**Linda Flies Naked**  
By the Bitchfinder General  
  
Synopsis: Following a recent terrorist scare triggered by a woman wearing the niqab, the government introduces a new law that all female travellers must be strip searched before being allowed to board planes, boats, trains or coaches. With her usual bad luck, Lind is sent to fly to Germany on business by her employers. Not only is she publicly strip searched but ends up having to spend the entire flight naked!

Linda Marshall was not at all happy when the call came from her boss. She'd managed to work her way up to a position as sales manager of an import and export business. Today, though, Linda's thoughts were dark. At 24 years old she thought she'd finally put her chequered, embarrassing and often painful past behind her. Now it looked as if things were about to go wrong for her yet again.  
  
Mr. Green had called her into his office and given her what in normal circumstances would have been brilliant news. Now, though, it was anything BUT welcome.  
  
'Sit down, Linda,' he said. 'I need you to go to Germany and conclude a big deal for us. It's literally millions we're talking about here and if you can clinch it I'll give you a bonus of half a million.'  
  
Linda's eyes almost swam at the thought of that much money. On the other hand, he'd said Germany, hadn't he? That meant travelling abroad and...  
  
Oh God, thought Linda, I'll have to be strip searched. Just when I thought I'd put all that stuff behind me for good.  
  
'How would you want me to travel, sir?'  
  
'First class jet to Munich, of course.'  
  
'And when do you want me to fly?'  
  
'Tomorrow morning. Pack your things and get ready to depart. We've already bought your airline ticket and booked your hotel accommodation. The meeting's scheduled to last a week. Don't let us down, Linda. We NEED this deal.'  
  
'Yes, of course, sir. I'll make sure we get it.'  
  
'Any questions?'  
  
Linda hesitated for a moment and then finally said what was on her mind.  
  
'Excuse me, sir, but don't the new travel regulations mean that I'll have to be - well, strip searched?'  
  
Mr. Green smiled at her, dismissing her concerns.  
  
'Well, I'm afraid they do, but of course we can't afford to take any risks. After that woman wearing a niqab managed to hide a bomb underneath it which could have killed hundreds of people the government's made security a top priority. For the time being at least every woman traveller has to be strip searched. It's nothing personal, Linda. After all, you've got nothing to hide, have you?'  
  
In more ways than one when I have to strip off for them and be searched, thought Linda sourly.   
  
'No, sir,' she said reluctantly. 'I suppose there's no other way?'  
  
'No, there isn't,' he told her. 'Don't worry, it will only take a few minutes and then you'll be on your way and able to conclude this big deal for us!'  
  
'And what about the German end, sir? Will I have to be strip-searched again?'  
  
'I'm not sure what the German regulations are, to be honest. I know that it's the British government that introduced them for all incoming and outgoing travellers but I've no idea if the German government has followed their example.'  
  
Linda could do nothing but hope for the best. She resigned herself to yet another session of enforced nudity and humiliation.  
  
'Do you have the details of the contract you want me to pitch, sir?' she asked, trying to concentrate on the forthcoming job to take her mind of the approaching ordeal.  
  
'Yes, I've got all the paperwork here,' he smiled. 'Read it at your leisure. Take the rest of the day off and prepare to make the pitch of your life! You've got a busy day tomorrow and then a busy week of tough negotiations ahead.'  
  
'Yes, sir,' said Linda. 'I'll get ready for tomorrow.'  
  
Then she left the office and went home. She took a leisurely bath and sorted out her wardrobe. She was determined to wear her most businesslike outfits for the week of negotiations and she didn't want to make any mistakes. It was going to be hard enough just submitting to yet another enforced strip-search.  
  
Linda arrived at Aldminster Airport and prepared to check in her baggage. She looked around the airport and saw, without any great surprise, that all the security guards on duty seemed to be male. Typical, she thought, any excuse to perv on us girls!   
  
Then an announcement blared out over the loudspeaker. Although she'd been expecting it after the warning from Mr. Green, to hear the actual words still came as a shock to her.  
  
