Accident Prone Linda
By The Bitchfinder General

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Synopsis

Linda Marshall, fed up with her life of constant misadventure, pain and humiliation in Britain, decides to apply for a job as an au pair girl for a family of wealthy Russians in Siberia. As always seems to happen, things go spectacularly wrong for the young English girl!

Linda the Au Pair Girl

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Linda Marshall was sick and tired of the way her life had been going for the last few years. She had finally taken the plunge and after checking in at Moscow airport was now leaving the capital on a train heading for Novossibirsk in the heart of Siberia. She was in what they called a sleeper compartment but she had to admit that it didn't seem all that big. Sighing, she hefted her suitcase and looked around the compartment. She saw that it had a small bathroom with a toilet and washbasin in it but otherwise there was nothing much else to say about her accommodation. There were two couchettes and she decided to occupy the lower one. She knew that there were two of the bunks but she hoped that she would have the compartment to herself for the long journey to Novossibirsk.

Linda was excited as well as a bit nervous. This would be her first time actually living abroad and she had always wanted to visit Russia, especially Siberia, a name which conjured up all kinds of associations for her. After a succession of disastrous jobs she'd joined an agency which specialised in placing au pairs and other workers in positions abroad. When the agency told her that she'd been accepted as an au pair with a family of wealthy Russians she was delighted. The job was scheduled to last for a year and, now nineteen years old, Linda hoped she'd finally managed to get a position where she would be able to lead a relatively normal life.

The last couple of weeks had seen her saying goodbye to the very few people in the world she genuinely cared about. She'd just about made the effort to ring up her younger sister Gail and bid her farewell but she hadn't even bothered to contact the rest of her family. The nearest thing to a friend she had was her former teacher at school, Sylvia Roberts, who had certainly been extremely helpful to her over the last few years. It was now time for her to begin her new life in Siberia.

The journey would be a long one, she knew. She sighed as she thought that it would probably also be a boring one but at least she'd be free at last from the misery of the last few years. As she sat down in her compartment she saw with a slight disquiet the entry of a man aged in his early thirties who came into her compartment and looked around quickly.

'Izvenistia pazhaloosta, gospodina,' he said. [Excuse me, madam.)

'Nichievor,' Linda replied, using her limited Russian vocabulary. [It's OK.]

He then placed his bag down and then began talking to her.

'Ya gavaru ochin malinki par Russki,' Linda replied. 'Anglichanka.'
[I don't speak much Russian. I'm English.]

'Ah, Anglichanka!' the man replied. 'Ochin priatna. Zhiviosh ti v Londonye?' [Pleased to meet you. Do you live in London?]

'No, I don't.'

'Ah, London is a fine city,' he smiled. 'I live in Novossibirsk. Is this your first visit to Russia?'

'Yes, it is.'

'Where are you going?'

'To Novossibirsk.'

'My name is Evgeni,'he smiled. 'And you?'

'Linda,' she told him.

He then pulled out a packet of cigarettes and offered her one.

'No thanks, I don't smoke.'

'Excellent! A filthy habit. Do you mind if I do?'

'No, of course not,' she said politely.

After a few minutes Linda excused herself and wandered off, thinking that she was going to be stuck with him for around twenty-four hours and hoping she could survive the ordeal.

A brief reconnaissance of the Trans-Sib soon made her feel extremely nervous and she decided to return to the relative safety of the cabin. Evgeni had cracked open a bottle of vodka and offered her a glass which she again refused politely.

Linda looked at her watch and decided that it might be a good idea if she went to bed and simply tried to sleep. She noticed with a sigh that he'd already occupied the lower bed where she'd been hoping to sleep herself.

Linda was nervous about the fact that Evgeni had clearly already had a fair amount to drink and that it was going to be difficult for her to get undressed with him sitting on the bed underneath hers. She went into the bathroom and had a quick wash. Now for the difficult part. She had to go back into the cabin and take her nightdress out of the suitcase and then return to the bathroom to change. As soon as she tried it she realised that the space was too limited to allow her to do so properly. It was also going to be difficult for her to retrieve her nightdress which was buried firmly at the bottom of her suitcase.

