Linda's Hotel Adventure
By the Bitchfinder General

At last I felt finally free from the terrible suffering of the last six years of my life. Free from the burden of my hated family, free from my tormentors at school, free from Mel and Kim who had made my life such a misery at college, and free from everything and everyone in the world. It was up to me now how I lived my life. I'd survived an unjust sentence in a young offenders' institution, and tried to earn an honest living working as a waitress in a cafe but even that had turned into yet another disaster. I'd done a variety of jobs in Aldminster which had all gone pearshaped somehow and I'd had enough of it by now. It was a nice enough place but after everything that had gone wrong it held too many unhappy memories. There was nothing at all to hold me there, least of all my family.

Now here I was in London, working as a chambermaid in a hotel round Paddington. It wasn't the best-paid job in the world but as I got free food and lodging as well I suppose I shouldn't complain. The work was boring but not that hard, to be honest.

I'd been working in the hotel for a month when disaster struck. I sussed out after the first few days that Winston, the black bellboy, was working a scam with some of the hotel guests, providing them with prostitutes and getting paid for setting the men up with the girls. Well, I didn't care what they got up too. It was none of my business and anyway the girls were all getting paid for what they did, weren't they? I bet NONE of them had suffered like I have over the last few years.

My name is Linda Marshall and I'm 18 years old. From the age of 12 I've been used, abused, humiliated, raped and even tortured by a variety of people, even my own family. Do you wonder that I've had enough of them all and just wanted to lead my own life in a big and anonymous city like London where almost everyone is a stranger?

Anyway, I was busy going about my business one day, just doing my job to make some bunce (like you do), and then, while I was cleaning up the bathroom in a guest's room, I heard the door open and two voices talking excitedly. I recognised Winston's voice at once but the other man had an obviously foreign accent. It sounded like Polish or Russian or something to me.

'OK, Winston, you send her up to me,' the man said in his broken English. 'I go out now for a moment and when I come back the girl is waiting for me.'

'She'll be there for you, Mr Zaitsev,' said Winston. 'You can rely on me.'

Then the door closed behind them, and I tried to finish up my cleaning quickly before this mysterious Mr Zaitsev came back. I started by making the bed and I was pretty quick but unfortunately not quick enough. It was less than a minute before the door opened again and he made his way back inside the room. I got to my feet and decided I'd better make my excuses. I knew the type of man who Winston got prostitutes for and I didn't fancy getting caught in his room alone with him.

Mr Zaitsev obviously misunderstood the situation because he looked me up and down with the obvious signs of sexual interest in me that I'd come to dread over the years.

'Sorry, sir, I was just cleaning your room,' I said. 'I didn't realise you'd come in.'

He gave a quick laugh when I said that.

'An interesting story,' he said. 'Please wait for a moment while I make a phone call.'

I was very reluctant to stay any longer but I didn't want to be rude to a guest - especially one who was not only obviously wealthy but also in the habit of hiring prostitutes. I was nervous about what he might do but on the other hand Winston had arranged a girl for him, hadn't he? She'd probably turn up any minute now and I could leave with no harm done.

I heard the door open and three men walked in. I immediately got ready to leave but to my utter astonishment Mr Zaitsev grabbed me and threw me on the bed. Before I had a chance to object the other men started talking excitedly in Russian. Then Mr Zaitsev reached down below my uniform and pulled off my knickers, stuffing them in my mouth and handcuffing my wrists behind my back.

My God, I thought, these idiots think that I'M the prostitute Winston has organised for them! And now I can't even call for help to get me out of this situation. Fucking hell, why does it always happen to ME?

I tried to struggle on the bed but Mr Zaitsev and his friends were too strong for me, especially as I was bound and cuffed. Mr Zaitsev looked at me with a huge grin and then spanked me quite hard on my now exposed arse.

'You're the best one yet,' he told me. 'I'm very pleased with Winston for bringing me a girl who's as beautiful as you.'

He ripped off my uniform and removed every stitch of clothing from me. I lay helpless on the bed, naked, bound and gagged. Zaitsev grabbed my tits and squeezed them hard. Oh dear God, I thought, they don't just want to fuck me - they want to HURT me!

The next thing I knew the bastard was trying to stick his finger up my arse. I tried to keep my arse cheeks shut as tight as possible and he laughed.

'Not had a nice stiff cock up your arse yet, have we? Well, we will soon change that.'

As a matter of fact I'd had a lot which was another reason I DIDN'T want to repeat the hellish experience - especially with a bunch of psychos who thought I was a prostitute. Fuck me, how was I going to get out of this one?

The next thing I knew was the fucking bastard was spanking my arse. Pretty fucking hard and all - he was really hurting me.

After that his mates came in. Everything became a bit of a blur as they took it in turns to rape me up the cunt, up the arse and in my mouth. I swallowed a lot of spunk and felt all three of my holes being flooded with their hateful seed. Tears filled my eyes but of course they were completely ignored.

When they'd finished fucking me they took it in turns to wallop my arse with leather belts and hairbrushes and stuff like that. I was whipped on my arse, my belly, my tits and even up my cunt. I was so sore and in so much pain I thought I might pass out but the bastards seemed to be clever enough to take me almost to the limit of my endurance and then stop.

I don't know how I'd ever have survived that day or what else they might have got up to if by a miracle Winston hadn't happened to knock on the door while all this was going on. Zaitsev answered it and the face of the black bell-boy fell as he saw that his 'customers' had mistaken me for the hooker they'd been expecting. He stood there with another young girl but beckoned to Zaitsev to come outside.

'What you doing, man?' he whispered urgently. 'THIS is the girl I fixed up for you. You and your mates are raping one of the hotel chambermaids and there'll be hell to pay. This girl isn't a whore - she's one of our staff. Christ, the cops will be after all of us. You'd better let her go at once and give me an extra couple of hundred to keep her quiet.'

Even though they were talking quietly I could still hear them on the other side of the door. An obviously pissed off Zaitsev came back in the room and spoke quickly in Russian to his mates.

The next thing I knew I was being set free and ordered to get dressed. Winston grabbed me and shepherded me into the staff room.

'Christ, Linda, I didn't think they'd be that fucking stupid,' he said.

I gazed at him through my tears and felt the anger rising up deep inside me.

'They raped me,' I said quietly. 'They're going to have to pay for doing that to me.'

'Look, let's not be hasty,' he said. 'I'll make it worth your while to keep quiet about the whole thing.'

'How much did they pay you, Winston?'

'What the fuck? Look, here's a couple of hundred they gave me.'

'Bollocks. You got a fuck sight more than that for what THOSE bastards had in mind. Give, Winston, or it's your arse on the line as well as theirs.'

He sighed and handed over a crisp wad of notes. I counted them out and saw that they came to a total of a neat thousand.

'I'll take those off your hands, Winston,' I said quietly. 'Unless of course you want me to go and roust out the Old Bill.'

'For fuck's sake, leave them out of it,' he said urgently. 'Keep the fucking money. There'll be other girls.'

'Maybe so, but I won't be one of them. Goodbye, Winston. I think I'm just resigning from the hotel business.'

I thought that, even though it had been nasty, painful, and degrading, at least I'd managed to get a grand out of the thing. I'd have to get myself checked out for STDs and stuff but at least it would be better than nothing.

It wasn't till I tried to bank a few of the notes later that day that I found out the fucking bastards had paid him in forged money!