**Linda’s Christmas Nightmare
By the Bitchfinder General**

Linda Marshall thought she had finally found somewhere where nothing could go wrong for her. It was only a Christmas job, something to help tide her over financially while she struggled on at the catering college, but at least it was safe. Or so at least she thought.

She’d managed to persuade a local feminist bookshop and cafe in Aldminster which was advertising for a Mother Christmas that she could fit the bill in spite of only being 18 years old. The owner, who Linda could see right away was about as butch as a butch lesbian could be, agreed to let her carry out the duties. Linda was also well aware that she fancied her, and she knew from bitter previous experience that women could be just as cruel as men, especially women of the lesbian persuasion. All the same, it was a job and the money would come in handy.

The day got off to a bad start when Linda saw the ‘uniform’ the shop owner expected her to wear. It did have the traditional Santa red cap with a white bobble on top but otherwise her outfit was very far from being traditional. It was basically an extremely short and skimpy red skirt that was also far too small for her and a red see-through blouse that did little to hide her charms. Linda had always been a well-endowed girl and her large breasts had always attracted both admiration and also the unwelcome attention of men and women who wanted to hurt and humiliate her because of them.

‘No underwear, dear,’ the shop owner told her, an evil smile on her face. ‘Best strip off now and get you into your uniform.’

‘Do you have a changing room, ma’am?’ asked Linda hopefully.

‘Only for customers, dearie,’ she grinned. ‘Just get your kit off and we’ll begin. We’re all girls together, aren’t we? It isn’t as if you’ve got anything I haven’t seen before, is it?’

‘No, ma’am,’ she sighed. ‘Where shall I put my clothes?’

‘Just put them in this case,’ she told the young girl.

Linda stripped off and placed her clothes inside the case that the store owner put on the table. She then stood completely naked before the shop owner for a moment before she was handed the first part of her uniform, the red skirt that was far too small for her. She fastened it as best as she could and then put on the embarrassingly see-through blouse.

Without a bra underneath, and with a blouse that was not only see-through but also had only one button on it, located right at the lower end of where her breasts were, meant that the customers could get a good view not only of her ample cleavage but even of her big tits themselves!
To add to her ordeal, the outfit was completed with a set of high heeled thigh high boots that were, as she found as soon as she put them on, a size too small for her. The job was obviously going to be a painful one as well as deeply humiliating for her!

The owner then picked up the case and disappeared into an office at the back of the shop. She was now wearing this barely decent ‘uniform’ and was supposed to greet and give presents to young children even though she felt the outfit made her look like a total slut!

Sighing inwardly, Linda prepared to welcome her first customers. The store opened its Mother Christmas promotion on a Friday and the customers were rather thin on the ground at first until, around 3.30, a sudden rush of mothers and young children arrived. Linda smiled at them sweetly and had her bag of presents at the ready.

She’d already suspected that it would be impossible for her to look decent wearing the sluttish outfit which the shop owner had made her wear. Most of the children were very young and Linda, a tall girl, found that she had to bend forward and down to talk to them. Naturally this gave them all a great view of her cleavage and even her large tits! Her short skirt also rode up at the back exposing her naked arse! Before long older kids started coming in to the shop, obviously having heard about the ‘exhibition’ she was putting on. Linda felt more and more humiliated but she kept on with her duties in spite of her growing embarrassment.

The older boys were particularly bad, since they didn’t just hang around in the hope of getting a free look at her exposed flesh but also came out with sexist comments like ‘great pair of tits, get your kit off and show us the lot.’ Linda blushed in her embarrassment but she soldiered on dutifully.

Then an obnoxious brother and sister aged about 12 and 13 years respectively came over to her with their parents. Linda smiled sweetly as they moaned about everything in the store and they both kept moving about which forced her to display herself as she had to move in her turn to deal with them. Eventually she was relieved to see them go with their presents which in her eyes they certainly hadn’t deserved.

A few minutes passed and then things started to go wrong for her. The family from hell came back and the mother complained even more loudly than the children.

‘You’re a thief!’ she shouted angrily. ‘Some Mother Christmas you are, stealing from kids and me.’

‘I don’t know what you’re talking about,’ said Linda truthfully.

Then the shop owner came over to see what all the fuss was about. She was accompanied by yet another butch lesbian woman who she told Linda grimly was the store detective.

