**Linda the Slave Girl**By The Bitchfinder General   
  
1)  
Linda Marshall groaned inwardly as she read the latest 'fund raising idea' from the sick perverted brain of the charity's manager, Mr. Savage. It had landed on her desk this morning and the moment she read it she got into a foul mood.  
  
Then she thought desperately hard about how she could manage to get round it. There had to be a way to avoid yet another session of naked public humiliation and goodness knows what else. Right now, though, Linda couldn't see any obvious way out of the situation. Savage was just a sick scumbag and the girls who worked for his charity were nothing more than playthings in his eyes.  
  
Even by HIS standards, though, his latest fundraising stunt was scraping the bottom of the barrel.   
  
Linda read the memo on her desk with a sense of mounting disbelief. The sick note read:  
  
'As the staff here know, we are always on the look-out for new ways of fundraising for our activities. I have decided that the female employees at our charity will volunteer to be Slave Girls for a week. They will assemble together in the same place we held our previous successful public events, the Aldminster Show and the Renaissance Fair. Then they will be put up for sale to the highest bidder. If there are any questions, please feel free to ask me for clarification!'  
  
Linda exploded when she read the note!  
  
'Fucking hell! He CAN'T do that to us! He fucking CAN'T!'  
  
Then she stormed out of her office to talk to her friends Amy and Nikki.  
  
'Did YOU get a memo about the so-called Slave Girl auction?'  
  
'Yes,' Amy mumbled. 'It's horrible, isn't it?'  
  
'It's a total fucking disgrace!' Linda raged. 'There's just no way he can put us through stuff like that! Hasn't he humiliated us enough already?'  
  
Amy was a very shy and petite 19-year old girl. The only thing about her body that wasn't small was the size of her breasts. She'd already had to endure more than her fair share of humiliation at the hands of Mr. Savage and now she was mentally gearing herself up for another session.  
  
Nikki was a tallish, 5ft 9 girl also with large breasts. She was 24 years old and had also been made to suffer the many degraded 'fundraising' events that Mr. Savage seemed to delight in inflicting upon the female workers.  
  
'Well, Linda, you know what he's like. At least we've GOT a job. MOST of the time it really IS just raising money for charity. It's only about half a dozen times a year he pulls strokes like this.'  
  
'So you're just going to put up with it, are you? You're just going to let him get away with it and not even put up a fight, Nikki?'  
  
'Ah, what's the use, Linda? You know the men always win in the world these days. Better to just put up with it and try to forget it happened.'  
  
'I'm not fucking letting him get away with it. I'm going to have it out with him NOW!'  
  
'Well, good luck. You know it won't do you any good.'  
  
'Maybe not but then again at least he'll know how I feel.'  
  
'That's exactly how he WANTS you to feel, Linda. You're only giving him the satisfaction of knowing he's winding you up. Best to just forget it, play along and hope it isn't TOO bad.'  
  
Linda sighed. Women just didn't seem to have ANY guts these days. Well, I'M not standing for it, she thought angrily. At least I can give him a bollocking about his latest pervy scheme!  
  
She knocked on the door of Mr. Savage's office and waited for him to respond.  
  
'Come in,' he said.  
  
Linda hesitated for a moment and then threw caution to the winds.  
  
'Excuse me, sir, but I've just got this memo about the Slave Girl fundraising event. Would you mind telling me exactly how it's going to work?'  
  
'Not at all, Linda. Please sit down and I'll give you a brief outline of the plans.'  
  
Linda was somewhat surprised by his non-confrontational attitude and it rather took the wind out of her sails. She sat down and waited for him to 'explain' his latest scheme.  
  
'Very well, Linda, I'm sorry if I didn't give more details of how it's going to work. Basically we need the girls here to volunteer to be Slave Girls to a member of the public for a week. They will stand on an auction block and the gentlemen will bid for them. Then they will spend a week working for the successful bidder as their temporary slave.'  
  
'You said volunteer,' Linda remarked quietly. 'Does that mean we don't HAVE to be - well, Slave Girls?'  
  
'Yes, Linda, I did say volunteer. We're not going to force any girl to do it if she doesn't want to. But anyone who DOES volunteer will get two week's paid holiday and a pay rise.'  
  
'How much of a pay rise?'  
  
'Two pounds an hour. That would put them on only a pound an hour less than the male staff.'  
  
