Accident Prone Linda

Linda at Catering College

By the Bitchfinder General

Background:

Linda Marshall is the main character in a series of stories I've written or am still writing about a young girl who is both extremely accident-prone and who is also unfairly blamed for actions committed by others. From the age of 12 to 16 she attended the St Phillippa's Academy for Young Ladies at Aldminster, a small and imaginary town in Hampshire loosely similar to Winchester. During there she was abused physically, sexually and psychologically by the teachers, other girls and even her own family. Her principal rivals were Melanie Hammond, daughter of the school secretary, and Kim Chandler, whose mother, as we shall see, also works at the catering college which she attends. Linda decides to make a career as a chef and goes to catering college but unfortunately for her Mel and Kim have already decided to make her time there as miserable as possible.

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Linda Marshall, now 18 years old at last, felt an enormous sense of relief at the thought that her long nightmare over the last few years had finally ended. Her time at St Phillippa's Academy for Young Ladies, at the so-called 'Brat Camp,' her appalling time staying with her strict aunt in the village in Scotland, her time at the so-called 'approved school,' and eventually the 'private young offender's institution,' was over at last. She was finally free for good from the seemingly endless series of torments which Mel and Kim and the staff of her hateful private school had forced her to endure for the last four years and even the harsh judicial punishments to which she had been subjectd. Now that she was legally an adult, she could at least make most of the decisions concerning her life. Even her family no longer had the same absolute power over her that they had so cruelly abused for four terrible years. Her days of being raped, sexually abused, beaten, tortured and humiliated publicly were behind her at last. Or so she thought.

One of the most curious aspects of the four years of her abuse was that it had developed in her a love of cooking. She decided to enter a catering college and was looking forward to being able to have some fun at last. Who knows, she thought, I might even find a boyfriend here? I know men find me attractive, so even if I am damaged goods maybe there might be a kind, decent bloke who will see past that and treat me right.

Linda had taken a part-time job at a local cafe both to earn some money and, most important of all, to furnish her with the means for her first step on the ladder to independence. Now she was neither a boarder at the girls' school nor living with her family, towards whom by now she felt nothing but anger and hatred. Linda had used her money to rent a room in Aldminster and loved the new and heady feeling of freedom. Nobody could tell her what to do any more.

As she entered the large building for the first time she looked around her happily. Like all new students, she went through the induction process, receiving her student ID card, the rules and regulations of the college, various miscellaneous bits of paperwork and general information about the college and the course on which she had now enrolled. She noticed around 100 students were also studying the same subject as her, and she hoped that she might be able to make friends with some of them.

Eventually all the students assembled in a large hall where a man with a strong Scottish accent addressed them briefly. Linda looked around and only half-listened to what he was saying. She was just so excited at the idea of her new freedom and was also looking forward to studying a subject which she genuinely loved and felt confident about her own ability.

'OK, ladies and gentlemen,' the man said finally. 'Now we'll take you on a tour of the college. We'll start off with the kitchens and then show you the rest of our facilities. Because there are so many of you we'll have to split you up into around five groups of twenty. '

Linda tagged along with her group as they approached the kitchens. She saw with wonder the ultra-modern equipment - far superior to anything she had ever used or even seen before - and felt good about the future. She was so busy admiring the facilities in the kitchens that she did not notice that two of the new students on the course were anything but unfamiliar to her. They were, of course, her old enemies Mel Hammond and Kim Chandler.

Everything went like clockwork until they got to the point where Mr Macdonald, their guide on the tour, ushered them towards what was obviously his pride and joy, the food technology laboratories that lay in the basement of the college.

'Hurry up, everyone.' he said, in an exasperated tone of voice, as the students hung back and just looked faintly bored.

The basement lab complex was vast and they all had to sign a form at the office to make sure that no one was unaccounted for and that they agreed to all necessary safety rules.

'Health and safety regjulations,' Mr Macdonald grumbled. 'Still, you never know. We've never had any accidents before but I suppose there's always a first time.'

'Why, what could go wrong?' asked one of the fresh-faced eighteen-year-olds.

'There are some dangerous chemicals that we use in the processes here,' he said sharply. 'I'm not taking risks with anyone's safety.'