'In the light of recent security threats from female terrorists,' it said, 'the government has requested airports, ports, the Channel Tunnel and all other points of entry and exit to and from Britain to conduct intensive security operations. It is therefore necessary for the protection of passengers for all female travellers to be strip searched by security guards at the airport. All females will be screened, frisked, strip searched and given a full body cavity search by the guards. Any refusal to co-operate with this procedure by a female will result in her immediate arrest and may lead to further sanctions against her. Male passengers will NOT be required to submit to these emergency security measures.'  
  
Typical, thought Linda angrily. I suppose it's going to be my turn soon. She looked around the airport and saw the line of passengers waiting to board the plane for Munich. There seemed to be about a hundred in total and about 80 of them were men so they'd get off scot-free. The guards started looking around and quickly separated out the 20 girls for their forthcoming ordeal. Linda noticed that of the twenty other women, only around six were attractive. The other fourteen would probably get a cursory examination and be waved through quickly. By contrast, the good looking girls - including Linda herself - would almost certainly be given a thorough, slow, intimate and humiliating 'search' by the male guards.   
  
Linda noted that there were ten 'security guards' on duty. She looked at their faces to try and see which, if any, might be slightly less bad than the others. None of them gave her any hope.  
  
At last, it was her turn. The process began in the usual way with her being ordered to place her handbag and personal items in a plastic tray. She was then told to walk through a scanner. At once the alarm sounded, and, considering that the same thing had happened to every one of the attractive females, Linda was convinced that the device was deliberately rigged in some way.  
  
A burly male guard immediately approached her and spoke to her roughly.  
  
'You're setting off the security alarm,' he said. 'Hold your hands above your head and spread your legs wide apart while I scan you with my portable scanner.'  
  
Bitter experience had taught her there was no point in fighting or even protesting. Meekly she stood in front of him, raised her arms above her head and spread her legs wide apart.   
  
'OK, stay there and shut up while I scan you,' he said.  
  
Linda did as she was told and this time he ran his scanner across her whole body. She was not at all surprised to hear the scanner 'beeping' when it approached the regions of her breasts, her backside and her vagina.   
  
'Have to take a closer look,' he told her, a slight smile spreading slowly across his face. 'If it still makes a noise I'll need to make a more thorough investigation.'  
  
Linda had no doubts that his scanner WOULD make a noise. Sure enough, the scanner beeped in exactly the same three places that it had before.   
  
'OK, this time I'm going to press it right up against the areas the noise is coming from,' he said.   
  
Oh for God's sake, thought Linda. Why doesn't he just strip search me and get it over with? She was beginning to get angry now. This pretence of 'scanning' her was almost more humiliating than just being forced to strip naked and to submit to his invasive exploration of her intimate areas.  
  
He pressed the scanner really hard against her breasts, bottom and vagina and once again the instrument beeped.   
  
'I'm going to pat you down manually,' he told her.  
  
'Oh for Christ's sake!' Linda exploded. 'Why don't you just strip search me and get it over with? You know that's how it's going to end up so why do you have to humiliate me like this as well?'  
  
He gave her a sharp look when he said that.  
  
'I'm only doing my job,' he said. 'Most terrorists are women nowadays so we have to be careful. Just shut up and let me pat you down before I decide to have you arrested.'  
  
Linda swallowed hard and shut up. Thanks to her outburst, she'd also drawn the attention of a few other security guards and she didn't like the looks on their faces at all. Not for the first time in her life, Linda cursed her hasty temper.  
  
'Sorry,' she said, trying to pacify him. 'I didn't mean to be rude. Please just do your job and I won't cause any more trouble, I promise.'   
  
'You'd better not,' he said sternly. 'Protecting passengers is a very important duty.'  
  
'Yes, of course it is and I'm very sorry for my rudeness. Thank you for helping to protect us all from terrorism.'  
  
When she HAD to, Linda could crawl with the best of them. The trouble was that she hated doing it and no matter how hard she tried it always sounded insincere.  
  
He patted her down in as invasive and even insulting a way as possible. Linda flushed slightly but didn't react.   
  
'OK, take off your clothes now,' he ordered. 'Do it slowly so you don't get time to hide anything from me.'  
  
'Yes, sir,' said Linda quickly.  
  
But her outburst had not gone unnoticed. Suddenly she found herself surrounded by another four male guards, all glaring sternly at her.  
  