‘Is everything all right?’ she asked the irate woman.

‘No, it fucking isn’t!’ she shouted. ‘This bitch has stolen something from us.’

‘What exactly seems to be missing?’

‘Well, there was some jewellery I had on, and an MP3 my daughter had, and a mobile phone my son had with him. They were all in our possession when we went in to see this bitch and now they’re missing. She’s obviously stolen them from us!’

‘Do you know anything about this, Linda?’ asked the store owner.

‘Of course not,’ she said angrily.

‘I’m almost certain I saw her stealing them,’ the child’s mother said, a cold look on her face.

‘I’m not a thief,’ Linda protested.

‘You lying bitch!’ the woman shouted. ‘I know it was you!’

The store owner turned to the detective and shrugged.

‘Well, there’s only one way to find out. We’ll have to search you, Linda.’

‘She can’t have had time to dump the stuff anywhere and I know she didn’t have her bag or anything like that with her when she was working so obviously it can only be on her person,’ the store owner said. ‘Of course, if you haven’t got it on you then obviously there’s been some sort of mistake. But we will have to make sure, won’t we?’

Linda, thoroughly angry and confused, nodded her agreement without really thinking. She was still fuming over how hostile the woman had been towards her.

‘Great, let’s strip the bitch here,’ the woman snarled. ‘It’s not as if she’s wearing much in the way of clothes as it is. I’m sure a slut like her is quite used to being seen naked in public anyway.’

It suddenly dawned on Linda that the woman wanted to strip her naked in front of all the customers in the shop as well as the owner and the store detective. She was about to protest when the owner smiled at her sweetly.

‘Well, if you’ve got nothing to hide, you’ve got nothing to worry about, have you? And you did just agree that if you didn’t have it on you that would mean you were innocent, didn’t you? There seems to be only one way to find out. Take your clothes off, Linda.’

Linda was furious as it looked as if yet again she was going to be forced to strip naked in full view of other people and probably given a humiliating cavity search as well. For once she was on the point of resisting when the detective, sensing her reluctance, gave her a cold look.

‘Of course, you signed a legally binding contract when you took this job and under its terms we have the right to strip search any company employee if we have reason to believe that they might have committed a crime. If you refuse to strip voluntarily, we will be forced to assume that you are hiding stolen property on your person and in those circumstances we can take off your clothes by force. So it’s your call – do you want to strip voluntarily or forcibly?’

Linda was horrified and extremely angry. Her so-called bosses were ordering her to take her clothes off in front of everyone and she saw the smile on the face of the woman who had accused her getting wider all the time. She was even angrier when she saw her kids smiling with anticipation.

‘Well, surely we could do this somewhere – well, less public?’ she asked desperately.

‘Absolutely not,’ said the store detective, a big grin now spreading over her face too. ‘When we’re strip searching a suspect we have to have witnesses. Anyway, these customers have the right to see that you’re being searched properly. After all, they’re the ones who claim you stole stuff from them.’

‘But I haven’t stolen anything!’ Linda protested.

‘The only way to prove that is if you take your clothes off,’ the store owner said quietly.

Linda was desperately unhappy about the situation but she could see no obvious way out of it.

‘Of course, we could just call the police and have them do it,’ said her female accuser.

With her criminal record, the last thing Linda wanted was to get the police involved. Even though she’d been sent to a juvenile detention on a trumped-up charge, she still knew that it was on her files and that the cops just wouldn’t take a sympathetic view of her situation at all.

‘Well, what about the kids?’ said Linda, clutching at straws. ‘Surely it isn’t right for me to be stripped naked in front of them?’

‘She’s got a point there,’ said the store owner. ‘We can’t have her doing it in front of any underage witnesses. That would be against the law.’

Reluctantly, the woman turned to her son and daughter.

‘OK, kids, run along. Don’t worry, I’ll tell you all about it later. And I’ll take photos for you to look at when we leave.’

Linda groaned inwardly but at least she wouldn’t have to be naked in front of the children. Not that she felt much better about stripping in front of a bunch of adults.