Linda saw the sign on the wall that read 'hazchem' as they entered a narrow passageway where it was necessary at first for them all to walk in single file. They gazed at a few machines, the use of which Mr Macdonald explained to them patiently but the boredom of his audience was obvious. He was becoming increasingly exasperated by the lack of response and Linda, feeling slightly sorrow for him, was just making up her mind to ask a stupid question when he led them abruptly into a larger and wider part of the lab complex.

As Linda tried to focus on his talk she failed to see Kim slinking up to the wall and pressing a button. She immediately darted back into the main group but the sudden shock of the spray that hit her made Linda cry out automatically. Mr Macdonald looked both angry and concerned and he yelled something at her which she didn't manage to grasp. He rushed over to the button and cancelled its operation. Linda was a little shocked but she felt fine. Mr Macdonald, though, was obviously worried about her. He ordered her to follow him and before she knew quite what was going on she was pulled forcefully along the corridor, Mr Macdonald shouted at her and the other students to hurry up.

They passed through a metal door and halted at what looked like a toilet. Mr Macdonald led the group inside and Linda saw that as well as the cubicles for the obvious there was also a small shower cubicle at the side. There was no shower curtain around it and she wondered why he had brought them all here.

Somehow Linda found herself standing in front of the shower, the other students gazing at her expectantly and rather puzzled. For the first time she noticed that Mel and Kim were in her group. Immediately she understood that it was their fault that she was in this position.

Mr Macdonald gazed at her sternly. He sighed and looked reproachfully at her and all the group.

'Right, lassie, I shall have to file an accident report,' he said, a touch of anger in his voice. 'We have to comply with health and safety regulations so let's get started. What's your name, girl?'

'Linda Marshall,' she answered quietly.

'Right, then, Linda, if anyone gets sprayed with some of the chemicals like you did we have to make absolutely certain they've not been injured. We bring them in here where they're cleaned up and checked out so we can be sure there's nothing wrong with them. Right, now take off your clothes, please.'

Linda didn't like the sound of that. She was surrounded by nineteen other students, twelve girls and seven boys, as well as the teacher. Somehow she knew that Mel and Kim had managed to engineer yet another disaster for her. She stood there staring at him in disbelief and was just about to open her mouth to protest when he shouted at her angrily.

'Are ye completely mad, lassie? You've been hit with a dangerous chemical. Now get your clothes off double quick and we'll start checking ye out.'

In spite of her shock Linda was determined not to back down. She'd had enough of this sort of thing for the last few years and she certainly had no plans to strip naked in front of a bunch of complete strangers - to say nothing of Mel and Kim.

Mel and Kim started laughing and a few other girls began sniggering. The boys were gazing at her open-mouthed, hoping to get a good look at the beautiful Linda with no clothes on.

'I'm not going to take my clothes off,' she said, ignoring the obvious expectancy of her delighted audience.

Mr Macdonald glared at her angrily,

'Do as you're told, ye stupid wee lassie! Get those clothes off you NOW!'

'You can't make me,' she said stubbornly,.

Mr Macdonald gave her a long hard look. For the first time he was viewing her as a young and attractive teenager rather than simply a nuisance. Linda saw, with a sinking heart, a sudden smile crossing his face.

'I'm afraid you're quite wrong about that, lass,' he said, with a wide grin on his face. 'When ye all registered at the college you also signed a document. In that you agreed to abide by all the rules and regulations of our institution and that includes - is especially important - when we're talking about health and safety measures. I can assure ye, lassie, it most certainly IS a health and safety issue when you've come into direct contact with chemicals.'

'But I feel fine,' she protested.

'Ye may well feel fine but that does no mean that ye ARE fine, lassie. Now I've told you what you have to do now. Just get your clothes off NOW!'

'All... all right,' Linda sighed. 'But.. not here.'

'Here is where ye have to be processed,' he said sternly. 'Just do what I tell ye, girl!'

'But... but I... I mean, not in front of everyone.'

'What the fuck are ye making so much fuss about?' he shouted angrily. 'Don't you realise how dangerous some of these chemicals we use here are? If you don't get your clothes off right now I'll have no choice but to remove them by force.'

'But... can't you... can't you just... make the others go away?'

