Mediterranean Holiday.   
  
I have just got back from my holiday to the southern shores of the Mediterranean.   
I went on one of those tourist things where you are escorted, travel by coach and   
see all the sights or at least those they think are worth seeing. It was only on the   
last day that we were left alone to poke about in the marketplace of the town.   
Now I just had to have a souvenir of my trip and started to look in the antiques   
shops deeper in the market. Plenty of stuff with ‘Made in China’ on the bottom or   
‘Original Artefacts’ made from Plaster of Paris but I was looking for something   
truly original and after a long search I found it, or to be more precise a pair of little   
figures which would stand nicely on the mantelpiece. I blew nearly all my   
remaining cash and popped the figures neatly wrapped in tissue into my bag. I   
was told they would bring me luck but unfortunately what sort of luck was not   
specified I just assumed it would be the good sort.   
I was weaving my way through the narrow streets back to the hotel when a car   
pulled up alongside me and a guy sprang out of the back door and grabbed me. I   
was shoved into the back seat next to another guy who put his hand over my   
mouth as the door slammed and the car roared away. Kidnapped? Sold as a sex   
slave? Was I going to be held for ransom? Who would pay? My hands were   
handcuffed behind my back and a piece of that wide parcel tape was stuck over   
my eyes and another across my mouth. The journey was short and ended as the   
car swung into a yard somewhere and I was shoved out and, one guy to each   
arm, hustled inside.   
I was stood on a cold floor and my arms released.   
‘Ah, Jenny. I am told you have been shopping for antiquities,’ said a voice in   
English but with a discernible accent.   
The tape was torn from my mouth but not my eyes. ‘Only for those on sale in the   
market. I have done no trading with thieves.’ My knees trembled as I stood there,   
surely the police would not behave in this manner?   
I heard the contents of my bag being shaken onto a table. ‘Two very nice little   
figures, I see. And original. These have been stolen from a tomb or nearby in the   
sand, they should not have been sold for export. More scuffing noises as the   
contents of my bag were sorted out.   
‘Nothing else here but I regret to say, Jenny, that you may have concealed   
something about your person, Strip her.’   
Now with your hands locked behind your back removing your clothes is just not   
possible but it soon became clear that I was not to undress myself. Eager hands   
popped open the buttons on the front of my blouse and it was dragged from my   
shoulders and down my arms. Thank goodness I had one of my more granny   
bras on that day, just to avoid too much attention from the vendors in the market   
to bouncing boobs. Of course my blouse could not be removed over the   
handcuffs and ended up simply bundled against my wrists. Who was interrogating   
me and who was doing the stripping I could not see as that tape still covered my   
eyes but I was only too aware of the hands which undid the clasp of my bra,   
eased the straps out of their rings and dragged it off from my boobs. I could feel   
the hot breath of the one doing the stripping on my back and the colder air   
perking up my nipples for their entertainment.   
I stood there topless. There was certainly nothing concealed in the clothes they   
had so far removed. Perhaps they could see they had arrested the wrong   
woman? Like heck ! My fear of what was happening to me grew. I could do   
nothing but remain calm under the searching of these people.   
‘Check she has nothing taped under her arms or breasts,’ said that cultured   
voice.   
Those hands which had found difficulty in undoing my bra found no difficulty in   
sliding between my pinioned arms to reach deep into my armpits. I somehow felt   
glad that I had shaved them free of hair only that morning. I took a deep breath to   
prevent myself screaming or crying as the next stage of the checks lifted each of   
my breasts in turn. I could not see but only imagine the close, lascivious,   
inspection they were receiving as they were held up and out from my body.   
‘Nothing.’   
‘Very well,’ said that voice again, ‘Remove the rest of her clothing.’   
It was now only too clear that my idea of a strip search where I removed my   
clothing in the presence of another female was wrong. My clothes were to be   
removed by another person and a male one at that.   