Even though she performed a slow and elaborate strip tease as the first guard had commanded her, the other guys looked unhappy with her performance. Most likely they didn't like her attitude but whatever, Linda had the nasty feeling things were about to get a lot worse for her.  
  
They made her raise her hands above her head and turn around. Linda obeyed meekly in spite of the cold fury that burned within her. Then the guard patted her behind gently, following up his initial 'examination' with a couple of hard swots!  
  
Then Linda was ordered to spread her legs. She did as she was told and the guard dug his fingers in to her exposed pussy. The guard fondled, groped, squeezed, pinched and finally bit her breasts and nipples, all pretence of a 'search' abandoned in all but name. Then he got to work on her vagina.  
  
'What do you think?' asked one of the other guards. 'Shall we make the bitch come?'  
  
'Naw, I reckon it's more fun if we just tease her snatch a bit. I'm sure I can find something there if I look hard enough!'  
  
Then he produced a packet of white powder which he pretended to have drawn out from her vagina.  
  
'Little druggie whore!' he laughed. 'Well, what are we going to do about you? We could call the police and have you locked up in jail. Or we could come to some more - unofficial arrangement.'  
  
Linda fumed but she knew that she was helpless against the power of the guards.  
  
'Sir, I'll do anything you want,' she said desperately.   
  
'Anything?'  
  
'Anything at all, sir.'   
  
'Hm, I'll have to give it some thought,' he said. 'Normally we have a zero tolerance policy when it comes to druggies but I suppose we COULD make an exception in your case. If you're nice to us, that is.'  
  
'I WILL be nice, sir. I'll be nice to ALL you fine gentlemen,' said a desperate Linda.  
  
'OK, this is what's going to happen,' said the guard. 'We're about to go on our breaks now so our colleagues can carry on processing the rest of the passengers. You, come with us. We'll see if we can work something out.'  
  
'Thank you, sir,' said Linda, fighting back a mixture of tears and anger.  
  
They led her off to an office at the back of the check-in area.   
  
'What's your name, girl?'  
  
'Linda Marshall, sir.'  
  
'Well, Linda, let's see what we can do. Would you be willing to take a spanking from all of us on your bare bum as a punishment for your crime?'  
  
'Yes, please, sir,' said Linda. 'I'd be happy to do that.'  
  
The guard who'd stopped her originally turned to his colleagues.  
  
'Take her stuff away and put it in a locker for the time being. We've got plenty of time before we need to let her get on the plane.'  
  
So Linda submitted to being spanked quite hard by five burly young men. Then one of them looked at his watch.  
  
'The plane is due to leave in about twenty minutes,' he said. 'Here's your hand luggage.'  
  
'What about my clothes?' Linda asked. 'You put them in your locker.'  
  
'Oh yes, so I did,' he smiled. 'I'm afraid there's a twelve-hour time delay on the lock so unless you want to miss your flight you'll just have to get on the plane naked!'  
  
Oh God, why does it always happen to ME, thought Linda?

**Part Two**  
Linda was in a state approaching panic as the security guards ordered her to get ready to board the plane. It was bad enough that she'd been stripped naked in public, subjected to gratuitously intimate body searches and spanked on her bum as well. Now they actually expected her to FLY naked to Munich and with her only clothes packed away in the suitcase on board the aircraft. Except, of course, for he ones they'd so cruelly taken from her and placed in a time-controlled locker. Or so at least they SAID.  
  
They had at least given her back her passport, boarding card and hand luggage. She did at least have all her presentation materials ready for the meeting in Germany. God, I hope they DON'T send anyone from the company to meet me at the airport, thought Linda. How the hell can I look like a professional if I turn up naked?  
  
But the guards hadn't finished having their fun with her yet. Before they let her go off to board the plane they pushed her wrists behind her back and handcuffed her. Then they fastened shackles to her legs and completed the ensemble by securing a dog collar around her neck, a leash trailing from it.  
  
'Come on, girl, move that fat arse of yours!' shouted the lead guard.  
  