'No, I canna, lassie,' he said, becoming more and more exasperated. 'You've already caused chaos and I can't leave them unsupervised in case there's any more eejits besides you who might start more trouble. If you hadn't pushed that fucking button none of this would have happened. It's your own fault. Now get those clothes off before I take them off for you.'

Linda felt utterly helpless and deeply humiliated. Her classmates had huge grins all over their faces as they looked forward to seeing her naked in front of them all. They were having a lot of fun as they contemplated her predicament.

As Linda continued to stand there in a stated of shock, her humiliation was made even worse when Mr Macdonald, obviously thoroughly exasperated with her by now, gave her a hard smack on the arse.

'Come on, you stupid fucking cunt, start stripping! I have nae got all day to waste with you so get those fucking clothes off you right NOW!'

An utterly miserable Linda knew that she was cornered now. No matter how much she protested about it, she was going to have to strip naked in front of both Mr Macdonald and her fellow students. She did not relish the prospect at all but she had no choice in the matter.

Everyone watched with anticipation as she reluctantly moved her hands towards her blouse. She saw the pupils grinning and a number of the boys were openly licking their lips. Linda slowly took off her blouse and gazed around the room, looking for somewhere to put it safely.

'Put it in that box,' Mr Macdonald commanded.

Linda did what he told her and hoped that this might be the end of her ordeal. After all, it was only the sleeve of her blouse that had got soaked by the chemicals, wasn't it. In a forlorn gesture of what even she knew was irrational hope, she just stood there waiting.

'Your skirt too, lassie,' he said sternly.

Linda thought about protesting that it was only her arm that had been hit but a quick look at the expression on his face made her think better of it. Reluctantly, fighting back the tears that trembled behind her eyes, she took off her skirt and put it in the box along with her blouse. She was now standing in front of an appreciative audience wearing only her bra and knickers.

'NIce tits,' one of the boys shouted.

Linda tried but failed to stop herself blushing in embarrassment. The other students were all laughing and giggling quite openly at her humiliation.

'Now take off your bra and put that in the box too,' said Mr Macdonald, in a firm voice.

Reluctantly, Linda reached behind her and unclipped her bra. She was struggling to stop herself from crying by now. Somehow, she managed it and threw the bra into the box in a quick motion.

She still stood there hopelessly, making a silent prayer that at least he would leave her a morsel of dignity. Even Linda knew that there was no chance of that.

'Now take off your knickers and put them in the box too,' he commanded.

Linda could not hold back the tears any longer. Sobbing her eyes out, she pulled off her knickers, stepped out of them completely and threw them into the box.

In a last desperate attempt to preserve some kind of modesty she attempted to cover herself up as best she could with her arms and hands. Even that small mercy was to be denied her, though, as by now she already expected it to be.

She was now completely naked in front of a group of fellow-students, something that, although in the past she had almost become used to, she'd never thought would happen to her here. With a slight smile on his face, Mr Macdonald ordered her to put her hands on her head and spread her legs apart as wide as possible. A tearful Linda did what she was told, giving the delighted group a great view of her naked body.

Everyone laughed and giggled and jeered at her as she stood there crying in her helpless naked glory. Mel and Kim led the chorus of wolfwhistles and obscene remarks.

'Bring back happy memories, does it?' said Mel, cruelly.

Linda said nothing but just glared at her fiercely.

'She is a good looking lassie, I must say,' said Mr Macdonald, laughing openly for the first time and admiring the charms on display.

'Not a bad bit of cunt at all,' laughed another boy, whom Linda later found out was Mel's boyfriend, John Thomas.

Everyone laughed out loud at that and more hatefully obscene remarks were passed on the open display of Linda's naked charms.

'Please, Mr Macdonald, can you just do whatever you have to do and I can get dressed again.'

Mr Macdonald grinned and then moved behind the students. He reappeared holding a long high pressure hose, and Linda did not like the look of it at all. She was not quite sure how but she was certain that it was going to result in yet more humiliation for her in front of everyone. And once again, of course, she was absolutely right.

'OK, you stupid fucking bitch, move back against the wall and I'll clean you up.'

Linda reluctantly stepped back and felt the cold tiles against her back. She saw an expectant audience watching and waiting eagerly for the next stage in her degradation. Mr Macdonald, a cold smile playing over his face, stepped up and stood about six feet away.

