***Strip Search***

Crissy sang with her sweetest voice the lead part of the summer music
festival presented by her church. The many years of private voice lessons
had helped make her the most sought after soloist in the large church
choir she attended regularly. Her husband Robert smiled at her from the
audience with pride knowing she was the most talented musician in the
annual program. He didn't share her zeal for regular church attendance
but was happy to accompany her to witness her special program.

Crissy was naturally gifted with singing and dancing talents that were
developed from her early childhood home. She had all the benefits of
growing up in a warm nurturing family life with her strict religious
parents. Nothing was held back from her when it came to special classes
in voice and ballet. The young wife was filled with a natural grace and
composure that clearly made her stand out in even a church crowd. Even
though her husband had some appreciation for her upbringing, it was her
drop dead sexy body that made his blood boil.

Ever since she graduated at the end of spring quarter, Crissy had a strong
desire to teach music. That was the only reason she had agreed to move so far away from her family in Denver to this small community in southern Tennessee. She would be teaching her one year internship in the music department at the community college in the fall.

As Robert watched his 20 year old bride sing, he couldn't help but notice
her gorgeous tits rise and fall even under the choir robe. God she was
fine piece of woman even if she was so shy and modest about showing any of her charms anywhere in public. Her petite 5' 4" figure was flawless topped by the sweetest smelling soft auburn shoulder length hair. Back in Denver when she would wear her bikini, her full milky breasts would spill out of her top giving him a raging hard on just watching her.

Since the wedding, the young husband never tired of exploring her body
from her hard rose colored nipples to her sweet wet pussy just barely
covered with soft dark red hair. Crissy still got embarrassed when her
husband wanted to leave the light on in their bedroom so her could see her most secret parts as they made love.

Sitting in church, Robert's mind remembered how hot she got as he pounded away fucking his bride to a shuddering climax. Even though she still wouldn't even consider any oral or anal sex, Crissy would buck and squeal in the missionary position through repeated orgasms under her new husband.

Robert had to give a slight grin thinking that it would only be a matter
of time before he would finally talk her into taking his throbbing cock
between her full soft lips for a blow job. Hell, she was so shy, she
still wouldn't let him kiss or suck on her precious little pussy. Crissy
still thought that it was "dirty and perverted" to do anything like that.
As Robert listened to the music, he had to cross his legs to hide his
stiff cock from thinking about all the things he would like to do to his
sweet little bride.

Even though they had only been married three months ago, living with her new husband in such a backward part of the county was not her idea of fun. She didn't have any of her old friends to spend time with like she
enjoyed back home. Crissy was looking forward to the year passing quickly so they could move back to Denver and be around a higher class of people and real civilization again.

The young wife was real tired of all the off color remarks she would hear
from the men in the small town. She couldn't help but notice all the
unwanted attention she would get as they would openly stare at her swaying breasts as she walked by. The rude comments were not welcome as the modest young wife tried to disregard the stares and keep her eyes from making contact with the grinning faces.

Crissy had discussed the problem with her husband Robert but he just kept telling her men will be men. Somehow, she almost got the idea her husband kind of enjoyed the attention she got from the guys. He would always make some joke about how hard up these guys are or how she should be happy she was the center of attention. "What do you expect," he would laugh, "these poor guys have never seen anything as sweet and tender as you in their whole life." It really made her mad when Robert would tell her to let them have there fun and not get so worked up over it.

The only job her husband could find was as a mechanic at the one and only auto dealership in the community. He had hoped to use his college
business skills but had to depend on the wages from the shop to pay the
bills while Crissy finished her teaching assignment. Most of the men he
worked with were older and quite a rough bunch of guys that had known each other since childhood.

Robert was new and found it hard to make friends with the guys at the
shop. The one thing he seemed to have in common with the group was a love for motorcycles. He had been forced to sell his road bike to raise money for the move from Denver. He found that if he talked about motorcycles and hung out with the guys playing poker and drinking beer, someone would always have an extra bike for him to ride on the weekends.

Several weeks ago, Crissy had stopped by the shop to deliver his lunch he
had forgotten. As she walked through the shop looking for him, the word
spread like wildfire that she was Robert's wife. It seemed from that day
on, the guys went out of their way to be nice to the young husband. Even
Bart, the shop foreman, made a comment that he should forget his lunch
more often so they "could get a better look at that sweet little thing."
Robert just laughed it off and joked that if she came down there very
often, no one would get any work done.

