**Tracey's African holiday**By Katie Smith

Tracey wasn't having a good time. The holiday had been her boyfriend Mark's idea and she wished she hadn't agreed to it now.

In reality the holiday had been a last attempt to save their relationship which had been on the rocks for almost a year now and in Tracey's mind it was long past saving. To her even Mark had apparently given up and was preparing for the final split when all of a sudden he had suggested to Tracey that maybe a holiday away was a good idea and if they still didn't get on after that then they would both admit the romance was over and it was time to move apart.

Tracey wasn't keen, in her own mind she had already moved apart from Mark but the thought of a first holiday in a few years did appeal and she half heartedly agreed and let him go ahead and book it. When he told her he'd booked them on a two week coach tour holiday of North Africa with a small company called Chambers Tours she wasn't overjoyed. Although she'd always liked hot places to her the whole point of going to a hot place was to spend as much time as possible laying on the beach or around a pool, not sitting on a sweaty coach every day with lots of other sweaty people!

He had managed to talk her into it though and before she knew it her bags were packed and the two of them had driven to Heathrow to meet their fellow coach passengers. The meet up hadn't inspired Tracey, the thirty five other people on the tour were made up of four old age couples and a couple of older singles, a few family groups with teenage or younger children and a couple of single guys who looked liked they belonged more on a sex tour to Thailand trip! There was nobody else in Tracey's age group of early twenties and to her annoyance Mark, who was a few years older than her, seemed to latch on to one of the single men who was around forty as if they were long lost friends.

The tour guide was a Mr Chambers, a man in his fifties with a pot belly and an awful dress sense but at least he seemed to be efficient and had rounded up the group in no time and got them all booked onto the plane. He wasn't brilliant efficient though as somehow he split Mark and Tracey up and she had ended up sitting next to young boy on the plane who had spent almost the entire flight trying to stare down the front of her dress or “accidentally” touch her leg with his hand.

The five hour flight had been an ordeal but eventually they had landed in Africa and she had been reunited with Mark who had been sitting beside his new best friend, the creepy single guy, and the both of them had apparently been helping themselves to a few drinks on the way! Getting through customs hadn't been a problem although Tracey hadn't liked the way the customs guard had looked her up and down while she waited to be cleared but at long last they were on the coach on the way to the hotel.

Well the first few days had not been a great success, it seemed that although Mark had suggested this holiday as a way to try and save their relationship all he seemed interested in doing once they got there drinking with his new buddy and on a couple of the first days she hardly saw him at all, the only time he had seemed interested in her was when he wanted sex!

To make it worse after the first couple of days in a nice hotel they had started the coach tour part of the holiday and the hotels they stayed at the following days were certainly not as nice, in fact they seemed to be getting worse as each day went past!

The tour was taking them away from the coast and more inland and instead of the days being spent lounging round the hotel pools they were increasingly being spent looking at hot and dusty historic ruins which Tracey found as boring as hell.

After a week Tracey would have been more than happy to come home and split from Mark straight away. His friend was always with him and Tracey didn't like the way he was always looking at her, to say he was creepy would be an understatement, when she did manage to get some sunbathing in he made it obvious that he enjoyed seeing her in her bikini and although she complained to Mark about it he just laughed and told her it was her fault for being so gorgeous!

Actually whenever she had got into her bikini it hadn't only been Mark's new friend who had noticed. She had to admit that her bikini was quite skimpy but not any more than most girls wore in Europe but it did seem to attract a lot of attention the further inland they went and it wasn't all good attention. The African men who saw her either seemed fascinated by her white skin and the amount of it on show or they seemed angry that she should show so much bare flesh in public. Mr Chambers had to diffuse a couple of incidents where the hotel staff had complained about her skimpy swimwear but Tracey was determined to make sure she was going to take full advantage of any sunbathing time she got and if the locals didn't like seeing a white girl in a bikini then tough shit.

Mind you it wasn't only the local men who didn't approve, most of the women on the coach didn't like the way she was apparently flaunting her body, what Tracey thought was that they didn't like the way their husbands were looking at her! It had mostly been mutterings under their breath but one day Tracey had got onto the coach wearing just a long long wrap around skirt and her bikini top and more than one woman had openly called her a slut and a full scale riot had almost followed during which one of the older women had grabbed Tracey's bikini top and pulled it right off her bringing a squeal of embarrassment from Tracey and a cheer from the watching men.

