**My new life on the Paradise Islands**by [worthlessfem](https://www.deviantart.com/worthlessfem),

**Part One**
Yesterday my life was full of happiness. I had landed on the
beautiful Paradise Islands with my fiancé and was looking forward to
our wedding day. I dreamed of a white wedding, maybe some swimming
and sunbathing, but mostly I dreamed of getting married, and having
children with the man I loved.

My name is Donna Barber and I'm 24 years old. My fiancé Ted Jones had
proposed to me recently and when I said yes, he invited me to come to
the Paradise Islands to get married. Oh, I was a happy girl just then!
We arrived at the main island in the group, the strangely named
Tortura. I had no idea of how much my life was going to unravel in
such a short space of time.

We got off the plane and made our way towards immigration and
customs. They took a quick look at Ted's passport and waved him
through. When it was my turn, suddenly the official looked at me
intently, gazing at my passport and then back at me again.

`Miss Barber, you will come with me, please,' he said finally.

I was a bit surprised but not worried. Why should I be worried, after
all? I hadn't done anything wrong and I was getting married tomorrow,
wasn't I? At least, that's what I thought I was doing.

The next thing I knew, they led me into a room at the back and told
me to wait. I looked around and could only see one chair in the room,
the one that was behind the desk, so I just stood there and waited.

In a couple of minutes three burly looking police officers entered,
carrying guns. They looked at the man who'd picked me out of the line
of passengers and then at me.

`You are Donna Barber,' the biggest of the three cops said.

`Yes, I am.'

`Why have you come to our country?'

`I'm getting married,' I said.

`Please turn around and put your hands in the air,' he said quietly.

I didn't like the sound of that but I did what he told me. The next
thing I knew they forced my hands into some wooden contraption that
kept them hoisted high and then pushed my head through another hole
in the device. I was in a state of shock and wondered what the hell
was going on.

`Hey, you can't do that,' I said angrily. `I'm a British citizen, I
know my rights. I want to talk to the British Consul. Where's Ted?'

That was the last thing I was able to say as they forced a metal
thing into my mouth and buckled it behind my head. I noticed there
was a length of chain running off from it and they led me away by the
chain attached to the gag.

The next thing I knew I was led out of the airport complex altogether
and found myself being taken to a waiting police van. I started to
feel uneasy but still hadn't grasped the full horror of what was
about to happen to me. Maybe it was just one of those administrative
mistakes you read about in the papers sometimes.

They drove me out of the airport and I found myself in the local
police station. The strange wooden device with its wooden attachment
still restrained and gagged me. I was completely helpless and silent.
They made me stand in front of them while they waited for their boss
to arrive.

After about five minutes, he finally showed. He looked at me, then
back at his men, and smiled.

`Ah,' he said slowly. `Dis de Barber woman?'

`Yes, sir, this she,' said the one who seemed to have been in charge
of the group who'd arrested me.

`Good, then we begin. Let we go see what we go see.'

He bent over a computer screen and tapped something in. I had no idea
what he was doing but I assumed he was checking to see if I had some
sort of criminal record. Well, of course I didn't so I wasn't that
worried. I was angry at being held in this uncomfortable way and
still gagged while the four men were just calmly sitting down and
drinking a can of Red Stripe while I was standing restrained and in
enforced silence rather than actually feeling nervous.
At last, he looked up and nodded to his assistants.

`OK, we take she down to holding cell while I decide what we do next.'

I was pushed –rather roughly, I thought – along the corridor and put
into a cell at the end. It had no window in the room, no light above,
and only a wooden plank on top of what looked more like a table than
a bed.

`You lie down there till we come back for you,' said the leading cop.

I didn't have much alternative so I did what I was told. I still
thought that maybe Ted would find out what had happened and come and
rescue me or bring the British Consul to my assistance.

