Smuggler ?

‘Strip’, ordered the officer sitting behind the ramshackle table that served as a desk. he
picked up his swagger stick and brought it sharply down onto the desk to emphasise his order and make the phone jump. ‘Now !’
‘And if I refuse ?’
‘I am sure my men would be only too pleased to help you.’
I looked round at the two goons standing beside the door making sure I could not
escape. I was sure they would be delighted to remove my clothes.
Another attempt. ‘Why am I under arrest ?’
‘We have reason to suspect that you may be smuggling drugs.’
‘I assure you that I am not.’
‘Then you will not object if we make certain of that. Now will you undress or.......’ He
looked at the men behind me. One of them licked his lips as I checked them out.
I decided it was better to take my own clothes off than let his ‘men’ do it. I knelt down
and unlaced my shoes and slipped them off. My socks followed before I stood up again.
‘Put them on the desk.’ His order was again emphasised by a crack on the desk with
his cane. The shoes were checked inside and out in case I had something concealed in a
hidden compartment in the sole.
Satisfied he put them on his desk and looked at me again. ‘Now, the rest of your
clothes - off.’
I unbuttoned my shirt, dragged it out of my trousers and gave it to him. It was carefully
felt to ensure I had nothing sewn into the collar.
‘Trousers.’ I undid the belt and the waistband button before sliding down the zip and
steeping out of them and handing them over. Again a meticulous examination of the pockets and seams. I stood in my underwear and watched the proceedings.
He picked up his cane again and pointed at me menacingly. ‘And the rest.’ Clearly he
and his men were enjoying this. I unclipped my bra and shrugged it of exposing my breasts and my nipples which perked up in the cold air of the office. Again it was carefully examined although it could not have concealed much. Without waiting for another order I stepped out of my knickers, even more than my bra they would not have concealed enough drugs to buy a cup of coffee.
‘Now I must search you for drugs concealed on your person.’ He took a pair of rubber
gloves from a box on his desk and snapped then. ‘You see we are not complete heathens we do take precautions - you may be carrying some disease we do not want to catch. Women can be doubly deceitful as to where they conceal drugs compared with men. Lift your arms.’ He checked under my arms in case I had taped packets underneath them. ‘Now bend over the desk and spread your legs.’
He opened another box on the desk and extracted a speculum. ‘You are not going to
push that inside me,’ I said positively.
He nodded to his two men who came forward, twisted my arms back and held me face
down on the desk. Each one put a boot between my feet and opened my legs wide. The grin of pleasure on the face of the one I could see showed how much they were enjoying their work.
I struggled to free myself of their grip but to no avail.
‘You see how much easier it would have been to for you to have obeyed my order.
Now, unless you stop fighting my men I can assure you from my experience that the next part of my examination will be quite painful.’
I stopped struggling and he moved round behind me and I felt his gloved fingers open
the lip of my vulva and then slip inside to open my vagina to ease the entry of the speculum. It slid into me stretching me as it did so until it completely filled me and I could feel it against my cervix. He had inserted it with the handles pointing upward and I could feel the cold metal of its handle against the cheeks of my buttocks. He unclipped the duckbills and it stretched me wide open.
‘Now I can see if you are concealing anything in there,’ he said as he peered between
the bills of the speculum and moved the handles around to fully check my vagina. His men
were twisted round to gain a better view of all of me that had been exposed but retained their grip that was holding me down on the desk, my breasts squashed against its rough surface.
‘You appear not to have anything concealed in there,’ he said with regret in his voice as he
clipped the speculum shut and drew it out. ‘Now just for your rectum.’
I made another attempt to throw off the two men but their grip was not going to release
me that easily. I felt the gloved fingers draw my buttocks apart and one finger and then two insinuate themselves inside me, They pushed deeply and felt around for any concealed packages which I might have attempted to conceal there. Finding none they with drew and I was allowed to stand blushing with embarrassment and shame at the rough examination.
‘You may go,’ said the officer, ‘We could detain you naked in a cell for a few days to
see if you have swallowed anything but I would rather you left my country. Pick up your clothes and dress outside, I have others to interview.’
I picked up my clothes and rushed out of the office only to find two more men outside,
‘They will escort you to departure,’ I was told as I rushed into my clothes to minimise their
pleasure at the sight of my body.
Had they really thought I was carrying drug or had they taken the opportunity to strip
search a 24year old girl in the most humiliating manner. Should I complain to the authorities or would they say he was simply carrying out his duties ? Were the authorities here the officer who had just strip searched me in the most unpleasant manner ? Would I get put naked into a cell to delight the guards for a few day whilst I demonstrated I had not swallowed any packets of drugs ?
I got on the plane pleased to leave the country I had just holidayed in. The brochure
had described it as ‘A Holiday to Remember’ - it had certainly been one I would never forget!

Jenny.
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