'Right, lassie, now listen verra carefully. I'm about to turn a high pressure hose on you to wash you all over, so it's going to sting a wee bit. Oh, and by the way, it's no just ordinary water I'm spraying over ye either. I've had to put a high-strength disinfectant in there to kill any bacteria so there'll be a wee whiff about ye as well for a while. Then you can take an ordinary shower to wash away the disinfectant. After that I'll hae to write up an accident report on the whole sorry business, so I will. Now just stay where ye are and ye'll be fine,' he assured her.

Linda dropped her hands from her head with some relief but the shock of the jet of water pumped out by the hose made her stagger and reel against the wall. The force of it was terrible and Linda felt as if she was being punched by a professional boxer. The smell of the disinfectant was also quite appalling and it almost made her feel like throwing up.

Even through the noise of the mixture of water and disinfectant which was being pumped at her so ferociously she could hear the students roaring with laughter as they watched her naked body being beaten by the high-powered hose. For a good five minutes she suffered the pain and the indignity of being thrashed by the jets from the hose and then, at last, Mr Macdonald stepped back. At last, it's over, she thought in relief.

Once again she was completely wrong. This time, an openly grinning Mr Macdonald handed the hose to John who started to spray her with it relentlessly. At least the teacher had genuinely been spraying the hose all over her body, while John just concentrated on aiming the hose at her tits and between her legs. Every time he hit her in those regions, all the other students burst our laughing. It had been bad enough before but now John was determined to humiliate her sexually as well. The increasingly frantic Linda tried to move away from the wall but every time she tried the relentless force of the jet from the hose pushed her back against the tiles behind her. For the next hour the hose was passed from one student to another, all of whom took turns at making her suffer and all of whom deliberately directed their aim at her tits and cunt. Sometimes she span round and they were able to aim the jet at her arsehole as well, much to her discomfort, pain and humiliation.

Finally, Mr Macdonald called time on the whole thing. A thoroughly exhausted as well as deeply degraded Linda slid down on to the tiled floor in relief. She lay on the floor, naked, worn out, and too tired to protest or even move as a group of students came in closer to inspect her as she lay there helplessly.

'OK, bitch, you can get up now,' said Mr Macdonald, laughing openly. 'At least you'll be a lot cleaner after all that. Now get under the shower and wash off the disinfectant.'

A reluctant Linda somehow found the strength to shower herself clean.

At last, after one of the quickest showers she had ever taken, Linda was finally in a frame of mind to speak.

'What about my clothes?' she asked quietly.

'Oh, dinna fash yourself about them, they've already gone off to the lab for examination. We'll probably have the results around tomorrow.'

There was another burst of laughter from the students when he said that.

'But... but I'm... I'm naked!' Linda protested.

'Ay, I think we all ken that right well, lassie,' Mr Macdonald laughed. 'Och, there's nothing for it but to take ye to the principal's office. He'll have tae decide what's to be done with you.'

'Wait a minute, though,' said Kim, a cruel smile on her face. 'Shouldn't we make a photographic record of this accident for the report?'

Mr Macdonald gave her a broad smile.

'Ay, ye're right, Kim,' he said slowly. 'Do you all have your mobile phones with you?'

Everyone did, of course, and the group eagerly took pictures of Linda, naked and helpless, with their phones. She was forced to spread her legs and put her hands behind her head so that they could get the most revealing shots of her; she was also forced to bend over and turn round so that they could get shots of her cunt from the rear view and also of her arse.

Finally, that stage of her ordeal was over at last. Mr Macdonald turned to the group and smiled.

'Who wants tae help the stupid fucking cunt go to the principal's office?'

A forest of eager hands and arms suddenly grabbed her and pulled her along to the exit. Linda was too dazed, exhausted and humiliated even to resist. All the fight had gone out of her and she made no protest when a brief futile attempt to cover herself up with her hands and arms was ruthlessly prevented by two eager boys holding her arms. She found herself marched out of the lab complex, along the corridors and up a flight of stairs as Mr Macdonald led them on what seemed to be an unending route march but actually only lasted around five minutes.

The students were grinning, giggling and laughing at her and from time to time some of them slapped her on the arse or even felt her up as she was dragged along. A number of gawping students from other groups watched her ordeal in fascinated disbelief. Mr Macdonald then took her to another office and ordered her to wait there. He walked over to a door and knocked.