He emphasised his remakrs with a couple of hard slaps to Linda's exposed rear end. She could do nothing but fume silently. Her briefcase, with all her notes and presentational material, was fastened by a clip to the dog lead and dangled ridiculously from her neck. She was forced to hold her passport and boarding card in her teeth as she was pushed and prodded along to the embarkation area.  
  
A young girl with a slightly amused expression on her face retrieved the documents from Linda's mouth and glanced at her.  
  
'That seems to be in order, Miss Marshall,' she said. 'Do you think you can make your own way to your seat or would you like me to take you there?'  
  
'I think I'd prefer it if you helped me,' said Linda, flushing with a mixture of anger and embarrassment.  
  
She pointed Linda to an aisle seat in the first class lounge and watched her sit down.  
  
'I'm afraid I'll have to put your briefcase in the overhead compartment,' she told Linda, trying to suppress the grin on her face.  
  
'OK,' said a blushing Linda.  
  
Then the stewardess unclipped the briefcase from the dog collar and stowed it in the compartment. She closed the rack and looked at her curiously.  
  
'We're almost ready for take-off,' she said. 'I'd better fasten your seat belt for you.'  
  
'Thank you,' a deeply humiliated Linda answered as she was strapped in.  
  
'Perhaps in the circumstances I'd better look after your passport for you.'  
  
'OK, thanks,' said Linda, blushing again in a mixture of embarrassment and anger.  
  
Linda watched in silent misery as the stewardess disappeared with her passport. Her briefcase was stowed safely in the overhead compartment and she was now sitting down stark naked, handcuffed and shackled. It was impossible for her to work on her presentation during the flight and she noticed that hse was sitting next to two middle-aged men as well. Linda scowled briefly and then decided to try and ignore them.  
  
Strapped into her seat by the stewardess, she was pleased when the plane finally took off. For a while nothing happened and then the hostess came round with a trolley offering food and drink. She passed it across to the two men and then looked at Linda for a moment.  
  
'I suppose it's going to be rather difficult for you to eat and drink,' she said, barely suppressing the smile on her face. 'What would you like, anyway - tea or coffee?'  
  
'Coffee, please,' said a furious Linda. 'White, no sugar.'  
  
'OK, I can do that for you.'  
  
Then she turned to the man sitting next to Linda.  
  
'Would you mind doing me a favour, sir? I don't think this girl can eat or drink by herself so would you mind very much feeding her for me and helping her drink her coffee?'  
  
'Not at all,' he smiled. 'It'll be a pleasure.'  
  
Linda's face turned a deeper shade of red as she realised that the man sitting next to her was going to be feeding her like a baby. She blushed with embarrassment yet again before deciding to try and make the best of her situation.  
  
'Thank you, sir,' said Linda. 'That's very kind of you.'  
  
She had to submit to the humiliation of being given food and drink by the man in the next seat. Fuming inwardly, she just hoped things would improve once she arrived in Germany.  
  
Once the stewardess had cleared away the rubbish, Linda tried to relax. Unfortunately she'd only just closed her eyes when the man in the window seat got up.  
  
'I need to go to the toilet,' he told her.  
  
Linda was forced to le her neighbour unbuckled her safety belt and then stand up to let him out. She had to go right out into the aisle to let him pass and as soon as she did so, another humiliation awaited her.   
  
All over the plane men were standing up and taking pictures of her with their digital cameras and mobile phones. Linda was furious and thought about complaining but she doubted if it would do her any good so she just suffered in silence. Mercifully the man then returned to his seat again and Linda tried to settle down and close her eyes again.  
  
Then the man sitting next to her got up. He too claimed to want to go to the toilet and once again she found herself forced out into the aisle so that he could make his way there. This time the man in the window seat took pictures of her while she stood there waiting.  
  
At last he returned and Linda tried to close her eyes again. Then the man in the window seat got up again.  
  
'I need to get something out of the overhead compartment,' he explained.  
  
Once more a fuming Linda had to move out naked into the aisle and once more she sat down hoping that would be the end of it.   
  
Of course it wasn't. First the man decided to return the stuff he'd taken out to the overhead compartment and then her immediate neighbour decided he wanted to get stuff out of it, which he too soon decided he wanted to return.   
  
