Accident Prone Linda Stories   
  
by the Bitchfinder General   
  
Linda's Shopping Trip   
  
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Synopsis: Linda Marshall goes on a shopping trip that, as usual, ends up going disastrously wrong for her.   
  
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Linda Marshall was still working as a waitress at the cafe, a job that she hated but at least she was earning some money from it, even if her pay had been cut after Yvonne and Naomi had set her up on a fake charge of stealing. She had been saving up her money and finally had enough to go into town for a little retail therapy.   
  
It was Sunday afternoon, and she was in the town centre, checking out the clothes shops. Even though her life continued to be mainly a long session of utter misery at least the new job had given her a relative degree of independence and freedom. She was really looking forward to spending her hard-earned money on some nice clothes to cheer her up.   
  
Linda wandered up and down the high street, gazing at the various shops on offer. In the end she decided to go into one that had good quality gear on display but which, to judge from the prices, looked as if they might be inside her limited budget.   
  
She looked at the clothes on display and soon saw that there were lots of garments there which she liked. Taking her time, she made a number of visits to the fitting rooms, trying on one after another of the tempting costumes on offer.   
  
Linda was a nice girl but she was so naive that she constantly got into trouble and was always being blamed for things that she hadn't done and even things that other people had done. All the same, she just never seemed to learn. Careful though she was trying to be, she just seemed to be completely lacking in any sense of danger.   
  
Completely unknown to her, she had been 'shadowed' from the moment of her arrival in the town by two young black girls. Tall for her age, standing at 5ft 9 inches, and also quite well-developed, she knew from bitter experience that men found her attractive. Unfortunately, instead of her looks bringing her a loving relationship with a caring boyfriend, they only seemed to get her into trouble.   
  
Standing next to her in the shop were two young black girls, one aged 15 and the other 16. Unknown to her, they were two sisters, Gloria and Tyra Hudson. They had been following Linda the whole time she had been in Aldminster and they now took the opportunity to help themselves to some small but expensive items of clothes. Taking good care to look as suspicious as possible, they managed to catch the attention of the security guard. Seeing him watching them, they took the opportunity to stuff the stolen goods into Linda's bag and walk away quickly. The guard, immediately noticing the operation, immediately assumed that the three girls were working as a team and that Linda, who was obviously older than the other two, must be the ringleader.   
  
He waited until Linda stopped her lengthy session of window-shopping and visiting the fitting rooms and quietly began moving towards her. Just as she was walking out of the door, an alarm sounded and the security guard grabbed her by the arm.   
  
'Come with me, please,' he said quietly.   
  
Oh God, not again, thought a desperate Linda. It must be a mistake, surely.   
  
The guard led her back into the shop, taking her into an office at the back. To her surprise she saw the two black girls already there, and before long the manager of the shop arrived.   
  
'These three have been nicking stuff from the store,' said the guard. 'I was watching them and when they thought no one was looking they stuffed some gear into this one's bag.'   
  
To her horror he pointed straight at an astonished Linda.   
  
'The three of them were obviously working together and that one' - he pointed to Linda yet again - 'is obviously the ringleader.'   
  
'But... but I haven't done anything,' Linda protested.   
  
'Yeah, right,' the guard sneered. 'Put your bag on the table and we'll take a look.'   
  
Linda handed over her bag and to her horror she saw several expensive items of clothing coming out of it.   
  
'But... but I didn't put them there,' she gasped. 'Someone else must have planted them on me.'   
  
'Planted!' the guard sneered. 'I watched your accomplices putting them in your bag.'   
  
'What? What accomplices? I don't know what you're talking about!'   
  
'Your two mates here,' said the guard, a sarcastic expression on his face as he pointed to the black girls.   
  
'But... but I don't even know who they are! I've never seen them before in my life!'   
  
Gloria and Tyra, however, had been planning the whole thing from the moment of Linda's arrival in Aldminster. They began the strategy of digging Linda deeper into a hole and knowing that they would probably be able to get away with nothing more than a caution if they pretended to be young and innocent girls corrupted by an older and more experienced criminal.   
  
'Oh, what?' Gloria protested. 'Don't try and make out you don't know us. I mean, it was you who told us what you'd got planned and asked us to help you out by acting as a diversion. You even told us you'd give us some extra money for playing decoy for you.'   
  
'But I've never seen you before,' protested Linda. 'I'm not likely to know your sort, am I?'   
  
