Linda at Riding School   
By the Bitchfinder General   
  
  
Chapter 1. Another trumped-up charge   
  
Linda Marshall was eighteen years old. Six years of hell had led her to expect the worst from life and in particular to anticipate that she would sooner or later end up being used, abused, degraded and subjected to severe levels of pain at the hands of both men and women. She hoped at least that her new job helping out at the Aldminster Riding School would be an improvement on the previous ones, all of which had ended disastrously for her.   
  
Things had started out reasonably well. She had quickly taken a liking to the horses and she enjoyed grooming them and looking after their welfare. She didn't even mind 'mucking out' the stables which was basically shovelling up horseshit and laying down clean straw for them.   
  
Linda had been working at the school for three months without any serious problems when the owners decided to sell up. The new owners seemed very different from the kindly family who had given her the job in the first place, another favour that Sylvia Roberts had done for Linda following her disastrous spell as a hotel chambermaid.   
  
The family that were running the riding school now were typically nouveau rich types. The mother was a real Essex girl and her 21-year old daughter was even worse. The 18-year old son also made it quite obvious that he fancied Linda and she just hoped that yet another job wasn't about to go pearshaped on her.   
  
Beyond the obviously lascivious looks from the young man and the sarcastic comments from the mother and daughter, nothing serious happened to Linda for the next couple of weeks. Then, on a day when she'd been tending to the welfare of the prize horse in the stables, disaster struck.   
  
'Well, Linda,' said Mrs Norris, 'I'm very disappointed in you. Of course the previous owners did warn me about your criminal record but since you weren't in any trouble while they were running the school I thought you must have mended your ways. I can see that I was wrong. You've been stealing money from us on a regular basis.'   
  
'And that's not all,' said Katie, the young daughter. 'I've had several complaints about your cruel treatment of the horses. I think it's disgusting hurting poor sweet animals like that!'   
  
'And,' Eric the son added, 'it seems that many customers aren't satisfied with either the level of service you provide or with your manners. Apparently you've been rude to several of our very best clients and we can't have that.'   
  
'Absolutely not,' said Mrs Norris. 'This school's got a reputation throughout Hampshire and we can't allow your bad behaviour to jeopardise that. Quite apart from the fact that you've stolen money from us as well!'   
  
Linda stared at the trio of her accusers in total disbelief. She threw down the pail in her hand and started to walk away. This time she was NOT going to allow herself to be punished unjustly for something she hadn't done.   
  
'Where do you think you're going, girl?' asked Mrs Norris angrily. 'I haven't finished with you yet - not by a long chalk. So just stay where you are till I say you can go.'   
  
'I haven't taken any money,' said Linda, equally angrily. 'I love the horses and would NEVER hurt a hair of their heads. And I HAVEN'T been rude to customers either. If you're not happy with me, I'll just go. I'm not staying in a place where I get falsely accused of stuff I haven't done. Goodbye!'   
  
'Not so fast,' said Mrs Norris. 'I've been making enquiries about you and I've discovered that you've got a criminal record. A spell in approved school and a stretch in a young offenders' institution as well. Who do you think the police will believe - you or me?'   
  
Linda sighed. Once again her past was coming back to haunt her. Even though she had been unjustly convicted and sentenced to approved school and an even more hellish time in a young offenders' institution she knew that the law wouldn't see it that way.   
  
'Well, if you won't let me resign, just fire me,' she said firmly. 'All the things you've accused me of doing here are total bullshit and you know it. I'd NEVER hurt any of the horses and I HAVEN'T been rude to the customers OR stolen any money. So I'll just walk out of here and that'll be the end of it.'   
  
'Oh no, you don't,' said Mrs Norris. 'I'm in two minds whether or not to call the police and have you arrested. Let's see, you'd get five years minimum for theft and another five minimum for cruelty to animals. That's a minimum of ten years in prison and with your previous record it's more likely the court would see you as a habitual criminal and give you twenty years.'   
  
