Accident Prone Linda Stories
by the Bitchfinder General

Linda the Lifeguard

Synopsis: Linda Marshall, fed up with the disastrous series of events that have dogged her life over the last six years, decides to leave Aldminster altogether. She goes to Eastcastle, which is a seaside resort on the English south coast loosely based on Bournemouth, and decides to apply for a job as a lifeguard. Being a good swimmer, she thinks she will have a job which is not only fulfilling for her but will also NOT involve her being constantly engaged in scenes of unwilling public nudity and worse. As usual, she could not have been more wrong.

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Linda Marshall felt an overwhelming sense of relief as she arrived in Eastcastle. Her years in Aldminster had brought her nothing but trouble and she felt certain that her new location was going to be the beginning of a new life for her.

She had taken a room in a local bed and breakfast place temporarily but she knew that her limited finances would force her to find something more permanent sooner or later. She also knew that she needed to get a job as quickly as possible.

Linda looked at a poster she'd seen on a billboard in the centre of town. It read 'Eastcastle is looking for men and women to provide a lifeguard service for residents and tourists. Locations will include public beaches, indoor pools, and similar places. Please go to ,,, for an interview.'

Linda had thought about it for a moment and then decided that it didn't sound like such a bad idea. She was a strong swimmer and had won lots of badges for her prowess even at the dreaded St Phillippa's Academy for Young Ladies. Wouldn't it be nice to put her skills to use?

She went along and was asked a few questions about her experience. After she had answered them all satisfactorily, they sent her on a training course for a week. Now, today, the course was over and she had 'passed out' as a lifeguard.

There had been about thirty people on the course with her, approximately twenty of them being men and about ten women. All were aged between 18 and 35 and most were in their middle twenties. Linda, at 18 years old, was definitely one of the youngest. She was also one of the most attractive, standing at 5ft 11 inches tall and weighing 154 lbs. She had striking red hair and lovely eyes, and she knew from bitter experience that men found her 38C breasts one of her most attractive figure.

My tits have got me into trouble so MANY times, she sighed sadly. Maybe now I can find a guy who'll just fancy me instead of wanting to hurt and humiliate me!

'Now I've had a chance to evaluate you all,' the man in charge of the training programme said, 'it's time to hand out your assignments. Each of you will be given a specific location and required to carry out the duties of a lifeguard in that place. Please come up the front and I'll give you all your new jobs.'

Linda, who had only been in the small coastal town for two weeks, was still finding her way about the place and certainly didn't know where most of the lifeguard locations were.

'If you're not happy with the assignment you've been given, I'm afraid you've got no choice. You will be required to serve out the entire season from April to October at the location we've given you and NO excuses will be accepted. The ONLY possible exception will be if some kind of health problem arises either at your assignment or with you. Other than that, you're stuck.'

Linda wasn't worried when he said that. After all, she was only going to be a lifeguard, wasn't she? What (other than someone dying on her?) could go wrong with a job like that. She took her card and filled in the paperwork for the tax and national insurance and was finally pronounced officially fit for service.

'Right, today you'll have an easier time of it but from tomorrow onwards you'll all be expected to report for duty at 7 o'clock in the morning. Go to your locations and you'll be given your uniform and any equipment that's necessary. Good luck!'

Linda looked at the card she'd been given. 'Castle Beach,' it read. She had no idea where it was but a map enclosed with it showed her how to find it. Slightly excited at the prospect that she might actually get to meet some young men who wanted a relationship with her rather than just to abuse her, she picked up her shoulder bag, handbag and notes and left for her new job.

Linda dressed casually, with a white t-shirt and a pair of white shorts. Underneath she had a plain white bra and white knickers. She put white socks on her feet and white trainers over them. In her shoulder bag she had her one-piece swimming costume, which she was slightly nervous about as it did little to disguise her charms. Her body was voluptuous, with both her large breasts and her prominent bum being areas that men had long found attractive. Maybe this time I'll meet a NICE guy, she thought wistfully.

Castle Beach was quite a way from the centre of Eastcastle. She got on the bus and when the driver dropped her off he told her that she STILL had a fifteen minute walk to get there. Oh well, it's a job, she thought.
A prominently displayed sign appeared in front of her, reading 'Castle Beach.' Linda could see the ocean beyond the sign, but she couldn’t see any sign of the beach itself.

To her surprise she saw that there was an old castle which had obviously been taken over by the local council or English Heritage or something and that the beach was on the other side of the castle. Sighing, she climbed up the path and finally arrived at the building. She went in to the reception area and introduced herself.

'Hi,' she said, 'I'm Linda Marshall, the new lifeguard. They told me to come here and report for duty.'

The woman on the reception desk was aged about 40. She looked at Linda and smiled.

'OK, you need to go and see the lifeguard office in the small hut. Ask for David or Hazel. They'll explain things to you and get you ready for your new job. Here's a small map in case you get lost. It'll take you straight down the path to the beach hut.'

'Thanks,' said Linda, walking out of the castle exit and following the trail on the map.