About half an hour passed before the cell door was opened again. The
four cops came in and then, mercifully, released me from the holding
contraption that I must have been wearing for at least two or three
hours by now. It was very uncomfortable and my arms ached from being
held above for a long time.

`OK, you come,' said the leading cop. `Is time we process you. You
catching arse some, sister!'

I didn't like the grin on his face when he said that and I didn't
know what the hell was going to happen to me next. For a moment I
wondered if it was some sort of weird joke that one of Ted's friends
might have planned for his stag party, or one of mine for a hen
party, something like that. Whatever it was, I was beginning to get
nervous at last.

The leading cop then told me to turn around and face the wall. I did
what he told me because I couldn't see much point in kicking up a
fuss. I was only 5ft 6 and weighed around 140 lbs. These guys were
built like musclemen and there were four of them. I wouldn't stand a
chance if I tried anything against them.

As soon as I turned around, he snapped a set of cuffs on my wrists,
fastening them behind my back. The next thing I knew he'd fitted a
set of shackles to my ankles as well. I was just about to protest
when he pinched my nose, forcing me to open my mouth to breathe. As
soon as I did that, he pushed in a ball gag and buckled it shut
behind my head. I couldn't use my hands or legs properly and I
certainly couldn't utter a word of protest.

`Dat much better,' the cop grinned as he span me round to face
him. `No shit from you mouth now, sister!'

The other cops all laughed when he said that.

`So, Donna Barber, is time we take you, right? You come with us and
you find out how everything go!'

I didn't have a clue what he was talking about. Were the four cops
planning to rape me? Maybe to kidnap me and hold me for ransom? I
didn't have any money and nor did my family. Or were they planning
something worse than even the dark thoughts I'd just had?

They wrapped a black cloth around my head as a blindfold. I was then
led into a police van and driven for around fifteen minutes before
they finally stopped.

They bundled me out of the van and pushed me through a long corridor
and up some flights of steps. I had no idea where they were taking
me, or what they planned to do. All I could do was wait and hope.
I found myself in another room that seemed slightly more comfortable
than my cell in the police station. They told me to sit down on a
wooden bench and removed the blindfold and gag at last. I gasped and
prepared to protest once again at my treatment when the senior cop
just shook his head.

`Don't you go say nothing right now,' he warned me. `You get you
chance to speak soon enough. Otherwise I have to gag you again.'

I didn't want that so I shut up and fumed in silence. I sat there for
around ten minutes when a knock came on the door and a man entered.

`You bring her in now, innit,' he said. `Dey ready for you nows.'

I found myself, still cuffed and shackled as I was, being led out of
the room and along a corridor. To my surprise I found myself in what
was obviously a courtroom. A judge sat on his bench, a white wig on
his head, and I saw a lawyer and other court officials standing
there. They told me to stand in a box on my own and the cop in the
court reminded me to remain standing throughout the trial. I glanced
across and saw twelve men sitting in what was obviously the jury box.

What was going on? It suddenly dawned on me that I really had been
arrested and it looked as if I was about to be put on trial for some
crime or other. But I hadn't done anything wrong, and I was about to
open my mouth to protest when the clerk of the court glared at me,
sensing my obvious intention to say something.

`Silence in court,' he commanded sternly. `The first case of the day
will now be heard. His Lordship Devon Marshall presiding in the case
of the Crown versus Donna Barber.'

I was shocked and frightened now. This had gone beyond a joke.
Somehow, they really were putting me on trial and I didn't fancy the
prospect of spending even a couple of months in a prison. What was
going on?

The judge looked at me and I didn't like the expression on his face.
I couldn't see any trace of kindness or mercy there and I was
beginning to feel more and more nervous about the whole situation.

`Donna Barber, you have been brought before the court facing three
very serious charges. How do you plead?'

`Excuse me, my lord, but I don't even know what I've been charged
with. I was arrested yesterday and nobody's even told me what it is
I'm supposed to have done.'

`Let the clerk of the court read out the indictment against the
prisoner,' said the judge wearily.

