

# The Auction

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## PART 1

There's a certain noise that women make when they go shopping. It's between a buzz - - where they're comparing items and prices - - and a hum - - when they're experiencing a building excitement in a new product or a new line. The noise reaches a crescendo when they get excited enough to touch and feel and fondle the merchandise. Running fabric through your fingers and squeezing cloth just does something to you.

Something exciting.

I love shopping. It's my favorite avocation. I think I'm pretty good at it, too. After all, what's more fun than toodling through the aisles of esoteric stores, discussing the merits of one interesting garment or another with a friend or two, and buying something frivolous just because you want it? Except for the banana mocha espresso I always have at the cute little coffee bar in front of Nordstrom, there's almost nothing I like better than shopping. Almost.

In fact, the more provocative the item purchased, the more I enjoy the adventure. One of my favorites is lingerie. Touching the silky fabrics and stroking the lace and caressing the cotton just makes my day. And buying lingerie makes my nights.

That's why I was so excited when Hannah suggested we go shopping together last weekend. Although shopping is very high on my list of favorite things to do, shopping with Hannah is even better. Hannah is fun. She likes to play with the salespeople and inquire about colors and sizes. We try everything on. Being in the fitting room with Hannah is pure joy.

I remember one day when we had the seamstress in stitches laughing her sides off at our antics in the oversized dressing room. Hannah touched the flowered fabric of a blouse I was trying on and made a snide face.

"Flowers," Hannah informed us, "are for subs. Dommies wear solids."

I thought I was going to die from holding in the giggles that I felt starting near my toes. At first, the seamstress, who was kneeling on the floor trying to mark a hem on a skirt I was taking, looked up at her quizzically and then when she saw me holding in a wave of giggling, just burst into loud chortling at the two of us. The only problem was that she didn't realize how serious Hannah was.

Even Domes shop. We just enjoy it when the salespeople sub to us. \*I\* enjoy it a lot. That's why shopping with Hannah is so amusing: she knows and I don't have to hide it. Domes need confidantes. There are just some things you can't discuss with your sub. You need another Domme to talk to.

So too early on Saturday morning, I found myself in the passenger seat of Hannah's new sports car, the one with the cramped little back seat, hurtling toward the Virginia border in search of a new shopping adventure. I just didn't know where we were going, but it didn't really matter. When it came to shopping, Hannah and I were pros.

As we drove, we talked. Our topics of discussion ranged from gas mileage in her new BMW to a new computer I was putting together with the guy at my favorite techno-store. We managed discussions about her job, my new company and what our subs were doing.

Hannah has a primary sub, a guy she met almost a year ago, that moved here from Georgia. This guy was pretty decently trained when he came to Hannah, but he still required a lot of work on her part. She had to show him, and I remembered watching a few training sessions, just what it meant to respond when she gave an instruction. He was good and had potential, but he was slow at first.

Her lessons were quick, complete and sometimes severe.

I recalled one time when I was visiting Hannah's lake house when she told him to get the chicken ready for the grill. What she meant was to get the grill ready, too, which is something I figure any good sub would know, but not this one. He got the chicken marinated, all right, but he never fired up the grill. She was furious, I guess, because he acted so stupid in front of me. Domes are worse on subs when the subs screw up in front of guests, especially other Domes.

She just lit into him. Picking up a nearby leather strap - - there was always a leather strap close by when you were at one of Hannah's homes - - she flicked it as his tanned asscheeks and raised a single red welt that caused him to hop in shock from the severity of her blow. His eyes filled with tears, and if she hadn't been so incensed at him, I might have felt sorry for him.

The funny thing was that he knew - - immediately - - what she wanted when she swatted him. He realized instantaneously what he had forgotten and tried to rush outside and light the grill, but she wasn't done with him, not by a long shot. With the leather strap in her right hand, still flinging at his ass, she reached for a small paddle with her left and reaching between his legs, smacked his naked organs firmly.

His shriek rang in my ears for a long time. I know he didn't expect it. The whole time she reminded him in a gentle questioning voice, "Do you know what it means to \*think\*? Do you understand common sense? Can you figure out what you're supposed to do without being told every step of the way?"