That was her second mistake. The girls had already intended to get her into trouble by staging a fake theft and making Linda take the blame. Now her tactless remark had really made them angry and determined to make things even worse for her if possible.   
  
'What do you mean, our sort?' Tyra said angrily. 'You ain't no better than us, are you? After all, the whole caper was YOUR idea, not ours. Don't forget that - Lin.'   
  
Linda was astonished to hear the girl addressing her as 'Lin,' a pet form of her name that only her few friends ever used. How could she know her name? Before she had a chance to think, Gloria went on the attack.   
  
'That's pretty ungrateful of you, Lin, trying to drop us in it when we wouldn't even have done it if it weren't for you telling us how we could make some easy money.'   
  
Linda stared at the two girls in disbelief. Somehow, even though she didn't know them, they knew her and had obviously planned the whole thing as a set-up.   
  
'Take a look in her bag,' Tyra added. 'There should be some sort of ID in there. Her name's Linda Marshall but she likes being called Lin.'   
  
The guard rummaged in the bag and found Linda's bus pass which contained the incriminating information the girls had supplied.   
  
'OK, I've heard enough,' said the manager. 'Right, Linda or Lin or whatever your name is, here's a copy of the security tape. Take a look at it and tell me you weren't in league with these other two girls after that.'   
  
Linda stared in amazement and horror as she clearly saw Tyra and Gloria stealing clothes and putting them into her bag. Even she had to admit that it really DID look as if it had been planned between the three of them. Once again poor Linda was in serious trouble.   
  
'Well, girl, what are we going to do with you?' said the manager. 'Shall we call the police and have you arrested and charged with shoplifting?'   
  
'Right now there's been a lot of thieving in Aldminster. The courts are cracking down hard on it and especially juvenile crime. They want to hand out stiff penalties to deter other youngsters from carrying on like you've been doing,' said the guard, an unpleasant grin on his face. 'You'll go down for certain - and under the new laws shoplifting carries a minimum 2-year sentence. How do you fancy spending 2 to 5 years in the nick?'   
  
Linda's face went pale at the prospect. She knew how bad prison regimes were following the new tough laws introduced by the government and the thought of facing a MINIMUM of two years in prison terrified her.   
  
'But... but if it came to trial I could explain... I could...'   
  
'Explain what?' said the manager, an open sneer on his face. 'That security tape is conclusive proof of your guilt. And, of course, since your accomplices have already admitted that YOU were the ringleader and that they acted under your instructions, and that I'm sure they've learned their lesson and would be willing to testify against you in court, and that since defendants are now presumed guilty unless THEY can prove their INNOCENCE, and since a not guilty plea which results in a conviction leads to an INCREASED sentence, and since if your two accomplices testify against you they'll get a suspended sentence or community service, you might as well just own up and admit your guilt.'   
  
'But... but I didn't do anything... I've been framed!' she shouted angrily.   
  
The manager turned to the two black girls. He was virtually certain of how they would reply but he still had to make absolutely certain of their co-operation.   
  
'So, girls, are you willing to testify in court against her?'   
  
'Sorry, Lin,' said Gloria. 'I knew I shouldn't have listened to you but when you promised us all that money I got tempted. I'll tell the truth about her in court.'   
  
'Yeah, and calling us 'our sort' really did hurt me, Lin,' Tyra added. 'I thought we was all mates. I never reckoned you was going to try and drop US in it when it was you what planned the whole thing all along.'   
  
'And, of course,' the manager added, 'nowadays we've dispensed with trial by jury, and in any case minor cases like this are tried by a single magistrate. With the evidence of my security guard, the CCTV footage, and the testimony of your own accomplices, you'll definitely get 5 years if you go to court and plead not guilty.'   
  
Linda sighed. The only ray of hope was the fact that he'd used the words 'if you go to court.' Did that mean that maybe he wouldn't actually prosecute her after all?   
  
'Excuse me, please, sir,' she said hesitantly. 'I wonder if there was some way we could avoid all this going to court, please?'   
  
'Hm,' said the manager. 'I suppose it MIGHT be possible. Of course it would mean that you'd have to accept some other form of punishment instead. Would you be willing to do that, girl?'   
  
'Yes, please, sir,' said an increasingly frantic Linda.   
  
'Well, I wouldn't get too enthusiastic about the idea,' he said, a cruel smile playing over his face. 'You haven't heard what my punishment would be yet. What I am willing to offer you is a second chance but only if you agree to submit to a good hard spanking. Your punishment will of course be witnessed by your accomplices so that they realise how wrong of them it was to allow themselves to be led astray and corrupted by you. I am sure that will act as a salutary deterrent upon both of them and possibly even on yourself. Are you willing to be spanked in front of all those present in this room now?'   
  
