Linda at the Swimming Baths
By The Bitchfinder General

Linda Marshall had been down to the swimming baths that Saturday afternoon, hoping to take advantage of the facilities in the hot summer weather. She had enjoyed a pleasant time and felt thoroughly refreshed and invigorated by her exercise.

Having finished her swim, she went into the shower, placing her swimsuit just outside the door of the cubicle. Her clothes had already been placed in the locker when she had originally changed into her swimming costume.

After a leisurely shower, Linda stepped out and dried herself with the towel. Following the instructions on the shower block, she then dropped the towel down the chute that was clearly labelled 'dirty washing.' Then she emerged into the changing room and gazed around her in utter astonishment. Her swimming costume had completely disappeared.

'What the hell's happened to my swimsuit?' a bewildered Linda muttered aloud. 'Oh well, I'll just have to get the clothes out of my locker and tell the receptionist that my swimming costume seems to have vanished into thin air.'

That was what the eighteen-year old Linda hoped, but her hopes were soon to be soundly dashed. As she approached the locker she found to her astonishment that the key she had taken from the chain around her neck did not fit. In spite of her increasingly desperate efforts, she was quite unable to unlock it.

'What am I going to do now?' she asked herself frantically. 'If I can't get the locker open, that means I won't be able to get to my clothes. And if I can't put any clothes on, how am I going to get out of this place stark naked?'

She looked around the changing room area for any signs of other females who might be in the vicinity. Linda was beginning to curse the fact that she had chosen a late afternoon slot for her swim as it was becoming apparent to her that she was the last customer in the baths. Any minute now the centre would be closing and then what would happen? Would she be discovered in all her naked glory by a surprised security guard – almost certainly male, especially with her normal luck? Or would she be locked up all night in the baths – and even then without any way of covering herself up?

Come on, there has to be some way of finding a way out of this, Linda tried to convince herself. Let's try my locker again.

A second and third try yielded no better results than the first attempt. In spite of her increasingly desperate efforts, she simply could not get the key to work.

What the hell am I going to do now? Linda knew from bitter experience that situations like this invariably ended up with her getting into serious trouble. Would she be found by the security guard and arrested for indecent exposure? Or was something even worse about to happen to her?

Wondering if perhaps she had simply made a mistake about the number of her locker, she began trying to fit her key to the other lockers in the changing room. One by one she tried them, inserting her key and turning the lock in an increasingly forlorn hope that perhaps it might open one of them. Even if it did, she thought bitterly, the odds are that I still won't be able to find any clothes inside them.

It suddenly dawned on the luckless Linda that as well as her clothes, the locker also contained her bag, which included her purse, her mobile phone, bus pass, ID and all her money. With none of these, and without even any clothes to cover her nakedness, how on earth was she going to be able to make her way home? She couldn't even ring anyone to let them know the terrible situation she was in.

Linda was so busy wrestling with the problem of getting her key to work in the locker – ANY locker – that she completely forgot to look out for the approach of a member of staff, or even listen for the sound of footsteps coming towards her.

Feeling increasingly depressed, Linda continued her forlorn attempt to fit her key into one locker after another before she suddenly felt herself grabbed from behind and pushed hard up against the wall of the changing room.

'What do you think you're doing, my little thief?' she heard from behind.

Before Linda even had a chance to answer, she felt the familiar sensation of handcuffs being secured in place, her wrists fastened tightly behind her back. She was then grabbed roughly and spun around to face the security guard. Linda stood in front of him, helpless and completely naked, her wrists handcuffed behind her back.

Her nervousness increased when she saw his eyes exploring her exposed and naked body.

'I'd better take you back to my office,' he said finally.

Pushing Linda in front of him, he ordered her to march along the corridor and then down a flight of stairs till she came to a locked room. The guard took a key off the bunch around his belt and unlocked the office. He had kept his gaze on Linda's rear view throughout the journey.

Linda was embarrassed and frightened about being naked in full view of the security guard and being handcuffed made it impossible to cover up her state of nudity.

'Would you mind taking these handcuffs off me, please?' she asked forlornly.

'You must be fucking joking,' he laughed. 'I've got the security of this place to think about. If a dirty slut like you chooses to walk about naked and tries to break into people's lockers it's my duty to keep you restrained until I'm absolutely certain that it's safe to risk letting you go.'

Somehow, Linda was not remotely surprised by his response. It had been worth a try but she had not really expected him to release her from her unwelcome bonds.

