**Linda and the Beauty Contest**
By the Bitchfinder General

Linda Marshall had always been extremely proud of her large breasts. Even though they had often resulted in unwelcome male attention, she remained pleased that she had them and knew that they were one - or more accurately perhaps, two! - of her best features.

Vanity and arrogance were two of Linda's worst vices, along with her sometimes explosive temper. In spite of her good looks - she was a beautiful girl - she hadn't had that many boyfriends and most of the ones she'd had - well, they just hadn't worked out.

Right now Linda was once again between boyfriends. She didn't have that many female friends either but two of the few she did have were Eve and Petra. Both were pretty but neither was in Linda's class as a true beauty.

It was Friday morning at work. Linda was becoming more and more anxious as the weekend loomed and yet again she'd be spending her time alone and with no one wanting to take her out or treat her like the lady she longed to be.

Then, at lunchtime, Eve came into her office and smiled.

'Hey, Linda, how are you?'

'OK, thanks. And you?'

'Oh, I'm just fine. Look, me and Petra have been talking. We both know how fed up you are with your life lately and we think you might enjoy something we've got lined up for the weekend.'

'What's that?' asked Linda, curiously.

'Oh, it's a beauty contest,' Eve laughed. 'It's the annual Miss Aldminster competition and we both think you ought to enter for it.'

'Thanks, Eve, but I don't think so,' said Linda at once. 'I've had too many bad experiences with that sort of thing. Anyway, I'm too fat. They only pick models who look like stick insects!'

Linda was very sensitive about her weight. Even though, at 5ft 11 inches tall, she could carry her figure off better than most girls, she DID have a larger than average frame and she was very self-conscious about it.

'Well, I still reckon you ought to give it a try,' said Eve. 'In the first place, the winner gets a cash prize of a thousand pounds. Don't tell me you couldn't use an extra tax-free grand!'

'Well, no, of course I could.'

'Secondly, you get entered into the Miss England contest and then you could get really big money out of it. Thirdly, you'd meet plenty of young blokes there. They'll find you attractive and you might wind up getting a date out of it!'

'Yeah, maybe,' said Linda. 'I'll think about it. What sort of rules are there for the contest anyway?'

'I've downloaded them from the website. Take a look at them and see how you feel.'

'Yeah, all right. It's probably too late for me to enter if it's happening tomorrow anyway.'

'Maybe. Still, what have you got to lose?'

Linda couldn't think of an answer to that one so she read the rules that Eve gave her. It all seemed to be OK. You had to parade before the judges wearing a variety of different outfits and answering a few questions. Then if you were lucky you'd win the prize. If not - well, it was only walking about in front of some blokes, wasn't it? And at least i get to keep my clothes on this time.

Linda decided to put her name forward on the online site that evening. She got an e-mail back asking her to turn up. Clothes would be provided for her if she gave them her measurements. Linda e-mailed them back telling them that she was 5ft 11 inches tall and measured 36-26-36.

Next morning she went along to the local exhibition centre. A bloke at the door greeted her and told her to go into the changing rooms.

'You'll be on in about half an hour's time,' he said. 'We're expecting about fifty girls to go in for the contest but so far only about ten of them have turned up. You can start off by putting on a suit.'

'Thanks,' said Linda.

She went into the fitting room and took off her clothes except her bra and knickers and tights. Then she put on the two-piece suit which she had to admit she looked good in. She completed the ensemble with a pair of 3-inch high heeled shoes.

Walking out of the changing room, she walked over to the bloke who seemed to be in charge.

'I've got changed like you asked me,' she told him. 'What happens now?'

'Just go to the corridor at the side and wait for your name to be called. We've had a few more girls turn up since you arrived. We're up to twenty-eight now.'

So Linda waited patiently until she finally heard her name called. She walked out onto the stage in front of an audience of about a hundred people. Nervously, she looked up at the six judges on the table who were all watching her with obvious interest.

'Linda Marshall is wearing a blue suit with a white blouse and a tie,' said the compere. 'She is 5ft 11 inches tall and measures 36-26-36. Linda, what cup size are you?'

'36D,' said Linda, managing to control her blushes.

'OK, give us a bit of a twirl, Linda.'

Linda did her best but her nerves and her embarrassment were beginning to get the better of her. She managed to control them but it was an ordeal. When it was time for her to step off the stage she felt as if she was going to pass out.

'I'm sorry,' she said to the organiser. 'I can't go on with this. I thought I could but I'm just too nervous in front of all these people. Sorry.'

'Don't be silly, Linda,' he said. 'You'll be fine. The audience liked you and so did the judges. Just give it another go and see how you feel then.'