'I see. And what exactly would being a Slave Girl involve?'  
  
Mr. Savage smiled at her. He was, much to Linda's surprise and discomfort, trying to relax her and reassure her.  
  
'Oh, the girls would have to stand on an auction block in restraints until the successful bidder 'purchases' them for a week.'  
  
'And what sort of - duties - would be involved in being a Slave Girl?'  
  
'Oh, nothing to worry about. Cooking, cleaning, needlework, gardening, maybe a bit of DIY work, washing cars, car maintenance if any of the girls are capable of doing that, some small building jobs, that sort of thing.'  
  
'I see. And presumably we wouldn't be paid for our week working as a Slave Girl?'  
  
'Well, no, I'm afraid that would rather defeat the object of HAVING Slave Girls, wouldn't it? But it would raise a lot of money for the charity of course which is the main objective after all.'  
  
'Would the girls be naked?' Linda asked.  
  
'Of course not,' Mr. Savage smiled.  
  
'Not even after they'd been - purchased?'  
  
'Certainly not,' he smiled. 'This is a fundraising exercise, not a brothel!'  
  
'Sorry, sir. I just wondered in the light of the previous events of that kind which you'd held if we WOULD have to be naked.'  
  
'Not at all,' he told her. 'This event will adopt a slightly different approach from the previous two.'  
  
'I see, sir. Thank you for explaining things. I don't suppose you've got any entry forms printed out yet?'  
  
'Yes, as it happens, I have,' he smiled. 'Would you like one?'  
  
'Yes, please, sir,' said Linda.  
  
She took it and made a hasty exit from his office. It wasn't that she was plLesleying to enter the 'contest' although two pounds an hour extra and two week's paid holiday was certainly an incentive but that she wanted to take a GOOD look at the 'contract' and see exactly WHAT the girls would be letting themselves in for if they DID sign it!  
  
Linda sat down at her desk and studied the contract carefully. It began straightforwardly enough with the details of the girl's name, address, phone number, date of birth. It then asked her to record her 'vital statistics,' sexual history and list any previous criminal convictions. Then she was required to fill in a 'skills analysis,' which involved ticking a selection of boxes that showed what she was good at. Presumably these would then be used to determine the type of work she'd be asked to do once she'd been 'purchased' by her new temporary 'owner' but then again you never knew with Mr. Savage! The form then asked her to sign a legally binding contract that gave her new 'owner' absolute legal power over every aspect of her for the next week. The only things that were specifically ruled out were 'sexual activities,' 'indecent exposure,' 'undue severity' and 'unjust punishments.' In theory, it gave the girls a lot of protection under the law but Linda was far too shrewd to believe that there wouldn't be a catch somewhere. She studied the small print in minute detail but no matter how hard she tried she couldn't find one.   
  
Maybe the bastard's been warned he's skating on thin ice, Linda thought hopefully. Or maybe he's just getting nervous that he MIGHT be. Either way, it doesn't look TOO bad.  
  
Linda returned to her normal duties and knocked off at the usual time. She went home and gave a lot of thought to the whole situation. Whatever way she looked at it, it STILL smelt fishy!  
  
2)  
  
Next morning Linda was still no wiser about things. Mr. Savage hadn't mentioned anything about the new Slave Girl idea and all the staff kept right on working as normal. It was as if nothing unusual had happened or was going to and yet Linda just knew that there HAD to be some devious plan in that twisted mind of his. She kept going over the 'contract' in her mind and no matter how hard she tried she couldn't see anything obviously dodgy about it.  
  
Ten minutes before closing time Mr. Savage called all the staff out into the main area. He wore his usual idiotic smug grin and Linda was fully prepared for the worst. No doubt he was about to come clean - or as clean as he EVER did - about the downside of the 'contract' and the events it committed the unfortunate girls too!  
  
'Right, gentlemen, girls,' he began. 'I'm very pleased to announce that I've been pitching my latest fundraising idea to local businesses and the response has been extremely positive. So far I've managed to sign up thirty companies or individual entrepeneurs and between them they've all pledged a total of fifty thousand pounds. We're hoping we'll be able to do even better by the time the grand day finally arrives.'  
  
He paused for a moment but nobody said anything.  
  