The young husband felt the pride and envy knowing that every guy in the
shop would give his left nut to have a wife as sexy as Crissy. He felt
damn good that he was the only man there that had seen her naked body
knowing that any guy there would trade places with him in a heartbeat.
Hell, he might as well use all the advantages he had to gain the respect
of his coworkers.

Crissy hated to see her husband hanging around with the guys from the shop after work. She knew they were rough and crude and didn't like to see her new husband go to the bar to drink and play cards with them. Every time she would have to go to the shop to pick up Robert after work, several of the guys would invite her to come along with her husband for a little fun. Even though they gave her the creeps her husband did little to discourage them from making her put up with their crude jokes. All she could do was to loose herself in her music studies and help out at church.

It was Friday afternoon as Robert came home from work excited that he
didn't have to work the weekend, and better yet, Bart had given him two
tickets to the all day western rock concert Saturday. As Robert showed
the program to his young wife, it was clear Crissy was less than
enthusiastic about the whole idea of spending the day up in the hills
listening to "hillbilly" music.

The concert was sponsored by a motorcycle club from Nashville and was to be held at a private farm up in the hills. Several bands would play the
day long event. She tried to explain she really didn't want to go but
Robert wouldn't take no for an answer. "You never do anything I like to
do!" he complained, "now I want to spend some time with you at the
concert." "Bart is bringing his wife and he made me promise that you
would spend the day with her." "A couple other guys from work and their
wives will be there and it's high time you get in and have a little fun
with the group."

She had always objected to going to the bar with him and his friends using the excuse she couldn't stand the cigarette smoke. Crissy saw that her husband meant to force the issue and she was going whether she wanted to or not. Well at least she wouldn't have to put up with Robert's creepy buddies with the other wives there for her to be with.

It was Saturday morning and Bart would be stopping by to pick them up in a few minutes as Crissy stepped out of the shower. "All right, what does one wear to a high class concert like this?" Crissy asked with a tone of disdain. Robert was ready handing her his favorite short white summer
dress with thin little straps across the shoulders. "No way!" she
complained holding it up in front of her showing him that it was too
short.

"Come on honey quit acting like a prude," he shouted, "it's going to be
hot today and you've never even worn it since I bought it for you."
"You'd think nobody has ever seen a leg before," he taunted her. "All
right if you don't care if your wife runs around half naked then why
should I care," Crissy yelled knowing that she really shouldn't have
agreed to her husband's wishes.

Pouting to herself, she slipped on her matching white lace bra and panties
and then slipped the short little dress over her head. After putting on
her sandals, she stood back and looked in the full length mirror on the
wall. God, she could tell that wearing this short little lightweight
dress was a mistake. The hem only came down about four inches below her cute little butt and the material was so thin that you could see the
outline of her brief panties and bra.

It would be a challenge to keep her modesty and not let someone see her
panties. What's worse, the young bride's thick dark nipples pushed out
through her bra making the tips clearly visible and even the dark outline
of each nipple could be seen under the white fabric. Crissy had just
decided to change when she heard the sound of Bart's pickup horn and
Robert grabbed her arm to hurry out to the truck.

She grabbed her straw purse and ran along behind her husband watching
Bart's face widen to a full grin as they approached his pickup. "Hop
right in sweetheart," Bart invited as he watched the young wife hold her
short dress down as she struggled to climb up in the four wheel drive
pickup seat. Robert slipped in beside her as Bart roared out the
driveway.

"Are we going to pick up you wife?" Crissy asked Bart after they made a
turn away from town. Bart cleared his throat as he explained that she was
picking up another wife and going to meet them at the parking lot. Crissy
shot a questioning glance at her husband who just shrugged his shoulders
as though it was no big deal. A few miles further, Bart turned off the
highway and drove to house at the end of a long driveway saying he was
picking up Leroy and Dave, from the shop, to take them to the concert.

"Can only ride four up front so flip a coin and the other guy gets the
back," Bart announced. Leroy let out a holler as he slid in next to
Robert packing Crissy tightly between her husband and his smelly boss.
The young bride was aware of the knowing glances between the two strange men in the crowded pickup. Here she was sandwiched between Robert's big bellied boss trying to keep her short dress in place with a knee on each side of the floor mounted gear shift that Bart seemed to enjoy shifting into fifth gear.

