**For Demonstration Purposes Only**by Arty

*JUDGE SEARCH’EM IS PLEASED TO BE OPENING THE LATEST INNOVATION IN FIELD OF CRIMINAL JUSTICE, THE AUTOMATED PRISON INDUCTION PROCEDURE. UNFORTUNATELY THERE ARE NO PRISONERS TO BE PROCESSED, SO HOLLY, HIS AIDE, IS CALLED UPON TO FILL IN "FOR DEMONSTRATION PURPOSES ONLY".*

Holly stood alone in the room. All along one wall was a large viewing window. She could see that behind the window were the Judge and a group of local dignitaries and all of them would be seeing her naked in less than three minutes.

A large digital clock on the wall above the exit door was counting down from 180.

"*Prisoner will undress or punishment will be incurred."*

Holly started to unbutton her blouse. How had she got into this predicament anyway? Only this morning she had been looking forward to helping the Judge open this new prison, mixing with his guests and keeping them entertained. ‘Well I’ll certainly be doing that soon enough’, she thought.

"*Prisoner will undress or punishment will be incurred."*

Glancing at the clock she realised that she had less than 90 seconds to go. What had the judge said?

"The prisoner is given a set time to accomplish each task. If she exceeds that time then she will receive a stroke of the strap for each second that she delays."

With more and more urgency Holly stripped off; throwing her clothing into the box provided. Inexorably the clock counted down. Every twenty seconds the impersonal voice would re-iterate the threat. Holly knew that the punishment strokes were added up and then administered as part of the ‘introductory strapping’ that each prisoner received as part of the automated induction process.

"*Prisoner will undress or punishment will be incurred."*

Paying no heed now to the thought of all the people watching from behind the glass, Holly frantically slipped off her panties dropped them in the box and raced for the exit door.

"*Prisoner is still wearing Jewellery. Prisoner has not placed box in receptacle provided."*

Holly raced over to the box and desperately pulled off her watch and her earrings the locket that she always wore and all her rings. Then grabbing the box she ran to the hole in the wall and shoved the box into it.

*"Prisoner has failed to undress in the time allotted. Punishment has been incurred. Eight extra strokes."*

Holly looked at the clock above the door. It had counted up and had reached eight before she managed to get the exit door to open and she was through to the next stage.

*"Prisoner has 30 seconds to place herself in the Automated Search Facility or punishment will be incurred."*

Holly walked quickly over to the machine, which was based around a truncated Ob-Gyn examination table. Lying down she raised her feet and placed them in the stirrups. As soon as she was in position straps tightened around her ankles, preventing her from moving them. She looked between her spread thighs and realized that the table was directly facing the viewing window. She blushed to think of the view that she was providing to the assembled dignitaries that she could see standing there.

*"Prisoner will place herself in the Automated Search Facility or punishment will be incurred."*

Holly’s thoughts whirled, what had she forgotten? Oh yes her hands. Reaching up she placed her wrists in the depressions above her head. The straps that were there also tightened. Holly was now helpless to prevent the Automated Search Facility from perpetrating its indignities upon her.

*"Automatic search process starting."*

Almost silently, electric motors whirred and Holly felt her legs being spread inexorably further apart! She blushed crimson as her exposure was increased, just as she felt that her legs wouldn’t widen any further the movement stopped.

*"Depilation procedure."*

Holly groaned. The machine was going to take all of her womanly hair away and make her feel even more naked than she already was! A small spray attachment raised itself from the table between her legs and sprayed her pubic hair with greenish foam. Holly felt the itching and burning that comes with all of the cheaper brands of depilatory cream and cursed the Judge for his penny-pinching ways. Finally, after what seemed an age, the device sprayed cooling water to wash away the foam, and all her hair with it. Holly strained her head to look down; she was a bald as a pre-pubescent girl. A couple of small tears trickled down her face. This wasn’t fair; she wasn’t a criminal! Of course the Judge didn’t care about that. If he had his way every women between the ages of sixteen to sixty would be strip-searched twice a day and three times on a Sunday!

The water spray finished.

*"Lubrication procedure."*

Another small probe was raised and gently insinuated itself between her pussy lips. When it was seated properly it began to vibrate. Damn the Judge! In another, seemingly public-spirited, nod towards saving the public purse from unnecessary expenditure the device would stimulate her natural lubrication! The Judge had felt that since the women could provide their own lubrication -- with the proper stimulation of course -- it shouldn’t be necessary to use anything else! The machine did its job and Holly was unable to prevent herself from being stimulated to orgasm. She new that the machine wouldn’t stop until the sensor detected sufficient lubrication. She was just climbing to her second cum, when the machine abruptly stopped leaving her groaning in frustration!

