

# Auctioned! by Lizbeth Dusseau

*A Free Ebook Test Story  
from Pink Flamingo Publications*

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The house was freshly painted, the garden tended neatly—though it could use a little more imagination. It had been some years since Haliday House had last seen occupants—sometime in the middle 1940's when it was a sanatorium. Its current owner was a distant nephew of the original Haliday. He found the house in disrepair, though his imagination sprouted wings when he saw the raw material of his fantasies appearing so beautifully before his eyes.

The secret society to which he belonged needed places as intriguing and austere as this one to give their purposes a place to flourish. It was the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, and yet, this Haliday maintained the etiquette of bygone times while practicing arcane sexual mores. Small gatherings were held for the lustily inclined, for those disposed to the darker pursuits of the sexual psyche. They practiced wit and gentility by day, and sadomasochism in the evening hours, turning submissive women into slaves—at least for a day or two, or when they were under the roof of the newly renovated Victorian House. It was a gracious place, white framed and trimmed with green to match its fertile lawn. Clubs like this one were hard to find—especially in the Midwest. The lovely 'lady' had become a haven for those who knew that their sexual practices would be shunned by the current fashion of politics and social thought. However, those who came to Haliday House parties liked being unusual, since that made their soirees jump with sexual magic.

"Chelsea!" Master Haliday's voice split molecules into pieces in the sultry, heated air. It cut in timbre through a half-dozen conversations, startling a sleepy crowd of Haliday guests awake.

"Yes, sir," I awoke from my own languid stupor to the thrill of that voice.

"I need you now."

I gulped visibly and bit my lip as I stared at Sir Haliday from the parlor floor in wonder. All afternoon my fears had been on edge, my tummy—one minute clenched, the next overpowered by suggestion. Every atom seemed to speak to a longing I could not shake. What was it happening all around me? Was I being paranoid to think that there were eyes trained on me specifically? I loved the attention, but this time I was afraid.

Scrambling to my feet, I almost stumbled in heels too high for me to walk in. My thighs were already weak, feeling like pillars that might at any second crumble into

dust beneath me. The polished hardwood floor was slick, which made the few steps I negotiated toward the man more chancy. But I managed.

The room began to fill with Masters, while their submissives, either peeking into the parlor door or clinging to their masters' sides, looked as perplexed as I was. They were as unknowing as I was. Some looked longingly; others trembled with fright, maybe putting themselves in my tall high heels. I was struggling. I'm sure everyone could see that.

The Masters stood in a ring around the room, a few choosing to take their seats. They looked a bit like vultures. I looked for my master, Nathan, not finding him. Perhaps I sought his comforting glance, but then, he'd set this affair in motion. His expression would be as determined and grim as all the other master's were.

Thankfully, Sir Haliday ordered me to stand facing the wall. Once there, I spontaneously closed my eyes.

Where was Nathan now, I wondered? I couldn't make out his presence in the room. The commotion was too intense; and the power of authority coming toward me was so vast that the stares were indistinguishable one from another. Normally, I knew when my Master was watching me. Now, he seemed to meld with the others.

A dozen angry beasts seemed to be battling inside my trembling frame.

Sir Haliday stood with me, just off my right shoulder. Grabbing a leather hood from his own submissive, he covered my head, effectively walling me away from all the sights and sounds around me. I found it difficult to breathe—and that breath, hot and labored inside the stiff, confining hood. With one deep breath, I tried to relax, but my thighs were like jelly and my pussy felt as though it were a runaway train. My guts were tightening as I bottled the emotions of fear and thrill inside—afraid they'd splash all over me in tears or laughter. I wanted to giggle and I wanted to cry.

The cries felt like relief, perhaps the laughter, too.

"This piece of property belongs to Master Nathan Bastian," Sir Haliday announced. "He'll be selling her to the highest bidder. I'd suggest an inspection first." He jerked my arm. "Turn around." He roughly turned me so that I stood before my audience face forward. I felt strangely dehumanized. But for the purposes of a slave auction that was appropriate—it was the body and its use that was important in these matters.

"Take off your clothes," Haliday ordered.

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't call for you to speak," he rudely jerked me so I'd get his message clearly.

Silently, I said, *I'm sorry*.

Obeying the command, I inched my long dress up my legs, at first, moving too rapidly for the pleasure of Sir Haliday who acted as the auctioneer.

"Slower," he ordered.

I let the hem drop several inches then started over, moving slowly, taking my time, as though this were a striptease for the sport of arousal. Perhaps it would serve that function for a few horny Doms. And yet, I'm sure in these formal surroundings, their cocks would remain contained inside the trousers of their evening suits. They were a stodgy Old World crowd who relished displays like this

one for every bit of sadistic pleasure they could glean from the humiliation of a slave.