"Honey, if this here gear shift starts turning you on we can stop and let
you get yourself off... if ya know what I mean," Bart laughed as he gave
her a nudge with his elbow. "How bout it Robert.... you ever use the gear
shift knob on your little wife back in your neckin days?" Leroy and Bart
laughed as they kept teasing the young husband about making out with his wife before they were married.

Robert thought it best to just laugh along with the men even though he
could see how embarrassed his wife was listening to the foul talk.
Crissy's face turned blush pink at the nasty remark Bart had made at her
expense. The young wife squirmed backward as the shift knob pushed the
hem of her dress higher only a few inches from the crotch of her panties.
Several times she felt Bart's bare knuckles accidently brush against the
inside of her bare thigh way up too high to be comfortable.

She was so intent on keeping herself covered, the young bride didn't
notice that Bart would laugh and hit all the bumps in the logging road as
the two men watched her tits flop up and down. Dave was looking in from
the back of the pickup watching her heaving tits. "Better hold on tight
to yer little wife," Bart laughed, "these fuckin ruts get bigger every
time I come up here."

Robert couldn't help notice the show his wife was putting on for the guys.
He tried to hold her against him so she wouldn't bounce around so much
but he thought it best to just let the guys have their fun. Just before
they arrived at the parking lot, Bart pulled to a stop and yelled back to
Dave it was time for a hit.

Continued in part 2.........

**Strip Search 2/3**
"Everybody out for a hit and a piss," yelled Bart as he and Leroy piled
out of the truck. The young wife sat in the truck alone looking down as
the three men stood at the side of the truck shooting streams of piss in
the air in plain view not seeming to care that it might offend the modest
wife. Robert joined the others taking a leak and, in a somewhat
apologetic way, ask the guys to try and keep things under control for his
wife's sake.

"My wife is shy and modest and she will never go to another concert with
us if we don't settle down a bit," the young husband pleaded. "Yur right
son," lied Bart, "us boys done forgot our manners around a sweet little
lady like your wife." Dave was lighting a joint he had taken from his
backpack and passed it around to Leroy and then Bart. He handed it to
Robert saying, "here this will help us all mellow out and get along better
from now on."

Robert hesitated but thought if he joined them and went along with them
they would respect his wishes and not act too wild around his wife.
Crissy couldn't believe her eyes as see watched her husband take a couple long drags on the joint. She had never used drugs and she was sure her husband would never defile his body either. Leroy took a drag and walked over to the open door and smiled through brown rotted teeth at the nervous young wife. "Mam, would you like a little puff of the weed before we go into the concert?" She just shook her head no and looked away trying to avoid his lustful stare.

Bart put his arm around Robert and grinned at his friends while he ask him if his wife needed to take a piss. Robert walked over to his wife and ask her if she needed to go to the bathroom. Actually, she did have to go
quite badly but she was not about to let these greasy men watch her go
behind a tree. Her eyes just pleaded with her husband to take her back
home. "We will be all right honey once we go inside with all the other
people," he explained, "the other wives are probably waiting inside."
"Let's just try to enjoy the rest of the day and listen to the music,"
Robert whispered running his fingers lightly across her forehead.

Even though she agreed to go inside, Crissy was starting to show concern.
Here she was with three strange men who gave her the creeps. Her husband was clearly intimidated by all three of the older men and wasn't willing to stand up to his boss but just tried to laugh off his crude comments with a joke. Everyone had to leave their vehicles in the parking lot and take old school busses the final ten miles to the farm where the concert was to be held.

As she held tightly to Robert's hand walking toward the busses, the crowd
of people gathered in the parking lot were dirty biker low life types that
made her skin crawl. They all wore black leather riding gear making her
short white little dress stand out even more. The young wife clutched her
purse and kept her eyes forward trying not to notice the looks and
whistles from the group of men waiting to board the busses.

A large sign welcomed the group to the music festival with a list of
warnings and regulations.

1. ABSOLUTELY NO DRUGS OR WEAPONS ALLOWED.

2. EACH PERSON OR PARCEL MAY BE SEARCHED BY SECURITY.

3. ZERO TOLERANCE - ALL OFFENDERS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW.

4. PRIVATE PROPERTY - NO VEHICLES ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT.

"What are those guys thinking of?" Crissy whispered in her husbands ear,
"don't they see the signs about drugs?" Her heart was pounding as they
approached the tables at the security check station. Six or seven big
burly men in black T shirts with the word "SECURITY" printed across the
back were going through the packs, pockets and purses of the crowd before letting them on the busses.