*"Vaginal search."*

A third probe raised itself; it was thicker than the other two and this one was pointed towards her womanhood in a most threatening way. Slowly, but with inhuman persistence, it twisted and wormed its way between her pussy-lips and into her vagina. Once in place it began to expand! Helpless to stop it the device expanded until it was possible for the camera, with it’s fiber-optic light, to advance into her pussy. Above her a large plasma display sprang to life.

The flickering of the display caused Holly to look up, where she was mortified to see the inside of her vagina was on display. Holly squirmed uncomfortably, but she knew that she would be trapped here until this infernal machine had done its job.

*"Rectal search."*

The process was repeated, with a few slight alterations. The stirrups had moved her feet closer to her head and thus exposed her anus to the eager gaze of the watchers behind the glass. A smaller probe was used for the rectal search, but before being inserted into her rectum, it was first ‘dipped’ into her pussy to ensure that it was lubricated. Once more Holly cursed the Judge and his parsimonious ways. Holly groaned as the rectal probe insinuated itself inside her and began to expand. She closed her eyes in shame as the pictures of the inside of her rectal cavity were displayed above her.

Would this be the final indignity? She wondered.

*"Prisoner has 90 seconds to provide a urine sample."*

Holly’s eyes opened and she gasped in shock. She’d forgotten about the drugs testing requirement. As the impersonal announcement was made that heralded the worst moment for Holly so far, a cup-like attachment was raised from the table and placed itself over her vulva. A gentle suction ensured that it sealed itself to her smooth and hairless skin.

*"Prisoner will provide a urine sample or punishment will be incurred."*

Holly remembered the Judge’s words. "I don’t have no truck with ‘bashful kidney’! The sluts will just have to pee on command or they will get the strap! That’ll soon fix any problems they may have."

She struggled to relax, but the clock counted down and every twenty seconds the everlastingly impersonal voice issued its threat. The clock reached zero and began counting up.

*"Prisoner has failed to provide a urine sample. Punishment will be incurred."*

As the cold statement was made another attachment in the form of a small cushion-like pad, came in from the side and pressed down at the base of her stomach and started to vibrate gently. Oh sure! Provide assistance now I’m going to be punished! Suddenly she felt the pressure in her bladder give way and she peed into the cup. The suction caused a terrible slurping sound to emanate from the machine.

The sound, rather than the act of peeing in front of all those people, made her blush again. She looked up at the clock and noted that it had stopped at 18. That was 18 strokes added to the 8 she already had plus whatever she was going to get for the ‘introductory strapping’ anyway!

*"Prisoner has failed to provide a urine sample in the time allotted. Punishment has been incurred. Eighteen extra strokes."*

As she was contemplating her fate, the ASF was returning her legs to a more normal position and releasing her hands and feet. As she got down from the table she was mortified to see the faces of the viewers staring through the window at her. When she got out of here she would never be able to look them in the eye again, half of them were people that she had to deal with every day! How could she cope knowing that the person that she was speaking to had seen her naked, had seen her spread open, had seen her cum and finally had seen her peeing on command?

Wearily she got down from the table and walked to the door that would take to the next stage.

**For Demonstration Purposes Only (part 2)**

Holly opened the door to the next stage of processing. As she walked through the door she could see the Automated Cleaning Facility ahead of her. She glanced to her left and through the window she could see that the viewing window was lined with the faces of people eager to the next stage of her humiliating ordeal. She wondered how she would feel if the situation was to be reversed and she admitted to herself that she would probably be watching with same level of eager anticipation. Not that it made her current situation any easier to bear though. Her reverie was interrupted by the hateful robotic voice of the processing computer.

*"Prisoner has ten seconds to enter the Automated Cleaning Facility or punishment will be incurred"*

Holly scampered over to the machine and stepped in. She was quite looking forward to being able to wash away the evidence of the extreme arousal that the previous stage had managed to induce in her. The slick feel of her inner thighs sliding together told her how far her pussy-juice had been spread. Still wobbly from the orgasms and the unfulfilled final arousal session she took longer than she would have expected placing her feet and hands where they were supposed to go.