'Anyway,' he continued, 'I'll have to get the boss. He's the only one with the keys to these things. I just cuffed you – he's the one who's going to unlock you. If he feels that he can trust you to be set free, that is.'

He stared hard at Linda's nakedness before deciding on further action against her.

'Now go and stand against the wall,' he ordered her.

Linda moved reluctantly and stood facing him, awaiting her fate.

'In fact,' he said, 'spread your legs. As wide apart as they'll go.'

Linda groaned but did as she was told. The young man – he looked about in his late twenties to her – then gazed at her again with obvious appreciation of her naked body.

He unlocked a cupboard in the office and quickly fastened a set of shackles around her ankles. Before Linda had time to protest, he then picked up a long wooden pole and attached it to the manacles, forcing her to keep her legs spread wide apart. He then picked up a length of chain and passed it through the links on her cuffs, attaching her firmly to a hook upon the wall.

'Now just wait there while I go and get the boss,' he laughed. 'Don't go anywhere, will you?'

Linda could do nothing to ease her present situation. All she could do was remain standing until his boss came back. No doubt his arrival would mean even more trouble for her, but at least it might hopefully lead to a resolution of the difficult situation she was in.

She gazed forlornly at the clock upon the wall. When she had been brought into the security guard's office the time had read 6.42 pm. Now its hands read 7.05, which meant that she had been stuck in the same position of naked, helpless humiliation for twenty-two minutes.

Another ten minutes passed before she heard the sound of footsteps approaching the office. The young security guard and his older boss then entered the room.

Linda, unable to conceal her nakedness, feeling uncomfortable and frightened in her restraints, prepared herself for another embarrassing ordeal. The two men openly stared at her naked body, looking her up and down but making no effort to release her.

'Would it be possible for you to take off these restraints, please?' asked an increasingly worried Linda.

'First things first, girl,' said the older man. 'Let's get a few things straight first. What's your name?'

'Linda Marshall.'

'Linda Marshall what?'

'Linda Marshall, sir,' the young girl sighed.

The two men smiled and gazed at each other. Linda was anything but confident about her chances of getting out of this without yet more humiliation and maybe even worse at the hands of these two obviously randy men, neither of whom made any attempt to hide their pleasure at her helpless nakedness.

'So, Linda, what are you doing here?'

'I was having a swim earlier on, and then I took a shower, and when I came out of the shower I put my dirty towel down the laundry chute like the sign said, and then I went to look for where I'd put my swimming costume, and I couldn't find it, so I took the key off the chain around my neck, and put it into my locker, and it didn't fit, so I tried it again, and it still didn't work. Then I took another look around, and still couldn't find my costume, and I knew I'd put my clothes in my locker, and I tried again, and it still didn't work, so I wondered if maybe I'd got the wrong number for my locker, so then I just got desperate and started trying all the lockers to see if I could find my clothes.'

The two men looked at each other and laughed. The older one shook his head in disbelief.

'Well, I've heard some weird excuses in my time, Linda, but that really is the craziest load of bullshit I've ever heard in twenty-five years in this job. Either you are a total fucking retard or else you're a thief who thinks that coming up with a ridiculous excuse like that will get you off the hook.'

He looked at her once more before sighing.

'OK, let's get some more details, Linda. How old are you?'

'Eighteen years old, sir,' said Linda plaintively.

'Height?'

'5ft 9 inches, sir.'

'Weight?'

'168 lbs, sir.'

'Home address?'

Linda gave her home address reluctantly.

'Do you work or are you a professional criminal?'

'I work, sir.'

'Where?'

'At a local cafe, sir.'

'Any criminal record?'

'No, sir,' said Linda, desperately hoping her juvenile conviction wouldn't count.

'So this is your first offence, is it?'

'No, sir. I mean, I wasn't committing an offence at all, sir.'

The older guard laughed.

'Not committing any offence? You've committed two today, girl!'

'No, sir, honestly I haven't!' Linda protested.

The guard laughed again.

'Well, so far you've been caught redhanded trying to steal from the lockers here, AND you've been found wandering about naked, which means you're guilty of indecent exposure. And that's just what we KNOW about, girl!'

Linda blushed with embarrassment and shame.

'But... but I already explained about that, sir...' she said weakly.

'A pack of lies,' the guard said. 'You were caught in the act. Let's have a look at the computer. Did you book your time here when you arrived?'

'Of course, sir.'