`Donna Barber, you are charged with public indecency, with the
possession of obscene publications, membership of a subversive
organisation, and with entering this country to foment sedition
against the state,' said the clerk.

I stared at him in utter disbelief. What was he talking about? I
hadn't done any of those things.

`How do you plead, Barber?' asked the judge, a harsh tone in his
voice.

`Not guilty, my lord,' I said firmly.

`Very well,' he said quietly. `I will just say one thing before the
trial begins. If you wish to change your plea to guilty, I will
consider a reduced sentence. If you persist in maintaining your
innocence and the court finds against you, I will have no alternative
but to give you a more severe sentence.'

I shivered at the prospect and suddenly wished I'd never set foot in
this place.

`My lord, would it be possible for me to have a lawyer to defend
myself?' I asked quietly.

`Certainly not!' he almost barked at me. `Under the laws of our
country, that is not allowed. You will simply have to defend
yourself.'

`Could I at least see the British Consul?' I pleaded.

`No,' he said firmly. `You must plead guilty and throw yourself on
the mercy of the court or else you must plead not guilty and hope
that you are able to persuade the court of your innocence. You are
wasting the court's time, Barber. How do you plead to the charges
against you?'

`Not guilty, my lord,' I said, beginning to get angry myself.

`In that case, we will begin with the trial. Mr Sylvester Clarke,
prosecuting counsel, please begin.'

`Thank you, my lord,' said another man in a white wig, getting to his
feet rapidly and nodding at the bench. `The defendant arrived here
yesterday and while she was in our customs and immigration area she
was found to be in violation of our laws on three separate counts.
That is why the officers arrested her and that is why she is here on
trial today. It is our contention that she came here with malice
aforethought with a firm intention of causing disruption among our
islanders.'

He paused for a moment and then looked up to the bench.

`I summon my first witness, my lord. Customs Officer Malcolm Roberts.'

I recognised him as the bloke who'd pulled me up at customs when I
arrived. Well, whatever else he thought I'd done, at least he hadn't
charged me with drug offences. I'd heard that in some countries the
penalties for that could be very nasty indeed.

`You are Customs Officer Malcolm Roberts?'

`I am, sir.'

`Please tell the court what first drew the prisoner to your
attention.'

`Well, sir, firstly of course the way she was dressed. She wasn't
dressed like no decent woman would be, I mean.'

`How was she dressed when you saw her?'

`Like she is now, sir.'

`I see. And what did you do?'

`I ax her go to the back room and wait. Den I go check her details on
the computer and I go through her luggage.'

`And what did you find out when you checked her details?'

`I find she member of a subversive organisation, sir.'

`And when you examined her luggage?'

`Ah, den I find she also carrying filthy books with her.'

`So what did you do then?'

`I calls for de officers to come and arrest her, sir.'

`Quite right too,' Mr Clarke smiled. `Thank you, Mr Roberts. I now
call my next witness.'

`Excuse me, please, my lord,' I said quickly. `I'd like to ask this
witness some questions.'

The judge glared at me, his face set in cold fury.

`That is not permitted under our laws,' he said. `You may not speak
until it comes to your turn to present your defence. If you interrupt
the trial again I will sentence you for contempt of court.'

`Sorry, my lord,' I said instantly, not wanting to make things worse
for myself.

`Mr Clarke, please call your next witness.'

`Thank you, my lord. I call Detective Sergeant Courtney Griffith.'

Then the cop who'd seemed to be in charge of the others once I'd been
arrested took the stand.

`Please tell me what you found in the defendant's luggage.'

`Well, like Mr Roberts said, she was carrying a number of obscene
publications. Then I ran a more detailed search on computer records
and found out she was a member of a subversive organisation. Once I
knew that of course I had to hold her overnight and put her on trial.
Here is a print-out of the file on Barber.'

