**Donna goes to Doeville**by worthlessfem

**Part One – The Dream**
Ever since I first read about Doeville I just knew I HAD to go there. The thought of being up there with the likes of Ashley Marsh, Holly and Natalie and all the other naughty ladies of the town filled me with so much excitement I could hardly stay dry.

Of course I wanted the gang to come, and DEFINITELY the love of my life, my wonderful cop boyfriend Steve. I’d been reading about the place so long I was just itching to go there.

I wasn’t quite sure how to break the news to him though. It’s hard to say to your boyfriend, let’s go some place where I can be stripped naked in public, searched and paddled and sent to prison just for… well, just about anything, really.

Then one day he told me he’d been asked to attend a conference in America. The new British government was looking into ways of cracking down on crime and the tough new policies of zero tolerance that the new US administration had introduced were being held up as a model for us to copy.

“So when are you going?” I asked.

“Three weeks time.”

“Where?”

“They’re sending me to some place I’ve never even heard of before. Doeville, they call it.”

My heart skipped a beat as I saw the chance for all my dreams to come true at last.

“Doeville? I’ve heard about it,” I said, hoping he wouldn’t notice the sudden reddening of my face. “How long will you be there?”

Steve laughed.

“Long enough for you to miss me, Donna. The conference lasts a week and then it’s a two-week on-site investigation into the Doeville justice, policing and prison system. Three weeks in all, I’m afraid.”

“God, Steve, three weeks away from you? How can I bear it?”

Impulsively I threw my arms around him and hugged him tight.

“Oh, Steve, take me with you, please! I want to be with you when you go off to Doeville!”

“Hey, wildcat, what’s got into you? So OK, you’ll have to make do without me for three whole weeks and just use a vibrator or whatever other toys you’ve got. Donna, baby, you CAN’T come with me. Sorry.”

I sat down and stared at the floor. Fuck, if he only knew how much it meant to me! I wanted to be with him and of course I loved the good fucking and other stuff I got from him but it wasn’t just him I wanted. It was the whole Doeville experience I longed to be a part of.

“Steve, you don’t understand,” I said. “Do you know anything about Doeville?”

“No, I don’t.”

He looked surprised.

“Why, is there something I SHOULD know?”

I poured out my heart to him then and told him about my mad fantasies: the sheriff, the judge, the strip searches, the prison farm, the nightclubs, the whole works. It all just came tumbling out of me.

“I see,” he said when I’d finished. “And you want me to take you to Doeville?”

“Yes.”

“Even though you know what’s likely to happen if you do go?”

“It’s BECAUSE of that that I want to go so much, I told him. “Please, Steve, help my dreams come true.”

He stared at me for a moment and then burst out laughing.

“My God, Donna, you’re a dirty girl, aren’t you? I knew you were a horny slut but I didn’t realise quite how kinky you were. I can see I’m going to have to be more adventurous with you in future!”

“But can I go with you?” I begged him.

“No,” he said. “I’m going on a special flight paid for by the police force. But there’s no reason why you can’t go as a private individual. Tell you what,” he said, a wicked smile crossing his face, “why don’t you try and get Tania and the rest of the girls to come with you? Just don’t tell them WHY. I’d love to see Tania and Angela and that lot getting the Doeville treatment. Book your flight for the day after mine. I’ll see if I can lay on a few “surprises” for you!”

“Thanks, Steve,” I said. “I’m ever so grateful to you.”

“You might not be thanking me once you get there!” he laughed.

But I was so excited that our sex that night was even better than usual!

**Part Two Arriving at Doeville**
Over the next couple of weeks I talked a lot about Doeville with Steve. I also told Tania a little about it and we managed to rope in Angela and a couple of other girls to come with us.

Steve’s flight was the day before our plane was due to leave. I kissed him goodbye at the airport and then went home. Next day we met up at the airport and took our flights off to the States. I was so excited at the chance to finally go to Doeville!

We disembarked at the airport and then made our way to a connecting flight. Soon we’d reached our destination. It was then we hit the first of the “surprises” Steve had promised to arrange for us.

We’d already discussed the best ways of getting myself stopped at customs and of getting myself arrested when I got to Doeville itself. The first part of the plan was about to kick into action.

As far back as I can remember I’ve always been into bondage, humiliation and, to be honest, I’m a bit of a pain slut as well. After I found out about Steve’s trip to Doeville I felt brave enough to tell him about my kinkiest fantasies. He laughed and promised to make as many of them come true for me as he could!

While I was on the plane to the airport nearest to Doeville – about a ten mile drive from the town – I went into the toilet and kitted myself out. I was determined that I was going to be stopped by customs!

As we disembarked from the plane and made our way towards the arrival lounge, I had a secret smile inside me because I knew exactly what was about to happen next!

