Accident Prone Linda

By the Bitchfinder General

Linda the barmaid

My name is Linda Marshall and I am eighteen years old. Nearly 19, in fact, though my luck doesn't seem to get any better as I get older. I'm 5ft 11 inches tall, with long red hair and a full-figured girl. I seem to have an uncanny knack of getting into trouble and being punished unfairly for things I haven't done, either because other people set me up or just because I - well, maybe I'm just unlucky.

Anyway, I was working as a barmaid in this pub in Aldminster. It's a small town in Hampshire, southern England. I've lived in the area most of my life and even though I've tried to get away once or twice even that hasn't stopped my run of bad luck.

I was working for a bloke called Neil who was the pub manager. From the moment he took me on I could tell the perv fancied me rotten and I knew from bitter experience that I didn't want to do anything that remotely encouraged that sort of thing because it always ended up somehow with me getting into trouble.

Other girls find that being good-looking gets them rich boyfriends and husbands. In my case, it just gets me into a lot of aggro.

Well, like I said, I'd been working at this pub for about a month and managed to stay out of trouble all that time. Then one evening things went pearshaped again like always.

Neil had three other people working there besides me and him. There was his wife, a bloke in his twenties, and another girl who was aged about 25. Barry - the bloke in his twenties - also fancied me rotten and for some reason I just didn't get on with Tina, the other girl.

On Saturday night, the busiest one of the week, I turned up for work as usual. I served loads of punters and the evening whizzed by till Neil finally called time at midnight.

The pub closed, we chucked out the last remaining drinkers on to the street and then Neil called all the staff into his office at the back. I wondered what he was going to say but I certainly didn't expect what DID happen.

Neil gave us all a bit of a dark look and I wondered if maybe profits were down or something. His wife Emma didn't look that happy either so I was beginning to wonder if I was about to get fired on the basis of 'last in, first out.' Just my luck, I thought.

If only it HAD been that straightforward!

The next thing I knew he was ranting and raving and my heart sank with an old familiar feeling of dread.

'During the last few weeks,' he said, 'I've noticed that large sums of money have been going missing from the till. Now I don't know who is responsible for the thefts but I do know that I'm going to put a stop to them. I'm not going to stand for it, do you hear me?'

Nobody said a word but I had a sinking feeling that something was about to go wrong for me yet again. Even though I've never nicked anything in my life, I've still got a criminal record according to which, among other things, I'm a thief. Of course I was framed but even so when money goes missing and one of your staff has got form for tealeafing gear, well, whose name is going to be first in the frame? Yours truly, natch.

Barry and Tina looked at each other and then at me and then back to Neil and Emma again. None of us could say anything but at least I knew it wasn't me. Not that, with my track record, I reckoned that was going to do me much good. Christ, I've already had a stretch in juvie, I certainly DON'T want to end up in an adult nick!

'OK, let's see what everyone's got. Barry, empty out your pockets and put your wallet on the counter so I can check you out.'

Barry looked unhappy at the request but he went along with it just the same. Neil investigated and seemed satisfied.

'OK, you're in the clear. Tina, empty out your handbag and put your purse on the counter.'

Tina looked even more pissed off than Barry had been but she just got her bag out and dumped the contents on to the pub counter. Neil went through it all and then nodded.

'OK, you're all right as well. Linda, it's your turn now.'

With my track record I was so scared I wanted to piss myself but even so I did what he said. I got my bag out from under the counter and I emptied everything out where he could see it.

Neil went through my purse and then suddenly gave me a filthy look. I knew I was in trouble and I also knew I'd been set up. By the slight smirk on Tina's face which she was trying to hide I reckoned it must have been her who'd done it.

'What's this?' he said angrily. 'There's nearly £300 in your purse.'

I didn't say a word but I realised at once I'd been framed again.

'Right, that's it, I'm calling the police!' he shouted at me.

I just looked at him with resignation. Fuck me, here we go again. Then his wife Emma spoke up.

'Well, we COULD do that, of course, but I think there might be another way of dealing with this ungrateful bitch's behaviour.'

'What way?' said Neil. 'She's a fucking thief and she needs to go to jail.'

'Well, there MIGHT be another way of punishing her,' Emma smiled.

'Like what?'

'Well, let's see. Linda, you know I found out something about you yesterday which you didn't tell us when we gave you the job.'

My blood ran cold when she said that. The bitch had obviously found out about my record and my time in juvie.

'I've seen the way you flaunt yourself at the men in here,' she said. 'You've even been throwing yourself at my husband like the cheap slut you are.'

'I haven't!' I protested. 'I wouldn't do anything like that!'

'Well, that's all YOU say. I know better. I've taken the trouble of doing some checking on you and I've found out a LOT of stuff about you, you fucking bitch!'

'Like what?' asked Neil, obviously not having a clue what she was going on about.

'Like the fact that she's been inside, for starters.'

'What, in prison, you mean?'

'In an approved school and at a young offenders' institution.'

'What for?'

'Joyriding, being drunk and disorderly, drug possession with intent to supply, resisting arrest and, of course, stealing and prostitution.'

My blood went cold when she said all that. Quite apart from the fact that none of the things I'd been sentenced for were true, how the hell had she managed to find out about them anyway?

'Quite a little criminal, in fact, aren't you, Linda?' she said, giving me a cold look.

'No, honestly, I'm not,' I protested, even though I knew it wouldn't do me any good.

'Well, that's not how the courts saw it,' she laughed. 'And, of course, you didn't tell us any of this when you came here looking for a job.'

'I say we should call the police,' said Neil angrily. 'She's obviously up to her old tricks again. Maybe it's time to see if a few years in prison could knock it out of her.'

