**Stripping Off**

Hi-Tech.   
  
I have been stripped off in some of the most insalubrious ‘Customs Posts’ in the World during travels for my Company.   
This so much so that, on the advice of a colleague when I started there, I carry packs of ‘Large Latex Examination Gloves’ and a tube of ‘KY Jelly’. Spare knickers and tampons were included in my ‘essentials’ pack to mop us the moistness produced by these examinations. So far I have been able to insist that both have been used for the intimate gropes which a young, blonde, females seem to be subject to. I sometimes think they sell tickets to locals who peer through cracks in the boards as I am kept naked for far longer than seems necessary. Complaining is not good idea particularly if the ‘intimate’ bit has yet to come.   
A friend of mine, Jill who is a photographer, had decided to document the lives of people living in remote villages and had invited me along to assist - or at least provide some support during my holiday. As this was expenses paid how could I refuse? After the mandatory grope at Customs, where both she and I had been stripped naked together and a use found for my essentials supplies we set off in a Landrover up country.   
The village she had chosen had set aside a hut for us during our stay and here Jill transferred her photos from a digital camera to a more permanent medium. Now the so-called natives had not been forced into wearing strange surplus cast off garments by those who believe nakedness is next to promiscuity and ran around starkers. Near the end of our visit one of the women asked why we wore shirts and trousers as we were obviously hot and sweaty. After a deal of thought we replied that it was our custom. This because we could think of no better reason even if we did change from long trousers into shorts and discarded our bra’s. The all to obvious movement of our breasts under our blouses caused a deal of discussion amongst the men folk of the village as to how we would look naked.   
On the last night we paid for a feast to thank everybody for being so helpful and letting us intrude into their lives. We were told that dancing by the women would be the highlight of the celebrations and we were welcome to join in. Again the question came up from the women as to what we were going to wear as they were being questioned by the men as to what we looked like naked. So far they had only been able to peer down the front of our blouses.   
Jill and I had a discussion. We would wear just our shorts to the feast. No shoes, no blouses, no panties, no bra’s. When we emerged, somewhat uncertainly, from our hut we were greeted with whoops of delight and we sat topless at the tables and were ogled by all the men who indulged in much muttering about the size of our breast and whether we had hair down below.   
The dancing started and we were encouraged to join in by the women and our topless performance was greeted with ever more delight. Again the women suggested we strip naked as they were.   
‘Well it’s too damn hot for these shorts,’ muttered Jill as we took a break and the men gave their performance. The size of their cocks was .....well........amazing. With a wiggle Jill’s shorts hit the deck. ‘Come on,’ she nudged me, ‘Get yours off too.’   
Mine came of as well and we gave our full frontal and shaven pubes performance of a lifetime. ‘Just pleased I’m the photographer,’ muttered Jill during a particularly energetic part of the dance. ‘Shots of us doing this could be worth a fortune in a guys mag.’   
Eventually we made our way back to our hut amid calls for more which we were to ......... exhausted ......... to provide. We slept like logs until dawn when we were woken by one of the women who told us to get going a bit quick as the men were discussing which of us would make the best wife and who should be the lucky guy to get her. Me with my bigger boobs or Jill with her wider hips. Both indicative of an ability to bear children and many of them!   
We slung our gear into the Landrover and headed back to the town before we got wed!   
Now you may think that is the end of my trip and my tendency to loose my clothes but it wasn’t. We were stopped at Customs as Jill’s photographic gear was peered at suspiciously and I as her accomplice was detained as well. Not satisfied we were ‘invited’ to step behind the counter and into another room where we were interrogated further about our trip and what we saw of drug use. ‘Nothing!’   
Not satisfied we were taken to a medical facility and ordered to undress. Now, as I have said, neither Jill nor I are unused to getting naked for checks of our persons but this was a different and Hi-Tech in its approach. After the usual checks of our hair, mouths, under our breasts and in our bum cracks we came to the ‘internal’ bit. Not your usual grope with a gloved finger though this was modern, Hi-Tech stuff.   
‘Get on the examination couch and kneel with your knees apart and your elbows on the couch.’ Very undignified I must say as I took up the desired position with my bum in the air and expecting an exploratory finger to be inserted at any moment as usual. But NO!   
An instrument identified to me as a fibre optic probe was wheeled into position behind me. ‘This gives us a clearer and deeper picture internally’, it was explained to me as it was manoeuvred into position. What the heck was going to happen? I soon found out. After a finger was slipped between my fanny lips to separate and lubricate them I felt a probe moving into me. Cold and intrusive and vibrating gently in my vagina. I felt my feet twitch as it got to full insertion - totally involuntarily I can assure you - it was too much like being loved by a machine. I provided my own lubrication when the time came for it to slip out again. I went to get down.   
‘We need to check your rectum as well. Stay in position.’   
A slimmer, thank goodness, probe was attached to the machine and my butt cheeks held open as it was again manourvered into position. Cold, slippery and even deeper in its penetration than the vaginal probe, it worked mechanically into my rectum. First past my muscular hole and then inside of me. My feet really did a jig this time and I was told both to ‘Hold still’ and to ‘Not try stop it entering’. It did that most efficiently.   
Bum in the air and tits at full droop I was internally and deeply checked. Eventually it slid out with a satisfying plop! I was pronounced free of contraband and allowed to stand naked as Jill was subject to her tests. Nice! Her feet really twitched as it went home.   
We were released and allowed to get dressed. I was pleased that I had my tampons and big, cotton knickers. I really needed them.   
‘Did you see that machine they had at the side ? Both probes at the same time. Real productivity!’   
‘Well,’ said Jill as she leant forwards to fit her boobs into her bra’, ‘If they do that I want one. It will save me getting boy friends to ........’   
‘They do cost over a million Euros each, Madam,’ said the Customs officer, ‘But in these days of Terrorism and Drug Running they will soon be used in all airports and passengers will be subjected to a 100% inspection before flying.’ She nodded towards the double unit. ‘Particularly females who have twice the opportunity of concealing things internally.’   
Now that’s something to look forward to!   
  
Jenny.