After a few minutes walk she finally reached the hut. It had a sign on the door that read 'Lifeguards Only. Unauthorised Entry Forbidden.'
Nervous but excited, Linda knocked on the door.

'Hello? Anybody in?' she asked.

No answer came and so she reluctantly opened the door and walked inside. She saw a sort of rather chaotic office, with a desk, three chairs and a few drawers for filing papers. She also saw through the back that there was what appeared to be a changing room with lockers.

'Hello there,' she called again, this time moving into the changing room area.

'Oh, hi, I'm on my way,' came the reply.

Linda could hear that it was the voice of a young woman, probably in her early twenties. She stood where she was and waited.

Suddenly a naked woman stepped right out into the office.

'What can I do for you?' she asked, a pleasant smile on her face.

Linda stared at her in embarrassment.

'Oh, I'm so sorry,' she said. 'I didn't expect...'

'To see me like this?' the woman laughed. 'You must be Linda. I'm Hazel. Deputy lifeguard at Castle Beach. Pleased to meet you.'

'Pleased to meet you too,' Linda stammered in confusion and embarrassment.

Hazel smiled and waved her to sit down. She pulled out Linda's file and had a quick look at it.

'You did all right on the training course,' she said. 'I think you'll be an asset to the team. Don't worry, we'll show you the ropes. There's just me and four other lifeguards working here. With you that gives us a team of six. Three women, three men.'

Linda sat there, still feeling awkward about Hazel's nakedness but saying nothing.

'Well, I guess you might as well get changed,' said Hazel. 'Put your stuff in the lockers and we'll be ready to go.'

'OK,' said Linda.

Linda went to the changing room and opened her locker with the key Hazel gave her. She put her bags and other stuff in it. Then she took off her clothes and had a shower.

When she reappeared she dried herself with a towel and opened her locker again. After a quick glance inside she was rather puzzled.

'All I can see besides the clothes I came here in is this red armband and a swimcap.'

'Yes, it's pretty cool, isn't it? I really like that armband,' said Hazel. 'And the cap.'

Linda put on the cap and armband and then looked expectantly at the other woman.

'So do we get to wear a uniform? Or do we provide our own swimsuits?'

Hazel laughed when she said that.

'You're already WEARING the uniform,' she told her. 'The cap and armband IS the uniform.'

Linda gazed at her in horror and disbelief.

'You're winding me up, right? This can't be all we go out there wearing, surely?'

'It is, Linda,' said Hazel, a big grin on her face. 'Why, I thought everyone knew that Castle Beach was a nude beach. Even us lifeguards have to do our stuff naked.'

Linda went pale as she realised that, even here, away from her old enemies at Aldminster, she was STILL somehow going to be forced into public nudity.

'Oh, dear God, no,' she almost whispered. 'I... I just... I just CAN'T!'

'Oh, you'll get used to it in no time,' Hazel reassured her. 'I've been doing this patrol for two years now. When I started off I was just as nervous as you. Believe me, after a while you won't even notice that you ARE naked. Especially when everyone else on the beach is.'

'But you don't understand. I had no idea I'd have to... be naked on the job. I just figured it would be like a normal beach where I'd be wearing a swimsuit and ...'

She tailed off into an embarrassed silence.

'You'll get used to it, Linda, believe me,' said Hazel. 'Let me take you out for a stroll around. It's pretty quiet right now so that might even help you get over your embarrassment.'

'Oh God, I never thought it would be like... like... THIS!' she exclaimed. 'I ... I really don't think I can go through with it, Hazel. I really don't.'

Then Linda broke down and cried. She sat down on the chair and sobbed her heart out, utterly bewildered and shocked at the prospect of what she'd let herself in for.

'Isn't there some way... I could switch to another location for my lifeguard duty?'

'I'm afraid not,' said Hazel. 'Once you've been assigned to a location it's impossible to change it. You'll just have to serve out the full six months of your contract.'

'But nobody told me this was a ... a nudist beach,' she protested.

'Well, it's known for that aspect all over,' Hazel answered, trying to control her smile. 'How come you didn't know that?'

'I've only just moved into the area,' she said miserably. 'I've only been in Eastcastle for just over two weeks. How could I know?'

'Well, the fact is that, whether you knew or not, you signed up to work here for the next six months and there's just no way around it. Under the new legislation all contracts are enforceable at law and you'd have to pay back all the money we've spent on training you which is well over £2000.'

'I haven't got that sort of money,' said Linda, tears filling her eyes.

'Well, in that case you'd be arrested for breaking a contract and
sentenced to spend six months in prison with hard labour.'

'Dear God, is there no escape?' she protested. 'I really don't have any alternative, do I?'

'Well, look at it like this, Linda. You can spend six months here, working as a lifeguard on our beach, or you can go to prison. Which would YOU prefer?'

Linda sighed and shook her head. She knew when she was beaten.

'OK, I'll do it,' she mumbled.

'Good,' Hazel smiled. 'Well, not that it probably cheers you up much, but you look great. I can tell you you've NO reason to be ashamed or embarrassed about showing off YOUR body.'

