Accident Prone Linda   
  
By the Bitchfinder General   
  
Linda the Waitress   
  
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Linda Marshall had been working at the cafe for the last four months. It was her first job since she had been thrown out of catering college and she was trying desperately to cling on to it as she knew that with her track record of bad luck and getting into trouble it wasn't going to be easy for her to find permanent employment. Especially following her unjust sentence that had led to her being forced to spend time in a young offenders institution, which certainly didn't help to make her employment prospects any brighter. It was largely because her teacher at school, Miss Roberts, had put a word in with her following her release that she had even got this dead end job and she didn't want to lose it. She was already late for work this morning because of roadworks which had led to massive delays on the buses and was desperately trying to get to the cafe as fast as she could because she didn't want to upset Mr Harrison the owner.   
  
Linda was a pretty girl, 18 years old, 5'9' tall, with long dark hair, 38C tits and not an ounce of fat on her. She was a waitress at Mr Harrison's cafe and her looks made her extremely popular with the male customers. Unfortunately the two older women she worked with really had it in for her and her good looks and youth were largely responsible for that.   
  
Mr. Harrison, who certainly did fancy Linda a lot, made her wear a 'uniform' of his own design that hardly covered up her ample charms and was certainly in danger of falling foul of the new 'public indecency' laws. She had to wear a white see-through blouse which was very short and a skirt with a zip that was not very well fastened and constantly slid down throughout the course of the day. Linda was also instructed only to wear her bra and knickers underneath the flimsy garment so she inevitably ended up giving the customers a good view of her cleavage and even her knickers. The male customers kept an eye out for the constant changes in position of Linda's 'uniform' and the more it unravelled the better they liked it!   
  
Linda had hoped to be able to do some cooking in the cafe but her duties always seemed to be just sweeping up the place, cleaning the tables, making cups of tea, doing the washing up, and bringing the food and drink to the tables or collecting them to return to the kitchen, so she was constantly in full view of all the customers. Linda had got used to the fact that men liked looking at her ever since she was twelve and although she had accepted it as a fact of life she also knew that it had led to many disasters and unpleasantness for her. She was rather embarrassed at having to show off her body in the way that she did but as Mr Harrison was delighted with the response from the male customers and insisted that she kept on wearing it Linda just sighed inwardly and accepted that it was only a filler job and that one day she'd be able to get work as a chef which was her real ambition in life.   
  
The other two women who worked in the cafe, Naomi and Yvonne, were anything but happy with all the attention Linda received from the customers and the boss. Not only were they middle-aged but it was doubtful if they'd ever been attractive to men even when they WERE young girls. They bitterly resented Linda's good looks and the attention she was receiving and the contrast between them and her was very apparent when the three of them were together. They hated the way that Mr Harrison smiled at her and the way the men who ate in the cafe fancied her. They noticed the way that her zip slid down so low on times that her skirt was hardly covering anything and they also resented the way that her blouse, of which Mr Harrison insisted that she kept the top two buttons undone, showed generous amounts of cleavage and on occasion, even a fairly good view of her ample tits. Less favoured by nature than their younger rival, they were fat, unattractive and thoroughly miserable with their boring lives.   
  
In spite of Linda's attempts to be friendly, Naomi and Yvonne treated her with sullen indifference at best and open hostility and contempt at worst. She did her work well, but it was hardly the most challenging job in the world. The male customers loved her and were always complimentary about her to Mr Harrison. She always got good tips from the customers and the men's open flirtation with her pleased him as it brought in extra customers. On the other hand, the two women's dislike of her turned into total hatred, which made things very unpleasant for her. She also resented the fact that Mr Harrison had not kept his word about training her up to be a chef and she was still doing the same menial jobs she had always done in the cafe.   
  
One day she's actually plucked up the courage to ask Mr Harrison if she could maybe do some of the cooking but he only laughed and told her to get back and wait on the tables and keep the male customers sweet! Linda had considered looking for another job but she was in a very difficult position. Not only did she realise that Mr Hammond had done her a big favour by giving her a job but she also felt a sense of loyalty to Miss Roberts for finding the position for her and in any case with her spell in a young offender's institution she hardly had the best CV in the world to offer an employer. She just sighed and kept trying to persuade herself that things would improve one day but the sad fact was that they only seemed to get worse for her.   
  