'As I mentioned yesterday to Linda, we're asking the girls here to volunteer their services as Slave Girls for a week in a charity auction. They'll be placed on an auction block and sold - on a purely temporary basis, naturally! - to the highest bidder. Now Linda raised a number of points with me yesterday and I hope I was able to reassure her. I even left her a copy of the entry form for her to study at her leisure. Have you had a chance to look at it yet, Linda?'  
  
'Yes, thank you, sir,' said Linda.  
  
'And what did you think of it?'  
  
'It seemed as if it covered most of my concerns, sir.'  
  
'Good. Well, I know we've got twenty-five girls working here and of course all of you would be able to offer SOMETHING to our sponsors. However, I won't beat around the bush; it's obvious that the more attractive girls will attract the higher bids so basically I'd like them to volunteer for the auction block. That means that around eighteen of you will be entering the auction and the other seven, I'm afraid, will probably be better advised to do the less - well, glamorous side of things. Now I've already had five entrants but I'd really like to have at least a dozen. Remember, girls, if you sign the entry form you'll get two weeks' paid holiday a year and also a pay rise of two pounds an hour. Come on, let's see some community spirit! Anyone else want to volunteer to be a Slave Girl for a week?'  
  
Nikki and Amy looked at each other and then at Linda. None of the three girls raised their hands. Mr. Savage looked disappointed but not really surprised. After all, the contest WAS supposed to be a voluntary one so he couldn't very well ORDER any of them to take part.  
  
'Of course there's also an office sweepstake on the outcome,' said Mr. Savage. 'When the list is completed - which it has to be by Friday as the event will start on Saturday morning - we will run our own 'book' on which girls will attract the highest bidders. At the moment I've only got five of you so it's very important to be able to lure the punters into spending the big money. Remember, the bids they make for you are in ADDITION to the money they've already pledged. It's a great way to help the less fortunate in this world and it will also give you better terms of service here as well. Let's see some of the spirit of 'giving' here today, shall we? Come on, girls; think of the needy!'  
  
Fuck you, thought Linda. If you think I'm going to fall for emotional blackmail like that you must be a bigger fucking twat than I thought you were!  
  
'Well, girls?' he persisted. 'Are you really so totally self-centred?'  
  
'We're still a bit - well, worried about what might - happen to us during the week we're - well, temporary slaves,' said Linda, voicing the fears and doubts of them all.  
  
'I can understand that,' he smiled. 'That's why I made sure that the terms and conditions on the entry form would lay down - well, a number of restrictions on what type of things you would have to agree to.'  
  
'I understand that, sir, but it still worries me. And why aren't the male staff volunteering to be slaves? Why is it only us who get asked to be slave girls?'  
  
'Well, I'm sure you realise that most of the people who'd be willing to purchase a slave at the auction would be gentlemen and that they would prefer to buy an attractive girl rather than a man. I think we would struggle to raise the type of donations we're after unless we restricted the role of slaves to our female staff.'  
  
In spite of his words, none of the girls put their names forwards as volunteers. Linda was quite surprised to see that not even Gemma and Alison, her two arch-enemies, entered for the contest. There MUST be something bad about the whole thing if even they weren't willing to go in for it.  
  
Mr. Savage flounced out of the office in a foul mood. The rest of the staff went home and Linda wondered how he'd get round the problem. It was Tuesday evening; he wanted to stage the event on Saturday. How on earth, if it really WAS voluntary, was he going to get the girls to agree to go in for the slave auction?  
  
3)   
  
Wednesday morning began at the charity with work as usual. However, throughout the morning each of the female staff were summoned into Mr. Savage's office on an individual basis. By the time lunch came round he'd talked to a dozen of the twenty-five women who worked there.  
  
Late afternoon saw him down to the last five - Linda, Gemma, Alison, Nikki and Amy. She knew it was only a question of time before they were called in to see him.   
  
Amy was the next to go, and came out looking tearful after about ten minutes. Then he called Linda in so he didn't have time to ask her friend how the meeting had gone.  
  
'Well, Linda,' said Mr. Savage, 'I know you don't want to volunteer for the slave auction and of course you don't have to but I'll be honest with you. I've left you, Gemma, Alison, Nikki and Amy till last because, frankly, you're the most attractive girls we have. You're the five girls most likely to get high bids from the punters. And that's the whole object of the exercise. I'm very disappointed with Gemma and Alison. I didn't expect THEM to refuse to co-operate with the plan. Now I've been very happy with your work for the charity over the last year. You've brought in more money than any other member of staff and I'd like to show my appreciation for your efforts by giving you a reward. We've got a new post that I've just been given funding for from head office and I'd like to offer it to you. The only other possible candidate is Gemma because you are both, frankly, the best I've got.'  
  