At the airport the security checkpoint guards stood around looking a bit bored. Most of the passengers on the plane were men and it was only when our small group of six emerged that they began to look interested. The only other women on the plane were in their fifties or sixties and had long since passed whatever their best days in the looks department might have been!

The alarm went off three times before they got to us, but in each case it was only an elderly guy who’d forgotten to take off his watch, empty his pocket of loose change or take off the cuff-links from his shirt. Then, at last, it was our turn.

I was dressed in a white blouse, short skirt, fishnet tights and with a black bra covering my tits and a thong underneath my skirt instead of knickers. My tits were good, 36C, and I noticed the security guards were looking at them. Though I say it myself, I’m a pretty attractive girl and men have always gone for me!

Knowing what was going to happen next, I stepped right through the metal detector. Sure enough, I heard the alarm go off behind me.

“OK, step right over here,” said a security guard, a smile spreading slowly over his face. “We need to make sure you’re not carrying any kind of dangerous material.”

I smiled sweetly at him and stepped to the side like he told me. I was thoroughly looking forward to what I knew was about to happen next!

He told me to raise my arms above my head which of course I did. Then he picked up some sort of electronic stick. As I stood there he ran his stick up and down my sides, from my head right down to my feet. After that he moved it along my armpits and then, slowly, across my tits.

Like I’d planned, it buzzed at once. He gave me a funny look and then moved the stick again, over my chest and right across my tits. As soon as he did that the stick made a buzzing noise. He moved it around between, over and under my tits and every time the stick buzzed like crazy.

"What sort of bra are you wearing, ma’am?” he asked in a loud voice.

“I’m not wearing a bra,” I said truthfully.

“I think we’re going to have to investigate closer,” he said. “I thought maybe you were wearing an underwire bra or something like that.”

He paused for a moment before he looked at his colleague and then right back at me.

“I’d better take a closer look at you,” he said.

I didn’t answer but inside I was already smiling with anticipation. He moved the stick over my bum and it buzzed again. When it did that he gave me a VERY strange look. It got even stranger when he passed it over and between my pussy and it buzzed again.

“OK, I’m going to have to frisk you manually,” he said. “I don’t know what you’ve got on under there but whatever it is keeps setting off the alarms and I have to consider you a security risk.”

I tried not to smile with excitement but my plan was working out every bit as well as I’d hoped it would. He ran his hands all over my tits, making sure not to miss anything. When he came to my nipples I knew at once he’d found the source of the buzzer I’d set off.

Of course the airport was full of interested spectators, both staff and passengers. I knew I was giving them all a big thrill and I hoped I’d be able to give them an even bigger one soon enough. He moved his hands over my arse and looked a bit puzzled and then, when he came to my cunt, his eyes showed even more baffled.

“Well, there’s nothing for it,” he said, looking at his colleague. “I’m not sure what you’re wearing but it’s causing a major security alert at this airport.”

By now there was quite a crowd of curious onlookers, staff and passengers who were just watching me getting felt up and who realised that things were about to get a whole lot worse for me.

More than ever I was grateful I’d chosen to come to Doeville. If it had been Heathrow, say, I’d have been frisked and searched in private by a female guard and probably just given a mild telling off. Here in Doeville I knew I was about to be strip searched in public by men before a fairly big audience and goodness only knew what they’d do to me. It was making my cunt get wet just thinking about the prospect!

“OK, lady, you’re under suspicion of being a security threat. I’m going to have to strip search you.”

Then the guard moved his hands right across to my tits. He was just about to start feeling me up again when I decided I ought to at least TRY to pretend that I WASN’T fucking loving every minute of it!

“Excuse me, please, sir,” I said, pretending to be embarrassed and shy, “but couldn’t you get a woman guard to search me?”

The two guards looked at each other and then back at me. Then the older guard just laughed.

“This is Doeville, lady,” he said. “We don’t let no damn fool girl guards mess up our security arrangements. Now just you stand still and don’t go bothering your pretty head about dumb stuff like that. This is a man’s job and here in Doeville we like to keep it that way!”

Then he moved his hands right back to my tits and gave them a good firm cupping with his hands. He actually squeezed them hard for a couple of seconds before releasing his grip.

“Yep, nothing for it; we’re gonna have to search you properly, ma’am. Right, step over to this here table and we’ll begin.”

The table was only a couple of feet away from the customs and immigration area so it was hardly like I was going to be taken to some sort of secure and discreet room. Instead I was going to be stripped and searched right in front of thousands of passengers and staff. Out of the corner of my eye I could see people, especially men, getting out their mobile phones or their cameras, ready to take a “souvenir” of my strip search.

They picked up my handbag and purse and took them over to the table as well. Tipping them out on to the table, they gave them a quick search but of course there was nothing suspicious inside either of them. I could see the looks of disappointment on their faces when they saw that.

“OK, you can start by taking off your coat,” the man said.