Linda sighed. She knew that she had been set up but she also knew that she had no alternative to accepting the punishment. The idea of 5 years in prison was too awful to contemplate. And she'd had so much experience of being caned and spanked over the last few years that she had almost become hardened to it.   
  
'Very well, sir,' she said reluctantly. 'Thank you for your leniency towards me.'   
  
'Of course,' the manager added, 'we'll need you to sign a full confession and we'll keep it on file just in case we ever run across you again.'   
  
'Yes, sir,' said Linda, groaning at the prospect of having to sign yet another bogus confession.   
  
Reluctantly she waited while the manager typed up a 'confession' which he then handed to her for her signature. Linda was about to sign it without even reading it when he stopped her abruptly.   
  
'Read it aloud for the benefit of all of us,' he said shortly.   
  
Sighing inwardly, Linda read the bogus confession aloud.   
  
'I, Linda Marshall, hereby declare that I entered this store with the express intention of stealing clothes from it. I recruited two innocent young girls as my accomplices and the entire scheme was my own plan. I apologise both for my own criminal behaviour and for deliberately corrupting two young girls with unblemished characters.'   
  
Gloria and Tyra had huge grins on their faces when they heard Linda reading aloud the words of her 'confession.' Their plan was working like a treat!   
  
'OK, sign it,' the manager ordered.   
  
Linda did so at once.   
  
'The store will be closing in half an hour,' he told her, 'and when it does we're going to start your punishment. Before that, though, we're going to strip search you. You made several visits to our fitting rooms and so of course we need to make sure that you haven't stolen any more of our clothes while you were in there.'   
  
Linda groaned inwardly yet again but by now she had become used to enforced nudity and to the use of strip-searches as methods of humiliating her. She started to take off her skirt.   
  
Gloria and Tyra were really enjoying themselves by now. Not only had they managed to get away with nicking stuff and planting it on Linda, but they were obviously not even going to get charged with anything. The only punishment was going to be for the stuck-up Linda! They grinned at each other as they looked forward to seeing her getting a good hiding in front of them!   
  
The manager pointed to a large crate and made Linda put her skirt in that. She stood there in her red jacket, white blouse, white bra, lace knickers, black tights and brown shoes, mentally gearing herself up for what she knew would be yet another dose of humiliation for her.   
  
'Now your jacket,' said the manager.   
  
Linda took it off quickly and it joined her skirt in the crate on the desk in his office.   
  
'Shoes next.'   
  
Linda took off her shoes and put them in the crate with her other clothes. She was now standing in front of the manager, the security guard and the two black girls dressed only in her blouse, tights, bra and knickers.   
  
'Now take off your blouse.'   
  
Linda removed her blouse quickly and put it in the crate with her other clothes. She was now down to just her tights, bra and knickers.   
  
'Now pull your knickers down to your ankles so I can begin spanking you,' said the manager sternly.   
  
Linda rolled down her knickers and waited for further instructions. The manager and guard then took it in turns to come in close and feel her up through her bra. Gloria and Tyra were laughing out loud now, not even attempting to conceal their amusement at the ordeal poor Linda was being forced to undergo.   
  
'Now bend over my lap,' the manager ordered.   
  
Linda obeyed at once, her delighted audience getting a good view of her somewhat large arse. She half-wished she'd decided to risk the magistrate but with her luck she would have ended up with a 5 year sentence. Anyway, she consoled herself, he was only going to spank her. She'd had more spankings than hot dinners over the last few years so one more wasn't going to make that much difference. The open laughter and giggling from the black girls both infuriated her and made her feel even more humiliated by her situation than she already was, but there was nothing at all she could do about it.   
  
Just as she had braced herself for the onset of the spanking, her humiliation deepened still more when a young lad about 19 entered the office.   
  
'Can we close up now?' he began, and then stopped dead in his tracks. 'Oh, what's up, sir?'   
  
He could clearly see Linda over the manager's lap, naked except for her bra and tights.   
  
'This bitch thought she'd come to our shop and steal from us, that's what. We've come to an arrangement after she was arrested. In return for not prosecuting her, she's agreed to let us impose our own punishment on her. I'm just going to give her a good hard spanking.'   
  
'Wow, that's amazing, sir,' the young boy said. 'I bet that'll make her realise that crime doesn't pay. Can I come and watch after we've closed up the shop?'   
  