Linda could see that she had three choices. One, which she ruled out at once, was to strip off in front of him and change into her nightdress in full view of the young man. The second was to sleep with her clothes on, which she was not keen on but might be the lesser of the evils she was facing. The third was to get into bed and try to undress in the bunk itself. She decided to try that but after managing to slip off her shoes, skirt and blouse she hesitated about the idea of taking off her bra and knickers altogether. In the end she decided that her best bet was to simply strip down to her bra and knickers and go to sleep in her underwear. She hoped that the young man was not going to try anything!

When she woke in the morning Linda felt the need to go to the toilet. She went in, did her business and washed herself as well. It was then that she became aware that she had not changed her underwear for a week and it was beginning to smell.

Nearly dying of embarrassment, Linda went back into the cabin, where to her horror she saw Evgeni perched on the lower bunk smoking yet another cigarette and lubricating his throat with vodka! He had a clear view of her charms and his steady gaze made it apparent that he liked the view!

Linda fumbled around in her overnight bag for clean underwear but to her horror she could not find any. Shit, must have packed them in the suitcase, she thought. Oh well, just have to put on whatever I can find in my bag.

The only clothes she could find there were a very short top and a pair of shorts. They didn't do much to hide her charms but they'd have to do under the circumstances. She put them on quickly and returned to the cabin. He again stared at her with obvious interest and Linda's already nervous state increased as he did so.

He went into the bathroom himself and when he finally returned Linda was surprised to see him giving her an unfriendly look. What on earth is the matter, she wondered?

He grabbed her suddenly and pushed her down on to the lower bed, and for a horrible moment Linda thought she was about to be raped. Somehow she found the strength to move out of his way and reached towards the communication cord and pulled it. The train shuddered to a halt and the next thing she knew was the entry of two burly men in uniform into the compartment.

The three men had a rapid exchange in Russian of which Linda was quite unable to understand more than a few words. She was beginning to get nervous as she could see that the two security officers were looking at her in a distinctly unfriendly manner.

'You pulled the communication cord,' said one of them finally. 'It is a serious offence to do that without good reason.'

Linda coloured when he said that.

'I'm sorry, I was very nervous. I'm not used to travelling in the sleeping compartment of a train with a strange man and I thought ... I thought he... I thought he was going to... to rape me,' she mumbled.

Another rapid exchange in Russian followed which once again went right over the young girl's head. Finally the security guard addressed her once more.

'This gentleman has made a most serious accusation against you,' he said quietly. 'He claims that you are a prostitute who approached him to have sex for money.'

'I'm NOT a prostitute!' said Linda indignantly. 'Why, I was frightened that HE was going to rape me and that's why I pulled the communication cord. I most certainly did NOT approach him for sex.'

Another rapid exchange in Russian followed, after which the security guard gave Linda an even less friendly look.

'This gentleman is also accusing you of stealing 10,000 dollars which he left in the cabin last night. Apparently it is gone and you are the only other person in this compartment so it appears that you must be the one responsible for stealing his money.'

'That's ridiculous!' Linda protested. 'I haven't even SEEN his money.'

Evgeni then moved towards her and shouted at her angrily.

'You lying fucking whore!' he said. 'You stole my money when I turned down your pleas for sex.'

'But I didn't,' Linda repeated.

Evgeni then he suddenly raised his hand and gave her two hard slaps across the face. Linda was shocked and about to protest when he cut her short with a punch to the stomach that doubled her up.

'Pizda!' he shouted at her. 'Cunt!'

Linda, still reeling from the force of his blows, staggered back to the bed to steady herself. She noticed with some concern that neither of the security guards made even the slightest protest to Evgeni about his treatment of her. In fact, her ordeal was about to get even worse when one of the guards pulled her sharply off the bed and grabbed her arms.

'Do you still deny you approached this man for sex?'

'Yes, I do deny it,' she almost whispered.

'And you still deny that you stole his money.'

'Yes,' she said, tears beginning to trickle down her cheeks.