Bart and his friends didn't hesitate or seem to be afraid to let the
security men look through their backpacks. Crissy was just sure they
would find the drugs she knew were there and they would all be in trouble.
She handed her purse to the security man and he dumped the contents out on the table as he eyed her cleavage. He looked through her makeup bag and opened her wallet and shuffled through a few bills.

The young wife was mortified when he grinned and pulled a neatly packed
rubber wrapped in a pink ribbon out and showed it to one of the other
security guards. She had completely forgot about it and the guards were
enjoying her humiliation in front of the group of men. "We could auction
this off and get a shit load of money if we didn't start a riot first,"
the guard laughed handing her purse back to the embarrassed young woman.

Crissy and her husband hurried onto the bus to find Bart and his two
friends. There was only one seat left open, and the sign said "no
standing", so the driver had Crissy sit on her husbands lap next to a big
tattoo covered biker. "You interested in buying a good set of wheels?" he
ask Robert as he looked his wife up and down. "We got some good buys on some custom machines up at the concert... we rebuild em and raise money for our club's civic activities."

"Sure, I'm always looking for a good deal on a new bike," Robert told him
hoping to satisfy the big smelly biker. "Good... look me up when you get
up there and I'll make you a deal," he said almost like a threat. "OK,"
agreed the young husband as he watched the biker openly study his young wife's jiggling tits. With Bart and his friends leading the way off the
bus, Crissy stayed close to her husband as they walked through the mass of concert goers looking for a good place to hear the bands. Many of the
guys were laying on the ground on their backs and enjoyed the flash of
Crissy's white panties as she stepped over them following the guys.

In the rush of the moment, the young wife had completely forgotten that
her little dress was so short and wasn't aware that she was standing
directly above two grinning faces. With her legs slightly apart for
balance, the two guys were getting a great view of her perky little ass
cheeks and her panty covered crotch. While Robert was helping the other
guys find a good place to sit, she looked down to see the two grinning men ask her "if you need a good place to sit honey, take your cute little
panties off and sit on my face and I'll stick my tongue up your hot little
pussy." The young bride jumped with surprise away from those terrible
laughing men and the nasty things they had said to her.

Crissy sat on a dirty blanket between Bart and his friends listening to
some of the worst music she had ever heard. Robert had relaxed and closed his eyes and seemed to be enjoying the music and the outdoors. After the music set ended, Bart wanted to show Robert some of the bikes that were for sale over next to a group of tents about a half mile further up the road. "You can keep us company while they are gone if ya want," offered the grinning Leroy. "No thanks... I'm staying with my husband if you don't mind," she said sharply.

The young wife had noticed that the greasy Leroy kept moving around on the blanket to get a better view under her short dress. She knew that, in
spite of her best efforts, the creep had got several good looks at her
panties when she wasn't looking. Bart and Robert were sitting on and
checking out several different motorcycles when the big biker they had met on the bus walked over and started talking to them. He was insisting that they take a quick spin around the parking lot and see how nice the bikes ran.

Robert tried to explain that he wasn't quite ready to buy but the big guy
started to get upset. Bart yelled over to Crissy standing with Leroy and
Dave that they were going for a quick spin around the parking lot. The
big biker had Robert on behind him and Bart ask Crissy if she wanted to
take a spin. The young wife certainly didn't want her husband to leave
her alone with the two men but she couldn't very well climb on behind Bart with such a short dress. "Hurry right back honey," the nervous wife
called out to her disappearing husband.

The sound of the bikes faded away as she listened for the first sound of
their return. Leroy opened his backpack and pulled out a joint and lit up
saying," we might as well take a hit while were waitin." The young wife's
heart fell to the pit of her stomach when she saw this idiot using drugs
right out in the open. Both of the men were taking drags while she
pleaded with them to put it away before someone notices them. All they
would say is nobody was watching but if she would take a puff, they would put it away for later.

The trembling woman though better of it but decided it was the only way to make them stop. Leroy handed the smoking joint, and looking both ways, she drew in a breath of acrid smoke. Crissy's eyes were watering as she coughed trying to rid her lungs of the awful smoke. Leroy was pounding on her back helping her catch her breath. The few bikers working at the sales tents just watched with casual interest at the stunning girl with long tanned legs.