*"Prisoner has five seconds to enter the Automated Cleaning Facility or punishment will be incurred"*

As she rested her waist against the padded recess of the bar the straps at her wrists and ankles tightened to hold her immobile within the open framework of the ACF. Another padded bar swung across her and she felt her feet lifted from the floor. Jets of water mixed with a soapy solution sprayed her from head to foot. Next she her legs were spread still wider and a nozzle raised itself from a recess beneath her. Suddenly a narrow jet of water shot from the nozzle and began to beat on her pussylips. The jet was being pulsed and she could feel them separating as the water insinuated itself between them. As this was happening the jet was being swung back and forth along the length of her pussy. From above her head Holly could see miniature car-wash style rotating brushes descending. She closed her eyes as they swished across her face, it didn't feel too bad, but by the time that she realised this they had begun to assault her breasts. The constant light slapping of brushes cause her nipples to harden and her breasts to swell.

Holly groaned as her pussy lips parted and the jet from the nozzle was able to reach her clitoris, she was helpless to prevent herself from becoming aroused. She opened her eyes and stared numbly at the faces in the viewing window. Would she ever be able to meet them in the street without blushing? She screamed as the whirling brushes reached her pubic mound and the extra stimulation, both fore and aft, pushed her into a long-delayed orgasm. Numb from embarrassment Holly took little notice of the rest of the proceedings, except to squeal at the final few seconds of cold water and delousing fluid rinsing that finished the washing.

The final phase was almost relaxing; blasts of hot air were directed across her body to dry her off. The machine placed her feet back on the ground and the straps were released. Holly freed her hands and feet and waited for the waist bar to swing out of the way. Conscious of her lack of make-up and the way that her hair frizzed if she wasn't able to brush it as it was dried, Holly was almost more embarrassed by this than she was of being naked.

Holly opened the door and stepped into the next phase of the processing. She looked towards the viewing window and was rewarded with the site of their faces pressed eagerly against the window, anxious not to miss a single second of her ordeal. Holly attempted to bring her hair into some sort of order, but it was wasted effort. She resigned herself to looking like a scarecrow. By now she was almost used to her nakedness, however she realised that the final stage of processing, the introductory punishment session was rapidly approaching; the thought of this caused her stomach to fill with butterflies and her heart to beat faster.

*"Prisoner has five seconds to stand in the designated place or punishment will be incurred"*

The unwelcome sound of the hateful robotic voice dragged her from this unpleasant speculation. She struggled to remember what this processing stage was; then she realised, with a shock, that this was the photographic stage! For some reason the sound of the Judge could be heard expounding the features of this photographic stage.

"... so you can see we get a full photographic record of the prisoner. This stops the little hussies from claiming that they were assaulted. If they do we can show that any bruising they got happened before they got here. Obviously we don’t include bruising on the buttocks." The assembled viewers laughed at this. "When the demonstration is over I will let you take away a set of photographs of our little ‘convict’ here as a souvenir of your visit."

Holly was crimson. Some of them she knew would delight in embarrassing her by showing the photographs around. Pretty soon there wouldn’t be a soul in town that hadn’t seen her naked! How would she cope?

By now she had placed her feet in the foot-shaped recesses in the floor. This meant that her legs were now about three feet apart. The depilation and the washing meant that her outer pussy lips were open and her pink inner lips were visible. Holly knew that her clitoris was erect and visible also. She could hear the exclamations of delight from the viewers behind the window.

"What delightful ‘pinkies’!"

"You can see by the fact that her ‘little man’ is up that she’s a brazen little hussy!"

Her blush by now had spread over her whole body.

The camera lens descended from the roof and described a helical path around her body taking pictures at ten-degree intervals. It then described an arc that began with an extreme close up of her widespread pussy and then pull back and circled up over her head and stopped at the level of her anus.

*"Prisoner will bend forward and place her hands on the designated spot or punishment will be incurred"*

Groaning in renewed humiliation, Holly bent forward and placed her hands in the hand-shaped recesses that were just in front of her. This meant that she was bent almost double and completely exposed her anus to the camera’s view. Holly was thankful that she was facing the viewing window; at least she was spared that.

"If you’ll jest look up at the view screen you can see a camera’s-eye view of her little ‘brown ring’. And a very pretty one it is too."

The patronising tones of the Judge made her realise that she wasn’t to be spared even this little indignity. The camera zoomed in for the final extreme close-up of her anus and retreated to the ceiling. Holly waited; she knew if she moved at this point, before she was told, she would probably incur further punishment. So far she had only to endure the ten introductory swats plus the eight that she had earned at the start and she didn’t want to suffer any more.