He knew better than to answer her. When she used *\*that\** tone, it was smarter to say nothing. Watching her smack him front and back sent chills up my spine. As the redness spread across his cheeks and as his organs hung punished and dripping, I got wet.

While we ate chicken later, her sub knelt nearby as she fed him from her plate. I think he was happy not to have to sit down.

The breeze blew through Hannah's auburn hair as the car sped down the highway. I wore a hat. After about an hour and a half, I finally asked, "What store are we going to?" When you shop with Hannah, the store almost doesn't matter. The shopping itself is the attraction.

She smiled in my direction as if to reassure me and replied, "Somewhere you've never been before." I liked the sound of that. New stores meant new shopping experiences. So I nestled back in the comfortable bucket seat and enjoyed the warm spring sunshine encompass me as she drove through wide then narrow streets.

Finally, she announced clearly, "We're here."

I looked around and didn't see a shopping center or even a strip mall. In fact, there were no stores at all around. We were in a residential neighborhood, and a *\*very\** nice one at that. These weren't houses. They were rightfully called mansions.

Hannah looked at my quizzical expression and answered before I even asked. "You've never been to a sale like this, Lynn. I promise you, you're going to love it. And they take credit cards."

The two of us laughed out loud as we exited the car and handed the keys to a parking attendant who appeared almost out of nowhere. I studied him with one eye and investigated the parked cars with the other. There were a few BMWs, all right, and just a few Jags. I swore there was a Corniche at the end of the row and a few Porsches to balance the lot of them. Whoever was here certainly had good taste in automobiles.

I counted 11 cars.

The front door swung open as we approached and a stocky servant stood at the entrance. His shoulders were huge, in comparison to his height, which wasn't that great at all. His chest bore evidence to the fact that he worked out and his gleaming skin spoke of carefully applied oil. But when he ushered us in, I got the best view of his great ass. That was one tight set of cheeks, and let's face it, I just love tight asses on subs.

I wanted to fondle it, but Hannah threw me a look that said, "Don't touch *\*that\** merchandise." Her voice said, "Just wait. Just wait."

We were shown the way to the den and I drank in the magnificent pastel decorating that set off the huge room from feeling too empty. The furniture was comfortable, which I

appreciated, and the hard wood floors gleamed. Someone had buffed them until they literally sparkled. Casually, I caught Hannah's eye as I pointed to the hardwood. She smiled.

"Maybe they used an electric buffer," Hannah smirked. But there was a gleam in her eye. Suddenly, I got it.

I replied, "Or maybe they used a good old-fashioned cotton rag attached to something else." We burst out giggling while we thought of what 'something else' might just be. Somehow the image of a sub or two with a diaper on his tanned ass scooting around the hardwood to make it shine just made us snigger at the thought. That's another thing I like about Hannah. She makes me laugh and then she laughs with me.

A tall woman approached us, her hand extended, and greeted Hannah warmly.

"Dear, it's so good to see you again," she began and kept right on talking, "this must be your friend Lynn. So glad to meet you and glad you came to shop with us."

Aha! I thought. Something was for sale here. Hannah smiled, greeted her friend equally as warmly as the tall woman pointed out two comfortable chairs near the windows.

"Sit here," she offered, "you'll have a great view of the merchandise."

What was this, I thought. Tupperware?

It didn't take long before I found I wasn't there to buy plastic. As we sat in the proffered chairs, a few spotlights, that I hadn't noticed before, focused on empty floor space, around which all the women were seated in a comfortable, and fairly expensive, semi-circle. It was theater-like. We constituted an audience, but I hadn't seen a playbill yet.

Someone offered me a glass of wine. Looking up toward the silver tray, I saw two meaty arms extending a choice of red or white to me. Even though they were powerful muscles in those arms, they sported neatly manicured fingernails and a healthy dose of the ever-present oil. Those arms shimmered in the reflection of the spotlights.

I chose the red. And my eyes chose to take in the glory of his soft, but very long organ that dangled between his naked legs. I must have smiled, because Hannah took one look at me and smirked.

"Told you!" she muttered half under her breath. She was right. I *\*was\** having a wonderful time. Who can look at a dick that big and long and *\*not\** have wonderful time? I allowed my mind to imagine how much fun it would be to play with that dick or maybe even train it or...