At first no one noticed the security jeep pull up beside them. Three
large security guards piled out of the jeep and formed a circle around
Crissy and the two men. A large German shepherd remained leashed to the back seat of the jeep. One of the guards sn\*tched Leroy's backpack and quickly found several joints. Another guard grabbed Crissy's purse and dumped the contents out on the ground ordering her to put her hands on the top of her head and stay that way . The terrified wife watched as they searched Leroy and Dave looking in their pockets, shoes and shirts while they stood with arms raised against a large pine tree. The young wife gasp as Leroy and Dave were stripped bare ass naked right in front of her.

She noticed that these security guards didn't look like regular police
officers but instead were probably members of the motorcycle club hired to work the concert. Their hands were dirty and all had grease under their
fingernails. They were all huge rough looking men with big necks.
Telling the two men to stay put, the three guards gathered around the
frightened young wife. "Please, my husband and I don't really know these
men... he will be right back... we just got married.... he can explain
everything," she pleaded with a quivering voice. "Shut the fuck up,
honey.... we'll do the asking and you'll do the answering, got that
straight?" "Yes sir," she squeaked.

The three security guards smiled knowingly at each other as they enjoyed
the sight of this gougous young thing, standing with her hands on her head making her big tits stick out. Her short little dress was pulled higher
from the position of her stretched arms showing off the entire length of
her tanned legs. They knew she was definitely out of place running around with slime like Leroy and Dave. Whatever was her husband thinking of to let his beautiful little bride, dressed in a skimpy little dress, get herself in this kind of trouble.

The three guards were not above having some fun with this cute little
wife. Even though they were only temporary security police, they got a
big charge out of pushing people around and showing authority. They were not really trained to preform body searches and certainly not authorized to search a female suspect. Carlos, the big Mexican, was the team leader and he wasn't going to let this sweet little chance pass him by.

"What's yer name sweetheart?" growled Carlos moving his face close to
her's. "Crissy Miller" she barely whispered. "Well Mrs. Crissy Miller
you done got yourself in some real trouble here didn't ya now." "Mrs.
Crissy are you going to be a good girl and do exactly what your told or
you gonna make me cuff you and let my boys practice a stripsearch?" "I'll
do... but I want a female...

"No can do Crissy, Your stuck with us handsome fellows, so shut up and
listen!" "Crissy, you got any more drugs or weapons on you?" "No sir....
I can explain if you.... please... please." "Open your mouth... now,"
ordered Carlos. While the sobbing young wife held her mouth wide open,
Carlos stuck his dirty fingers inside checking under her tongue making her
gag. The burly guard smelled her breath and smiled as he detected the
smell of pot. "Sure enough... you been naughty and puffin on weed Crissy
Miller."

"Keep your hands on your head," he ordered as he slowly let his big hands run up her ribs to her armpits... then slowly over her heaving breasts. It was all the young wife could do hold her position while this greasy security guard moulded her soft tits between his fingers. "My oh my you really got a set of jugs there Mrs. Miller... bet your hubby plays with em alot.. huh?.... huh?... answer me!!" "Yes" she whispered in shame. Both Leroy and Dave watched wide eyed as the security guard fondled Crissy's tits.

About half a dozen other guys gathered around to watch this helpless girl
get checked for drugs. Carlos let his hands slide down over her butt
squeezing the firmness of her ass. "Please don't touch me down there...
please... please," she begged. The frightened young wife looked out at
the leering faces of the men gathered around to watch her humiliation.
"Please don't let them watch me... please... "You should have thought of
that before you brought drugs to the concert, Crissy Miller," Carlos
taunted.

"You want to finish this without me touching you down there or letting the
guys see all of you?" "Yes.. yes... please.. anything.... "OK Crissy
Miller... you win... but ya have to do exactly what I say.. understand?"
"Yes... please don't hurt me.." "Slip out of your bra so you can show me
your bare tits." "Right here in front of everyone?" she questioned.
"OK.. deals off... "NO.. no... please I'll do it... I'm sorry."

The young wife unbuttoned the front of her dress and wiggled around until she is able to pull the bra free from beneath her dress. Holding her
dress closed, she handed her white bra to Carlos. The men pressed closer
hoping to catch a glimpse of a nipple. "Now Crissy, hold the neck of your
dress out so I can look down there and see if you have any drugs hidden
there." The young bride slowly pulled her dress out away from her body
letting the security guard see her naked tits.

"Boy oh boy look at those nipples... Mrs. Miller... You want me to play
with em a little don't you honey.. "Yes" the sobbing wife lied. Carlos
grinned at his friends as he reached down her dress front and pinched and rolled her tender nipples to hardness under her dress. "You like that... don't ya honey... I can tell you like to let guys play with your hard
little nipples."