The guard entered her details on the computer and waited for the screen to come up. Sure enough, she had booked a swimming session at the baths. With a smile on his face, the guard clicked on her record and erased all evidence of her presence.

'Not according to our files,' he told her. 'There's no Linda Marshall listed here as having booked any time at all today. How do you explain that, Linda?'

'But... I booked it with the young lady on the reception desk... she must have entered me in or how would I have been able to swim – or get a key to a locker in the changing rooms either?'

The younger guard laughed.

'Well, the first is easy. You were trespassing. The second's obvious too – you must have nicked a key from somebody else. Let's see, what have we got her on so far? Trespassing, stealing a key, trying to steal from the lockers, indecent exposure, loitering with intent, and, oh yes, suspicion of prostitution. That's obviously why you're wandering about here stark bollock naked – or, in your case, stark cunt naked, I should say!'

'Yeah, reckon we got her bang to rights on all six counts. Or should I say cunts?'

The two men laughed as they enjoyed her humiliating predicament.

'Now, then, Linda, let's see if you've got any form, shall we? I can use this computer to access police records. We'll soon find out if you've been up to anything else that you ought not to have been doing.'

Linda groaned inwardly. Although she wasn't sure it was just possible that her 'police record' from the disastrous school holiday in North Cyprus might show up there. In which case it would describe her as having been found guilty of theft and indecent exposure – the very things the men were accusing her of now! She also knew that her totally unjust conviction for theft and resisting arrest which had got her sent to a young offenders' institution in Scotland might well show up, even though her conviction had eventually been overturned and allegedly struck from the public records.

To her relief a search of police records revealed nothing. She could almost sense the disappointment with which the men had to abandon that particular avenue.

'So, what are we going to do with you, Linda?' the older security guard said. 'We could ring up the cafe and ask them to come and collect you. Or what about your parents? Do you live with them?'

'No, sir, I live in a room.'

'Well, maybe I'd best give give your landlord a ring and let him sort you out.'

'Oh, please don't ring them, sir,' Linda pleaded. 'I know exactly what will happen to me if you call them. And don't call my landlord either. He won't be any more understanding than my job.'

'So what do you suggest, Linda? How are you going to get back without any clothes?'

'I don't know, sir. Maybe there might be some I could borrow?' she asked hopefully.

'Borrow?' the senior guard laughed. 'You really reckon we're stupid enough to let you have clothes that don't belong to you? We'd never see them again.'

Linda blushed with embarrassment. She was becoming more and more agitated as the two guards continued to humiliate and intimidate her.

'Oh, you would, sir, I promise. If you dropped me off at my room I could go straight inside and get changed and then I could give you back the clothes right away so you wouldn't need to worry.'

The two men looked at each other thoughtfully. After a moment the senior guard gave another appreciative glance at Linda's naked and helpless body.

'I suppose you could drive her back to her room,' he said quietly. 'But we can't run the risk of letting you have any clothes that don't belong to you. And I still think I ought to tell your boss what you've done.'

Oh God, why does it always happen to me? Linda sighed wearily and wondered how she was going to get out of this situation.

'Please don't tell my boss, sir,' she said quietly. 'He wouldn't understand.'

The two guards looked at each other and laughed. Then the senior guard spoke again.

'Of course, you'd have to go back as you are,' he added. 'Naked, handcuffed and shackled.'

Linda was only too well aware of the big grin that spread over his face when he said that. She groaned inwardly as she visualised the scene of her arrival in that fashion back at her room. And how was she going to get in without her key anyway?

Meanwhile the two guards were exchanging more glances as Linda guessed rightly that her already unpleasant ordeal was about to get a whole lot worse. The senior one looked at his assistant and smiled.

'Of course we haven't finished carrying out a full security check on you yet,' he grinned. 'We'll have to give you a full body search - see if you're hiding any other stuff you may have stolen while you were here.'

Linda fought back a strong desire to burst into tears. She knew from bitter experience that it would only act on them like blood to a shark.

Passively she submitted herself to the invasive fondling, groping and probing of the most intimate parts of her body, the two men lingering lovingly over her large tits, her cunt and even her arse, though they did at least put on a pair of rubber gloves when they 'searched' her arse in their fictitious search for 'stolen property.' They finally removed the gloves and to Linda's enormous relief, released her from the hook upon the wall and unfastened the wooden pole that had kept her legs spread so obscenely wide apart.