'Why not?' the manager smiled. 'In fact, invite all the staff in to watch this thief getting a dose of just punishment for her criminal behaviour.'   
  
'I'll just go and lock up and tell them all to come in her double quick,' said the young man, who was obviously excited at the prospect of seeing a semi-nude woman being publicly spanked.   
  
Linda, growing more and more embarrassed as the wait continued, was now faced with a much larger audience than she had originally anticipated. One by one the rest of the staff came in. The young lad was quickest off the mark, followed by a couple of girls who looked about 18 or 19, a couple of women in their twenties, and a couple of men in their twenties. She was now going to be spanked in front of a total of eleven people, including the two black girls who had caused her all the trouble in the first place.   
  
When the audience had assembled, the manager began his task of 'punishing' her. His first blow landed squarely on her right arse cheek, and it was hard and true. She managed to stop herself from crying out but it had stung her all the same. The second blow was aimed at her left cheek, and that was as hard and firm as the first. The manager varied the timing and the positioning of his blows and by the time he'd given her half a dozen swots her arse was really sore. Linda had been spanked a lot over the last few years but this guy was obviously an expert because he was hurting her far more than most of the other people who had spanked her arse.   
  
She was furious about the fact that the two black girls who had set her up for this in the first place were watching her ordeal with obvious enjoyment. She tried to use her anger at them as a way of controlling her instinctive desire to cry out. She managed to hold on long enough to survive the twenty smacks the manager had given her in total.   
  
'Well, bitch, are you sorry for what you've done?' he asked her.   
  
Linda wanted to rub her arse but she knew that was impossible. She knew that she ought to just say that she was but the fact that the two black girls who had set her up were watching her ordeal with such obvious relish made her reckless.   
  
'Why should I be?' she said angrily. 'I didn't do anything - it was those two bitches over there.'   
  
'Why, Lin,' said Tyra, 'how can you say that? You know it was all your idea for us to go out on the rob and you even told us to go to this particular store because the gear here was so good.'   
  
'I don't think you're sorry at all,' said the manager, angrily shouting at her. 'I really don't think you HAVE learned your lesson.'   
  
'Me neither,' said Tyra. 'You obviously haven't punished her enough yet.'   
  
Linda just gave the girl a cold gaze, but then Gloria put in her two pennysworth.   
  
'I reckon you ought to make her take everything off,' she said, a big grin on her face. 'After all, you haven't even finished strip-searching her completely, have you? She might have stuffed stuff up her bra. Or even her tights or knickers.'   
  
'Good point,' said the manager. 'Now get those fucking knickers off at once, bitch!'   
  
'Yes, sir,' said Linda wearily.   
  
She stood up and took off her knickers, putting them in the crate with the rest of her clothes.   
  
'Now your tights.'   
  
Linda took them off and put them in the crate as well. She was acutely aware that everyone in the room was directing their gaze at her exposed cunt.   
  
'Now spread your legs,' the manager commanded. 'As wide as possible.'   
  
Linda spread her legs and waited for her ordeal to continue.   
  
'Now take off your bra. Let's have a good look at your tits.'   
  
Linda unhooked it and put it in the crate with the rest of her clothes. She stood there waiting for yet more humiliation.   
  
'Now spread your legs again. Wider this time.'   
  
The manager then proceeded to finger her snatch and Linda almost groaned from the combined effects of humiliation and arousal. He withdrew his fingers just as she was feeling the beginnings of a climax that was so cruelly and suddenly denied her.   
  
'Fucking slut!' he said angrily. 'Not just a thief, are you? You're a total fucking whore as well!'   
  
After the manager moved away, the guard had his turn, and then every member of staff in turn repeated the procedure. Linda was stunned by the mixture of humiliation and arousal and she was almost slipping away into a twilight world under the effects of the heady combination.   
  
'OK, girls,' he said, turning to Gloria and Tyra. 'Your turn now.'   
  
Gleefully they toyed with poor Linda's cunt, deliberately taking her to the edge of orgasm and yet denying her the climax she so longed for.   
  
Finally the manager grew tired of this particular method of humiliation. Instead he turned to the guard and ordered him to give her half a dozen swots on her naked arse. The guard hit about as hard as the manager but less skilfully. Linda was glad when he finally ordered her to get up but he had not hurt her anywhere near as much as the manager had.   
  
One by one the staff took their turn at administering half a dozen smacks to her poor defenceless arse. Linda gritted her teeth and still refused to cry out or complain.   
  