'What position would that be, sir?' asked Linda carefully.  
  
'You'd be head of fund-raising. You'd get a pay rise so you'd be on ten pounds an hour; you'd be eligible for fast-track entry into the pension scheme; you'd be entitled to four weeks paid holiday a year; and you'd be in charge of ALL our girls. That's the position I'm thinking about offering you, Linda. And it WOULD be a bit point in your favour if you agreed to enter the Slave Girl Auction.'  
  
'I see, sir,' said a stunned Linda. 'Could you put all that in writing for me, please?'  
  
He laughed.  
  
'Always suspicious! OK, I'll put it in writing for you. Anyway, does that make you more willing to consider entering the contest?'  
  
Linda sighed. She knew that if she did the odds were that SHE'D be the girl who got the highest price and would be forced to endure a week of 'slavery' involving goodness only knew what. On the other hand, the offer he'd just made to her was very tempting. More money, a promotion, paid holiday, a pension - it certainly made her think.  
  
'Could I give you an answer tomorrow, please, sir?' she asked finally.  
  
'OK, but if you don't give me one first thing in the morning I'll have to reconsider my options. For one thing, I've now managed to persuade seven girls to enter and in view of their obvious community spirit maybe I should consider one of them for the position.'  
  
'I'll sleep on it, sir, and give you my answer in the morning.'  
  
'Excellent! Well, ask Gemma to come in after you, would you?'  
  
'Yes, sir, I'll tell her.'  
  
So Linda went out and told Gemma to go and see Mr. Savage. In the meantime she was seriously thinking about accepting his offer. After all, the odds were that he'd find some other way to humiliate her if she didn't go in, and maybe a week with a different sleazebag might make her job seem more tolerable. And, of course, the chance of a promotion, pay rise and the other aspects of the offer he'd made might make it worth the risk of putting herself through a week's humiliation as a 'slave girl.'  
  
In the meantime she went across to Amy.  
  
'You OK?'  
  
'Yeah, I'm OK, Linda. It's just...well, you know what he's like for piling on the pressure. In the end I gave in. I'm going to be one of the slaves on the auction block on Saturday.'  
  
'Poor kid. Let's hope you don't get some total psycho buying you.'  
  
'Are you...going to be one?'  
  
'I'm still thinking about it. Out of interest, did he offer you anything to make you change your mind? Or did he just threaten you?'  
  
'No, he didn't offer me anything. He just threatened me with the sack and of course then I'd be down the Department of Female Labour. And we all know the horrible jobs they give us there.'  
  
'Yeah, I do,' said Linda. 'Happened to me a couple of years ago. I spent six months working in heavy construction. Practically killed me but somehow I survived. Oh well, you've signed your name to it now. Let's hope it goes off all right on Saturday.'  
  
4)  
  
Linda thought long and hard during the course of the evening about the offer Mr. Savage had made to her. As promised, he'd even put it in writing and she read the document over and over again. Refusing to volunteer was obviously the safe option but then she'd not only lose out on the perks he'd promised her but he'd probably make her life a total misery as well. For the sake of putting up with a week as a slave girl, she'd be well rewarded when her contract ended.  
  
By morning she'd made up her mind. Reluctantly, still deeply suspicious, she went to work and knocked on the door of Mr. Savage's office.  
  
'Excuse me, please, sir,' she said. 'I've been thinking over what you said yesterday. I'd like to enter for the Slave Girl Auction. I've completed my form and signed it.'  
  
'Well done, Linda,' he smiled. 'I'm extremely grateful to you. Now that we've finally got the most beautiful and the sexiest girl in the charity to enter I'm sure others will follow suit. So far I've managed to get twelve slave girls; I still need another eight but I'm sure they'll fall into line once they know YOU'VE signed up for it.'  
  
Linda walked out of the office and back to her desk hoping she hadn't made yet another of the many bad decisions she'd already made in her short life! At 20 years old she was a hardened cynic when it came to the intentions of people in general and men in particular. Was this going to turn out to be yet another trick that Savage had conned her into falling for?  
  
Later that morning Mr. Savage called Linda back into his office.  
  