'Alison? Mac here. Is the principal in? I've got a VERY stupid and VERY bad girl here that he needs to deal with. OK, I'll bring her right in.'

He turned to the other students and smiled.

'Ye can let her go now. She's coming inside with me.'

He opened the door and Linda found herself standing naked before the college secretary.

'This is Mrs Chandler,' he told Linda. 'I believe you know her daughter Kimberley. I'm a very good friend of Mrs Chandler. And her daughter Kim as well. Oh, and by the way, the principal here is ... well, let's not spoil the surprise for ye, shall we? Ye'll find out soon enough, so you will.'

Mrs Chandler was someone that Linda had not met before but the mere fact that she was Kim's mother was enough to terrify her. Even here, then, she was not after all going to be safe from having her life made a misery by the terrible two.

'This,' he told the woman, 'is Linda Marshall. I'm sure you've heard a lot about her from Kimberley. Well, here she is. And I'm sure the principal will be interested to see her too.'

Alison Chandler got up from the chair behind her desk and walked right over to Linda. She gave her a cold and angry glare.

'You fucking bitch!' she said in a voice of fury. 'You're the one who beat up my Kim, aren't you? Well, I'll see to it you fucking get what you deserve while you're here, you dirty cunt!'

And with that she slapped Linda hard across the face, once, twice, hard and stinging blows that made her almost jump back.

Then the door opened, and with a sinking heart Linda saw another familiar face standing before her.

'Mr Cox, I believe you and Linda Marshall already know each other. I'm sure she'll be as delighted as you to renew your former acquaintance.'

'Hello, Linda,' said Mr Cox. 'Nice to see you again. I understand you've been a very naughty girl on only your first day here.'

'Well, sir...'

'No, no,' said Mr Cox. 'Don't speak without permission, girl. Mr Macdonald will give me his report on why he has been forced to bring you before me. After that, I will ask you to present your own version of events. Then I will decide what to do.'

Mr Macdonald explained that he had been taking a group of students on a tour of the labs when Linda had set off a button that discharged hazardous chemicals. It had gone on to her clothes and he had been forced to remove them for analysis, hose her down and then shower her. He had not yet had time to write up his accident report but that was essentially what had happened.

'Linda?' Mr Cox asked.

'It wasn't quite like that, sir,' she protested. 'It wasn't me who set off that button. It was either Mel or Kim who did it.'

'Were you standing next to it at the time?'

'Well, yes, sir, but...'

'And were either of them standing next to it at the time?'

'Well, no, sir, but...'

'And was anyone other than you standing next to it at the time?'

'No, sir, but...'

'So the only reasonable conclusion we can come to is that you DID set off the chemicals. I'm sorry, Linda, but there really is no other logical explanation. I suppose it's just possible that you did it out of stupidity rather than as a deliberate act of mindless vandalism, but I'll have to investigate that side of it further. Go and wait outside while I call in your fellow-students.'

Linda, even more miserable now, walked outside. Her fellow-students were then ushered in by Alison Chandler and invited to give their own version of events.

'Did anyone actually see Linda press the button?'

About half a dozen hands shot up, Mel, Kim and John's naturally being the first and the other three being friends of theirs.

'And do you think she did it deliberately?'

'Absolutely, Mr Cox,' said John. 'I heard her whispering to Emma that it'd be a right laugh if she set off one of the dangerous chemicals.'

'But I imagine that, in her stupidity, she did not realise that she was standing in a position where it would be her rather than another student who would be hit?'

'Yeah, I reckon so,' John grinned. 'She did actually say to Emma that she wanted to try and hit either Mel or Kim with something nasty.'

Emma, of course, was a close personal friend of both Kim and Mel, so her corroboration of the lie was almost unnecessary but she still took pleasure in doing so.

'Yeah, she said that now she was here she was going to make their lives a total misery because she hates them so much,' said Emma. 'Of course, now we've got her number we can see to it that doesn't happen, can't we?'

'Quite,' said Mr Cox. 'Well, thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your account. You may leave now and you'd better find your way to the kitchen. You've already missed two whole lessons thanks to Linda's brainless prank.'

They left, still laughing openly at Linda's ordeal, and then the young girl was recalled to the office to face the principal.