I was transported into my pastel reality by an amplified voice speaking to me - - well, speaking to *\*all\** of us - - from the spotlighted space in the center of the room. I glanced

in the speaker's direction and saw one of the most beautifully oiled bodies I had ever witnessed before on a male. The hot lights didn't hurt his physique one bit. His skin looked soft and fragile - - like if you whipped it too hard, it might break. But there was a power behind that delicate exterior, a power that I couldn't identify, but I knew when I saw.

That's the thing about subs for me: power. Subs have to have some personal power or I am just not interested in them at all. I can't deal with those wimpy, simpering subs who grovel and beg all the time and can't seem to figure out if they should stand up or sit down without asking. It's too tiring to answer all those questions. I want a sub that can be independent at times and doesn't bother me with all his ridiculous questions. In fact, I got rid of one who did that. He was a real drain, a real high-maintenance sub. I want my subs to have that special power that enables them to submit to me.

This one did. He was magnificent and I could feel his energy pour out of his soul and radiate in the bright spotlights that danced on his glittering and gorgeous skin. His owner was lucky. I wondered if she were the tall woman who knew Hannah. Damn, it didn't really matter. He wasn't mine. A Domme can wish, can't she?

He introduced the day's activities.

"Welcome to my Mistress's home," he began, "and her semi-annual auction. Today she will offer those males - - both trained and novice - - that are up for sale."

I grinned at Hannah, and noticed that she also wore a smile from ear to ear. This shopping trip was going to be great. Silently, I counted the cash in my wallet and then remembered Hannah's words. "They take credit cards," she told me. This was going to be a wonderful day.

## **PART 2**

I figured I should watch a transaction or two before I bid on anything. This was my first auction, after all, and I didn't want to embarrass Hannah by doing anything ill mannered. I *\*could\** use a new houseboy, I reflected, or a new maid for the upstairs wing. Shoot, I thought, maybe one of each would do. My face started hurting from the smile I just realized I was wearing.

"Please observe Mistress's policies," the magnificent one continued, "and don't touch the merchandise unless you plan to bid on it. Each consignment is considered his owner's property until the sale is complete and the auctioneer's gavel has sounded. All sales are final." He finished with, "And new owners take their merchandise with them."

I shot a quick look at Hannah and wondered about that new sports car and its cramped back seat. Hannah looked totally unconcerned, and if she didn't care, well, then neither did I. There was an auction proceeding and I didn't want to spoil my fun with details.

The spotlights increased in intensity and the auctioneer took his place at the podium. I imagined each specimen that stood in front of the semi-circle was destined to be more gorgeous than the previous. This first one had light brown hair with only a few flecks of gray around his sideburns. And blue eyes - - piercing blue eyes. I stared intently into them and felt like he was staring directly back at me. Shoot, I wasn't just warm - - I was getting hot!

I just hoped he didn't talk too fast.

"Ladies, welcome to the auction," he began splendidly and without unnecessary introduction, "let's check out our first item."

Oh, I was ready to check out the first item, all right. I swiveled in my chair for a better look.

Music started from somewhere and it complemented my mood. It wasn't too dramatic, but it conveyed a clear message. I think it was Beethoven's Ninth.

A large male walked tenaciously into the center of the room and proceeded to show the assembled all his strong points. His face was strong and his chest was bare. Hairless. I let my eyes drip down toward his abdomen and saw those ripples and fell in love. I wanted him. Hannah glanced at me and giggled.

"Wait, Lynn, wait," she warned, "there's better coming."

At that point, I wasn't sure who was coming, but I took her advice and sat on my hands. But I checked out his other features. A great set of organs, although the penis was a little small for a male that tall, and two wonderful hairless testicles swung steadily between his spread legs. His feet looked hearty and sturdy and seemed proportional to his height. Two muscular legs suited his stature. Then he turned around.

His back was wide and hairless, his calves reeked of running. But that ass! Two perfectly tanned asscheeks glimmered in the spotlights and when he bent over and grabbed those cheeks with his massive hands and pulled them apart, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. His asshole was hairless, too, and obviously well trained. The little red cherry hole fascinated me.