Finally it was time for a relative lull. The captain announced that they would be landing soon and Linda heaved a huge sigh of relief.   
  
They disembarked from the plane without too much trouble and Linda made her way to the baggage collection area. To her horror, after waiting around the carousel for over an hour and seeing ALL the other passengers depart with THEIR luggage, she realised that her own suitcase hadn't arrived.  
  
She went to the office and put in a formal complaint.  
  
'Oh, yes, Miss Marshall, I'll just check it out for you. Yes, I'm afraid that it looks as if your luggage was put by mistake on a flight to Montana instead of Munich. Don't worry, though. If you'd like to fill in this form I'm sure it will be returned to you in three or four weeks!'  
  
Linda, still naked, handcuffed and shackled, stood there in the lost property office and finally wept hot tears of shame, embarrassment, frustration and anger.

**Part Three**

Once she'd recovered from her fit of tears as she realised her luggage had been put on the wrong aircraft, Linda tried to think practically. She was still standing in the airport completely naked, handcuffed and shackled, her briefcase dangling from a clip attached to the leash of the dog collar around her neck. Her passport had been clipped to the briefcase and at least her purse, credit cards and a few personal items were inside the case as well as the material for her forthcoming presentation.  
  
On the other hand, all her spare clothes had been in the luggage that had been dispatched to Montana! She COULD buy new clothes, but only if she could get out of her restraints to put them on. Reluctantly, she spoke to the man in the lost property office again, hoping he could help her.  
  
'Excuse me please, sir,' said Linda. 'Do you think you could get me out of these restraints?'  
  
She'd spoken to him in German so she knew he understood. He looked at her for a moment in a not unsympathetic manner.  
  
'I will see what I can do,' he said.  
  
Then he picked up the phone and asked someone calls Hans to come over and try to sort things out. Hans turned out to be a security guard in his early thirties and he stared at Linda in astonishment when he saw her.  
  
'Was ist los?' he said quickly. 'Bist du ganz sinnlos?'  
  
What's up, are you completely mad? Linda understood exactly what he'd said.  
  
'It's a long story, sir,' she tried to explain. 'Under new regulations any woman who enters or leaves Britain has to be strip-searched. After they searched me the guards at Aldminster Airport decided to - well, put me in these restraints. I've had to fly like this all the way to Munich. And now it seems my luggage and all my spare clothes got put on the wrong aircraft and will arrive in Montana instead of here in Munich.'  
  
'I see,' said Hans. 'And what is the purpose of your visit here?'  
  
'I'm giving a sales presentation for the rest of the week. All my stuff is in my briefcase.'  
  
'Well, let's take a look at it, shall we?'  
  
Hans unclipped the briefcase from the dog collar and opened it up. He saw that everything inside was exactly as she'd described it.  
  
'OK, good. Why did the guards put you in restraints?'  
  
Linda stared. She was beginning to get irritated with his constant questioning.  
  
'Look, can we talk about that later? I need to get OUT of these restraints and INTO some new clothes as fast as possible!'  
  
'That is all very well, but I still need to ask these questions. For our records, you understand.'  
  
'I don't know,' retorted Linda, trying to control her temper. 'They didn't tell me WHY they'd done it.'  
  
'I see. Aldminster Airport, you say? I ring them and we talk.'  
  
Linda stood in frustration as he picked up the phone and asked to speak to the security office at Aldminster Airport. He switched to English for the conversation.  
  
'Hello? This is Hans Geissler, senior security officer at Munich Airport. We have a passenger who has recently arrived here. A Miss Linda Marshall. She is naked, handcuffed, shackled and with a dog collar around her neck with a leash attached to it. Could you please tell me why you put her on the aircraft in such a condition?'  
  
He listened intently for a couple of minutes and then responded.  
  
'Thank you for your help. I understand. Goodbye.'  
  
Then he turned to Linda with a completely changed expression on his face. BEFORE the phone call he had been curious and even mildly sympathetic. Now he appeared angry.  
  
'You have not been truthful with me, Miss Marshall,' he said sternly. 'Apparently you objected to being strip-searched and were rude to the officer searching you. You then tried to attack him which is why it was necessary to restrain you.'  
  
