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Opening extract from
Naked Justice

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CHAPTER ONE

Lydia kept trembling and crying and wishing she was anywhere than in this demeaning situation. Some filthy beast had stripped her naked and abused and humiliated her in the most disgusting way, and now she was being assaulted all over again in sanitised rooms, with bright lights and people in uniforms and white surgical overalls, staring at her with distant gazes.

Rubber gloved hands were prying all over her bare body as beady eyes closely examined her for bruises, abrasions, and blemishes. Steel forceps had been inserted into her labia to crudely open wide her vagina, and probing swabs were taken from inside her most private parts. She could still feel the beast's sweaty hands touching her there.

No amount of their platitudes could calm or assure her. She felt dirty and defiled.

She could see a white coated figure's lips moving but she could make no sense of the questions they were asking her. When was the last time she'd had sex? Barely two hours ago didn't they understand? Was she penetrated, in her vagina, in her mouth? 'Yes, yes everywhere,' she sobbed.

She was tested for drink and drugs and asked if she was on medication. She no longer felt she was a human being; she was just a victim, a

statistic, a case to be dealt with. She could imagine the horror animals faced when being used for scientific experiments.

White coat moved away and rinsed his hands in the basin. Lydia heard the sound of his voice but no words. She shook her head and the blood mist swirled away from her mind. 'Pardon?' she said, her own voice echoing from the cold walls.

'Put on the overalls, there.' He indicated to a folded up white garment on a table. All your garments are needed for forensic examination.'

With a strange unreal feeling, Lydia put on the light overalls, and a pair of plastic shoes. Leaving her soiled clothing where the forensic examiner had put them.

He picked up his papers and began writing up his notes. His part in her examination was done.

'I suggest you see your GP in a week's time,' he said. 'To check you for any complications from the intercourse.'

She knew the horrors he was referring to; the danger of AIDS, and other transmitted diseases, and oh God, pregnancy. She wasn't safe and the beast used no protection. Her father was a doctor, he would take care of that she was sure. 'Is my father here?' she asked.

'I don't know, the officer will know.' He beckoned through the clear screen to a uniformed policewoman standing in the corridor.

The woman came into the examining room.

'I've finished here,' white coat said to her, 'Miss Wesley wants to know if her father is here.'

‘Yes I think he is,’ she said, then directly to Lydia, ‘Come with me, we’ll need a full statement from you.’

‘Haven't you finished with me yet?’ Lydia sobbed.

‘It’s important we get as much detail as we can while it’s still fresh in your mind,’ uniform said, guiding Lydia with her.

In another bare room, three women dressed in plain clothes sat at a table. The uniformed woman left the room.

‘Sorry to put you through this,’ a plain clothes woman said. ‘But it is important that we get as much detail as we can from you. It’s vital in order for us to bring a case against your attacker.’ she added. ‘Please sit down.’

Lydia sat on a hard chair in her white overalls.

‘My name is Detective Sergeant Ruth Richards,’ the plainclothes woman introduced herself. ‘This is Detective Constable Amy Walker, and DC Margaret Bennett. Margaret is our rape liaison officer and she will be in touch with you throughout the course of this case. She’ll give you her number, and if there is anything you want to know about the case and how it’s proceeding then don’t hesitate to contact her and she’ll keep you up to speed on how it’s progressing. And if you just want to chat to someone please give her a call, she’s here to help you.’

Margaret smiled at her, and Lydia tried to smile back but felt more like crying.

‘Myself and Amy will be covering the

investigation, and Margaret will be in touch with us.' DS Richards said. 'I know it's going to be very difficult for you to go over the details of the attack and if at any time our questioning becomes too difficult for you to deal with, then please ask us to stop and we'll give you more time.'

Coming here and reporting her rape was something Lydia had instinctively done like she would have reported a break-in, or the theft of her car; but this was deeper and more personal, requiring her to reveal the inner most intimate details of herself. Adding to the violation she was already feeling.

DS Richards switched on the recording tape. 'Present in the room,' she said. 'Miss Lydia Wesley, DS Richards and DC Walker recording of interview of alleged rape on Miss Wesley. Also present Rape Liaison Officer, Margaret Bennett.'

The questions flowed; 'Do you know who your attacker was?'

'My parents had a carpet laid a few months ago and I think he was one of the men who did the work.'

'Do you know his name?'

'No I don't. I only know him by sight.'

'Have you met him other than the time he was one of the carpet layers?'

'No I can only just remember him from that occasion, but I can't get his face out of my mind now,' a sob came into her voice.

'Do you know the name of the company who employed this man?'

‘Yes I think it was called Direct Carpets.’

‘We’ll try and get some information from them.’

More questions about her attacker followed. ‘What clothes was he wearing? About how old was he? Was he clean or dirty in appearance?’

Lydia visualised him. He was unshaven. He had dark brown hair, and wore black jeans, and a black top. In his thirties, she guessed.

In order to tell them the details, Lydia had to go over the situation in her mind, bringing back to her the horror of her assault. She couldn’t help crying.

‘Just take your time,’ DC Walker said.

Margaret reached her hand across the table. ‘Hold my hand if it helps you,’ she said, taking Lydia’s hand.

Lydia felt some comfort in the grip of Margaret’s fingers with hers.

‘Tell us, in your own words, what he did to you and please be as explicit as you can.’

Lydia started telling them the story of her rape