'Well, Linda, it doesn't look good for you, I'm afraid,' said Mr Cox. 'Not only have we managed to establish from the testimony of other eyewitnesses that it was in fact you and no one else who pushed the button and unleashed the dangerous chemical, but we have also received additional statements from other eyewitnesses to the effect that you did so deliberately, and that you were motivated by personal malice towards two other students, Melanie Hammond and Kim Chandler. In the light of the new facts, your offence has been upgraded from simple negligence to wilful vandalism. We will also add a further charge of deliberately lying about your behaviour and of attempted assault upon two of your fellow-students.'

He sighed, returning to his desk and sitting down once more. He picked up a copy of the rules and regulations of the college and held it up in front of her.

'You have already violated three of the regulations here on your very first day,' he said sternly. 'All the same, even though I saw enough of you at Brat Camp to realise that there is a strong core of pure wickedness about you, I am confident that with the additional time that we have here to train you, and the fact that you are learning a specific skill which will help you find productive work in the future rather than simply using your body to exploit men as you have done in the past, it may be possible for me, on this very first occasion, to show you a degree of leniency.'

Linda almost gulped in disbelief. She remembered how brutally Mr Cox had behaved towards her at Brat Camp and hearing him talking about leniency made her almost faint in sheer astonishment.

'Let's see, three offences, three punishments. For the first offence, of vandalism, I sentence you to spend the next week cleaning out the kitchens at the end of each practical lesson. What do you say, Linda?'

'Thank you, sir,' an almost relieved Linda gasped.

Cleaning out the kitchens might be a chore, and she had no doubt that Mel and Kim in particular would do their best to make them as dirty as possible, but compared with the horrors she'd had to endure in the past that was hardly a punishment at all.

'For the second offence, of deliberately lying to me and to my staff, I sentence you to spend the next week wearing a dunce's cap with the words 'I am a lying stupid fucking cunt.' What do you say, Linda?'

'Thank you, sir,' a weary and upset Linda somehow forced out the expected words.

'Now, for the third offence, of attempted assault upon two fellow-students, since two of our
bright young girls were involved I think two punishments would be an appropriate way of reminding you of your own wickedness and of showing them that we will not tolerate such behaviour from you again. You will spend the next week at this college in full public nudity, removing your clothes while you are on display and only replacing them when you have left college premises.'

Linda gasped at the prospect of being naked in full view of everyone for the next week and she was in the mood to enter a protest when Mr Cox silenced her with an imperious wave of his hand.

'Your second punishment will be a public caning in front of the entire college. You will, of course, be naked throughout and I think perhaps a dozen strokes in this instance ought to prove sufficient. Should there be any further infractions of college behaviour during your week of probation then the caning will of course be repeated every day until I am satisfied that you have truly learned your lesson. What do you say, Linda?'

'Thank you, sir,' a broken Linda almost mumbled.

'Good. Well, all that remains now is for you to sign this confession to your crime and then we can get your dunce's cap organised for you. Would you like to sign your confession now or will it be necessary for me to impose further disciplinary measures upon you for continued wilful lying about your actions?'

'I'll sign, sir,' Linda said, almost in despair.

After signing the 'confession' to a 'crime' of which not only she but everyone else knew she was completely innocent, Mr Cox smiled at her.

'I enjoyed our time at Brat Camp, Linda,' he said quietly. 'Did you?'

'Yes, thank you, sir,' she forced herself to say the hateful words.

'Good,' he smiled. 'I rather thought you did. Well now, I'll get Mrs Chandler to design the wording on the dunce's cap for you now. No point in losing the earliest possible opportunity to remind you of your appalling behaviour, is there?'

'No, sir,' Linda hastily agreed.

'No, indeed. Well, go and wait outside in the corridor while Mrs Chandler designs your new college uniform for you.'

'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.'

And a miserable Linda waited outside in the corridor while the mother of her hated enemy created the insulting text that would be the only thing she would be allowed to wear around college for the next week.

She just knew that Mr Cox and all the rest of them would find every possible opportunity to humiliate her further and to inflict as much pain on her as they could. Somehow she felt that her 'week of probation' would see her being caned EVERY day of the week.

As she waited there alone, angry and miserable, Linda wept at the unfairness of life.