`Quite right too,' said Mr Clarke. `My lord, the prosecution now
wishes to introduce exhibit A.'

I was baffled as to what it was they were going to put out on show.
Then I saw it was a few books I'd brought with me on holiday and a
copy of Cosmopolitan magazine.

`Disgusting filth!' said the judge. `Do you wish to call any more
witnesses?'

`Only one, my lord. I call the defendant Donna Barber to the stand.'

Well, I thought, at least I'll get a chance to find out what it's all
about. Maybe it's just a misunderstanding and the worst that will
happen is I get fined or something like that.

`Donna Barber, do you admit you arrived at customs and immigration
dressed indecently?'

`No, sir,' I protested loudly.

`No?' he raised his eyebrows. `Then how were you dressed?'

`Like I am now,' I said wearily.

`That is being dressed indecently under the laws of the Paradise
Islands,' said Mr Clarke, a smile of triumph on his face.

I couldn't see why but I still didn't see where he was going with
this line of attack.

`And you admit these books and this magazine are yours?' he asked.

`Yes, I admit they're mine. Why shouldn't I? There's nothing wrong
with them.'

`Nothing wrong with them,' he smiled. `They are all obscene
publications under the laws of our country. My lord, gentlemen of the
jury, the defendant has brought in to our glorious land such filth as
The Female Eunuch, Sexual Politics, Against Our Will, and The
Undeclared War Against Women. All these books are, quite rightly,
classed in our country as obscene publications, as is the
pornographic magazine Cosmopolitan.'

`But I didn't know that!' I protested.

`Be silent, Barber!' said Mr Clarke sternly. `You will speak only
when spoken to. Now then, the prisoner admits she was dressed
indecently, she admits that she brought these obscene books and this
filthy magazine in with her. She is already clearly guilty on two of
the three counts against her. Now let us turn to the third
indictment. Did you enter this country to foment sedition against the
state?'

`No, sir.'

`And do you admit that you are a member of a subversive
organisation?'

`No, sir.'

`I see. Then do you deny that you are a member of the Women's
Consciousness Raising group in England?'

`No, sir, but that...'

`Be silent, Barber!' Mr Clarke shouted at me. `My lord, I really feel
that this time a charge of contempt of court must be added against
the prisoner.'

`I agree, Mr Clarke. Let it be so entered in the court record.'

`As I say, Barber, you are clearly guilty of public indecency, of
possession of obscene publications, and of membership of a subversive
organisation. It stretches credibility to the limits to believe, in
the light of all these facts, that you did not enter our country with
the expressed intent of fomenting discontent among our womenfolk. My
lord, the prosecution rests.'

`Thank you, Mr Clarke. Barber, you may now take the stand and explain
yourself. I will ask you some questions and you will answer them. Let
us begin with the question of public indecency. Why did you arrive in
our country dressed as you are?'

`My lord, I don't understand. How is the way I'm dressed indecent?'

`Barber, you do not ask questions, you answer them. Why did you
arrive here dressed as you are?'

`I didn't realise my dress would be considered indecent, my lord,' I
said truthfully.

`Ignorance of the law is not a defence to the charges against you,'
he said sternly. `You ought to have ascertained the requirements of
our laws before you came to our country. Now let us turn to the
question of your possession of obscene publications. Why did you
bring those filthy books into our country if not to seek to corrupt
the people?'

`My lord, I've just finished a Master's Degree in Gender Studies and
the books were required reading on my course.'

`They are still considered obscene publications under the laws of our
country. Bringing them in is clear prima facie evidence of malice
aforethought and of subversive intentions. Clearly you intended to
corrupt our womenfolk.'

`But, my lord...'

`Be silent, Barber! That now makes a second count of contempt of
court against you. You speak only when you are spoken to and
otherwise you remain silent. Now let us turn to your membership of
this sinister organisation. How long have you been a member?'

`Four years, my lord.'

`When did you join?'

`At university, my lord.'