I took off my overcoat and then laid it on the table.

“Now your jacket.”

I took off the jacket and that went on to the table as well. The two men then searched both items of clothing but of course there was nothing at all suspicious to find in them.

“Now remove your blouse.”

I meekly unbuttoned my blouse and handed it to them. It joined my coat and jacket on the table. The two guards were staring at me intensely and in rather a state of shock, to be honest. So were the large and curious crowd that was eagerly watching my “ordeal.”

In full view of everyone, I took off my blouse and everyone got a good look at the nipple clamps I was wearing on my tits!

“Holy shit, Jethro! I ain’t never seen a girl turn up wearing stuff like THAT at Doeville airport before now!”

“Nah, me neither, Caleb. Danged if I knows what to do about them neither. What do you figure?”

“Maybe we oughta get the head of security to take a look for us. I guess Wilbur will have some sort of idea. Other than that I can’t figure nothing beyond wasting that poor Mr. Joe Doe’s time by asking him to give us a ruling on what to do!”

The two men gazed at me in amazement. I actually think I’d managed to shock the poor dears with my brazen display of sex toys! And they’d only just STARTED on the strip search too – I still had a surprise or two in store for them!

**Part Three**
Steve decided he ought to at least go through the motions of making some kind of protest though I knew he was actually thoroughly enjoying himself - and so of course was yours truly!

'Is this really necessary?' he asked. 'Couldn't you at least - search my girlfriend somewhere - more - private rather than in full view of everyone here?'

The two guards looked at each other and then back at me before grinning at him.

'This is Doeville, sir,' said Jethro. 'That ain't the way we do things around this here place. So I'm afraid your girlfriend is just gonna have to take her medicine same as every other girl that sets off our alarm system at the airport.'

Meanwhile I looked up at the ceiling and noticed what seemed to be a security camera fitted there.

'Is this being recorded?' I asked them.

The guards looked at me and grinned.

'Sure is,' Jethro told me.

'Why?' I asked.

Even though I was secretly thrilled at the prospect I felt I had to make some sort of protest.

'Well, it's regulations,' he said. 'That way we get to have a full record of things in case any questions get asked later about what happened. in which case we got the whole evidence right there on videotape.'

Well, there wasn't much I could say to that and STeve just stood there trying to control the grin I knew was lurking way behind his impassive face. But of course my 'processing' wasn't over yet, not by a long chalk!

'Well, since we kind of know what set the buzzer off last time maybe we better do something about it,' said Jethro.

He pulled hard on the clamps that were still attached to my nipples.

'Ow!' I squealed. 'That hurt!'

Jethro just laughed.

'Well, you must have put them on yourself 'cos it sure weren't me or my pardner here. I guess we better take them off and try again.'

I knew the pain in my nipples would be even worse when the clamps came off but that was all part of the plan. As he yanked them off, in my opinion more roughly than necessary, I yelled again.

'OK, go back through the security gate again,' Jethro said, a big smile on his face.

As I knew would happen the buzzer sounded yet again.

'OK, I don't know what the hell else you got on you, lady, but you're giving us no choice. Take your pantyhose and pantees off as well.'

I did as I was told knowing what they'd find when - as they were bound to - they stripsearched me after I'd taken them off.

'OK, we're gonna have to do a full body cavity search,' he told me.

Putting on a pair of rubber gloves, his hands went straight for my exposed cunt. Sure enough, he found the clamp on my clit.

'Jeez, what is it with you?' he asked as he pulled it off which naturally made me cry out loud with pain.

Amazingly enough it seemed like he was almost shocked by what he'd found.

'It's personal - jewellery,' I told him, blushing slightly.

'Well, I kinda thought jewelery had to go someplace less - intimate,' he said. 'I guess I better search your butt as well.'

Sure enoguh he found the butt plug I'd put up my arse and pulled that out too.

'Any other bits of metal you been hiding away?'

'Not that I know of,' I told him.

'Well, we better bag this stuff up. I'll just make one last full body cavity search and then maybe we can wrap this whole thing up.'

I tried to control the smile that wanted to burst out on my face as I knew he was about to make yet another discovery when he searched me.

His hands went back inside my pussy and bum and came out soon after with a packet of white powder that he'd found in each orifice.

'This is getting serious,' he said angrily. 'You one of them - what do they call them, drug mules?'

'No, I'm not,' I said.

Actually I knew perfectly well that both small bags were only packets of salt that I'd stuffed up inside my arse and cunt to try and fool the local goons into thinking exactly that! But what the hell, these two guys were as thick as they were randy and by now I guess they were past caring. They had an excuse to take me out of the line altogether and I tried hard not to smile with triumph.

At long last I'd given the two hicks an excuse to start dispensing some justice Doeville-style. I could hardly wait for the next part of my 'ordeal' to begin!