# The Airport Sensor

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I have travelled a great deal, but have never been as embarrassed as the time I went through security, with an added aid. My husband was with me and we took our boarding passes from the attendant in the usual fashion.

My husband and I had enjoyed light sex that morning (he more than I) and I found myself wanting more. I often wear a butterfly, a small rubber device in the shape of a butterfly, held in place with a thong like pair of panties. It rides against my clit and through a remote control, which when activated, causes it to vibrate lightly. I use it regularly to reach a private orgasm.

I have cum in restaurants and busses, hotel lobbies and at parties. I love the feeling of masturbating unbeknownst to anyone near me. I put it on this morning and was able to find satisfaction on the bus to the airport.

Unfortunately I never thought about security and when I placed my bag and jacket on the belt and removed my shoes and walked through the sensor I was surprised to hear it beep. The unshaven man on the other side motioned me to go through again. I did and again it beeped. He looked annoyed and I had no idea what was setting it off.

The guard motioned for me to stand with my legs apart and my arms outstretched. He used the magnetic wand while I looked at my husband staring from the end of the belt on the other side. The wand was silent until he moved it between my legs. Suddenly I realized the butterfly was sill there and was setting off the alarm.

The soldier looked at me and used the wand again, this time pushing it against my groin, causing it to beep loudly. Other passengers were staring at the commotion and the guard took me to a small room about the size of a bathroom.

Without any formality he ordered me to strip. I asked for a woman to search me or at least be there. "You are not in your country, now," he said. "Here you will do as you are told." I was scared and not sure how to react. "I said you should take off all your clothes. You are smuggling something onto the airplane and this is a major offence for which you can go to prison."

Suddenly i felt fear shivering through me and the reality of possibly being taken to a South American prison. I looked around and began to unbutton my blouse. The guard stared as I continued. I told him I knew what was setting off his wand and motioned to the vibrator between my legs.

"Where?" he asked. I unfastened my white jeans and slid them down. He stared intently at my crotch, intrigued by the small vibrator. "What is it?" he asked. I tried to explain how it worked but told him I needed my purse with the remote. He stared at me and told me to wait.

He returned a moment later with my purse and I saw several people staring through the open door as he walked back in. He took the items from my purse and when he got to the remote I asked for it.

Cautiously he handed it to me and I showed him the small, red button on top of the pencil thin device. When I pressed it the butterfly began to vibrate. Clearly he was intrigued. "What does it do?" he asked.

Embarrassingly I replied. "It is a way of reaching an orgasm."

He stared and motioned for me to hand him the control. I did so and he pushed the button. He did not release it and I felt a sensuous vibration in my groin. I closed my eyes at the feeling of sheer pleasure. My senses were shocked back to reality when the guard spoke.

"Remove your clothes," he said. I looked inquisitively. "Your clothes!" he repeated and walked to the door. He locked it and watched as I slipped off my blouse. I unhooked my bra and let it fall allowing my breasts to sway free. I'm 58, but I work out daily and my 130 lbs. figure is still quite shapely, even though my breasts have sagged from a 'C' to a 'D'.

I felt degraded as I stood nude in front of this unshaven border guard. He pushed the remote again and I began to shake. He watched pleasurably and when he began to remove his kakis I began to tremble. His hand was slowly jerking his penis as he watched the dildo aggravate my womanhood. He was hard and was soon rapidly masturbating his cock.

"I will not hurt you," he said. "I just want to watch you." He persisted to hold the button and the butterfly was working hard. I felt the continuous pulses against my clit and was beginning to succumb to the pleasure I was feeling.

"Massage your tits!" he ordered. I reached up and squeezed my naked breasts. They felt soft in my hands and my sexual sensation heightened when I pinched my nipples simultaneously.

My pleasure was mounting and I knew my climax was near. I leaned back against the wall and let my body do what it needed to. I saw his face grimace and as he shook his white sperm fired from his stiff erection like water would from a fire hose. A moment later I moaned loudly and felt my thighs and tummy tighten. My orgasm shot through me like a bolt of lightning, heightened by the fact that I was being watched and controlled by this stranger.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, my frame slumped against the wall. I opened my eyes and saw a small pool of white semen on the floor in front of the guard, who was still holding his now softened penis.

I exhaled slowly and he smiled. "Get dressed!" he ordered and left the room. I did so and gathered my purse. I checked the door and it was unlocked. I stepped out of the room and looked for my husband; he was nowhere to be seen. I walked in the direction of the boarding gates and heard my name. My husband was there with our carry-on suitcase.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "It was the button on my jeans. They checked it and let me go."

"Who checked it?" he asked.

"They brought in a woman who works there," I lied.

My husband nodded his head. "We should go." I followed and told him I needed to use the restroom. In the privacy of my own stall I wiped the love juice from my vagina, smiling to myself at what had just happened. The fear I felt heightened my climax and I assumed the guard who watched will fantasize about me for days to come.