All in all Tracey had not been having a good time and she was eagerly counting down the days to the end of the holiday.

Finally Friday morning arrived and after suffering another mauling at Marl's hands in bed the night before Tracey got up and had a welcome shower in the small bathroom noting as she did so that this was the dingiest hotel of the lot so far. Never mind though, this was the last full day of the tour and tomorrow they would be on their way home to England and as far as Tracey was concerned the first thing to do when she got home was dump Mark!

Once showered and dressed in a thin summer dress Tracey stood on the small balcony looking at the scenery as Mark used the bathroom, well she was meant to be looking at the scenery but in truth there wasn't much to look at. The hotel seemed to be in the middle of a run down small town in the middle of nowhere only one step up from a full scale hovel. Why the tour people had decided this was a good place to bring a coach load of English tourists was beyond Tracey but eventually she heard Mark say he was ready and they went down to breakfast.

The whole group was there and as usual most of the rest ignored Tracey or gave her an icy look as she entered the slightly dirty looking dining room, the only person seemingly happy to see her and Mark was his odious new friend as usual who quickly managed to find himself a seat at their dining table.

As they ate, Mr Chambers stood up and started outlining the itinerary of the day which started with a trip to a small tannery in the town so they could see the traditional way leather goods were made in the area, hardly a fascinating subject in Tracey's eyes.

“After a spot of lunch we will then go onto the last visit of the tour,” droned on Mr Chambers,” a visit to working slave market where I believe they are having a live auction this afternoon which hopefully we will be able to watch.”

This announcement had drawn a small murmur of interest from the listening group but nobody had asked any questions and so half an hour later Tracey found herself on the coach on the way to the tannery which was every bit as interesting as she had thought it would be!

It had been well over 100 degrees inside the small tannery building and what with the various smells of boiling hides and animal fat Tracey had felt decidedly queasy when they left and had certainly not felt like lunch. She was literally counting down the hours at this stage, that flight home to England was teasing her with it's closeness!

As promised after lunch they had all climbed back on the coach and headed off towards the slave market. Although Tracey was still not feeling that well the rest of the group seemed decidedly happy and this time some people were asking about the market and what went on there.

“Well unless you have been to this part of the world before I think I can guarantee you won't of seen anything like it before.” Mr Chambers had laughed as he stood at the front of the coach taking questions.

“So there are real slaves there, for sale?” One of the women had shouted.

“Oh yes,” he had laughed, “ there's usually a fairly large selection but as today is a Friday it is female only slaves so I'm afraid there won't be any nice naked men for you ladies to inspect,” there was a good hearted sigh of disappointment from the ladies on the coach,” but don't you worry men, there will be plenty of female flesh to admire.” which bought loud cheers from the men.

As the coach travelled on Tracey sat there wondering if this was all true, surely there weren't such things as slave markets still was there? Mind you as she looked out of the coach window seeing definite third world countryside going past she thought to herself that if slave markets did still exist this would be the kind of place best suited to it!

Another ten minutes and the coach pulled to a stop in the large dusty courtyard of a white bricked building that had seen better days. Apart from their coach the only other vehicle around was the compulsory beat up old Toyota pick up and as they all got off the coach Tracey wondered again about the wisdom of including this place on a travel tour, it looked more like the kind of place a squad of SAS soldiers would think too dodgy to enter!

“Right then ladies and gentlemen” Mr Chambers shouted as they all got off the coach and gathered around him,” we are tourists but this is not a tourist spot, this is a working market so please be respectful to anyone who approaches you. Please remember that however much you may want to you cannot buy any of the slaves, even though it is legal to own a slave in this country it is not back home and you'd have a devil of a job getting her through customs!” he laughed and a lot of the others laughed with him.

“We will enter the main selling room and make our way towards the inside courtyard out the back which will be a bit quieter for you to get your breath back before we make our way back out, I will warn you the guys selling the girls can be a bit persistent.” he said.

Turning sharply he confidently strode towards the door of the building with the others following, not so confidently!

Tracey took Mark's arm and held on tight as they entered the brick building, noticing the coolness as soon as she entered, the heat outside had been oppressive but inside the air was a lot cooler. The other noticeable thing as soon as they entered was the noise, the place was alive with noise and bustle and colour as well, from the outside it had looked almost uninhabited but on the inside it was exactly what you would imagine a busy marketplace to be.