'OK, Linda, I think you know we can handle this one of two ways,' the senior guard told her sternly. 'We can either call the police and have you arrested for trespassing on private property, stealing a key, trying to steal from the lockers, indecent exposure, loitering with intent, and suspicion of prostitution. Or we can just give you a warning here and now and take you back to your room and we'll say no more about it.'

'Oh, please, sir, I'll do anything you want,' Linda pleaded. 'Please don't call the police, I beg you.'

'Well,' the senior guard smiled, 'maybe we could keep things just between ourselves. Of course you do realise that what you did today was wrong, don't you?'

'Yes, sir,' an increasingly frantic Linda answered, just desperate to get out of the place.

'OK, let's see. I'll type out a confession for you to sign just in case we have any trouble from you in future.'

Linda groaned inwardly as she already knew what to expect, but she was so anxious to get out of the swimming baths and back to her room that she nodded her agreement to the proposal. In a few minutes the guard typed and printed out the form and pushed it across the table for her to sign. Linda was about to sign it without even the pretence of reading it when the guard shook his head.

'Read it out loud to both of us,' he commanded.

Resigned to the addition of what she knew would be verbal humiliation on top of the degradation and sexual abuse she had already been forced to endure, Linda stared at the document and reluctantly read it aloud.

'I, Linda Marshall, came today to the Aldminster Swimming Baths with the deliberate intention of stealing from them and also with the hope that I might be lucky enough to prostitute myself to the male customers. I wilfully trespassed upon private property, loitered on the premises with the deliberate intention of commiting a criminal action, stole a key, and then tried to steal from the lockers in the swimming baths. I also quite deliberately exposed my naked body in a thoroughly indecent fashion and when I was caught red-handed in the act of trying to steal from the centre I deliberately attempted to prostitute myself to the security guards in the hope that they would not only let me go but would also give me money in return for offering them sexual favours.

This is not the first time that I have been guilty of theft, indecent exposure and of course prostituting myself though it is the first time that I have been caught in the act. These are all activities that I carry out on a regular basis and I am not in the least sorry for what I did. My only regret is that I was unlucky enough to have been caught. I am a habitual prostitute and I thorougly enjoy being a whore and a thief. Of course I have absolutely NO intention of stopping my activities in the future.'

Linda's eyes filled with tears as she was reading the humiliating and of course utterly false 'confession' that the men had forced her to read aloud to them. She stood there in silence, waiting for whatever they had planned for her next.

'Let's take a few pictures of her while we've got her here, shall we?' the younger guard suggested. 'Spread your legs, Linda. As wide apart as you can make them go.'

Linda reluctantly did as she was told and endured a series of what they laughably called 'mug shots' before they finally stopped. She was then made to sign the 'confession' and the senior guard obviously decided that enough was enough. Well, almost enough, anyway.

'OK, you can close your legs now, Linda,' he told her. 'Come over to me and bend over my lap while I sit down comfortably on the chair. I reckon a whore and a thief like you deserves to have a good spanking, don't you?'

'Yes, sir,' Linda said in resignation.

'OK, bend over, bitch! I'm going to spank that fat fucking arse of yours!'

So Linda lay draped over his knee while the guard gave her a good hard spanking. She tried to count the strokes in her mind but after the first twenty she lost count. Her best guess was that he had given her somewhere in the region of forty hard swots.

When he ordered her to stand up at last Linda's arse was, as so often, extremely sore. Acting out of three years of previous experience, she immediately said the words that had almost become second nature to her now.

'Thank you for spanking my fat fucking arse, sir. I thoroughly deserved that punishment.'

The two men laughed and gazed at each other thoughtfully.

'Well, at least you got something right!' the senior guard laughed. 'Do you think that my colleague should give you a good hard spanking as well?'

'Yes, please, sir,' Linda said, trying to control her feelings.

'Well, ask him nicely, then.'

'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.'

Turning to the younger guard, she addressed him directly, keeping her eyes lowered to the floor as she did so.

'Please, sir, I need to have my fat fucking arse spanked. Please spank my fat arse, sir.'

The younger guard then repeated the process of having Linda bend over his knee while he spanked her arse enthusiastically. When he had finally got tired he gave her the order to stand up.

'Thank you for spanking my fat fucking arse, sir. I thoroughly deserved that punishment,' she said.

The two men laughed at her again when she said that.

'Since we've been so nice to you today, I think it's only fair you should do something for us in return, don't you, Linda?'