Once the kids had been ushered into another part of the shop, Linda, sighing heavily, took off her skirt and put it on the table. She was now standing there wearing just her see-through top but she did hope she’d be allowed to use her hands to cover up her modesty. Bitter experience ought to have taught her differently, of course. The detective ‘searched’ her skirt and then told her to take off her blouse as well. Linda, fuming, took off the blouse and handed it to the detective. She was now standing in front of the audience completely naked except for her high heeled boots. Her large tits were on display and she was angry and embarrassed. The woman and several other customers were watching the ‘show’ with obvious interest, as were the store owner and the store detective.

‘And your boots,’ the detective said.

She then made a pretence of searching her boots, just as she had done with her blouse and skirt. Linda was hoping that her ordeal was over at last but of course she should have known better.

‘Now let’s give her a full cavity search,’ said the woman customer. ‘A slut like that could easily have shoved it right up inside her.’

‘That’s true,’ the detective smiled. ‘OK, girl, spread your legs and stand up against the wall. I’m going to search your cunt for any contraband!’

Linda started to struggle as the dyke pushed her against the wall but it didn’t do her any good. She just got a couple of hard slaps round the face and another couple of smacks to her exposed arse. In spite of her resistance, she soon found herself pressed up against the wall, her legs spread obscenely wide and giving a great view of her cunt and arse to the appreciative audience of customers and shop staff!

Linda fumed inwardly as the detective’s fingers fumbled with the entrance to her cunt before going deeper inside, as slowly and intimately as possible. She was also furious with herself as she found, in spite of her anger and humiliation, that her cunt was getting wet as the dyke deliberately seemed to be trying to make her come! The woman customer laughed out loud as she saw Linda’s reaction.

‘Just look at that fucking slut!’ she said crudely. ‘See how wet her dirty little cunt is! She obviously fucking loves it!’

To Linda’s embarrassment, she heard a whole crowd of shoppers and staff laughing with her. By now even some male clients had entered the shop, probably alerted by friends and family to the ‘show’ she was giving for everyone against her will. Everyone was crowding round as close as possible and quite a few of them were taking pictures with digital cameras or mobile phones.

It seemed like forever to Linda before the detective finally removed her fingers. By then Linda had been forced to come twice in front of an appreciative audience, to her deep embarrassment.

‘Sorry, luv,’ she said, ‘couldn’t find anything up inside there. Other than the obvious, of course.’

The crowd laughed but the woman was not finished by a long way.

‘Call that a strip search? You hardly touched the bitch! Let me have a proper go at the whore!’

Linda was about to open her mouth to protest when the store owner laughed.

‘Well, I suppose a second opinion wouldn’t do any harm. After all, I suppose the customer making the complaint ought to have a right to search her as well!’

Linda fought back the tears that threatened to gush out from her eyes. She felt with a cold fury and a deep sense of humiliation a much deeper probing than the detective had inflicted upon her. The woman didn’t just use her fingers; she pushed her hand and even her arm up her cunt as far as she could make it go. Linda felt – with total disbelief and a hot anger – a sudden awareness that the ring on the woman’s finger and the bracelet from her arm that she had claimed to have lost were well in place on her finger and arm! The woman then withdrew from her most intimate regions, to Linda’s great relief, and the young girl hoped that her humiliating ordeal was finally over.

‘Well, I’ve just found my bracelet and my ring up there,’ she announced triumphantly. ‘I told you the fucking slut was a thief, didn’t I?’

Linda was about to protest when the woman pushed her back against the wall.

‘I’m not finished with you yet, you filthy whore!’ she shouted. ‘I’m going to look through your hair now.’

Linda remained standing against the wall while the woman made a pretence of searching her hair. Sure enough, she suddenly produced a mobile phone as if by magic from out of her long red hair.

‘That’s where she hid my son’s mobile!’ she announced gleefully. ‘Put your hands on your head. I’m going to search your armpits now.’

Linda was confident that even a professional magician couldn’t find the ‘missing’ MP3 player in her armpits and knew that this was just an extra way of degrading her. All the same, the tears were very close to tumbling out of her eyes by now.

After the woman finished ‘searching’ her armpits she turned her attention to the young girl’s tits.

‘She might have something taped to her tits,’ she commented. ‘Only one way to find out.’

Linda then had to submit to yet more humiliating probing, squeezing and even deliberately hard pinching of her sensitive tits and nipples. She was furious and determined not to give the woman the satisfaction of seeing her cry but the shame was bringing her close to the point of tears.

‘Only one place left to look,’ the woman smiled. ‘Got any rubber gloves?’