"You ready to show me your cute little pussy Crissy Miller?" he teased.
"Oh no please... not down there.. please" "That was our little bargain
wasn't it honey." "What color pussy hair do you have Crissy?" he hissed.
"Kinda red" she whispered hating him for asking such intimate questions.
"Lets just get a little peek at it without letting any of these nasty guys
see your little pussy. "You promised not to touch me.. you promised"....
the young wife pleaded.

Kneeling in front of her, Carlos ordered her to pull her crotch band aside
and let him check for drugs under her short dress. Taking a deep breath,
the young bride slowly hooked a finger under the legband and pulled her
lace panties to the side being careful that her skirt kept her hidden from
the eyes of the other men. "You were right Crissy, it is kinda red after
all," the guard teased. "I gotta look inside Crissy... you know.. to see
if your hiding any drugs," he teased grinning at his friends. "You pull
your cute little pussy open wide for me so I can shine my flashlight
inside." The young wife felt totally debased as she used both hands to
spread her pussy lips while Carlos leisurely looked around inside with his
flashlight.

"You got the pinkest little pussy I ever saw... bet you like your hubby to
play with your little clit and make it all big and hard.. don't he
Crissy." Carlos couldn't believe he had bullied such a beautiful girl
into pulling her pussy open for him to see. This was a lot more fun than
working at the butcher shop back home at his regular job. He wanted to
see just how far he could push this little housewife. "I need to just get
a quick feel and slip a finger inside for a moment..." he said as the tip
of his index finger made contact with Crissy's clit.

She screamed out and pulled away running away from these awful men. She just couldn't let this security creep touch her most private parts with
his dirty fingers. The terrified young wife just had to find her husband.
It didn't take long for the other two security police to catch Crissy,
snap handcuffs to her slim wrists behind her back and march her back down the road toward the waiting Carlos.

**Strip Search 3/3**

Carlos was really pissed that she ran just when he was going to enjoy
fingering her hot little pussy. "You shouldn't run baby... that makes you
guilty of trying to evade an officer and puts you in deep shit." "Take
her, with the other two, and shackle them in the van so we can take them
to the security barn and process them for the sheriff." Crissy was crying
as the two guards dragged her into the twenty seat van, roughly pushed her
down in a torn up seat and attached ankle shackles to a ring welded to the floor of the van.

Her short dress had pulled up around her waist, and with her hands still
cuffed behind her, she was unable to hide her exposed panties from the
other three prisoners sitting across the isle from her. And without her
bra on, the young wife's firm breasts looked mighty good as they swayed
under the thin white fabric. The drunk biker sitting just across from
Crissy pulled out his big cock and pointing the ugly purple head at the
startled bride and ask her if she would like to bend over his way and suck
his dick. The young wife turned away in shock and disgust at the lewd
display trying to ignore his nasty remarks.

When they arrived at the converted barn, all the prisoners were marched
into a large holding room to await further instructions. There must have
been twenty or thirty men prisoners sitting on hard benches waiting for
their name to be called. As Crissy looked around the room, she noticed
that she was the only female in the middle of all these dirty smelly men.
Some were still handcuffed but many were free to move about the room. It didn't take long for a crowd to gather around her to get a closer look and ask her why she was in trouble.

She soon realized that with her own hands cuffed behind her back, she
would be helpless to keep a stray hand from taking advantage of her
situation. She yelled to the security guard sitting at the desk as
several hands brushed her tits and stroked her bare thighs. He smiled and
let the groping continue until the young woman was twisting and squirming trying to dislodge the roaming hands. "All right you guys.... leave the little lady alone," he barked with authority.

Every few minutes, a name would be called and two security police would
escort a prisoner through a large archway into an adjoining room filled
with desks. From where Crissy was sitting, she could clearly watch as
each man was told to strip naked. Two guards with rubber gloves would
then bend him over the desk and check his privates. The young wife was
horrified to think that this was taking place right out in the open where
anyone could watch. Never in her short life had she seen so many naked
men that didn't seem to care if she saw their big ugly penises.

She noticed Carlos and his two friends sitting at a table laughing with
several other guards as they all kept glancing at her with looks of
anticipation. Leroy and Dave were taken in and processed as she heard
"Crissy Miller" yelled out from the next room. Two big guards ushered her
into the room to stand in front of a large desk. The fat older man was
dressed in a deputy's uniform with a badge and a large gun on his belt.
Crissy noticed, as he looked through some papers, he had carelessly
spilled food down the front of his shirt.