And Hannah had warned me that even better was coming!

I listened to the description offered by the auctioneer. "Item #1 is a 32-year-old male from Michigan who has been trained to perform all mechanical tasks needed in a large household. He is 6'2" tall and weighs 210 pounds. He is a vegetarian who has studied accounting and can serve well in that area. His neck is 17 inches and his penis length when flaccid is 6 inches. When allowed to harden, #1's length extends to 7 inches."

Seven? Only seven? I wasn't too impressed. But the auctioneer continued.

"This subject has been trained in all areas of anal satisfaction and can take objects up to 8 inches in length and 3 inches in diameter. He has a chauffeur's license and responds well to CBT. He has received good medical attention and is up to date on all his shots. Bidding starts at \$150.00."

I didn't see anyone bid, but the auctioneer must have seen a hand go up or something because he said, "I have the opening bid of \$150.00. Do I hear \$200.00?"

Hannah whispered, "He's not worth that much. Look at that penis. It's too short to do me any good."

I think the rest of the crowd agreed and the bids reached only \$250.00. I heard one woman in the circle make the final offer, "If he can harden that small dick to seven inches, I'll take him for \$300.00."

"If Madam wishes proof of his length, the subject will comply," and the auctioneer stared at #1, who was still bent over with his asscheeks spread widely apart. "Turn around, boy," he ordered, "masturbate for the bidder."

The accountant spun around and began pumping his organ with strong hands and we all watched as his small penis began engorging. I've seen better technique, and I wasn't too impressed. Hannah sniffed.

"Not much there," she said under her breath.

The penis hardly seemed to lengthen at all but the auctioneer had an assistant measure the length and announced, "Six and three quarters," which drew a chorus of chuckles from the assembled. I heard little comments. "Does \*me\* no good," someone said, and the rest of the crowd agreed.

The three-hundred-dollar bidder announced, "He's not worth it. You can have him, dear," and smiled at his new owner. The prize had a plain fabric strap buckled around his neck and a leash attached. "Does Madam wish her new acquisition to attend her now?" the auctioneer asked.

"Send him over here," his new owner said plainly, "and I'll have a closer look at him."

The accountant walked gingerly toward his new owner and knelt beside her. The bidding began on the next subject for sale.

"This male is from California," he began to a chorus of moans about a glut of west-coast subs, "and stands 5'11" with a penis length of seven-and-a-half inches when hard and six when soft." I think I heard an impressed, "Wow," or two. The auctioneer continued, "He is 43 years old with a degree in mechanical engineering, eats all foods, and has all his

shots. Although not trained anally, he is suitable for feminizing and enjoys household duties. His most recent position was with a couple who used him for entertainment and cleaning. He's a good cook and manages a smaller household completely."

A few comments spread through the group. "Cleans and cooks? Nice combination."

"The bidding starts at \$200.00." He paused and then added, "I have two hundred. Do I hear two-fifty?" The bidding continued for a minute or so and we were up to \$450.00 when the subject spread his well-formed legs a little farther apart and we all watched his penis slowly rise. Inch by inch, it made its way toward a vertical position - - about 90-degrees from his abdomen. Damn! The thing stuck straight out!

"Six hundred!" I heard from the back of the room and a quick, "Six-fifty!" followed. The bidding went fast and furious for a few minutes and before I knew it, we were up to an even thousand. The auctioneer was clearly enthusiastic as he described the parcel's other talents.

"This one has a good tongue," he mentioned, and the subject dutifully extended his tongue and licked that air vertically in what I think was a nice touch. I heard "One thousand five hundred!"

We all took a collective sigh and waited for the inevitable gavel-banging and finalized sale. No one argues with a five-hundred-dollar increase. He was collared and leashed and given to his new owner, a short stocky woman we all believed was going to be very very tired in the morning. I couldn't help it. I giggled.

Hannah gave me a half-dirty look and the two of us smiled at each other.

A few more non-descript offerings were sold including a 40-year-old ex-sailor from the Texas area, a beefy guy who was purchased to do outside work, and a slim attractive blond male who we all knew was going to be dressed up very pretty that evening. He hardly smiled, but for a small guy, he was particularly well-hung and the combination of lace and penis seemed too good for one of the women to pass up.