Surprisingly spacious the whole room was full of brightly coloured mats and carpets and standing on each mat were traditionally dressed Arab men all babbling away to each other loudly in their native tongue. It looked and sounded like any other African market until Tracey saw that standing on each mat with the men was at least one completely naked girl! Some of the men had just the one girl, some had two or more, the most Tracey saw one man have was six, all were naked, all were young and all had thin leather collars around their necks with leashes that were being held by their owners, and all were gorgeous. Even to Tracey as a girl herself she could see that every slave girl must have been chosen for her looks and body, each one the perfect embodiment of what you would imagine a slave girl to look like.

The men in the tour group were instantly entranced and even some of the women, the teenage boys in the group were simply standing there with their mouths gaping open!To her annoyance even Mark looked as if he'd died and gone to heaven and Tracey didn't even want to try and describe the look on Mark's friends face!

As soon as the Arab men saw the coach load of westerners enter the room they fell upon them like a pack of wolves and as they were pulled further and further into the room all sorts of offers and bargains were being offered to the tour men. Even with Tracey on his arm Mark was offered a bewildering array of girls to buy or even sample, the slave girls being pulled roughly in front of them and made to do twirls and all sorts to get the guys full attention. It only took a few minutes and Mark's friend was whisked off to a side room after being invited to sample the wares of a dusky maiden being offered to him at a knock down price. Tracey was glad to see him go but did feel sorry for the girl being pushed into the room with him.

It took them a full twenty minutes to reach the arch at the end of the room after almost forcing their way through the throng of naked and clothed people during which Tracey had to put up with more than one pair of hands sampling her wares as well! She had pushed the first few wandering hands away quite sharply but had soon realised it was a losing battle and just kept her grip tightly on Marks arm as they walked slowly but surely to the arch and once though they found themselves in a shady courtyard which to Tracey's surprise had tables and chairs set out like a small courtyard café.

After a few minutes nearly all the group had made it though and once regrouped they had laughed and told their own little stories as Mr Chambers chatted to a swarthy looking Arab man off to one side.

“Was that fun?” he laughed and some nervous giggles came back from the group,”I was just talking to my friend here and he confirmed there is an auction due fairly shortly which we may just about have time to stay and watch for a while if you want to.”

There were a few murmurs of assent and it was quickly arranged that they would indeed wait around for a while and they were all told to take a seat while some tea was bought out to them, all of which seemed very surreal to Tracey.

The babble of the room inside the arch continued in the background but out in the courtyard they may have been having a nice afternoons tea in sunny England. Marks friend had caught them up and sat down beside mark with an excited look on his face and as Tracey tried to distance herself from the following conversation between the two men it was obvious that Mark's friend had had a good time with the slave girl!

All the time Tracey noticed that Mr Chambers was still chatting to the large Arab man off to one side and occasionally both of them were looking over towards Tracey which was making her a little uncomfortable, until eventually Mr Chambers had take a few steps closer and to the group and said,

“Ladies and gentlemen, I've just been speaking to my friend over there and he's agreed that as a bit of fun we can enter one of the ladies from the group into the auction.” there were a few murmurs from the listening people,”we've done this before with previous groups and as I say it's just a bit of fun, it gives the lucky girl a unique feeling of what it's like to be auctioned off as a slave girl but without the danger of actually being sold” he laughed and there were a few nervous laughs in return.

Apart from the laughs though nobody was raising their hand to volunteer and for a few seconds Tracey though that was the end of that idea but then Mr Chambers had looked directly at her and smiled,

“How about you Tracey, fancy giving it a go, I'm sure you'd fetch a good price.” there was renewed laughter but Tracey just blushed a deep red not liking the way this was going.

“I don't think so.” she replied quietly when to her surprise Mark shouted out,”sure, she'll do it won't you Trace.”

Tracey shot a nasty look at Mark but Mr Chambers was already fast approaching their table holding out his hand for her.

I'm not so sure.” Tracey stammered as he pulled her to her feet,”Oh there's nothing to worry about my dear, I've done this quite a few times now, sold quite a few girls,” he laughed edging the still reluctant Tracey towards the grinning Arab a few feet away.

The rest of the group were all clapping and laughing and with a final push from Mark Tracey found herself standing next to the imposing Arab.