Taking my time, I hiked my skirt carefully to avoid more criticism. If being auctioned made me afraid, being imperfect tore my insides into shreds. Slaves were valued for their ability to perform such things under pressure and with poise. I could not let my earlier faltering destroy me now.

The skirt reached my hips, which were encircled by a black garterbelt. The lacy fabric stretched across my undulating abdomen, while four long garters held a pair of silky stockings in their clasps. My sexual arousal bloomed as I realized that the eyes of my audience were focused there. A small black panty covered the truly important parts, where between my thighs, a beautiful bush of blonde curls protected the inner folds of my sex. Should I be inspected, they would have found me sopping wet.

Moving slower still, I drew the dress along my torso, finally pulling it over my breasts. I was naked underneath, braless. Even sightless, I could know that my nipples had hardened and poked through the fabric of my dress. With the air hitting the bare nubs, they stiffened further, like so many times, standing at attention, pink and proud, begging for a pair of lips to tease them. That, of course, was what they were for. To seduce. To suck. To stimulate the regions down below in preparation for fucking.

Finally, drawing the dress off over my head, I tossed it to my side, while almost stumbling on my fear-weakened legs. I determinedly tried to right myself, only accomplishing the feat with the help of my auctioneer's firm grip.

"Take off those underclothes," he tore at me, "you don't deserve to wear them. I'm sure your owner will want them back for his next slave!"

Unnerved by his cruelty, I cried more earnestly behind the mask—which only made me thankful that I was wearing it. Surely, Sir Haliday would heap more ridicule on me if he knew that my eyes were burning with tears of embarrassment.

I stepped from my heels. Then, unhooking my garterbelt, the tiny garment drooped until I could push the stockings down my thighs and over my feet.

Just as I was about to remove my panties, Sir Haliday stopped me. "Is there a submissive who'd like to remove this last article of slave clothing and present it to her master?"

Filling the anxious second, a woman scampered forward on her knees and pulled the panties down in what felt like a loving, longing, sisterly gesture.

Naked, there was nothing to protect me now.

"She's used goods, gentlemen. Perhaps you'd like to see if she'll be of any value."

I could feel Sir Haliday back away. I stood alone, quaking from the Master's mockery. As if a hoard of feasting tigers was descending on my body, I was pawed by hands, inspected, probed and poked. Several pairs of fingers stabbed my cunt, almost fucking me, but waiting for me to make some sensuous response. It was impossible not to react with at least some degree of natural delight. After all, I am a masochist who thrives on such abuse.

They slapped my breasts, tugged at my nipples until I was tempted to shriek. I held in the feeling of pain, taking a long deep breath and focusing on what that pain contrived in my fondled crotch.

“Bend over!” the auctioneer ordered pressing a firm hand on my back. “And spread your cheeks.” My body was hot with this new humiliation. But I tentatively obeyed him, placing my hands on my bottom. “Yes, slave, let them see your anus,” he encouraged.

Taking an ass cheek in each hand, I firmly grabbed the flesh and pulled the two apart. The horrific degradation hit me with a cruel blow; at the same time, sweeping me with a rush of sexual excitement like I’d never known.

Sir Haliday then pulled me upright and the intense inspection continued with fingers probing my intimate places. One long thin digit entered my ass with a sharp bite. It must have been a woman’s finger, I thought to myself, with its polished nail jabbing me like the blade of a knife. Either Mistress Jane or Mistress Victoria, I decided. Although I figured it was Mistress Jane; Mistress Victoria was too haughty to fool with ‘used goods’.

With a second rude jab at my anus, a pained ‘ouch’ threatened at my lips, but I kept quiet. The inspection couldn’t last forever.

“Crouch!” Sir Haliday barked.

I hesitated.

“Yes, down!” He pushed my shoulders with his steely hand.

In the humbling squat, my pussy was spread wide open for every eye to see the truth glistening there in an obvious display of my slutty arousal. *Did I have no shame?* I wondered to myself.

“Hold up those breasts,” he blared.

I pushed my fair breasts into a cleavage, while trying to adjust to the awkward pose. My ankles ached so that I could hardly stand the position. My nerves faltered. I wanted to tell them how much this hurt, that I couldn’t tolerate the pain.

“Let the bids begin,” the auctioneer finally bellowed. And thankfully, he pulled me to my floundering feet.

Sir Haliday helped me balance as the bidding commenced... twenty-five, fifty, a hundred... During the bidding Sir Haliday smacked my ass at intervals, reminding me to stand up straight. I did my best, but I was quaking like a leaf in spring. Confusion filled my mind—who would bid and who would buy? Was Nathan really serious about the sale? Was this really happening? And then finally, silence. A loud, premeditated silence screamed all around me.