My feet were lifted and my sandals removed. I could feel the chill of the stone   
floor seeping into the soles of my feet through my hold up stockings which I had   
worn to cooling air to reduce the dampness of perspiration between my legs. Was   
I now becoming moist at the touch of those rough hands? For a time being my   
stockings remained as the button on my skirt was undone and then the zip slid   
down. My continuing protests that I had nothing hidden about my body were   
totally ineffective. ‘We shall soon see if that is true,’ said that voice again, ‘Men   
hide things within themselves and women can be doubly deceitful.’   
I felt my skirt being dragged down my legs and each foot in turn being lifted to   
free it. Other than my blouse being obstructed by my handcuffs I was now naked   
except for my stockings and cotton knickers. I felt certain they could see that   
nothing was concealed even in this rather extensive garment only to be proved   
wrong again. Thumbs slipped under the elastic waist band and they too were   
dragged down, my feet lifted again and freed of my body. I stood there virtually   
totally naked and trembling. Perhaps they were enjoying themselves too much to   
leave even my stockings so those fingers slid them down my legs pausing only as   
they came into unnecessary contact with my moist pussy lips. Again they left me   
and I was truly totally naked. I could not count my blouse as it was only covering   
my wrists and hands. I stood there ashamed and blushing. No way could I use my   
hands to cover myself.   
‘I am sorry,’ said that voice again but we must be certain you have nothing hidden   
within your body cavities. They are too frequently used by smugglers as a hiding   
place for small artefacts. Please relax and we will use ample lubricant to ensure   
the search causes you minimum discomfort.’   
That’s blooming nice of you, I thought, I provide the cavities you provide the   
probing fingers. Some deal.   
‘Use the rubber gloves as well, Abdul,’ said the voice again, ‘She does not want   
your unwashed fingers inside her without protection.’   
I heard the gloves snap on and I was bent forward from my waist so that my   
boobs lay on the table and my bum was in the air. I could feel that cool breeze on   
my labia and even more so as my feet were eased wide apart and my bum   
cheeks parted to join them. I felt a finger slide from my clit to my anus as the   
slimy lubricant was smeared into my slit. I am sure my tormentors, if indeed the   
owner of that voice had come round the table to view my exposure, were enjoying   
the view of a foreign woman so fully exposed with my clit peeking out of its   
covering hood. The fingers parted my labia and found their way into my vagina. I   
can only describe my examination as a grope which seemed to last for hours if   
only for a minute of so in reality.   
‘Nothing!’   
‘Very well, continue.’   
More lubricant was spread between the cheeks of my arse and a single finger   
inveigled into my anus as deeply as it would go. I could feel my muscle tense at   
the unwanted intrusion.   
‘Nothing.’   
I was allow to stand up again with a slippery feeling between my labia and bum   
cheeks.   
That voice came again. ‘It would seem that indeed you do have only the two   
figurines which I have had examined and which I am sorry to tell you are imitation   
so you may take them home with you as a momento of your visit. I am sure you   
understand how careful we must be to ensure that no historic treasure leave the   
country. Dress her.’   
Pleased as I was that my horribly unpleasant examination was over I was not   
overjoyed that the two figures would always remind me of ordeal at the hands of   
these men. It was certainly one of those things that was unforgettable rather than   
memorable.   
‘Leave her underwear, I will put it in her bag with the figures. Just button her   
blouse and put on her skirt and sandals. Then take her to her hotel.’   
So I was to be paraded braless and pantie less at my hotel amongst my other   
humiliations but at least I was to escape their clutches. My skirt was dragged   
roughly up my legs and zipped and buttoned. My blouse was eased up my arms   
and also had its buttons fastened if not tucked into my skirt. Finally my feet were   
slid into my sandals and I was escorted away still blindfolded to the car.   
A short drive again and the car screeched to a halt. My handcuffs were released   
and, as I was shoved out of the car to let it roar away my blindfold tape was torn   
off. I was blinded by the bright sunlight but clutching my bag I staggered into the   
hotel and gasped at the clerk.   
‘Quick, phone the police, Those men assaulted me in the most degrading   
manner.’   
The surprised clerk looked at the dishevelled woman before him. ‘But, Madam,   
they were the police.’   
  
Jenny