On arrival at the cafe she apologised desperately to Naomi and Yvonne, who were already serving half a dozen customers. They gave her fierce glares and she just sighed and rushed into the room at the back of the cafe to get changed into her uniform. Linda had just taken off her blouse and skirt and put them away in the staff locker when Mr Harrison came into the room. Linda, who was only wearing her bra and knickers, blushed crimson with embarrassment.   
  
Mr Harrison had never seen her in her underwear before and he had a big grin on his face as he looked her up and down, clearly enjoying the view and making no attempt at all either to move or to disguise his open admiration of what he saw. She didn't know what to do; if she tried to cover herself up with her arms it would look ridiculous. On the other hand, she felt uncomfortable with him standing there while she was wearing nothing more than her bra and knickers.   
  
To make matters worse he began telling her off for coming into work late. Linda felt guilty and even though it had not been her fault that the roadworks had delayed her arrival and made the bus journey travel at a snail's pace she knew that she really needed this job right now. She couldn't even turn away from him to get her uniform out of the locker because it would have looked rude if she'd done that while he was busy telling her off for being late so she just stood there in her bra and knickers taking his rebuke.   
  
He finished at last and Linda put on her skimpy uniform. Her embarrassment was made worse when Mr Harrison ordered her to undo a third button on her blouse as a 'punishment' for her 'inexcusable tardiness.' Saying nothing, but inwardly fuming, Linda complied. Naomi and Yvonne both grinned happily as they saw the humiliation of the young waitress.   
  
The day passed off otherwise uneventfully until it was time to close at 5.00pm. Linda went off into the staff room to get changed and then Mr Harrison entered the staff room with a face choked with rage, accompanied by her enemies Naomi and Yvonne.   
  
Linda had no idea what had made him so angry but she soon found out. Mr Harrison glared at her and looked as if he was about to hit her.   
  
'I trusted you and this is how you repay me!' he shouted at her angrily. 'I should never have let Sylvia Roberts persuade me to take you on.'   
  
'I'm sorry, sir, I don't understand,' answered Linda, genuinely puzzled.   
  
'You lying bitch!' he yelled. 'Yvonne saw you putting two £20 notes into your purse at lunchtime when you thought no one was looking. Fortunately SHE was.'   
  
'But I didn't...' Linda protested.   
  
'Well, let's see, shall we? Hand over your purse and I'll search it.'   
  
Linda turned to her locker and pulled out her purse. She knew that there had been no more than £15 in it at the start of the day and she hadn't spent any money. Handing over the purse to her boss, she was astonished when Mr Harrison opened it and produced, as well as the £15 that she had started with, two crisp £20 notes.   
  
'I don't understand, that isn't mine,' she proteted.   
  
'I know that, bitch, it's mine. You stole it from me!'   
  
'But I didn't,' she said quickly. 'I swear I don't know how it got there.'   
  
'Like hell you don't!' he said easily. 'I should have known better than to take on someone with a criminal record.'   
  
'But...'   
  
'Don't give me that bullshit!' he shouted angrily at her. 'I know it was you!   
  
As she saw Naomi and Yvonne grinning all over their face she knew they must have been to her locker and put it in there. In desperation, she tried her last shot.   
  
'I think Naomi or Yvonne must have put it in my purse when I wasn't looking,' she said feebly. 'They don't like me and they obviously wanted to get me into trouble.'   
  
'Just shut the fuck up, you lying bitch! You're a thief and that's all there is to it,' Mr Harrison said with his voice choking with anger. 'I really think I'm going to have to call the police. And with your previous record you'll be going to prison for a VERY long time.'   
  
Linda was upset enough that he had called her a thief and a bitch but she was desperate to avoid the police at any costs. She knew that he was right and that if she was arrested she WOULD be going down for a long time. Even if, as always, it wasn't even her fault.   
  