A pair were produced and the woman dug about, as painfully as possible, inside poor Linda’s arse. To the surprise of no one, she emerged clutching the ‘missing’ MP3 player.

‘What did I tell you?’ she smiled, giving a superior look at the store detective. ‘I found the jewellery up her cunt, the mobile in her hair and the MP3 up her arse. Maybe you ought to search suspects more thoroughly in future.’

‘I agree with you,’ the detective grinned. ‘We’ll institute a new more detailed search routine from now on.’

‘Well, what are we going to do about Linda?’ asked the store owner. ‘Do you want to press charges against her? I’ll call the police if you want.’

The woman gave a cold smile.

‘I don’t think that will be necessary. Maybe the best thing would be for her to just write out and sign a confession so that if she tries anything again she’ll be a repeat offender and the cops will throw the book at her. I also think she needs a good spanking. I’m happy to be the one that gives it to her. It’s your call, bitch. Do you want me to call the police or are you willing to sign a confession and submit to a bare-arsed spanking by me?’

Linda groaned inwardly. She was fucked whatever she did. With the time she’d spent in juvie and the other couple of previous trumped-up offences she already had a criminal record long enough to earn her at least a five-year stretch in prison if the woman pressed charges in spite of the fact that she was as innocent of this particular ‘offence’ as she had been of the others she’d been punished for!

‘I’ll do what you want,’ she said, swallowing hard. ‘I’ll sign a confession and take a spanking on my bare arse. Thank you for not pressing charges against me, ma’am. I’m very sorry.’

She knew that she had to humiliate herself before this woman and the audience of shoppers and staff because the alternative was too terrifying to contemplate. If her time in juvie had seemed like hell on earth, how much worse would an adult prison for women be?

The store owner looked at Linda sadly.

‘I’m afraid I’m going to have to sack you as well,’ she said. ‘I can’t have thieves working for me. You’ll have to go, Linda.’

‘Not necessarily,’ said the woman, with a cold smile on her face. ‘I think she’s learned her lesson and is going to behave properly in future. Aren’t you, cunt?’

‘Yes, ma’am, I promise to behave properly in future,’ a blushing Linda answered.

‘No, I’ve got a better idea,’ said the woman. ‘How much are you paying her, for a start?’

‘She gets £6 an hour for an eight-hour shift, five days a week.’

‘That’s far too much for a bimbo like her, especially when she’s also a thief and a fucking slut. I think you should cut her wages to £3 an hour and make her work longer hours as well. This store’s open 7 days a week, after all. Why shouldn’t she work every day of the week? And you open at 9 o’clock in the morning and don’t close till 9 at night. Why not make her work a 12-hour shift instead of an eight-hour one?’

‘Well, what about the security angle?’ the store owner protested.

‘Easy,’ the woman laughed. ‘Just search the bitch when she arrives, every time she takes a break, and before she goes home at night. That way you’ll be able to make sure she hasn’t managed to steal anything from you or hide any contraband on her person.’

‘I see,’ said the store owner, thoughtfully. ‘It might be difficult to get a replacement at such short notice, I suppose. And if we put improved security measures in place then we can stop her stealing in future. Yes, very well, I think I’ll accept your suggestion.’

Linda was fuming at the injustice of the whole thing but she was powerless to do anything about it. Meekly she stood by naked while the woman typed out and printed a ‘confession’ which the young girl was forced to sign.

‘Just one more thing,’ she smiled. ‘Bend over my knee while I give that fat arse of yours a fucking good spanking!’

Linda felt the pain as the woman spanked her arse really hard. She gave her a dozen really firm swots and her arse was very red indeed by the time she’d finished with the young girl.

‘OK, I’m done for now,’ she smiled. ‘Oh, by the way, my niece Kim sends her regards.’

Linda groaned as she realised that yet again her old enemies Mel and Kim had managed to nobble her and see to it that she received totally unjust punishment and humiliation.

‘Happy Christmas, Linda!’ the woman laughed, as she walked off and left her standing naked, in pain and utterly humiliated in front of a sizeable audience.

The store detective then spanked her hard on the arse as the young girl stared around her, baffled and utterly defeated.

‘Get back to work, you lazy fucking bitch!’ she said. ‘There’s a huge crowd of people out in the shop wanting to visit Mother Christmas. Just put your uniform back on and start working!’