'Ah, Linda, I've got some forms here that need to be signed,' he said. 'This is the first and most important one - the agreement that you'll be starting your new duties a week from Monday.'  
  
'Thank you, sir,' said Linda, signing the form without even bothering to read it.  
  
'There are also a few items I need to have requisitioned and a couple of minor things that need signing. Please sign and I'll get them posted off.'  
  
Linda hesitated for a moment, wondering if she should look at the forms first but she finally decided to just scrawl her name there anyway. What the hell, I've already entered as a slave girl, she thought. What else can he do to me that will be worse than that?  
  
As soon as she'd left the office Mr. Savage came out. He beckoned to Gemma and Alison and Linda's heart sank as she wondered if she'd been set up yet again. Oh well, all I can do is wait, she thought angrily. I wish the world wasn't the way it is. I'd like to emigrate to Canada if I had the chance - I've heard they treat women decently in that place. Then again, I haven't even got a passport. It's just a dream and the real world is the long nightmare of jobs like this and bosses like Savage. Well, I suppose it could be worse. At least I've managed to stay out of prison for a few years now.  
  
5)  
  
By Saturday morning eighteen out of the twenty women Mr. Savage had wanted to sign up for the Slave Girl Auction had entered the contest. It was 9.30 a.m. and he was smiling at the women as they stood before him.   
  
'Right, girls,' he said, 'I've put Gemma and Alison in charge of organising the Slave Girl Auction. I tried very hard to persuade them to enter it but in the end I wasn't able to make them change their minds. They did however agree to organise the contest for me and I'm grateful to them for that.'  
  
Linda stood around surveying the scene. They were all in the middle of the local park and already a fairly large - and overwhelmingly male - crowd had gathered. There was the local press, the local TV station, local councillors, local businessmen, all the bigwigs in Aldminster. As she thought about what she'd signed her name to, butterflies began fluttering in her stomach. Just what WOULD happen to her and the other girls at today's bizarre and distasteful event?  
  
She tried to control her rising fear, anger and disgust by attempting an objective evaluation of the 'slave girls' on offer. Although she was fairly certain that she, Nikki and Amy would all attract the highest 'bids,' she wasn't so sure about some of the other girls. She turned and gazed at them, trying to evaluate them dispassionately.  
  
Cathy and Jenna would both be popular, she felt sure. Although they were the two tallest girls working for the charity, standing at 6ft 1 and 6ft 2 respectively, they were also well-built with big tits and each radiated an earthy sexuality. Cathy was 21 years old and Jenna 23, so both were young and likely to go for good prices.  
  
Lynne, Serena, Antonia and Joanna would probably be the next most popular. Lynne was 5ft 6 tall but she was definitely a fuller figured girl with the biggest tits of any of the girls. She also had an extremely pretty face. Serena was only 18, a slim, willowy brunette whose vulnerability was immediately obvious and would appeal to the sort of perverts Savage catered for. Antonia was only slightly older at 19 and she had a fuller figure than Serena though she was extremely short at only 5ft 2 compared with Serena's 5ft 7. Joanna was even shorter, at just 5ft 1, and, like Antonia, a blonde. She had the sort of figure and personality that men always found attractive and Linda felt confident she'd attract quite a decent price.  
  
The rest of the girls were more problematical. Kate was sexy but in a rather cold way; Linda suspected her of being a lesbian but had no evidence for her suspicions. Jackie was another tall girl, standing at exactly 6 feet but she had the dirtiest laugh and the foulest mouth Linda had ever come across and she was a total slut in the way she presented herself. She'd probably go for a good price and maybe Kate too.   
  
Lydia was another tall girl, aged 26, standing at 5ft 9, but she gave off a kind of 'don't touch me' air. She was also black and Linda wondered how the overwhelmingly white punters at Aldminster would feel about that. Lea was a stunning redhead, 24 years old, with big tits and standing at 5ft 5. She was quite friendly but somehow never quite seemed to get off the leash.   
  
Then there were the last five girls. Caroline, aged 22, standing at 5ft 8, with majestic raven tresses, a full figure and extremely attractive, just didn't seem to exude any sexual aura. An English rose but maybe too heavy on the thorns. There was Noelle, the scatty 26-year old Irish girl who stood at all of 5ft 3 and was fat rather than full-figured. There was Angela, the 24-year old Yorkshire lass who was 5ft 4 tall and of average build and looks. She seemed to have no sort of personality or sex appeal either. There was Susan who was tallish and blonde and with big tits but who somehow didn't seem to appeal much to the men either.  
  