'You worthless piece of shit!' said Mr Harrison. 'Ever since you started working for me money's been going missing from the till. I tried to give you the benefit of the doubt but now I’ve seen enough to know that you WERE responsible. Once a thief, always a thief, eh? After the big fucking favour I did your teacher in taking you on this is how you repay me. Just wait till I tell her how you repaid me by being a thieving little slut. And when I tell the authorites you'll get sent to prison for at least five years this time!' he yelled at her.   
  
In a sudden burst of anger he slapped her hard around the face. Linda burst out crying, stunned by the sudden shock of being slapped, called a thief, sworn at and now the threat that she might be arrested and sent to prison terrified her and made her go to pieces. Even though she hadn't done anything wrong she knew that he didn't believe her and nor would anyone else. The only thing to do was to try to throw herself on his mercy.   
  
'Please, sir, please don't call the police. Or tell Miss Roberts. Please, I'm sorry.'   
  
Yvonne laughed out loud when she heard her say that. Naomi gave her a cold look and gave her a V-sign behind her back.   
  
Linda tried to stop sobbing and desperately tried to give a charming smile to Mr Harrison but she saw the anger and the cold hostility in his face.   
  
'Please, sir, please, I'm sorry.'   
  
'Sorry doesn't really cut it, Linda,' he said. 'How can I ever trust you again? It wouldn’t be so bad if I thought this was the only time you’d ever stolen anything for me. Maybe if I could believe that I MIGHT consider overlooking your behaviour.'   
  
Even though she knew that she was innocent of the 'crime' of which she was accused, Linda seized eagerly on her slender chance of salvation.   
  
'Honestly, Mr Harrison, it IS the only time I've ever done it. I've never stolen from you before.'   
  
'If only I could believe you,' he said, his voice softening slightly.   
  
'You can, sir. I swear to you I'm telling the truth, sir,' said Linda desperately, still fighting back her tears and still in a state of shock.   
  
'Well, I don't know,' he said. 'What do you think, ladies? Do you think she's telling the truth?'   
  
Linda saw Naomi and Yvonne's cold, hard faces and knew she could expect no mercy from either of them.   
  
'Of course she isn't,' Naomi snarled. 'She's a lying stealing slut and I've had my suspicions of her for a long time now. A spell in prison is just what the bitch needs!'   
  
'On the other hand,' said Yvonne slowly, a smile spreading over her face, 'it MIGHT be possible to keep her on here. Of course we'll all have to watch her like a hawk. And, of course, we’d have to make BIG changes in her working conditions. She needs to be punished for what she's done so I think as well as keeping an eye on her I think you should make her work longer hours and cut her wages too to make her understand that she'd better not steal from you ever again. Instead of her coming in at 9 in the morning and working till 5 she should come in at 8 and work till 6 at night. You ought to cut her breaks as well. Instead of taking two fifteen-minute breaks during the day and an hour for lunch she should take one twenty minute break for lunch and two five minute breaks in the morning and afternoon. She's on minimum wage right now, isn't she? Well, that's costing you £6 an hour. Why not put her on a weekly renewable temporary contract so that she's exempt from minimum wage legislation and then you could pay her the minimum temp rate which is only £3 an hour. She'd be working for 57 and a half hours a week instead of 35 and getting paid £171 a week gross instead of £210.'   
  
Yvonne smirked as she proposed increasing Linda's hours and cutting her wages at the same time. She was furious because by now it was obvious to her that it was Yvonne who had put the 'stolen' money in her purse.   
  
'Of course, she doesn't pull her weight around here anyway,' Yvonne added. 'Instead of us having to do all the heavy work while she just serves customers and cleans up SHE ought to be the one who's lugging the heavy stuff like the bins and the sacks of potatoes up and down the stairs and in and out of the cafe.'   
  
Linda fumed silently but there was nothing she could do. Even though Yvonne was taking full advantage of the opportunity to humiliate her and make her working conditions even worse than they already were, she didn't dare utter a word of protest.   
  