Linda turned pale when she said that. Oh God, I just can't face the thought of twenty years in one of the new hell-holes they call prisons. They were bad enough before but with these new laws the prisons have turned into a total nightmare.   
  
'Are you offering me an alternative?' she said finally.   
  
'Well, I don't want to completely ruin your life when you're still young and you just might have a chance of turning back to the straight and narrow,' said Mrs Norris. 'What I have in mind is what you might call a course of training. A series of attitude adjustment lessons, you might say.'   
  
'So what would I have to do?' asked Linda wearily.   
  
'Well, for starters you can treat everyone around here with more respect. Say please and thank you all the time, call the customers sir and madam and stuff like that.'   
  
'OK.'   
  
'Then, of course, there's the question of how you ought to be punished for all the things you've done wrong since you've been here. I've come up with a few ideas but of course I'm not sure if the rest of the family has any other suggestions.'   
  
'What ideas do you mean?'   
  
'I think, considering you've stolen money from us, you should have your hours increased from your present 8-hour day to a 12-hour one and your present 5-day week to a 7-day one. You should also have your pay cut by half.'   
  
'OK,' said Linda, thoroughly fed up but knowing she was beaten.   
  
'And since we can't trust you any more, we're going to insist that you get strip-searched every day when you finish work. In fact, Linda, take your clothes off NOW so we can examine you and see if you're hiding anything else that doesn't belong to you!'   
  
Linda sighed but did as she was told. She began by taking off her boots and then the leggings she wore underneath. The whole family was watching her eagerly and thoroughly enjoying her ordeal.   
  
She then took off her jacket, her jumper and blouse. She was now standing before them wearing only her bra and knickers.   
  
'And the rest,' said Mrs Norris cruelly.   
  
Linda unclasped her bra and let it fall onto the soft earth. She then stepped out of her knickers and stood before them completely naked.   
  
'That's better,' said Mrs Norris. 'We'll all take it in turns to strip search you. Mr Norris will begin.'   
  
Linda groaned inwardly as she felt the invasive hands of her boss exploring her body. She knew that he was only taking advantage of a trumped-up charge to feel her up but there was nothing she could do about it. All she could do was to stand there naked while he groped and fondled her in the most intimate and humiliating manner.   
  
The son and daugher then took their turn and Mrs Norris finally had her own go at 'searching' her for the mythical stolen money. When she'd finished the daughter Katie raised another point.   
  
'Well, she isn't hiding anything there, that's for sure. On the other hand, what are we going to do about her being cruel to the horses? I've got an idea.'   
  
'What's that, Katie?' Mrs Norris smiled.   
  
'I think we should horsewhip her,' said Katie with a grin.   
  
Dear God, not that! Linda almost cried out with the anticipation of the pain a horsewhipping would bring.   
  
'An excellent idea,' said Mrs Norris. 'Let's secure her wrists to the rafters overhead and I'll go and fetch a whip.'   
  
'Please, no,' Linda protested weakly, but to no avail.   
  
'Shut the fuck up, bitch!' said Mrs Norris angrily. 'You can take the whipping and a week's notice without any pay or I'll call the police and you'll get a lot worse than what we'll do to you.'   
  
Linda's eyes filled with tears. Once again she was being punished completely unjustly, standing naked in front of her employers and about to be thrashed with a horsewhip. I've had enough of Aldminster, she thought. I'm getting out of here for good and never coming back.   
  
Then she was strung up from the rafters and all four of them took it in turns to lash her cruelly with a horsewhip. She was beaten on her arse, her back, her belly, her tits and even her cunt felt the lash. By the time they'd finished with her she'd screamed loudly enough to rouse the countryside for miles around.   
  
'Let that be a lesson to you, girl,' said Mrs Norris with a cruel smile. 'Now fuck off and don't come back here ever again!'   
  
'No, ma'am,' a sobbing Linda replied, grabbing desperately for her clothes and making her way out of the riding school.