I kind of like frilly outfits with just a glimpse of a dangling penis from the lacy bottom. I'd never bought one before, but it was something I might just like to try once. I felt Hannah's elbow nudge me in the ribs and I turned my attention to the sales floor.

"Next, Ladies, we have an unusual offering: a male that is at the beginning of his training. Mistress's policy is one novice per auction, and this one is today's submission for your consideration. If you've always wanted to train your own, this is your chance." He was silent for a few moments as the women took in the newcomer's entrance.

He was shy. His eyes never left the floor and his arms hung at his sides. Without a clue how to present himself, he seemed so - - well - - virginal. Dark brown hair hung about his

deep-set eyes and his lips almost pouted. Although he was as naked as the others, he seemed uncomfortable. I licked my lips. This was going to be good.

Then I saw Hannah. She was half out of her seat with gluttony for this babe's bidding to start. Now I knew why we were here! THIS is what she wanted - - a newbie. A virgin.

This was going to be *\*very\** good.

The auctioneer continued, "This 45-year-old male is new and requires training. He still has his own mind and his owner has been reluctant to sell him without warning the Ladies that he's a bit of a bucking bronco. He will require work."

But his features tantalized us.

"Penis length when soft is 7 inches and hard is almost 8-and-a-half." I heard several groans and just a few moans emerge from the audience. "His asscheeks are rock hard and he's a runner. His owner runs him three to four times a week and he does five miles at a time. Trained as a programmer and engineer, he's handy with a computer as well as suitable for housework."

What a combination! I was green with envy because I knew that before this day was over, Hannah was going to take him home.

The male's face was covered with sweat either from the hot spotlights or just his own uneasiness. Obviously, he was very new at being owned and I'm sure his proprietor, whoever she was, was excited at the audience's reaction. She was going to take home a pretty penny for this one.

He couldn't pull his eyes from the floor even though he should have been posing and showing himself off to us like the others had done. Just standing there, though, he exuded a kind of excitement. It was like he pulsed. We all felt it and a quiet frenzy began overtaking the women in the room. I know I felt it - - deep inside me.

Hannah was almost berserk waiting for the bidding to start.

"Opening bid is \$100.00," the auctioneer announced, and Hannah raised her hand. "We have one hundred," he continued, "do I hear one-fifty?"

The bidding continued rapidly and with increasing excitement until Hannah was bidding against a blonde in the back row. We had reached eight hundred and Hannah's bid was high.

"A thousand," the blonde announced as all our eyes turned toward her. A two hundred dollar increase was nothing to sneer at.

Hannah looked him over one more time and announced clearly to the auctioneer, "I want to see that eight-and-a-half."

"Bidders may inspect the merchandise," he answered and an assistant collared and leashed the goods, walked him into the audience and handed him over to Hannah. She pulled his leash and drew him closer to her as her eyes moved up and down every inch of his soft organ.

"This is seven inches?" she queried and an assistant rushed over with a ruler to verify the claim. Pulling the soft penis with one hand, he laid the wooden ruler under it and pinched the tip against the inch marker.

"Seven!" he declared and Hannah seemed momentarily satisfied.

"I want to see the eight-and-a-half," she intoned, "if I'm going to pay top dollar, I want every inch that's mine."

It seemed reasonable to me.

The assistant looked toward the auctioneer for guidance and then toward the merchandise, as if to encourage the reluctant property to do as expected. The male never took his eyes from the floor and made no move to harden himself and prove his worth. The auctioneer sighed and reminded us, "Remember, he's a novice. He needs guidance."

Hannah had all the guidance she needed, right at her fingertips.

"If he's clueless," she pronounced, "I'll do it myself." And with that simple statement, she wrapped his leash around her wrist and began masturbating the embarrassed male's penis with a dry palm until he produced enough moisture to wet the process. I watched his face while the other women stared at his slowly enlarging dick.

His eyes were wet. He was horrified at the spectacle that he had become in front of all the women who were inspecting his goods and his Mistress's claim. Hannah rubbed and rubbed until the ruler holder announced, "Eight!" and then she threw her hands up in the air, his leash still attached, in a sort of "Rocky" victory dance, and almost simultaneously shouted, "A thousand and a half!"