'Yes, sir,' Linda sighed, guessing that she was about to be sexually abused in addition to the horrors she had already undergone.

'Since you've already admitted to being a whore, I think it's only fair that you should suck both of us off, don't you?'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, resigned to her fate.

'OK, kneel down on the floor and give my prick the best blow-job you've ever given in your life. Or I might change my mind about going to the police. Hey, Kev, don't forget to take some pictures while the bitch is sucking me off, will you?'

Linda sucked the man's cock while Kevin snapped away until he was finished. By now she had sucked enough pricks to swallow the man's spunk without even being asked.

Then it was Kevin's turn, and she sucked him off while the other guard took pictures of her doing it. Once again she swallowed his spunk and waited to be released.

'Well, that's about it for today,' the senior guard laughed. 'I'll take you back in my car. Come on, move that fat arse of yours!'

He gave her a few hard slaps on her arse to encourage her. Linda, whose spirit was now utterly broken, followed him meekly out of the building.

She felt dreadfully exposed as she went out of the baths and on to the main street. By now it was around 9 o'clock at night and she hoped there would not be many people about on the street at that time. The guard deliberately made her wait outside at the front entrance before he went to collect his car.

Linda was left standing there naked, handcuffed and shackled for around ten minutes before she finally saw the car arriving at the front of the building. She was enormously relieved and got in to the passenger seat immediately. The guard then started up the engine and moved off in the direction of Aldminster town centre.

She felt, yet again, deeply humiliated. Linda was even more conscious of her exposed nakedness in the car than she had been in front of the security guards at the baths. She knew that the guard was enjoying every minute of it and all she could do was sit there and hope that the journey didn't take too long.

Linda gazed forlornly out into the darkness. At least it was night, and the chances of anyone seeing her like this before she got back to the hateful school were minimal. Then, with a sudden sense of foreboding and horror, she saw him slowing down and preparing to enter a garage.

'Where are we going, sir?' she asked, increasingly nervous.

'I need some more petrol for the car,' he grinned. 'I'm going to fill the tank up now. Mind you, it's not half as much fun as filling YOU up would be!'

Linda blushed in embarrassment. In a futile plea she tried to persuade him to change his mind.

'Please, sir, I'm naked. I couldn't bear it if anyone else saw me.'

'Tough shit, Linda, ' he laughed. 'The car won't run without petrol and I'm nearly out. Or would you prefer it if I ran out of gas and we had to call out the AA or someone?'

Linda shivered, not only with the cold, at the prospect of even more humiliation if that scenario came to pass.

'No, sir. Sorry, sir.'

'Well just sit there, shut the fuck up and do what I fucking tell you to do. Anyway, I don't suppose anyone will see you so stop moaning.'

As if some subconscious knowledge of her predicament had transmitted itself to other vehicles in the neighbourhood, a car suddenly pulled into the garage forecourt. A large red car parked up beside the petrol pumps, its owner clearly preparing to get out and refuel his vehicle. Linda groaned inwardly but was helpless to do anything about the situation.

Seeing the sudden flurry of activity, Kevin decided to make her humiliating ordeal even worse. He opened the passenger door wide, reaching directly across her naked body to dive into the glove compartment and remove his wallet. As soon as he had retrieved it, he deliberately left the door open and moved over to the petrol pump.

He took his time over fitting the hose into the petrol tank and squeezed the nozzle on the pump extra slowly. Linda fumed inwardly but could do nothing. She squirmed vainly as she tried to move her naked body into a less exposed situation but Kevin, who was of course watching her closely out of the corner of his eye, finished filling up the tank and moved back to the car again.

'Stay sitting straight up,' he commanded. 'And keep facing front. Otherwise I might have to give your boss a copy of your confession.'

Linda groaned inwardly as she knew that he had the power to wake her already horrific situation even worse if he chose. She had no option but to sit up straight and continue to display her body in all its naked glory.

Meanwhile Kevin had deliberately wandered over to the man who had just finished filling up his own car. Linda, already deeply humiliated, was filled with an even greater dread as she heard him striking up a conversation with him.

'Do you have a torch I could borrow?' he asked. 'I need to find something in my car and I can't see very well in this light.'

'Sure, I'll go and get it.'

'Oh, you can bring it over to the car if you like and we'll look together.'