Without smiling his eyes traveled up and down her body as he ask her what she had to say for herself. "Please..." Crissy began, "I didn't do
anything... my husband can explain everything so this all is just a big
mistake," she said with pleading eyes. "That's for the judge to decide...
but you young people now a days don't have no respect for law and order," he snapped.

"Well Crissy, you might just as well shuck outta them clothes," he
ordered. "What" the young wife gasp, "surely not in front of everyone...
don't you have someplace more private... please not in front of all these
men!" she pleaded. "We ain't much on privacy around here little lady....
besides I don't get the chance to train the boys the proper technique of a
strip searching a lady very often... and show them exactly the
procedure." the deputy explained as he walked around and sat on the edge of the desk.

"Couldn't you just feel through my dress this time," the pleading young
wife suggested trying to think of something that would satisfy the
grinning deputy. "Well come over here and let's give it a try honey," the
deputy said as he winked at his assistant. Crissy stood still with her
eyes closed as the deputy slowly ran his big hands over her full breasts
cupping them to test their weight. He let his finger tips make small
circles over her hardening nipples as he told her how good her hooters
felt.

Bending down, he lifted her short little dress up and turned her around in
circles making a close up inspection of her panties. The grinning deputy
rubbed her ass through her panties and slowly ran the back of his hand
gently back and forth over her silk covered mound. Crissy tried to block
out the thought of what this fat deputy was doing to her and the
snickering from the other security men watching. If she could just let
him feel her this way she wouldn't have to take her clothes off in front
of these awful men.

"Sorry sweetheart, this just ain't going to work for us... " the smiling
deputy barked after he had finished playing with her. "But you
promised..." she objected. "The only promise I'm going to make is that if
you don't get outta them clothes in one minute, I'll have the boys rip em
off till your bare ass naked." The trapped young wife glanced around the
room at the group of men with black security police T shirts watching them lick their lips in anticipation. She felt someone unlock her cuffs
leaving red marks on her wrists. The young bride knew she had no choice
but to obey the grinning deputy.

Her slim fingers slowly opened the buttons on her dress and she slipped it
off her smooth shoulders and let it drop to the floor. The embarrassed
bride stood in a room full of strange men wearing only her panties with
crossed arms over her breasts. "Hands on yer head," he shouted. Every
cock in the room was hard from watching this innocent young wife step out of her dress and raise her hands to the top of her head. The pose made her full tits stand at attention and Crissy's hard nipples stood out
smartly. You could hear a few low whistles from the men as the deputy
walked up behind her and reached around cupping her swaying tits. He
proceeded to bounce and jiggle them up and down all the while giving
instructions to the guards on how to examine her tits for contraband.

He invited each man to take his turn making sure not to miss out on the
fun. The game continued until each man had played with the trembling
wife's soft tits. The modest young wife stood obediently with hands on her
head while each grinning guard went through the process of inspecting her aching breasts and rolling her nipples between their greasy fingers. Each guy would try to out do the one before by pinching her sore nipples and making her tits bob up and down by jerking upward on Crissy's now raw nipples.

The deputy cleared some papers from his desk and instructed two of the
guards to help the young wife to assume the knee chest position on his
desk. They lifted her placing her knees wide apart on the edge of the
desk and pushed her chest down flat on the surface. This left Crissy's
panty covered ass sticking high in the air pointing directly at the men in
the room. Someone turned on the bright ceiling lights so as not to miss
any detail of the obscene pose held by the young bride. With her face
mashed against the desk top, she could see the men close in to get a
better look at what they had been waiting to see.

Crissy's worst fears materialized as she looked beyond the guards and saw a small group of prisoners watching from the open doorway. How could the deputy let the other prisoners watch her humiliating ordeal? Were they going to invite every strange man at the concert and let them all see her private parts, she thought sarcastically to herself. The deputy made a phone call and was clearly enjoying making her hold such a degrading position while he talked with a friend about going hunting next fall. She was sure the dark shadow between her ass cheeks showed plainly through her thin silk panties as well as a few wisps of dark red hair peeking from her upturned crotch.

The deputy finished his call and walked around standing next to Crissy's
ass. "We might as well see the main event sweetheart," the deputy laughed as he ordered the young wife to pull her panties down. "Oh please... don't make do such a horrible thing with everyone watching.. please..." Crissy pleaded. With a loud smack, the impatient deputy gave the crying wife a sharp swat across her panty covered butt threatening to take off his belt if she didn't do what he told her to do immediately. Reaching back with shaking hands, the beautiful young wife slowly pealed her panties over her upturned ass and downward to her bent knees.