`And how many members of your group are there?'

`Around twenty or so, my lord.'

`Very well. That will be all in respect of the evidential portion of
the case, Barber. I will now ask the jury to consider its verdict.
Gentlemen of the jury, do you wish to retire to consider the
evidence?'

`No, my lord,' said the foreman of the jury, standing up.

`So have you reached a verdict on which you are all agreed?'

`We have, my lord.'

`And how do you find the prisoner at the bar?'

`Guilty on all counts, my lord.'

`Thank you, gentlemen. I congratulate you on reaching the only
possible verdict in this case. It now remains for me to consider the
question of sentencing. Let me briefly summarise the charges on which
the defendant has been found guilty: public indecency, possession of
obscene publications, membership of a subversive organisation,
entering the country with intent to foment disorder, and two charges
of contempt of court. On the contempt of court charges, I sentence
you to a week in prison for each offence. On the charge of possessing
obscene publications, I sentence you to a year in prison. On the
charge of membership of a subversive organisation, I sentence you to
two years in prison. On the charge of entering the country with
intent to foment disorder, I sentence you to three years in prison.
All sentences will of course be served consecutively and not
concurrently, adding up to a combined total of six years and two
weeks in prison. There will be no possibility of parole and no appeal
against my sentence is permitted. In addition, because of the grave
nature of the crime and the prisoner's total lack of remorse at her
actions, I also require that her prison sentence be served with hard
labour.'

I gasped in disbelief when he said that. The bastard had just
sentenced me to six years in prison – and with hard labour, whatever
that meant! I couldn't believe my ears.

`My lord, please, could I...'

`Be silent, Barber. Let the prisoner be gagged!'

And the cops moved towards me and put that hateful metal gag back in
my mouth again. Now I couldn't even say a word if I wanted to.

The cops took me out of the courtroom and bundled me into the van
once more. I wondered idly if Ted would find out what had happened to
me, and if he did, whether or not he could help me out of this mess.

`OK, Barber,' said the senior cop, when the van finally came to a
stop. `You wait for the prison van to take you to your new home for
the next six years!'

After about ten or fifteen minutes a large black van arrived. Half a
dozen men got out and I was bundled roughly into the van and driven
off. There were another dozen or so women in there with me, all
gagged, handcuffed and shackled like me. All but two of them were
also white like me. I wondered what `crimes' they had committed.

About twenty minutes later the van came to a stop and we were all
taken out to a large stone building which had the inscription over
the doors `Tortura Prison for Women.' I was now worried sick about
what might be going to happen to me.

`OK, cunts,' said the prison guard who came out to greet us. `Follow
me and we start processing you as our new inmates. Den we assign you
to your work duties.'

Reluctantly, we all followed him in and stood before the prison
governor. He looked us up and down and I didn't like the way he was
looking with obvious sexual interest at quite a few of the women.

`Remove their gags,' he said finally.

I was pleased to at least have the ability to speak again though I'd
already seen enough of the style of `justice' they dished out here
not to open my mouth and say anything. I was going to have to keep my
head down and somehow hope I could find a way to escape from the
island.

`Barber,' he said, when he came to me, `you have been found guilty of
a number of serious crimes and you will be spending the next six
years and two weeks here as my guest. I note that in your sentence it
specifically laid down that you will serve your time here with hard
labour. Well, we have a lot of choices open to you in that
department!'

The guards smirked unpleasantly when he said that. I was getting more
and more nervous as he gazed at me.

`Right now,' he said quietly, `it is the summertime in our islands.
You will work outside in one of our chain gangs, I think. Let me see
what we can find for you.'

He entered something in his computer and then gave a big smile as if
he was particularly pleased with what he'd found there.

`We need construction workers for the new luxury hotel we are
building,' he said. `You will be assigned to that project. First, we
need to process you. Remove her chains and handcuffs.'

It was a relief when they finally came off although my relief was
short-lived when he spoke again.