'That's a lie!' said Linda angrily. 'Yes, I DID object to being strip searched but I certainly DIDN'T try to attack anyone!'  
  
'So you say, Miss Marshall. I prefer to believe the word of a colleague. In any event it is out of my hands now. I cannot free you from your restraints. Only the police can do that for you. That is why I am calling them now. They will be here shortly.'  
  
Oh God, that's ALL I need, thought Linda. Her face fell at the prospect of having the local police see her in this situation. Besides which, if they found out about her criminal record in Britain, goodness only knows how much WORSE things could get for her.  
  
Once again, Linda started to cry. Oh WHY does it always happen to ME?

**Part Four**

In around ten minutes the police turned up. There were three of them and they looked at the naked, handcuffed and shackled Linda with a certain amount of amusement.  
  
'Well, I understand you are English,' said the cop who appeared to be in charge.'  
  
'Yes, sir, I am.'  
  
'What is your name?'  
  
'Linda Marshall.'  
  
'And how did you come to find yourself in this - position?'  
  
Linda sighed. She'd already been through all this twice since her arrival at the airport. In spite of her growing irritation she repeated her sorry tale and the officers, to her disgust, made no attempt to conceal their smiles.  
  
'Well, Miss Marshall, you'll have to come with us to the police station. Only there will we be able to remove your restraints.'  
  
'OK,' said Linda, sighing.   
  
The three cops exchanged glances and then a few whispered words. All of them smiled and Linda only hoped her situation wasn't about to get even WORSE than it already was. Of course, as usual, it WAS.  
  
They began by moving the position of the briefcase that hung from the leash attached to the dog collar fastened around her neck. Before their interference it was at least hanging down behind her back. Now it dangled at her side, giving passers-by a clear view of her exposed bum!  
  
'OK, you can go now,' they told her.  
  
To Linda's intense fury they seemed determined to take the route out of the airport that gave onlookers the maximum possible view of her naked and restrained body. As she walked by, more and more people stopped dead in their tracks and began gawping at her. Some of them even had the audacity to take photos of her on their mobile phones or digital cameras! Linda, angry and embarrassed, could say or do absolutely nothing about it.  
  
After what seemed an eternity to Linda they got to the front of the airport. They made her wait there while they brought the police car round from the back, further exposing her to the gaze and occasional rude comments of passing members of the public.  
  
'Get in the car,' they told her. 'We will take you down to the police station and sort things out when we get there.'  
  
Linda sat in the car and waited for things to develop. She could only hope that when she finally DID get to the station her situation WOULD improve. On the other hand, bitter experience had taught her to take nothing for granted.  
  
When she arrived there followed an exchange in rapid German between the policemen who had brought her in and a duty officer on the desk. Loud laughter was the result.  
  
'Well, Miss Marshall,' said the man in charge of the team who'd brought her to the station, 'let's take down your details, shall we?'  
  
'What, again?' Linda protested. 'Why can't you just get me out of these ridiculous restraints? Believe it or not, I have a meeting scheduled for this afternoon at which I've got to make a sales pitch to try and land a multimillion contract! Please just let me out of this and let me buy some more clothes so that at least I can get on with my job. Thank you,' she added.  
  
'We have to file an incident report,' said the copper. 'Please be patient with us, Miss Marshall. Hopefully we will be able to let you go very shortly. Now then, your details again, please. Your name is Linda Marshall?'  
  
'Yes.'  
  
'Age?'  
  
'Twenty-three.'  
  
'Present accommodation?'  
  
'The Bahnhof Schloss Hotel.'  
  
'We will of course check with the hotel to see if you have a registration there. Now then, please explain to me how you came to be in - your present situation.'  
  
An expasperated Linda repeated the whole sorry story of her strip search and subsequent placing in strict restraints by the guards at Aldminster airport. The men listened without making any comment and then they typed her name and details into the police computer.  
  
A minute later and Linda heard the words she'd been dreading ever since the police had become involved in her situation.  
  
'Ach so! Well, Miss Marshall, it seems you are not unknown to our colleagues in Britain. You have a somewhat extensive criminal record.'  
  
'The last entry on it was three years ago,' said Linda bitterly. 'Whatever happened in the past is beside the point.'  
  