“Okay my dear it's easy, I'll hand you over to Omar here and he will take you and put you with the other girls due for auction,” said the smiling Mr Chambers,”then when the auction starts and it's your turn one of us will bid for you, this is a poor country and most of the girls sold here go for around $10 so I'm sure we can afford to outbid the locals.” he laughed.

Tracey was still terribly unsure about this and as Omar grabbed her arm Mr Chambers leaned in,

“Oh it's best to do whatever Omar says as well, he doesn't like slave girls who don't do as they are told.” he winked at Tracey sending a fresh wave of alarm through her.

“Are you sure this is safe?” she managed to squeak out.

“Yes yes, as I say I've sold quite a few girls this way on previous tours, it's just a bit of fun for the group and don't worry I'm sure someone will pay the $10 needed to buy you.” he laughed and with a sudden pull on her arm all further arguments were lost as Tracey was pulled through a small side door and as she disappeared from view she plainly heard one of the women from the group laugh and say,

“I wouldn't pay $1 dollar to save that little tramp.” and to Tracey's dismay it sounded like a lot of people laughed and agreed with her!

Feeling very afraid now that she was out of sight of the group Tracey found herself pulled into a smallish dusty room where Omar steadied her and then snarled,

“Girl strip”

“Wwhat” Tracey gasped.

“Girl strip”, he repeated this time grabbing at the hem of her dress and trying to lift it.

Tracey squealed and pushed his hand away and to her shock and horror Omar straightened up and pulled his hand back and slapped her hard across the face. Tracey was stunned, she hadn't been slapped since she was a little girl and that wasn't on the face, the pain and surprise was almost enough to knock her to the ground and feeling ashamed at herself she started to cry.

“Girl strip.”

This time she knew she didn't have a choice and so feeling totally ashamed and embarrassed she pulled her dress up over her body revealing that she was not wearing a bra, only a pair of thin panties. She dropped the dress on the ground and stood there covering her large breasts with her hands as best she could hoping that she would at least be allowed to leave her panties on but to her dismay she heard the now familiar words,

“Girl strip.”

Knowing she was defeated and certainly not wanting to get another slap from the horrid man she quickly pulled her panties down and stepped out of them so she was now completely naked.

“Good, come.” Omar snapped and he took her hand and started leading/pulling her towards another small door. Naked Tracey was now even more afraid but had no choice but to go with him, hoping that the next room wasn't going to be full of people to gawp at her nakedness she was relieved to see only what looked like a store room, full of boxes and cans and also hanging on the walls were dozens of leather straps! Picking one off a hook Omar proceeded to fasten it tightly around Tracey's neck, too tightly Tracey thought and he then proceeded to use more leather straps to tie her wrists behind her back so she was now effectively helpless, unable to hide her nakedness at all. Finally yet another leather strap was produced, a slightly thicker one and this was fastened around the back of her head and pulled tight across her mouth gagging her very effectively!

“Come.” Omar snapped at her as he grabbed her arm and started leading her to another room and this one wasn't empty. It was full of girls, just liked Tracey, naked and tied and gagged, Tracey guessed there must have been thirty girls in the room, and to start with Tracey was puzzled as to why they all seemed to be bending forward at the waist but she soon found out why when Omar led her to the wall and proceeded to pull her arms up high behind her and tie off the leather strap to a large hook on the wall, making Tracey stand on tiptoes to try and eleivate the tremendous strain in her arms as they were pulled tight and high behind her forcing her to bend forward, her large breasts swinging beneath her.

“Stay.” Omar barked, somewhat unnecessary as he walked away and out of the room leaving Tracey tethered to the wall along with all the other slave girls. The strain on her arms was almost unbearable and hating herself for doing it Tracey started to cry. How could that stupid Mr Chambers say this was just a bit of fun, she was completely naked and tied in an embarrassing position with 30 other naked girls in a glorified dungeon who's only source of light was a burning brazier in the middle of the room which hardly seemed necessary as the room was boiling hot already, the sweat was pouring down Tracey's strained body.

Looking around after few minutes Tracey counted 32 other girls tied to the walls, all young and pretty, nearly all were black but to Tracey's surprise there were two other white girls there, both of whom looked as happy as Tracey was to be there!