The room hushed significantly from the giggling and visiting the audience had been engaging in during the proof process when Hannah uttered her bid. A five hundred dollar increase was serious. I could see excitement floating over her eyes and she started doing that stammering thing she does when she's excited about buying something.

The goods attached to her leash was getting pretty uncomfortable being attached to the center of attention. In fact, he seemed downright mortified by the experience. I swear I saw his cheeks flush and redden. His face cheeks, that is. Maybe later tonight, those

asscheeks would turn red, but right now, it was his face that declared his crimson degradation. He was kind of cute. In a virginal sort of way.

He kept looking down at the floor and his hair hung in his eyes. The mortification he was feeling must have made him sweat even more, because his hair was damp where it framed his face. I took one look at that intensity in his eyes and the sweaty hair in his face and decided right then and there that I was going to buy \*something\* today. I needed a new toy to play with.

The auctioneer interrupted my reverie with his "Going once, going twice," litany and before we knew it, Hannah had bought herself a virgin for a thousand and a half. I was excited for her - - but not half as excited as she was for herself. I wondered how the current boy would get along with his new playmate. If Hannah played favorites, which was easy to do with a new toy, the current boy might be offended.

Shoot, she might just have to get rid of him after she trained the new one. You always want to keep a trained male around while you're working with a virgin. It's good to have a dedicated, obedient male in the house just in case.

Hannah already had his leash so she yanked on it and brought him to his knees, right between where we were sitting. That's when I realized just how tall he was. Even kneeling, his head was near my shoulders. She played with his damp hair and he kept tossing his head from side to side like he didn't like her touching him. Oh, he was going to be fun! I envied her.

The shopping frenzy hit me and I just \*knew\* I was going to purchase something today. I studied every offering that stepped into the spotlights and even bid on one - - a husky former pro ballplayer who was being sold by a Mistress who didn't need his particular skill anymore. They said he was a great household worker and crew supervisor. I really didn't have a household that large and didn't require a supervisor. Sometimes, males who have supervised other males don't fit in well in households that are smaller. They miss their power over others.

There were leashed new purchases all over the room by now. Almost 12 males had exchanged hands and credit card slips were attached to all their collars. The best thing about shopping at an auction was that the merchandise was already wrapped and you didn't need a bag for them. You took them as they were. No luggage, no baggage. If the Mistress wanted hers naked for the transfer home, that's how she took him. I wondered about Hannah's plans: whether or not she planned to toss him in the cramped back seat of her car or had made some other arrangements.

She looked at me and concluded, "There's just one left. If you want him, buy him. We won't get back here for six months, until the Fall sale." She winked at me. She knew how much I wanted one.

The music built to a crescendo for the finale. Never having been to this kind of auction before, I didn't realize that the final item on the docket would be special. Hannah knew, I think, which is why she told me to pay particular attention to this item.

### **PART 3**

It was getting dark outside. We must have been shopping and eating snacks for at least three hours by now, and the spotlights danced around the huge room throwing eerie glows all over the pastel walls and hardwood floor. The auctioneer seemed excited when he announced the finale.

"Ladies, we have a special offering for you today. Please pay attention to the last parcel. We think you'll be very pleased with what is offered," he declared.

I was paying attention - - close attention. Even though I wanted to buy \*something\* I wasn't going to settle for anything less than, well, special. As I concentrated on the sales floor, Hannah played with her new boy's chest hair and muttered, "That's coming off!" I think the boy winced a little and I was absolutely certain that he had never been waxed before. That was one event I didn't want to miss.

The auctioneer continued, "This specimen is 6'3" and has an unusually large penile length that approaches eight-and-a-half inches when hard but a mere four inches when soft."

I heard a few gasps around the room. Eight-and-a-half inches hard! It must be amazing to watch that one grow!

"He has seen service in England and is familiar with British customs. He is well-experienced at European proclivities." I thought I heard the entire group inhale as one. But he wasn't done. "He is a master carpenter and earns his keep by building and marketing custom spanking benches." The auctioneer smiled.

Damn. The entire group groaned almost in unison. This one was a keeper!

"Finally, Ladies," he concluded, "look at this!"