Then there was the surprise package, Yasmin. Linda couldn't help wondering how on earth even a bully and con man like Savage had managed to get HER to agree to be a slave girl for a week. Yasmin was a full-figured lass, standing at 5ft 5, with tits that were obviously extremely attractive to men who preferred them big. On the other hand, she was a Pakistani, or more precisely a British Asian. How on earth had Savage got her to agree to parade herself in front of a bunch of men and be bought by them as a slave girl? She'd probably fetch a good price but even so - how the hell had he managed to do it?  
  
Linda's thoughts were interrupted by a series of announcements from Mr. Savage.  
  
'In the first place,' he said, 'I'd like to thank the gentlemen who've agreed to sponsor this event and those who've agreed to make bids for our girls. I'd also like to thank the gentlemen of our charity for all the hard work they put in daily to help us raise the funds we need. I'd like to thank the media for being here in such numbers to report on our little event. Because our gentlemen normally only work five days a week, I'm paying them all double time for turning out today. Because our girls always work seven days a week, that won't apply to them. However, I AM grateful to our girls for their extremely generous gestures today. Not only have eighteen of them agreed to be auctioned off as slave girls for a week but they've also voluntarily given up a whole day's pay to help support our work. That means that our fund has already raised the sum of six hundred and forty-eight pounds just from our eighteen slave girls! Isn't it nice to see that the spirit of giving isn't dead?'  
  
Of course Linda hadn't agreed to that at all but no doubt it was in one of those pieces of paper she'd so carelessly signed earlier on. Fuming, she reflected on the fact that she and the other girls were actually PAYING to be slaves while the blokes would be around a hundred pounds a day better off!  
  
'Now you'll be pleased to hear that the main event will be opening shortly. The refreshment tent will provide a full range of food and drink. In the meantime the girls will set up the stage, the equipment and put out chairs and tables so that our guests can sit comfortably. Naturally the gentlemen will supervise them to make sure they do a proper job! Come on, girls, move those lazy arses of yours!'  
  
Fucking typical, thought Linda. WE get ripped off a day's pay; we have to do all the fucking work while the blokes just watch; and then we get stuck on an auction block, sold as slaves and after that it's a week of - well, being slave girls.   
  
The girls got everything set up and eventually even Mr. Savage was happy.  
  
'OK, gentlemen, I think we'll be ready to begin proceedings soon. You can take advantage of the hospitality in our refreshment tents with immediate effect. I and my helpers will go and prepare the girls for the main event.'  
  
The eighteen slave girls, together with around thirty male workers and Gemma and Alison, moved off towards a large shower block. They went inside and then the trap was sprung. All the men, along with Gemma and Alison, produced taser guns, seemingly from out of nowhere.  
  
'OK, cunts!' said Mr. Savage crudely. 'Strip!'  
  
'But... but you said we wouldn't be... naked,' Linda protested.   
  
'On the form you signed it didn't say anything about that,' he smiled.  
  
'Well, it DID say something about indecent exposure,' she retorted.  
  
'So it did,' he grinned. 'Well, public nudity at the command of an employer ISN'T indecent exposure in the eyes of the law. Start stripping, Linda. And the rest of you. I want to see ALL of you stark cunt naked!'  
  
'Oh, fuck it, what's the point?' said Linda angrily.   
  
She began taking off her clothes, knowing that resistance was pointless and would probably end up with the menacing looking taser being used on her. All the other girls eventually followed her example until only Yasmin was left.  
  
'I'm NOT taking my clothes off,' she said angrily.   
  
'You might as well, Yazz,' said Linda. 'You'll only get hurt if you don't and believe me, I know a lot about what happens if you don't go along with things. Yeah, it's degrading; yeah, it's embarrassing; yeah, it's gonna make you feel like a piece of meat. I've been through this sort of stuff a lot in my life and no matter how many times you do it - well, it NEVER gets easier. But honestly, luv, you're better off just doing it. It'll be worse for you if you don't.'  
  
'You should listen to Linda,' said Mr. Savage. 'She's talking a lot of sense. Just get your clothes off and we'll get on with the next stage of the proceedings. I don't want to have to hurt you but if you don't co-operate you'll leave me with no choice.'   
  