'Not entirely so,' said the cop. 'For one thing, you have convictions for indecent exposure. Is that the real reason why you arrived at our airport dressed in such an - unorthodox fashion?'  
  
'No it bloody isn't!' said Linda, getting angry. 'I've told you already - those bastards at the customs and immigration set me up.'  
  
'Indeed. Well, I'm afraid we shall have to search your briefcase and see if we find anything inside it that could possibly assist us in our enquiries.'  
  
'Feel free,' said Linda. 'I'm sure you'll find it very fascinating stuff!'  
  
She was on the verge of losing her temper and had to remind herself to hold back. More than once in the past her temper had got her into trouble. The last thing she wanted was to make the cops mad and decide to start heavying her.  
  
'Sorry,' she said, 'I'm a bit stressed out what with all this and the worry about the sales pitch I've got to make later today. Please do your job but I'd really appreciate it if you could make it as quick as possible.'  
  
The officers opened her briefcase and went through it and the contents of her handbag but found nothing of any interest to them. They replaced them and returned it to her.  
  
'Very well, Miss Marshall, that appears to be in order. However, we still need to carry out a few more procedures before we decide on what course of action to take next. Please stand up and we will take some photographs of you for our records.'  
  
Linda did as she was told. She was damn sure that a lot of the photos were NOT for 'records' at all but for private perving but she didn't want to rock the boat.   
  
Even when they made her spread her legs and took shots of her crotch area she said nothing. Even when they made her bend over and photographed her from the rear she held her peace.  
  
'Also good!' said the cop. 'Right, now we will carry out a full body cavity search.'  
  
Linda submitted to the inevitable molestation of a thoroughly invasive search of her body. As usual, the men took their time and seemed to concentrate on searching her most intimate and erogenous areas.   
  
'Very well, Miss Marshall,' the officer said at last. 'We will now remove your restraints.'  
  
'Thank you,' said Linda.  
  
They went out and returned about five minutes later. Then, to Linda's immense relief, they took off the dog collar and its attached leash from around her neck. Then they unshackled her legs and finally removed the handcuffs that were securing her wrists.   
  
'Thank you,' said Linda again, rubbing her hands and feet as the circulation began to return.  
  
'Now these items are technically the property of the British airport authorities, are they not?'  
  
'I suppose so.'  
  
'In that case it would be better if we held on to them here for safe keeping. When you return to the airport you should first come here and collect the items in order to return them to the authorities in Britain, yes?'  
  
'If you say so.'  
  
'One further question, Miss Marshall. How do you propose to buy your new clothes or check in to your hotel?'  
  
'I have credit and debit cards in my purse,' she said. 'I'll use those to buy anything I need.'  
  
'Yes, I appreciate that, Miss Marshall. But how do you propose to get to the shops dressed as you are?'  
  
Linda looked at him in astonishment.  
  
'But it's not my fault I'm naked! I'll just have to ring around the shops - or try and find one on my laptop that will deliver them.'  
  
'The thing is, Miss Marshall, the moment I discharge you from the station and you walk outside the door onto the streets you will immediately be guilty of a new charge of indecent exposure. That will force us to rearrest you and you will be brought straight back in here and held in our custody until you come to trial.'  
  
'But then...how can I get some clothes?'  
  
'Well, Miss Marshall, we can either send you outside immediately and then you will be once more arrested and held here on a charge of indecent exposure or you can accept an emergency set of clothes and then return them later.'  
  
'OK, I'll do that,' said an increasingly frantic Linda. 'What do I have to do?'  
  
'I'll get one of our officers to look in the lost property and see if they can find some clothes for you. Then you'll have to sign a receipt for them and of course return them to us at the earliest possible opportunity.'  
  
'Thanks, I'll do that,' said Linda. 'How long will it take?'  
  
'Not long, Miss Marshall. Dieter, ask Uwe to find something suitable.'  
  
Dieter, the policeman who'd just been addressed, looked at his boss and grinned. Linda had a nasty feeling that Uwe would come up with an outfit that was anything BUT suitable!  
  
Oh, WHY does it always happen to ME, Linda thought frantically?   
  
**Part Five**