Linda almost froze with fear as she realised that Kevin was deliberately exposing her present condition of naked helplessness to another total stranger. She knew there was nothing she could do about it but she still felt angry about the unfairness of the way he was treating her. At the back of her mind she was also convinced that he was the one responsible for the disappearance of her clothes and the failure of her key to open the locker and that he had deliberately set her up for her present humiliating situation.

To say that the man with the torch was surprised when he got to the car and saw a very naked and helpless Linda on the passenger seat would be an understatement. He gave Kevin a funny look and then stared hard at Linda's exposed charms.

'What's up?' he asked.

Then, suddenly realising that Linda was handcuffed and shackled as well, he began to look very strangely at Kevin.

'Are you all right?' he asked Linda.

Linda didn't know what to say. She wanted to scream for help or beg the man to set her free but long experience had taught her that such things not only did no good in her case - they usually made matters worse.

Kevin, meanwhile, produced her 'confession' and held it up where she could clearly see it. She knew that it would do her no good to protest or ask for help when she had been tricked and coerced into signing such a damning document.

'I'm ... I'm all right, sir,' she mumbled. 'This... gentleman is ... driving me back home.'

'Naked and in chains?'

The man could still hardly believe his eyes. Kevin gave Linda a hard look and once more produced the 'confession.' She knew that once more she would be expected to humiliate herself verbally in public as well as all the other degradation she had already endured.

'Yes, sir,' Linda answered, fighting back her tears. 'It's ... it's my own fault, sir. I was caught by this gentleman at the swimming baths. I'd broken in and I was trying to steal from the place. When he caught me he ... arrested me and put me in chains. I... I then tried... to ... prostitute myself to him if he'd let me go.'

The man's attitude changed dramatically when she said that. A look of cold contempt came over his face.

'A whore?' he said angrily. 'A dirty thieving whore? My God, that's what happened to my own daughter. She was only fifteen years old when she got hooked on drugs and started whoring around to feed her habit. She became a thief as well. It got so bad that we had to turn her in to the police. She's serving a two-year sentence in a juvenile prison. It's all the fault of filthy fucking whores like you that she went that way!'

He shouted directly into Linda's face when she said that. Even though she knew she was completely innocent of all the charges he made against her, she knew there was nothing she could say that would make any difference. The man, in his grief and anger, would of course believe anything bad that Kevin said about her. Especially since she had already been forced to 'confess' to being a thief and a prostitute.

'Are you on drugs, bitch?' he screamed at her. 'Are you a fucking junkie as well as a dirty fucking whore?'

'No, sir,' Linda protested. 'I've never touched drugs in my life.'

Things were going better than Kevin had expected. He'd not only been able to increase Linda's public humiliation but the encounter with the distraught and angry father had just given him a new idea.

'You can't believe a word this bitch says, of course,' he told the man. 'Get out of the car, Linda. We'd better take a good look.'

Linda groaned inwardly but said nothing. She shuffled her naked, chained body out of the passenger seat and stood in front of the side door, facing both men.

'I think we should strip-search her, don't you?' he asked the man. 'Apparently they hide drugs in all sorts of unlikely places.'

For a brief moment Linda, knowing that it would do her no good, recovered her spirit and indignantly denied the accusation.

'I don't take drugs, sir,' she protested. 'I never have done. Please don't do this to me.'

The anguished father just looked at her with utter contempt. He slapped her hard across the face in an angry gesture. Not just once, but three times in all.

'You lying cunt!' he shouted at her. 'We'll be the judge of that, NOT a lying dirty whore like you! Now spread your legs and we'll see if you're hiding any drugs on you. I know my daughter used to put her drugs in her mouth a lot, and up her arse and cunt. A whore like you will probably do the same. Spread those fucking legs of yours, bitch, and let's get a good look at you!'

Linda, still stinging from the painful blows to her face, did as she was told. She was back again in her more familiar state of resignation at the unfairness of life.

He began by forcing her to open her mouth as wide as possible, after which he first shone his torch inside it and then began wiggling his fingers around all over the place. He checked out her tongue, under her tongue, her teeth and gums, even as close as he could get his fingers to the back of her throat. Linda felt quite sick when he eventually took them out of her mouth.

'Can't find anything there,' he said. 'Must be hiding them up her cunt or arse. Oh well, time for a close inspection of them.'

Linda tried not to react when he pushed his finger up her cunt and began wiggling it around. At first it was not too bad but when he began working away at her clit she could not stop herself from becoming aroused. Not only was she getting very wet in spite of herself, but she started making low moaning noises as well.