'Oh, all right,' said Linda, realising that she was probably not the only girl on the catwalk who felt nervous and shy about showing herself off. 'What do I have to do next?'

'Go back into the changing rooms and put on a nice dress we've picked out specially for you. Then wait till your name is called again.'

'OK,' said Linda, fighting back her fear.

She went back into the fitting room and saw hanging on a rack a beautiful blue dress. It was ankle-length and Linda almost gasped as she saw how lovely it was. The only downside was that when she put it on she quickly discovered that it showed off a considerable amount of cleavage which, with Linda's generous breasts, made her feel nervous and uncomfortable.

Once more she went out on the catwalk when her name was called and once more she managed not to show her anxiety and embarrassment. She decided to give it one more go because it hadn't been TOO bad.

'Great,' said the organiser. 'You look fantastic, Linda. Now go and get changed again. This time you'll find a skirt and blouse waiting for you.'

Linda went back into the fitting room and changed into them. They were a lovely white blouse and a beautiful skirt but of course the blouse showed even more of her cleavage than the dress had and the skirt was so short that her knickers were clearly visible beneath it. Oh God, how can I go out there wearing something like this? She forced herself to overcome her shyness and went back out on to the stage when her name was called.

'Fantastic!' said the organiser. 'You are one gorgeous girl, Linda. Now it's time for the swimsuit competition. Go back and get changed again.'

Linda returned to the changing room and put on the swimsuit. She was a bit annoyed because as soon as she picked it up she could see it was a size too small for her. Somehow she managed to force her ample frame inside it and emerged from the fitting room feeling acutely embarrassed.

The fact that the swimsuit was a size too small accentuated every curve of her large breasts. It also cut painfully inside the area between her legs. Even so, she managed to force herself to give a performance for the crowd and once again she seemed to go down well.

'Brilliant!' said the organiser. 'Just one more round to go and then you're finished. This time it's the lingerie section of the competition. Go back inside and change into the beautiful underwear we've put there specially for you.'

Now at last Linda hesitated. It was bad enough showing off her curves and her cleavage. Now she'd be showing off more than she'd bargained for and she wasn't sure if she could bring herself to do that.

'I'm sorry,' she said. 'I don't think I can do that. I'm a bit shy, to be honest. I'd rather just withdraw from the competition now and let the other girls win.'

'Oh don't be such a spoilsport,' he laughed. 'It's only lingerie. You won't be showing THAT much more than you have already. You've gone this far - you might as well go the extra mile. Just think - the winner gets a thousand pounds and goes forward to the Miss England contest. Don't you think there are loads of girls who'd love to have a chance like that? All you've got to do is just model some lingerie. What harm can it do?'

'Oh, all right,' said Linda. 'I'll do it.'

She only hoped she wouldn't blush when she was out in public showing off her body in nothing more than her underwear. Going back into the fitting room, she got changed out of her own undies and put on the lingerie they'd provided for her.

Linda almost gasped when she looked at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a basque which pushed up and accentuated her full breasts and which also left very little to the imagination both up top and down below.

I CAN'T go out there dressed like this! I look like a total slut in this outfit!

So at least Linda thought. She was just about to chicken out of the whole thing when suddenly the compere called her name.

'Linda Marshall, modelling the lingerie section of the contest.'

Fuck it, I've been in worse situations than this, thought Linda. I'll just have to hope I don't make a total fool of myself out there!

Linda stepped out onto the catwalk and all the men in the audience started cheering and giving her wolf-whistles. Quite a few obscene comments came her way as well and she tried hard to control her instinctive desire to blush.

After she'd finished the compere took her on one side and spoke quietly to her.

'The judges have been giving me their scores for each round,' he said. 'I don't know how they'll score you for the lingerie section but so far you're in second spot by just one point. If you win this round you'll probably win the contest.'

Linda was stunned. She knew that men found her attractive but she lacked confidence and was very aware of her full figure which she found an embarrasment. Could it REALLY be that she was actually going to WIN this contest? Linda Marshall, beautiful? Could it be?

Then the judges conferred and made their final announcement.

'We've seen a lot of good looking girls today,' said the head judge. 'We've even seen half a dozen who were exceptionally beautiful. The suit round was won by Stacey Allen, the dress round by Linda Marshall, the skirt and blouse round by Stacey Allen, the swimsuit round by Linda Marshall and we have a dead heat in the lingerie section between Linda and Stacey. Both girls are tied on the same number of points and we can't separate them. Stacey and Linda, please step up to the front.'

