**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?