It seemed like an age but must have been 15 minutes of so when the door suddenly opened and to Tracey's utter embarrassment in walked Mr Chambers and with him was one of the fat older women from the tour.

It took them a few seconds to spot Tracey but as they walked over Tracey saw a look of lust on Mr Chambers face and a look of pre evil enjoyment on the woman's.

“Looks like you've found your natural position in life then Tracey.” the woman cackled as they stood in front of the naked girl.

“Now Now Glenda,” Mr Chambers gently admonished her before looking at Tracey, “I'm sorry Tracey but there seems to of been a bit of a mix up, I was under the impression that the auction was going to start very soon and we could have you bought and back on the coach and on the way to the airport in no time.”

Tracey looked at him with mounting worry, no way of answering with the leather strap gagging her.

“It appears though that I got the day wrong and the auction isn't till this time tomorrow”

Tracey heard Glenda laughing as she tried to take in this information, and it didn't look good!

“Obivoulsy we can't wait till tomorrow to buy you as we have to catch the plane home this afternoon so I'm afraid we have no choice but to leave you here.”

Tracey looked up at him in horror, what did he mean leave her here, to be sold as a slave girl?

“I did ask Omar if we could buy you now but he wanted more money than usual to buy you as you are white and ahem big breasted and when I asked Glenda here to see what the tour thought about paying the price Omar wanted for you, well unfortunately nobody was willing to pay it.”

“Yes hunny, $20 is a lot of money for a slut like you.” Glenda cackled at Tracey and she suddenly pinched both of Tracey's nipples between her fingers and shook her breasts by them, “ These big tits of yours have put your price up to high.”

“Glenda” Mr Chambers said but with a hint of a smile in his voice as he saw the large breasts jiggling in front of him.”I will be back here next week with the next tour but I very much doubt you will still be here by then, Omar told me as it's the end of the month tomorrow they are expecting a lot of buyers at the auction and he is sure you will be sold.”

“Yes a lot of brothel owners he said, so you can imagine what you are going to be doing for the next few years,” Glenda laughed.

“Now now Glenda, we don't know that for sure.” Mr Chambers replied but Tracey could tell by the tone in his voice that he fully expected that to be her fate!

She desperately wanted to scream at him, to stop this silly game and to let her go immediately, she had forgotten her embarrassment at being naked in front of the two of them, she just wanted to be released and get back on the coach and fly home to sunny England.

The door suddenly opened and in walked Omar and for a few seconds Tracey thought perhaps this was it, he was going to release her, it had all been a silly joke, but then her hopes were horribly dashed when Glenda smiled at Omar and handed him Tracey's passport which Omar as casually as you like threw into the burning brazier, drawing a squeak of delight from Glenda and fresh tears from Tracey.

As he stood at the brazier watching Tracey's last hope burn away he suddenly pulled out of the fire a long iron rod and Tracey shuddered as she saw the end glowing red hot, surely that couldn't be what she thought it was!

“You said I could do it Omar.” she heard Glenda giggle and Tracey started to struggle madly as she saw Omar hand the branding iron to the beaming Glenda who approached her the quivering Tracey.

“Okay bitch, let's get you branded so everyone knows your a slave, I'm going to enjoy this.”

Screaming into her gag Tracey was suddenly twist round by Omar so that her raised bottom was presented to the smiling Glenda who wasted no time in pressing the red hot iron to Tracey's left cheek. If she hadn't of been gagged she would of screamed the walls down as the iron seared into her flesh and she could actually heard a sizzling sound as Glenda pressed the iron hard against her for a few seconds before reluctantly taking it away.

'God that was good.” she heard Glenda laugh and she was sure she heard Mr Chambers join in with the laughter although she was too consumed with her own pain to worry by then.

As she was twisted round again to face them she heard Mr Chambers say,

“Well I am sorry the way this has turned out for you Tracey, I will pop in next week but as I say I'm sure you will be with your new owner by then.”

“Yes flat on your back!” Glenda snapped.

“I've explained the position to your boyfriend and he's accepted it, apparently you two weren't getting along very well and he was planning on dumping you as soon as you got back home so all in all it hasn't turned out too bad has it.” he said laughing apologetically.

It hasn't turned out too bad! Tracey thought to herself as she saw Mr Chambers and Glenda turn and walk away with not a backwards glance, this was the last time she was going on holiday with Chambers Tours!