'One thing at a time,' he said sternly. 'It appears there is only one way to find out. Take your clothes off.'

'But... but I can't... I mean, not here... I mean, don't you have any women guards on the train?'

Then the guard glared at her with utter exasperation and turned to his partner, saying something in Russian. The next thing Linda knew, one of them grabbed her top and the other her shorts. In two rapid movements they had taken off both garments completely. Linda, to her horror, was standing in front of the three men completely naked.

The three men stared at her in a mixture of surprise and admiration before another rapid exchange in Russian. Even though Linda could not understand what they were saying she could guess that it was either comments about her body or even something worse.

'You certainly dress like a whore,' said the guard who spoke English.
'I think I've seen enough.'

Before Linda knew what was happening her wrists were handcuffed behind her back and she was spun around to face all three of the men. There was nothing she could do to hide her nakedness from them.

'We will now strip search you in case you have hidden the money on your person,' the guard said.

Deeply humiliated, Linda had to submit to first his 'inspection,' then a further 'check' by the second guard and finally even Evgeni had his hands all over her naked body. She blushed with utter embarrassment but was helpless to resist. She already realised that no notice would be taken of her protests.

'Well, she certainly isn't hiding anything there,' the guard laughed. 'However, there still remains the question of your prostitution. I am going to have to take you to the security office on the train where you will remain while we make a thorough search of your belongings to see if you have concealed this gentleman's money in your luggage. After we have completed our search we will then consider the question of what to do with you.'

The guard pulled her roughly forward and Linda tried one last futile but desperate protest.

'Please let me put some clothes on,' she sobbed.

'You whore, you're used to plenty of men seeing you naked,' the guard retorted. 'Anyway, you'll have to wait until we've had a chance to search your luggage.'

Evgeni deliberately opened the door and the two guards pulled the naked and handcuffed Linda out of the compartment and into full view of every passenger in the train. The first to see her were half a dozen teenage boys who stared at her in amazement for a few seconds and then started making obscene comments in Russian and laughing out loud. As Linda was pulled past them with what seemed to her like agonising slowness each of them took the opportunity to feel her up and even to administer a couple of hard slaps on her unprotected arse!

This ordeal continued until after about twenty minutes she finally got to the other side of the train. During her travels she was greeted by abusive comments, sniggers, laughter and a constant stream of men and even women squeezing her tits, fingering her cunt and slapping her arse as hard as they could. By the time she finally reached the security office she was sobbing uncontrollably.

Linda's relief was short lived as the guard opened the office door and pushed her inside. She had at least expected that she could sit down and wait in peace while the two of them searched her luggage but even that comfort was to be denied her. Instead, to her horror, she found herself being ordered to spread her legs wide and then having shackles attached to them, a metal spreader bar being inserted to keep her in that obscenely revealing position! Her wrists were uncuffed but only for a second and then reattached by a connecting chain to a metal bar above her head. Her arms were aching and her humiliation was so great that she began to cry once more as she realised he was going to leave her in the office naked, cuffed and shackled.

'You can stay here for the rest of the journey, you fucking English whore!' said the guard cruelly.

She heard the two guards laughing and making what she guessed were obscene comments in Russian as they walked away.

To make matters worse they didn't even bother to close the door Over the next few hours passenger after passenger came and gawked at the naked, helpless English girl and took full advantage of her position to feel her up in the most insultingly intimate manner.

Eventually the train shuddered to a halt. The guard came up to her and smiled.

'Well, your luggage has been searched and nothing was found there. In fact, the gentleman has now discovered the missing money. He has also decided to withdraw his complaint against you of prostitution so it now falls to me to turn you over to your new employers.'

Linda almost wept with relief but then he disappeared again, telling her he would be back soon. Then he returned, together with a man and woman in their forties who stared at the naked, cuffed and shackled girl secured to the metal bar above.

'Allow me to introduce you to Mr and Mrs Golubev, your new employers. This is your au pair girl, Linda Marshall.'

A stunned silence followed on both sides. Oh God, what a start to my new job, thought Linda.