Linda gasped in astonishment but did as she was told. She saw her rival, a willowy blonde aged about 20 years old with a figure that was both slim and yet hour-glass like at the same time. Stacey was a pretty girl and Linda could hardly believe that she hadn't already lost out to her rival.

'OK, girls,' said the head judge. 'Now you realise that we can't have two winners of the Miss Aldminster contest. There's only one thing for it - we'll have to have a final elimination round between the two of you. If we still have a tied vote at the end of that we'll ask the audience which girl they want to see representing their town.'

Linda looked across at Stacey to see if she could read the expression on the other girl's face. All she saw there was jealousy and resentment. Obviously Stacey really wanted this break and if it meant so much to her then Linda was willing to let her have it.

'Excuse me, please, gentlemen,' said Linda, 'but I didn't expect to get this far as it was. I'm quite happy to stand aside and let Stacey take the crown.'

Stacey looked at Linda in astonishment. She obviously hadn't expected her rival to do that. Linda saw a sudden softening of her face as she realised that Linda was not some self-absorbed bitchy bimbo.

'That's a very generous gesture, Linda,' said the head judge. 'However, we can't accept that. When you signed the entry form you agreed to all the rules of the contest. And that includes the provision for a final elimination round in the event of a tie. You can't back out of it now or you'll be laying yourself open to a breach of contract suit. And that carries an automatic minimum punishment of six months in prison and a thousand pound fine.'

'Oh, I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know that,' said Linda. 'I suppose I'll have to do it then. Good luck, Stacey! I'm sure you deserve to win far more than I do!'

Stacey actually smiled at Linda when she said that. The audience obviously liked both girls and it was now up to the judges to decide between them.

'Right, since we've already gone through all the various possible permutations of style there's only one thing left for it. We'll have to see both girls nude. Stacey, take your clothes off.'

Linda gasped in horror as she realised what was about to happen. Even though her rival would be the first to strip and strut naked in front of the audience, her turn would come soon. Oh God, I might have known this contest was too good to be true! How am I going to live down the shame?

Stacey was an attractive girl and she tried to make as much of a performance as possible out of stripping. When she stood naked before the judges and the audience she showed off her 34B size breasts, her shaven pubic area and her longish legs. She smiled at the crowd and flirted with the judges, virtually acting the whore in public. Linda was convinced that her own forthcoming nudity ordeal would be in vain.

'Well done, Stacey!' said the head judge. 'What a gorgeous body you've got - and it's great to be able to see ALL of it too! Come on, Linda, it's your turn now. Get your kit off!'

Linda, by contrast, was shy and bashful. She took her clothes off slowly and reluctantly and her shyness was obvious. When she'd finished at last and stood there naked she kept her legs closed together and tried to cover up her breasts with her hands.

'Come on, Linda, that's no way to behave!' said the head judge. 'Spread those long legs of yours apart - as wide as you can make them go. We want to get a good look at that cunt of yours. And put your hands behind your neck as well so we can get a proper look at your juicy tits!'

'Yes, sir,' Linda almost mumbled. 'Sorry, sir.'

She did as she was told and the men gazed at her large breasts and the black bush that proudly blossomed around her cunt. Then they told her to bend over and she was forced to display herself obscenely once more.

'That was a great show, Linda,' said the judge. 'Both girls are terrific - this will be a very hard round to judge. I'll confer with my colleagues and then we'll announce the result.'

Both girls stood there naked and waiting for the decision. After a couple of minutes the head judge smiled and looked at them both.

'We've got ANOTHER tied round!' he announced. 'It's up to the gentlemen in the audience now. Who do YOU want to be Miss Aldminster - Stacey or Linda?'

Cheers and shouts went out for both girls but after a few minutes the scores were in.

'Another close call,' said the judge, 'but we finally have a winner. The new Miss Aldminster is - Linda Marshall! Linda, please step forward and receive your prize. You'll get a sash with your new title and a cheque for a thousand pounds as the winner. You'll also be going through to the Miss England contest so it's been a good day for you on every level, hasn't it?'

'Yes, thank you, sir,' said Linda, fighting back the tears of shame and embarrassment that were threatening to flow.

She moved up to the judges' podium and they draped the sash across her still naked body. The head judge then gave her a cheque for a thousand pounds. Well at least the money will come in handy, thought Linda. Though I don't think I'll bother with Miss England if I've got to go through more of this sort of malarkey.

The local press and TV were there, all busily snapping away lots of pictures and film of Linda in all her naked glory. The audience too were busy taking pictures of her on their mobile phones and Linda knew that her nude body would be all over the town now.

Oh God, she thought, why does it always happen to ME?