'And don't forget we've only searched her purse,' Yvonne added, with a cruel smile. 'Who knows how much more money she might have hidden away? I reckon we ought to search HER as well as her purse!'   
  
Mr Harrison stared at Linda and to the young girl's discomfort she saw that he liked the idea very much.   
  
'An excellent idea, Yvonne. Thank you very much for that,' said Mr. Harrison.   
  
Turning to Linda, he added, 'I'm prepared to believe you when you say that it was a moment of weakness and that you haven't stolen from me before. I'll let you keep your job if you agree to the new working conditions and I've also decided that I won't tell the police what you've done.'   
  
'Thank you, Mr Harrison,' said Linda, relieved but still fuming.   
  
'On the other hand, you will have to follow some new rules around here. In addition to the various excellent ideas that Yvonne has come up with, I am going to insist that we search you on a regular basis to make certain that you don't have any money or other items belonging to me on your person. You will be searched on arrival, on each of your breaks, and immediately prior to going home so that we can be quite certain that you haven't got anything on you which you ought NOT to have. These new rules will continue until I feel ready to trust you again. Of course, if you are not happy with the new rules I will not only have to sack you but I'll also call the police and you'll spend a considerable time in prison.'   
  
Linda was completely trapped. Even though she hadn't stolen the money, she'd already confessed to doing it so she would definitely end up in prison with her track record and even this degrading and hurtful 'arrangement' was better than that.   
  
'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir,' said a resigned Linda.   
  
'Right, let's start off by taking off your blouse. We need to make sure you haven't hidden anything else that doesn't belong to you.'   
  
Linda undid the blouse and placed it on the table in the staff room before turning to look at him.   
  
'OK, now clasp your hands behind your neck.'   
  
Linda did as she was told, still fuming inwardly at the humiliation.   
  
'OK, now the skirt,' said Mr Harrison.   
  
Linda did as she was told, becoming even more angry but knowing how helpless she was. She stood before the three of them wearing just her bra and knickers.   
  
'Right, let's take a look and see if you're hiding anything inside your bra,' said Mr Harrison.   
  
He was openly laughing at her now and Yvonne and Naomi also laughed cruelly. With an obvious enjoyment of what he was about to do, he moved towards her and began to put his hands inside her bra. He was not making the slightest attempt to search her for anything she might have concealed; he was simply taking advantage of the opportunity to feel her up. In spite of the fact that she had got used to this sort of treatment over the last few years, Linda could not help blushing with embarrassment at his 'examination.' That reaction on her part only resulted in yet more raucous laughter from her three tormentors.   
  
'Hm, can't find anything hidden in there,' said Mr Harrison, grinning happily.   
  
'Maybe she's got something taped underneath,' said Yvonne, with an evil smile. 'Best to make her take it off completely, I reckon.'   
  
'While you're at it,' Naomi added, 'we might as well make the bitch take EVERYTHING off.'   
  
Linda stared at them in total disbelief. She could hardly believe that yet again she was being forced to strip naked in public and made to accept 'punishment' for a crime of which she was completely innocent.   
  
'Excellent idea, Naomi. Take your bra off and then we'll have a closer look at your tits. After that you can take off the rest of your clothes.'   
  
Linda tried to fight back the tears that threatened to flow when he said that.   
  
'You want me to take off... all my clothes?' she asked quietly.   
  
'Yes, we want to see you completely naked,' said Mr Harrison. 'Unless of course you'd prefer me to call the police and have you carted off to prison.'   
  
Linda stared at him in amazement and horror, hoping vainly that she might have misheard his words. Mr Harrison looked at her in exasperation as she stood there irresolute.   
  
'Come on, Linda, get your fucking clothes off!'   
  
'All... of them?' she repeated dumbly.   
  
'Yes, all ot them. Come on, get a move on. Unless you want me to call the police, of course.'   
  
Linda's eyes filled with tears as she realised that she was utterly trapped. She was anything but happy at the idea of stripping naked in front of her boss and her co-workers but the idea of beingn sacked and going to prison frightened her so much that she gave in. Utterly crushed by what had happened to her, she took off her bra and placed it on the table in the staff room.   
  