'I won't do it,' said Yasmin firmly. 'I'll... I'll report you to the Charity Commission! I'll call the police! I'll...'  
  
'And tell them what?' said Mr. Savage. 'That you signed an entry form for a contest and that you agreed to all the terms and conditions of it and that now you want to back out? That you think you're too good to show off your body to raise money for charity? Yes, that sounds like a plan, Yasmin. I'd like to see you try it. In the meantime, get your clothes off or I'll be forced to have you tasered.'  
  
'You really ought to do it, Yazz,' said Linda quietly. 'I know from bitter experience that you end up getting MORE hurt and humiliated if you fight the system than if you just grit your teeth and go along with it. Please just take off your clothes. It really is the lesser of two evils.'   
  
Yasmin looked at Linda and glared. She knew that she was the most rebellious girl in the charity and that if even she wasn't going to fight there was no point in her doing it.   
  
'You sick perverts!' she said angrily.   
  
But she took her clothes off just the same. All the men enjoyed looking at her naked body since until today she'd always been dressed modestly and the idea of actually viewing her charms had been nothing more than a fantasy.  
  
'Right, that's better,' said Mr. Savage, glaring at Yasmin. 'Stupid fucking cunt!'  
  
He turned to the blokes and smiled.  
  
'Well, it's time to get the bitches in their costumes. Let's make it a day to remember!'  
  
So the men walked up to the girls, as close as they could, and fitted each one of them with a set of restraints. Their wrists were handcuffed behind their back; their legs were shackled with a long metal chain; a metal collar with another long metal chain was fastened around their neck; and each of them had their mouths forced open with a ring gag. None of the girls could utter the slightest protest about their treatment. Not that it would have done them any good if they had!  
  
'Hm,' said Mr. Savage, looking thoughtfully at the naked girls in front of him. 'That's a pretty good line-up of cunts we've got for sale on the auction block. I wonder if we could improve on their costumes a bit, though?'  
  
An enthusiastic cheer of agreement came from their male co-workers.  
  
'Let's see, what about we fit all the girls with spreader bars between their legs so that the buyers can get a really good look at their cunts and arses? Let's do it!'  
  
So the luckless girls were then forced to spread their legs wide apart and metal spreader bars were put in place, attached to their shackles. Now they were forced to display their most intimate charms even more brazenly than before!  
  
One by one the naked girls were led out on to the stage. A cheering crowd greeted their appearance and every one of them knew that they were doomed. The best they could hope for was to be bought by an owner who was maybe not a TOTAL psychopath. Other than that they had nothing to look forward to except a long day of humiliation, public nudity and goodness knows what else.  
  
The men circled the naked girls, wolf-whistling, cat-calling and making all kinds of obscene comments. The furious and embarrassed victims could do nothing but fume in silence.  
  
Eventually Mr. Savage decided to start the auction. He began with the less attractive girls and Linda watched passively as she wondered who would buy her and how much money she'd fetch.   
  
Linda, Amy and Nikki were left till last. Each girl had been 'auctioned' one at a time. Now it was Amy's turn. She was sold for five hundred pounds to a fat man in his late fifties. Linda felt more sorry for her friend than she did herself. At least I've BEEN abused lots of times in the past so I can cope with it better, she thought angrily.  
  
Nikki, who was almost as beautiful as Linda, fetched an impressive eight hundred pounds. She went to a man in his early thirties who didn't look quite as sick as some of the others.  
  
Now it was Linda's town. With a huge grin on his face, Mr. Savage turned to the crowd.  
  
'Linda is our final slave girl. Who'll start the bidding at five hundred pounds?'  
  
There was an enormous contest to buy her. Before long the bidding had become so fierce that Linda could hardly believe her ears. Finally, one of the bidders managed to offer enough to persuade the competition to withdraw.  
  
'Linda has been sold to Mr. Thomas for two and a half thousand pounds!' Mr. Savage exclaimed.  
  
So that was who she was going to belong to for the next week, thought Linda. She knew John Thomas and she knew what he was like. He owned the local pub and also lived in the same street as her so she'd known for a long time that he fancied her rotten. She knew she'd be in for a thoroughly unpleasant week of slavery.  
  
Oh, why does it always happen to me? Tears formed in Linda's eyes as she contemplated her fate.