`You will strip now,' he said. `Take everything off.'

I stared at him in astonishment but decided it was better to do what
he said than risk getting into any more trouble. God only knew what
would happen to me if I'd refused.

I took off my clothes and stood there naked before them. I felt more
angry than embarrassed to be honest and I could see the guards, who
all appeared to be male, enjoying the view of my unwilling nudity.

`Spread your legs and put your hands on your head,' he commanded.

Once more, I did what he told me.

`Strip search the bitch,' he commanded. `Perform a full cavity
search. Make sure you do it thoroughly – and pay particular attention
to her tits, cunt and arse.'

I tried not to redden as the men `searched' me, something they took
good care to make as humiliating for me as possible, but at least my
ordeal was finally over.

`Good, you're clean, Barber. Right, let's enter your details into the
prison system. OK, let's assign you to work detail, shall we? You
will join chain gang no 3 working on the new hotel in our capital
city. Your hours of work will be from 6 o'clock in the morning until
10 o'clock at night. You will be allowed breaks at 10 in the morning
for 5 minutes, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for half an hour, and at
6 in the evening for a further 5 minutes. When you've finished work
you will return here to the prison for your evening meal and then you
will go to bed. That will be the pattern of your life for the next 6
years and 2 weeks, although it is highly likely that during that time
the actual projects on which you work will change. How do you feel
about being a building labourer, Barber?'

`Terrified, sir,' I said honestly. `I've never done anything like
that before.'

`Well, we shall soon have you fit and strong like the native women of
the islands. Is there anything you want to ask me before I send you
off to your cell for the rest of the afternoon?'

`Would it be possible for me to see my fiancé, sir? Or at least the
British Consul so that I could give him a message explaining what
happened to me?'

`I think that could be arranged,' he smiled. `Leave it with me and I
will talk to you later on today to see if it has been possible to
contact him.'

`Thank you, sir,' I said gratefully.

I have to admit, he kept his word. The British Consul came round to
see me just after 7 that evening and I was allowed to speak with him
in private.

`Miss Barber, I understand that you've just been sentenced to 6 years
in prison.'

`That's right,' I said sadly. `Is there any way you can get me out of
the situation?'

`I'm afraid not,' he answered. `They're very strict about lots of
things in the Paradise Islands, especially in terms of their
attitudes towards women.'

`Could you please explain how they kept telling me in court that I
wasn't dressed decently?'

The Consul laughed when I asked him that question.

`Oh, Miss Barber, one of the many – individual – aspects of life in
the islands is the requirement for females to be naked in public at
all times. In their eyes, your action in wearing clothes was an
offence against public decency.'

`And why don't they warn people of that? I could have got – changed –
on the plane if they'd told me.'

The Consul smiled when I said that.

`Sometimes I think they enjoy having these occasional show trials of
foreign tourists. Mainly, though, I suppose it's because they feel
that people ought to be aware of their customs. Some people actually
visit the place because of the nudity laws, to be honest.'

`Would you let Ted know what's happened to me, please?' I said
quietly, resigning myself to what I fully expected to be an
exhausting and degrading ordeal over the next six years.

`Oh, he knows, Miss Barber,' said the Consul. `All trials of foreign
nationals have to be notified to the consular authorities and of
course he contacted us as soon as the airport security staff took you
into custody.'

`So what's he going to do about the situation?'

`Oh, he's made up his mind to settle down here,' the consul told
me. `He's already got himself a new job, in fact. He's a foreman with
a construction company that's building the latest luxury hotel on the
islands. He'll be your new boss, actually. He's arranged with the
prison authorities to be in charge of your work detail.'

My eyes widened as I suddenly realised the whole thing had been a set-
up by Ted from the very beginning. He must have known about the laws
on the Paradise Islands, after all, because he'd been there for a
holiday last year.

What a low trick to play on me!

But why was my cunt getting so fucking wet at the prospect?