Emma smiled. I just hated the way she was looking at me. I knew she had something nasty up her sleeve but I also knew she had me over a barrel. If I got arrested this time I'd go to an adult prison for sure. And I certainly didn't want that to happen to me.

'So, Linda, would you like me to call the police?' she asked.

'No,' I whispered.

'Well, let's see. You've been working her for three months now, haven't you? We pay you weekly and we were going to pay you your wages tomorrow but in the circumstances I think we'll fine you this weeks' wages for starters. Any objections?'

'No,' I said miserably, ready to say or do almost anything that would keep the cops out of things.

'So glad you agree,' she smiled. 'Well, you never know where else the bitch might be hiding money, do you? Get your clothes off, Linda. Let's see you naked.'

'No, please,' I begged, sick at the thought of what she might have got planned for me.

'What, a little whore like you doesn't like to be seen naked when you've got a history of showing off your slutty body? Pull the other one, Linda. I know all about your sexual history. Get your kit off or I'll call the police.'

I just looked at her hopelessly. There was nothing I could do about it. She had me completely at her mercy and she certainly wasn't going to show me any mercy.

'Get a move on!' she shouted at me. 'Before I change my mind.'

I couldn't do a thing, it was that devil and the deep blue sea thing. All I could do was go along with whatever horrible thing it was she'd got planned for me.

I started by taking off my blouse. I hated what I was doing but I knew the alternative was even worse. After the horrors I'd had to go through in that young offenders' place, I couldn't face an adult prison where I knew things would be even worse for me.

Eventually I'd taken everything off and was standing naked in front of them all, feeling sick and angry and humiliated all at once. Emma just looked at me with that smug grin on her face.

'Now spread your legs,' she ordered me. 'As wide apart as they'll go. And put your hands behind the back of your head clutching your neck.'

I didn't say a word, just did what the snotty cow told me. I was well past caring by now. Fuck it, I just wanted to get it over and get the hell out of the sodding place.

'I think we need to do a more - intimate search,' she grinned. 'Barry, maybe you'd like to do the honours.'

So I had to submit to being 'searched' by the young Barry and then of course Neil wanted to 'double check' just in case 'he might have missed something.' Then it was Tina who felt me up to add to my humiliation. Finally Emma took her turn and the fucking bitch deliberately made me come right in front of everyone.

'Told you she was a filthy fucking whore!' she laughed. 'Her cunt's as wet as if she'd just taken a piss!'

I was totally humiliated and blushed red with shame. I wondered what else she was planning for me.

'OK, Linda, you've been a very bad girl, haven't you?'

'Yes,' I mumbled dejectedly.

'Now let's see what we're going to do with you,' she grinned. 'I think you should sign a full confession, don't you?'

'Yes,' I almost whispered.

Then the bitch made me sign a 'confession' to a whole pack of lies, all of it total bullshit and all of it capable of getting me a long stretch in prison if she handed it over to the cops. I was made to 'confess' to having stolen money ever since I'd started working at the pub, to admit to having dressed provocatively, to admit to having tried to prostitute myself with Neil and Barry and the male customers, and to confess to having tried to seduce a married man. All of them were crimes under the new laws that could net me a total, especially with me having 'form' as well, ten years in prison. I just KNEW there was no way I could face the thought of that.

'Right, now, as well as fining you a week's wages I think we'll also fine you whatever money's left in your purse after we've taken out the £250 you stole from us today, don't you?' said Emma cruelly.

I nodded in despair. The bitch was even going to rob me of what little money I DID have.

'OK, that's £35.78,' she said. 'That belongs to us now. Call it a down payment for all the money you've been stealing from us since you came here.'

I didn't say a word. What would have been the point? I just stood there and waited for whatever she had planned next.

'Now give us the pin number on your cash card,' she said. 'Neil, go and draw out £300 from the cashpoint.'

What choice did I have? I'd just have to ring up the bank tomorrow and make out I'd lost my card. She made me wait there till Neil came back waving £300 of MY money in my face.

'Let's see,' said Emma. 'We've got back the £250 you stole, plus we've fined you a week's wages which is another £150, plus we've taken the £35.78 you had in your purse, plus £300 from your account. That makes a total of £735.78. I'm not sure exactly how much you've stolen from us but I'm willing to let you off the rest.'

'Thank you,' I said stupidly, still in a daze and terrified.

'Well, you can fuck off now,' said Emma. 'It goes without saying that you're not just sacked but you're even barred from coming IN this pub ever again.'

'OK,' I almost whispered.

I turned to gather up my clothes and put them on again, but Emma was too quick for me. She picked them up and put them in a black bin liner bag that the pub used to get rid of its rubbish.

'You can kiss your clothes goodbye,' Emma laughed. 'You probably stole them anyway. You'll just have to walk back home naked, won't you?'

She went through my purse and found the keys to my digs.

'Come on, I'll take you outside,' she smiled.

I followed her meekly, too frightened and ashamed to resist in any way.
She deliberately led me to the front door rather than the rear entrance of the pub so that I'd have to walk right out onto the high street. It was about a fifteen minute walk to where I lived but of course I didn't have any money and even if I had I wouldn't dare to take the night bus or call a minicab when I was completely naked like I was.

Emma opened the front door and deliberately threw the keys as far away from me as possible before she handed me back my bag and pushed me out into the cold dark night.

Just before she closed the door, she whispered something in my ear.

'I've heard all about you from someone we both know, Linda,' she said. 'Mrs Hammond is a very good friend of mine. I'm sure you have lots of happy memories of her daughter Melanie, don't you?'

Christ, was I NEVER going to get rid of Mel and Kim and all their nasty ways? The only answer was to leave Aldminster for good.

I had a lot of thinking to do as I tried to make my way home, naked and humiliated, in the cold night air.