“That’s it, we have a buyer,” Sir Haliday suddenly announced. He grabbed my arm so hard that I was sure that bruises would remain. “I’ll take your purchase to the dungeon where you can abuse her as you wish. Although, it’s customary to invite the attentions of the other Masters to break your chattel in; is that what you want?” I presume he was asking my new owner.

I couldn’t see him but I could feel the way his lust and savagery ripped another masochistic thrill through my teeming body. I can only guess that he agreed.

Pushed from the room, I was roughly handled as I made my way to the cellar stairs guided by Sir Haliday’s commanding hands. As I decided those precarious stairs, I could feel a firm hand on my ass, another with fingernails sinking into my shoulder.

“Suspend her!” the order came quickly once we were in the dungeon. Sir Haliday backed away and two hands grabbed for my wrists, placing them in tight cuffs and drawing them above my head, high enough so that I had to stand on tiptoe from the stretch.

The first hands on my body grabbed either side of my waist—they were not Nathan’s. He’d not purchased me. Nathan’s hands would be warm; these were cool.

After positioning me the way he wanted, I was suddenly attacked, struck my a rain of strikes from paddles and leather spankers, which made me jump erratically with every blow that smacked my cheeks. I contained the need to cry, remembering the submissive requirement with every bit of strength I could summon.

My front and backsides were flogged in a simultaneous rhythm that had me jerking wildly and unable to follow the path of any strike to an erotic end. The pain grew rich, but complicated. I began to sweat, my eyes fill with tears again. These, however, were not tears of grief or horror, but tears of relief. Relief washed through me, bewilderingly so. Though I was in the middle of this new owner’s insidious wrath, from somewhere outside the act, I could feel Nathan standing over the proceedings, directing the scene as if it was a play and I was on stage.

I was abused, but loved, delivered into subspace by a dozen hands extended by whips and paddles to bite and smack and revel in the resulting pain... told not in the expression on my hooded face, but in my body that jerked like a frenetic puppet.

Other hands and other implements were more tender. There was no bite, no sting as fur and feathers tickled my roughed skin and bruised flesh.

After my stint suspended, I was taken down and thrust against the St. Andrews’s Cross, bound at my ankles and my wrists. A single tail whip flogged at the dangerous territory along the inside of my thighs, where every strike produced a shrill but silent cry from my muted lips.

The aroma of perfume suddenly reached my nostrils. Moments later, some gentle lady with fur covering her hand stroked me between the cuts that burned. Cuts from the single tail continued to mark my back with small wounds I’d remember lovingly when my ordeal was over.

Ah! yesssssss, I was content to think without speaking. “More!” my body screamed.

Finally pulled from the cross, I was taken to a spanking bench, laid face up where the torture increased. My breasts and cunt were not as accustomed to abuse as my well worked ass and wanting shoulders. Every strike against my pubic mound worked its way in pain far beyond the point of impact. Yet, every strike against my front side was altered with the feel of someone’s sensuous hand gliding kindly over the damage. A soothing bath of textures took what pained me grievously and transformed it into another experience of being loved.

Rocked inside this strange cradle of love, I remained helpless, lost and grateful... what more could I ask of life than to give me this kind of satisfaction? I could go on forever...

“Your new master wants you to himself,” Sir Haliday suddenly announced in that same bold voice of authority. Reality boldly rode back in my mind on a gallant steed, and jerked me awake.

I trembled then, afraid of the face of my owner, yet knowing I would serve whatever man appeared to me. The bodies in attendance drifted off, like specters walking through a foggy night. They quit me, leaving me in the cold. Even Sir Haliday disappeared... I almost missed him...

The laces on the hood were loosened. Then a firm hand pulled me upright and to my feet. I was prepared to see the features of my new Master's face, what strength, what purpose he'd employ. A lot can be learned about an owner in that first meeting...

The hood started to wiggle free, inching up over my chin... I could hardly breathe when I awakened.

"Open your eyes." I heard a hushed and familiar voice.

Obeying the command, my eyes fluttered open to see the face of my owner—my husband... Nathan.

"Oh, my! It was you," I whispered, staring upward into his beautiful face.

The smile, so generous and rich, melted all my remaining fears with love.

Falling to his chest, he held me tight to him and his beating heart. He stroked away my tears, engulfed me in his love.

*It was you! I smiled to myself.*

I wanted to wilt at his feet in service to him as his slave. But he didn't ask that of me now.

All in good time, I thought, as he led me from the dungeon, into the cellar, then up the stairs. *All in good time.*