A hush settled over the room as every man studied the young bride's smooth almost hairless pussy lips. Her shinny little clit remained hidden in the puffy folds of her flawless pussy. Crissy's small little puckered brown
asshole pointed outward to the staring men. The reddening handprint from the deputy's slap made a sharp contrast to the young wife's milky white asscheeks. Crissy's panties were stretched to their limits between her knees to form a sexy looking framework to the kneeling bride's upturned naked crotch. Crissy could hear the prisoners at the doorway hooting and shouting encouragement to the deputy as they enjoyed their unexpected good fortune. The young wife was mortified knowing the obscene pose she was giving the all the strange men in the room.

"It looks like you keep everything trimmed up real nice for your hubby,"
the deputy teased as he inspected her up close taking s few sniffs up and
down her naked sex. The deputy stroked her smooth asscheeks while he told her to slip her panties the rest of the way off for the guys. The young
wife slowly lifted each knee as she reached down and slipped them off onto the floor. "Now be a good girl and spread your knees wide apart so we can get a better look at that cute little pussy of yours," ordered the deputy as he helped push her knees wide. "You got one sweet lookin pussy Mrs. Miller," he teased, "but the law says the boys need to see way up inside." "Just reach back with both hands and pull your ass wide apart and show the guys how pink your cute little c\*nt is," the deputy ordered.

Slowly the sobbing wife grasp an asscheek in each hand and pulled herself wide open for the horny men removing the last trace of modesty she might have preserved. "Oh yah..... that's much better... isn't it guys".. the grinning deputy smirked as he joined his buddies making nasty comments to the humiliated wife. "Carlos tells me he thinks you been hidein drugs up your sn\*tch.... in that true honey?" "Nooo ... please... I would never use drugs," she cried. "Well thats not the way I done heard it... Shorty get yur camera a take a few good shots of her sn\*tch so we can show the evidence to the judge."

Crissy couldn't believe her ears as she watched a short little slob take a
camera from the desk drawer and stumble as he rushed right over behind
her. The horrified wife had to hold the obscene pose while the dirty
little man got right between her legs for a close up picture. "Open up
wide and say cheese," Shorty joked as the flashes filled the room. During
the pictures, the deputy ask her if she played with herself when her
husband was gone. "No... never," she cried. "You ever get fucked up the
ass, Crissy?" the grinning deputy teased. "No... no please don't say such
things ...."

"Let's see what you got hiding up your tight c\*nt, Mrs. Miller," he hissed
as the deputy slowly ran his finger tips up and down the young wife's open pussy lips. Crissy couldn't help but moan and wiggle her ass as the fat deputy lightly tickled the full length of her open slit with his dirty
finger tips. The young wife took short gasps as he slipped his fat middle
finger in and out of her moistening pussy. While he continued to slowly
finger fuck her, he let the thumb on his other hand flick across Crissy's
hard little clit making her jump and give out a little squeal. The gasping
young bride couldn't fight the wave of pleasure she felt from the deputy's
experienced fingers.

"Why Mrs. Miller... I do think you are getting all wet for the boys....."
the grinning deputy teased. The young wife's juices glistened on the
dirty fingers of the deputy as he brought her to a shuddering climax much
to the enjoyment of the watching men. The young bride really bucked and
squealed when the deputy tickled her puckered little asshole and forced
the tip of his finger inside with a pop. "See what you been missing
sweetheart... you like to have men stick things up your cute little
asshole.. don't you!"

What seemed like an eternity, Crissy had to remain kneeling on the desk
and let all the guards finger her sopping pussy and stick their fingers in
her virgin asshole. She looked up to see her husband's friends Bart,
Leroy and Dave taking their turns at her exposed genitals. Bart was
laughing with the deputy as he flicked her enlarged clit with his finger
to watch her jump. The young wife felt her enflamed pussylips being
sucked into someone's mouth. She turned her head to see her husbands boss Bart's face buried in her open crotch. His short whiskers sc\*\*\*\*d along her open pussy as he sucked her enflamed clit and tongued her puckered asshole. The resisting wife couldn't help but let out short squeals and shuddered in an explosive orgasm. Where was her husband? Why wasn't he there to take her away from all these strange men?