The two of them walked down to the beach. As they walked along it, Hazel drew Linda's attention to various dangers, such as reefs, a high cliff-face and some parts of the water where from time to time there were dangerous currents. She finished by showing her a lifeguard observation point from which the occupant could see everything occuring on the beach.

Linda's nervousness grew as they drew closer to a small group of people enjoying themselves on the beach. All were naked, of course, four men and four women, playing what looked like a game of beach volleyball. Linda tried to avoid showing the self-consciousness and embarrassment she felt as she watched them, clearly relaxed and uninhibited, playing happily on the beach. How could they be so casual about being naked in public? She knew that she would never be able to accept public nudity as easily as they did. .

'Hi, Hazel,' said the oldest man.

'Hi, Jeff. This is Linda. She's our new lifeguard. Linda, this is Suzy, Jeff's wife, this is Ian, this is his girlfriend Amy, this is Carol, this is Tom - they're just friends - and this is Pete and Gina.'

'Pleased to meet you,' said Linda, trying not to blush.

She felt desperately embarrassed and tried to lower her eyes to avoid staring at the men's penises when she became acutely aware that she was actually gazing straight at them by adopting that particular position. Raising her gaze immediately, she felt thoroughly uncomfortable about her situation. How could these other people be so casual about their nudity?

'Got yourself another pretty one, I see,' Jeff laughed. 'I've often wondered if they put it in the job description that the lady lifeguards here have to be lookers! You're certainly easy on the eyes, Linda.'

Linda once again tried not to blush.

'Thank you,' she mumbled.

'Ah, a Castle Beach virgin, I see,' Tom laughed. 'This your first time on nude duty?'

'I guess so,' Linda whispered, wishing she could shrivel up into the sand on the beach.

'Don't worry, you'll get used to it.'

'That's what Hazel told me,' she said quietly. 'It's a bit of a shock, though - especially when I had no idea I was going to be assigned to this particular sort of duty.'

'You ever played beach volleyball, Linda?' asked Tom.

'Sorry, no.'

'Well, there's always a first time. I reckon you'd be pretty good at it, actually. Being a tall girl and all that, I mean.'

'Maybe,' Linda muttered noncommittally, wishing she was anywhere other than where she was.

Tom then wandered over to Hazel and gave her a playful swot on her arse. She took the not very hard blow without flinching and actually smiled at him.

'I'd like to give you one too, Linda, but we've only just met so I'll let you off easy,' he grinned.

'Thank you,' said Linda, nervously.

They said their goodbyes and wandered over to the lifeguard office. Linda felt an instant sigh of relief when she found herself indoors at last. She was still naked but at least she was no longer exposed to the gaze of strangers appraising her body.

Linda turned to her locker and suddenly realised that she had put both her handbag and her shoulder bag inside the locker and, more worringly, that she couldn't find the key she had been issued with. She looked around in alarm, searching all over the lifeguard office but could see no sign of her key.

'Oh shit,' she said suddenly. 'I seem to have lost my key.'

Hazel looked at her with a sympathetic smile.

'Can you remember where you had it last?'

'Not really, no. Oh fuck, how am I going to open my locker? Do you have a spare key, Hazel?'

'I'm afraid not,' said Hazel. 'I take it you haven't got any spare clothes.'

'I put them all in the locker when I stripped off,' Linda sighed. 'Now what the fuck am I going to do? How can I go back to my bed and brekkie without any clothes?'

She sat down on the chair in the office and started crying.

'Don't worry, Linda,' said Hazel. 'I don't have a spare key and the only one with a master key to the lockers is the head lifeguard David who's off until Monday. But don't worry, I'll drive you back to your bed and breakfast. You'll have to make do with wrapping yourself up in a beach towel but you can change back into your own clothes once you get back to your lodgings.'

'Thanks,' said Linda, relieved that at least she wouldn't have to find her own way back home.

Hazel drove her to the bed and breakfast and Linda shivered in the reception area as she rang the bell. The landlady came out and stared at her in utter disbelief.

'What the hell are you doing in my hotel dressed in nothing but a beach towel?' she said angrily.

'Sorry, I've got a new job and I locked my clothes in the locker at work. My friend kindly drove me here and I'll just go in and get changed.'

'Oh no you won't!' said the landlady indignantly. 'What job have you got anyway?'

'I'm a lifeguard,' said Linda quietly.

'Where?'

'At Castle Beach.'

'Castle Beach? The nudist place? Right, that's it, we don't want your sort here. I'll have you know this is a respectable establishment. I'll get my husband to bring down your suitcase and you can get out NOW!'

'But where can I go?' Linda pleaded.

'I don't know and I don't care, young ... well, anyone who works at Castle Beach CAN'T be called a LADY, of course. John!'

Then her husband brought down Linda's suitcase and she was forced to pick it up and carry it out to the car. Of course it was impossible for her to keep the towel fastened around her while she did that so both the landlady and her husband had a good view of Linda's naked beauty.

'Don't worry, Linda, you can sleep in one of the beach huts,' said Hazel.

Oh, why does it always happen to ME, Linda wondered bitterly?