  
The words fell like an axe. I had been set up by him for a grope.  
  
'Oh Kath how could you,' said Graham.  
  
I began to realise the position I was in. Set-up was the thought but the words that I used to Graham were a lot less ladylike.  
  
'I did not see him take it from his pocket,' said Graham, 'But I was unsighted. He had his back in the way.'  
  
I could see that even Graham was not sure whether I was guilty.  
  
'I will need to see the rest of those clothes now Miss,' I heard through a haze.  
  
All hope of modesty gone I slipped my hands behind my back, undid the strap and handed him my bra, crossing my arms again. He watched me closely as he felt the soft lacy cups. His cold eyes raked down my body, ending up on my thong.  
  
Not a word was necessary as I slowly slid one hand over my trimmed light brown bush and the other on the elastic at the side. I slid them down my hips and kicked them over to him. I was lubricating heavily as my fingers slipped over my lips, maintaining as much respect as I could muster.  
  
He held the panties to his nose. 'Cocaine has a distinctive smell.' He inhaled deeply and threw them onto the table.  
  
Graham could do nothing but sit on the edge of the table , his sorrowful eyes indicating my stupidity, but I did see him adjusting his trousers over an erection that I would have been happy to have caused an hour ago.  
  
I looked closer now at my interrogator. Six feet tall, heavily built, an old broken nose, he looked every bit the hard man. Under other circumstances I could have quite fancied him, but my mind was in turmoil with a mixture of hatred for the set-up that he perpetrated on me, disbelief that I could be in this position and strongly turned on by the fact that I was standing here naked, my nipples erect and my vulva dripping with arousal. My fingers, while pretending to cover my mound pressed against my tumescent clitoris.  
  
He indicated that I should turn around. He grasped my arms and pushed me against the wall, spreading my legs with his feet and knees. Now his hands gently smoothed across my shoulders and shoulder-blades, thumbs central, finger tips moving down under my arms to the edge of my breasts. Down over my cheeks and he paused, cupping my tight bum in his calloused hands. His thumbs moved between my cheeks, spreading them wide, the view for him and Graham was briefly my puckered upper hole, before his hands moved on and down over my thighs.  
  
A grunt expressed his desire. A moan expressed mine.  
  
'Turn.' My eyes, downcast, caught sight of a massive swelling straining the blue serge of the trousers of his uniform. His erection was matched by Graham's, whose bulge was being gently manipulated. How dare the bastard enjoy himself.  
  
The Officer kicked my feet apart again and trapped my hands behind my back as he leaned my shoulder-blades against the wall.  
  
His hands again stroked my shoulders before cupping my breasts, making no pretences of searching any more. His thumbs pushed urgently against my nipples and squeezed. I groaned with desire and felt my knees sag before the pain of his pinch brought me back. He stood back a pace and his right hand went straight to my neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair. My exaggerated bikini line and shaving had looked great for a lover, but vaguely obscene in front of this man I had never met before.  
  
My lips were parted and sticky. My clit was hard and fully exposed with the hood pushed back. I urgently needed a cock. His hand drifted down between my legs and lightly fondled the outer lips and my clit. I pushed forward against his hand mewing with need. He pinched the end of my clit between his fingers as I opened my mouth to scream.  
  
'Shhh.' He said with the forefinger of his left hand over my other lips.  
  
'I may not need to report this smuggling offence if we can co-operate.'  
  
I held my breath, also needing to co-operate just to relieve my inner desires.  
  
He roughly grabbed my arm and bent me over the table, I felt my ankles kicked apart, my arms pushed in front of me. My breasts were rubbing against the cold Formica top. I pushed against the table grinding my nipples into the cold surface. My bottom stuck up in the air, my legs wide spread. I was lubricating freely. Two fingers gave me some of the feeling I craved, twisting and turning deep within me.  
  
I felt my orgasm starting.  
  
Horrified that this ogre could expose my desire to be humiliated, and with the knowledge that there was little that I could do about it, Graham briefly came into my mind. What was he doing letting this happen to me. I felt the fingers withdrawing before I could come. A finger traced higher towards my tightly puckered little rose.  
  
'No. Please.'  
  
I breathed quietly before the finger pressed against the muscle before sinking to the second knuckle.  
  
'Fuck me please,' I murmured urgently and I heard a zipper, seconds before I was filled to the brim.  
  
His cock felt enormous but at that moment it came as the answer to my prayers. The finger continued to probe my anus and I came violently, urgently pressing back into his cock. He stiffened and thrust into me as he came, flooding me, and pushing me further into orgasm than even Graham had done.  
  
I lay there catching my breath. I heard a zipper and felt Graham moving toward me to support me. I leaned into him shaking with emotion and spent passion. I felt my clothes moved towards me. Graham tenderly pulled my jeans over my feet and my tee shirt over my head, pocketing my bra and panties, slipping on my shoes.  
  
I tried to concentrate on my surroundings. What was happening.  
  
'Don't worry Miss,' said the Customs Officer. 'I will not make an official report this time. We will not press charges. But I will hold on to the evidence for a while in case.'  
  
We started walking towards the door.  
  
'We can get a taxi outside,' said Graham.  
  
'I didn't want to book anything in case we were delayed like this.'  
  
I looked up questioningly towards him to hear  
  
'See you at the match on Saturday Graham.' from the Customs Officer. 'Nice to meet you Kath. I hope to meet you again soon.'  
  
He did.  
  
In fact I 'met' the whole of the team sooner or later. Bastards!  
  
But that is another story.