Kevin laughed, enjoying the added humiliation of forcing Linda to become aroused even while she was being thoroughly degraded in public. The man 'searching' her, by contrast, became angry. With his free hand he gave her another series of hard slaps to her face - five of them this time.

'You filthy fucking whore!' he shouted. 'You just can't control yourself, can you? Just because I'm searching your cunt for contraband you STILL get yourself all worked up just because I'm touching your cunt and your clit! DON'T you, whore?'

'Yes, sir,' Linda whispered through her tears. 'I'm sorry ... I ... I can't ... help myself.'

He returned to his task and then eventually, to Linda's enormous relief, removed his finger. He then held his hand up to her trembling, tearful face and glared at her.

'Now lick your disgusting cunt-juice off my fingers, you filthy fucking whore!'

'Yes, sir,' said Linda at once.

When she'd finished doing that he turned his attentions to her arse. His finger moved up her arsehole, inflicting a mixture of pain and yet pleasure at the same time. Kevin was loving every minute of the show.

Once again he found nothing, and then he held up his hand yet again. A disgusted Linda knew that he expected her to lick his fingers clean of her own shit. Trying to control the nausea she felt, she performed the task.

'Nothing,' he said, with a mixture of anger and regret. 'She must have taken the drugs earlier on, I suppose. Shouldn't we call the police and have the bitch arrested? After all, we don't want scum like her loose to commit crimes again, do we?'

He slapped Linda hard round the face another couple of times, his anger rising up yet again. The girl winced in pain at his hard slaps but said nothing, simply the trickle of tears down her face revealing her feelings about her present plight. Kevin, of course, just laughed, thoroughly enjoying the situation.

'Well, I suppose we can always hope she's learned her lesson. Between you and me, when we caught her at the swimming baths me and my boss gave her a pretty good spanking. But there's no reason why us two concerned citizens shouldn't give her arse another solid spanking before she gets there, is there?'

The man looked at him in some surprise. He hadn't considered that possibility.

'Yes, you're right. Well, I suppose I'd better go and pay for my petrol first,' he said. 'Can't have the man in the garage thinking we were planning to drive off without settling the bill first, can we?'

'No, indeed,' said Kevin. 'I'd better pay for mine as well. Come to think of it, there's a couple of things I might go and buy in the shop while I'm there. And then of course I could pump up my tyres. Yes, I think I'll do all that first.'

He reached into the chain around his waist and produced a key. To Linda's surprise he unlocked her handcuffs briefly. Her momentary joy was short lived, however, as he simply reattached them to the handle of the passenger door.

'Don't go away, Linda,' Kevin laughed as he walked away towards the garage shop.

The two men strolled off in a leisurely fashion, and to Linda's mounting agitation both spent what seemed like forever browsing the goods in the shop. Eventually she saw them come out and approach the car. Once again Kevin unlocked her handcuffs, but only to remove them from the door handle. They remained firmly attached to Linda's aching wrists!

'Bend over,' Kevin ordered, 'and touch your toes. Would you like to go first?' he asked his companion.

'Yes, of course. How many do you think we should give her?'

Kevin laughed.

'Well, maybe a dozen swots from each of us will do for now. Oh, and count each smack, won't you, Linda?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And don't forget to express your gratitude after each one, will you?'

'Yes, sir, I will,' a tearful Linda agreed.

So, after another painful and degrading session, during which she had received twelve strokes from the other man and a further twelve from Kevin, they finally let her go. Kevin didn't bother to pump up his tyres in the end - not that there had been any need to but he thought he'd better get back to work and tell his boss the story.

He pushed Linda back into the car and shut the door finally, laughing at her ordeal. He started up the car and drove it off to where she lived. When she finally arrived she was hoping he'd just let her get out the car and go inside. Linda had a spare set of keys that she kept in a flowerpot at the front of the house.

He stopped the car and told her to get out.

'Hm, I see there's a light on. Well, let's ring the door-bell. Your landlord will want to know what you've been up to today, won't he?'

Linda's eyes filled with tears as he knew that he would carry out his threat to tell the landlord about her 'misbehaviour.' The chances were that he would even show him the fake 'confession' as well, as proof of her 'crime.' Linda knew only too well that he fancied her and she'd often noticed the pervy way he looked at her. Now, seeing her before him stark naked and handcuffed, she dreaded the thought of what he might do to her.

Oh, why does it always happen to me, thought Linda, moaning silently through her tears?