'Now put your hands together behind your neck,' Yvonne ordered her.   
  
An utterly humiliated Linda did as she was told. Mr Harrison made a pretence of searching her bra and then turned to her again.   
  
'Now take your knickers off!' he ordered.   
  
Linda took off her knickers and placed them on the table as well, waiting for instructions. Once again Yvonne shouted at her.   
  
'Hands behind your neck!' she told her.   
  
Linda obeyed at once.   
  
'She might have got something taped to her tits,' said Yvonne, with a cruel smile. Better search them as well.'   
  
A fuming and utterly humiliated Linda submitted to having her tits fondled and groped by her boss. He might have been pretending that he was searching her but in fact he was simply taking full advantage of the opportunity to feel her up.   
  
'Maybe we should double check as well,' said Yvonne.   
  
'Good idea, you never know,' Mr Harrison laughed.   
  
Mr Harrison had at least simply been groping her. Yvonne and Naomi squeezed, pinched and even slapped her tits as they pretending to search them.   
  
'Now for her cunt,' said Yvonne, a huge grin on her face.   
  
Mr Harrison fingered and explored her most intimate region in a thoroughly insultingly lustful way. Linda tried not to react but she was unable any longer to hold back the tears.   
  
Her ordeal got worse when Yvonne and Naomi took their turn. Not only did they probe much more roughly than Linda's boss, but they also determined to humiliate her as well.   
  
'Let's see if we can make her come,' Yvonne smiled.   
  
Linda groaned inwardly but could do nothing but submit. Both women deliberately masturbated her to a climax and then made her lick her own cunt juice off their fingers. She felt humiliated almost beyond belief and was in floods of tears as they degraded her.   
  
'Well, it looks like you haven't stolen anything else, Linda,' said Mr Harrison, grinning hugely. 'Of course we can't trust you any more so you'll have to strip naked for us three times a day and be searched thoroughly to make sure you haven't stolen anything. Do you understand?'   
  
'Yes, sir,' Linda mumbled through her tears.   
  
'Of course,' said Naomi, getting in on the spirit of things, 'it might be aI good idea if from now on she wasn't allowed to have any underwear on while she's at work. It would make it easier for us to search her and harder for her to hide anything she might steal.'   
  
'Great idea, Naomi!' Mr Harrison said with a laugh. 'Yes, I think the customers will be well pleased with that. I think she should keep four buttons of her blouse undone from now on as well. In fact, ladies, I'd appreciate any more suggestions you might have to keep our young thief in line. I'm sure Linda would be quite happy to agree to anything we say. Won't you>'   
  
Linda, still naked, her hands still clasped behind her neck, fumed inwardly but knew that she had no choice.   
  
'Yes, sir,' she almost whispered. 'Thank you, sir.'   
  
'Oh, and I've been getting a few complaints about her from the customers lately,' said Naomi. 'The men say she isn't friendly enough to them. Several of them have told me they want to feel her up while she's serving them and she won't let them.'   
  
'Well, we can't have that, can we?' said Mr Harrison. 'From now on, Linda, if a customer wants to feel you up then you let them. Do you understand?'   
  
'Yes, sir,' a tearful Linda replied.   
  
'And a few of them also wanted to smack her arse but she objected,' Yvonne added.   
  
'Well, if a customer wants to smack her arse he should be able to. From now on that's in your job description as well, Linda.'   
  
'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir,' a sobbing Linda answered.   
  
'In fact,' said Yvonne, 'we might as well all give her a good spanking now for being a thief and a fucking whore.'   
  
'Excellent idea!' said Mr Harrison. 'Over my knee, Linda. Time for a good hard spanking!'   
  
And the three of them saw to it that her arse got a good seeing to.   
  
On the bus going home, her bra and knickers in the locker at work, Linda sat in stunned silence, her face streaked with tears. She'd been unhappy with her job BEFORE today but from now on she knew that her life there was going to become a total misery!