*"Prisoner may proceed to the final stage of processing"*

At last! She could move; Holly stretched, as she stood up straight, to ease the ache in her back from standing immobile for so long. The pleasure in the movement was short lived as she realised that the view window was no longer lined with faces. This meant that they had all left so that they could get the best view as she entered the punishment room.

*"Prisoner has ten seconds to enter the Automated Punishment Facility or punishment will be extended"*

The voice greeted her as she entered the final room. Her gaze fell upon the frame into which she would shortly place herself. She stood transfixed as she noted the flail-like warm-up implement and then she saw the strap hanging waiting for the correct time before it would descend and inflict its painful message.

*"Prisoner has five seconds to enter the Automated Punishment Facility or punishment will be extended"*

Holly shook herself and hurried to place herself in the frame before the time-limit expired. She tried to resign herself to the fact that she would be screaming and crying before her time in this room was up. It didn’t work; the butterflies in her stomach multiplied exponentially and tears began to leak from her eyes as she waited for the machine to finish immobilizing her.

*"Punishment sequence started; eighteen strokes to be awarded. Warm-up phase in progress"*

The wheel with the flail-like implements attached began to spin rapidly and descend towards her helpless posterior. The frame held her legs wide apart and kept her slightly bent forward. The meant that her bottom was spread allowing the viewers tantalising glimpses of her pussy and anus as she squirmed in anticipation of the forthcoming pain. As the tips of the flail touched her skin the articulated arm of the device swept the wheel up and down her left buttock carefully following the contour.

Holly grunted at the first contact, the pain of each individual contact wasn’t too bad but there were a hundred of them every minute and the burning sensation soon built to unbearable proportions. Holly began to cry. The wheel lifted and turned through 90 degrees so that it was no parallel with the crease of her bottom, and then it descended. This time Holly squealed as the warm-up wheel contacted the inner surfaces of her buttocks. Finally the wheel executed a further 90-degree turn and completed the job on her right bottom cheek. Holly was sobbing by the time the wheel had finished its job; her bottom was burning and throbbing and the strapping hadn’t started yet!

*"Strapping phase is starting: Stroke One"*

The strap descended on its arm and was flicked through 180 degrees landing across both of Holly’s bottom cheeks almost simultaneously. CRAAACCKK!

Holly screamed, she had never felt such pain. She wriggled her bottom in a desperate and ultimately unsuccessful, attempt to assuage the stinging.

*"Stroke One not acknowledged, Stroke One"*

Oh God! She’d forgotten to press the button!

CRAAACKK! The strap descended in a repeat of the first stroke. Holly screamed again; but this time she frantically pressed the button beneath the fingers of her right hand.

*"Stroke One acknowledged, Stroke Two"*

The inhuman strapping continued and Holly was made to bear the unbearable; she slumped bonelessly in the frame, her screaming reduced to a hoarse whimper. Paradoxically the more she relaxed the quicker the pain from each stroke seemed to dissipate. By the time the strapping was finished Holly’s bottom was dark red and throbbing with agony.

The punishment frame released her and she groaned as she extricated her self from it. The pain in her rear-end drove all thoughts of modesty from her mind as she danced frantically from one foot to another in a further attempt to ease the pain.

Before she was allowed to leave the room she was made to place her hand into a slot in the wall where she felt a prisoner location and identification bracelet being fitted to her wrist. This allowed the closet door above the slot to open and reveal the prison uniform. The uniform consisted of a very short denim mini-dress with a deep V at front and back. It closed down the front with Velcro and Holly noticed as she was putting it that it had similar Velcro closures on the shoulders. This meant that the dress could be removed even if her arms were restrained in any way.

The door from the punishment room clicked open and Holly stepped through it. The Judge and the assembled dignitaries expressed their delight in such a wonderful demonstration. Holly turned to him.

"Can I take this bracelet off and change into my own clothes now?"

The Judge looked a little embarrassed. "I’m afraid not, Nathalie had to log you in as a real convict. Unfortunately the sentence of 1 day was too low and the computer substituted the minimum sentence as mandated by the laws of Search’em County: 30 days."

"You mean I have to stay here for a month?"

"Oh it’s not as bad as that my dear. You only spend nights and weekends here the rest of the time you’ll be working at your old job with me."

Holly contemplated this.

"Of course that means the sentence will take about three months to serve the 30 days and you will have to be processed each time you re-enter the jail."

The Sheriff interrupted. "And don’t forget that as a prisoner she has to be strip-searched each time she enters or exits a county building."

He turned to Holly. "It looks like you and I are going to get real well acquainted now."