'Are you sorry for what you did, bitch?' the manager asked sternly.   
  
'She doesn't look at all sorry to me,' said Tyra, a big grin on her face.   
  
'We would if it was us, of course,' added Gloria, trying to play the part of an injured innocent who had been corrupted by an older girl.   
  
'I think you're right,' said the manager. 'Maybe the two of you ought to give her half a dozen swots on her arse yourself.'   
  
Linda fumed at the audacity of the two girls who had set her up now being able to spank her arse themselves with impunity while she, who had done nothing, could only grimace and endure her punishment. By now she had already received eighty hard smacks on her naked and unprotected arse and it was as sore as anything.   
  
'OK, bitch, are you sorry for what you did?' asked the manager sternly.   
  
'Yes, sir,' Linda muttered weakly.   
  
'Good,' he said. 'I hope that what you saw here today has discouraged you two young ladies from following a life of crime,' he added, looking hard at Gloria and Tyra.   
  
With some difficulty they managed to stop themselves laughing, which is more than they had been able to do throughout Linda's punishment.   
  
'Now then,' said the manager, turning to the security guard, 'go and take her clothes away and check them against our stock. We need to be sure she hasn't stolen anything else from us.'   
  
Linda waited in resignation for the guard to go and check her clothes against the stock held in the store. Of course she knew that none of them belonged to the shop and it was just another way of humiliating her, but she was at least confident that her ordeal was finally over at last.   
  
'OK, girls, you can go now,' the manager told Gloria and Tyra. 'And let what happened to her be a warning to both of you.'   
  
'Yes, sir,' they said quickly, barely able to control their giggles. 'Can we just have a quick word with Lin here?'   
  
'Very well,' he said.   
  
Gloria whispered in Linda's ear.   
  
'Mel and Kim send their regards.'   
  
Linda winced with anger but was not surprised to hear that her old enemies were at the bottom of the whole thing.   
  
The manager then dismissed the rest of the staff and waited for the return of the security guard.   
  
'Well?' he asked.   
  
'Sorry, sir, the stock-room's closed now and the computer's been switched off for the night. I'm afraid there's no way of checking out her clothes against our stock until tomorrow morning.'   
  
'I see,' said the manager. 'Well, in that case I've got no alternative. I'll have to impound the clothes and check them out tomorrow morning when the computer's up and running again.'   
  
'But how am I going to get home?' Linda wailed. 'I'm naked!'   
  
'Yes, you are,' he smiled. 'And that's entirely your own fault, young woman. Now then, you've got two choices. You can either give me a number to ring and I'll call someone to come and collect you or you can make your own way home. How far away do you live?'   
  
'About two miles,' Linda groaned.   
  
'Well, maybe I should call your father or mother to come and pick you up,' he suggested.   
  
'They're away on holiday for two weeks,' said Linda, almost in relief.   
  
'Anyone else who could come and collect you?'   
  
'Not really, sir,' she almost mumbled in embarrassment.   
  
The last thing she wanted was either her landlord or somebody from the cafe coming to pick her up, hearing about her latest 'exploits' and 'earning' herself goodness knoww what 'punishment.'   
  
'Oh well, you'll have to find your own way home then, won't you?' he smiled. 'Let's see, it's half past six now. If you're lucky you might be able to get there undetected. Two miles away, you said?   
Well, here's your purse. I presume your keys are inside it. Try to keep a low profile. We've had a bit of a problem with prostitution in Aldminster lately and if you get picked up looking like this you'll probably get charged with that as well as indecent exposure. Good luck!'   
  
Linda groaned but knew that she had no choice. Horrific though the prospect of walking naked for two miles and trying to slip into her room undetected was, the alternative was even worse. It was a chance against a certainty, and Linda decided to risk her luck.   
  
'If we find that your clothes didn't come from our shop you can have them back, of course. You can come in and collect them - under strict supervision, of course - and that will be the end of it. Oh, and by the way, you're banned from ever coming in this shop again. Well, fuck off, then, bitch!' he said coldly.   
  
He cruelly let her out by the front door rather than the rear entrance of the shop. Linda tried to slink away into corners, looking for concealment and a way to make her return to school without attracting too much attention. Yet another day had gone disastrously wrong for her - and she still had to find a way of getting back home, completely naked, without being arrested for indecent exposure and prostitution!   
  
Outside in the cold air, Linda, naked, sore and utterly humiliated, finally let go of the tears she had been holding back for so long.