The big man walked steadfastly into the spotlight and without unnecessary self-congratulation, pulled his own organ away from his body to reveal a gleaming golden ring at the base of his penis, behind the testicles.

Oh, god. They were selling a Gold.

"One thousand!" I heard a woman call from somewhere in the middle of the room. He never had to announce an opening bid - - not on \*this\* one.

I heard my own voice call, "Two thousand!" and Hannah broke into a huge smile. This one would be mine. I knew it. I never had a Gold before and I always wanted one.

Bids flew furiously around the room and we raised each other by a hundred or two each time. By the time we reached four thousand, everyone had dropped out, except this one redhead and me. I heard my voice again, "Four and a half!" I called clearly. The room hushed.

"Let me see his ass," the redhead demanded and the Gold swung around to part his asscheeks for her inspection. To add to the glory of the view, he bent over and spread his legs. What they said about Golds must be true, I imagined. It was a great, hairless ass. It must take at least 10 inches.

She stared at the glory of his hole and raised my bid by a hundred. That's when I knew she wasn't as serious as I was. Shoot, I'd have raised my own bid another thousand for \*that\* ass. I really appreciate a good ass. A good tight ass.

"We are at \$4,600.00," the auctioneer reminded us unnecessarily. "Do I hear four-eight?"

"Four-seven," I retorted and stared at my potential merchandise while the redhead fidgeted in her seat. It was a pretty penny to pay for any male, but this was a Gold and she just was unsure of herself. Or maybe she had a house full already. I didn't know. And I didn't care. I just wanted him.

"Four-seven is the bid on the floor," he reminded us and asked the expected question. "Do I hear four-eight?"

I watched her shift a little nervously in the upholstered wing chair and knew that she wasn't suitable for a Gold. She wasn't sure enough of herself. She was indecisive. Golds don't like that, at least that's what I've heard.

Hannah poked me in the ribs and smiled, "Will you go for five?"

"Damn," I retorted, "I'd pay six for him. But don't tell \*her\* that!" The two of us broke into quiet giggles and I wondered for a moment just how I'd get him home. One male in the little back seat of Hannah's car was difficult enough, but two?

"Before I'd pay six," Hannah warned me, "I'd test the products." It seemed like good advice and Hannah was a great shopper, so I usually listened to her. If the redhead raised my bid, I'd demand to see every one of those eight-and-a-half inches. I waited for her to decide.

Hannah reminded me not to appear too interested, but I wasn't sure I could pull that off right now. This one was seriously interesting and would take care of several of my needs. A good carpenter is hard to find and a sub that pays his own way is rare. But that British thing got to me. I always wanted a European-trained boy because I'd heard so much about

how they love anal play, including spanking. And \*this\* one made his own benches. I was absolutely certain he also had used a few in his time.

I bet his ass was as hard as a rock. And when it was red, it must be a thing of glory.

"Going once," he called, "going twice..."

"Four EIGHT! But I want to see that ass!" she yelled, finally, and I just \*knew\* she'd never go higher than that. I had him. And I'd get him for less than five thousand.

The auctioneer's assistant dutifully wrapped a mesh collar around his neck and attached a short leash, which he handed to the redhead so she could begin her inspection. Placing the leash handle on the floor and stepping on it with a black leather boot, she quickly had him bent over with his ass exposed to the room. I watched her handle him and I wasn't impressed with her style. You don't have to treat Golds like meat like you do with those novices or barely trained males.

"He takes HOW many inches?" she asked a little too loudly.

The auctioneer consulted his notes before replying, "Madam, he claims nine-and-a-half."

"I want to see THAT!" she responded, and I swear, if she stuck anything inside those glorious asscheeks, I was going to outbid her right then and there. I didn't want damaged merchandise.

Hannah nudged me again, "Go take a look. It's fine to get up and get a closer look. You want to see that, don't you?" She smiled, and I giggled because we both knew about that anal play and me. My boys had to be able to enjoy that or I wanted no part of them. I had a room with an entire drawer filled with kits of different sized plugs for my boys. Each had his own kit, which, if I ever got rid of one, sent with him. I think every sub needs his own anal kit. It's better that way.

Once, I had gotten rid of a boy who claimed to take six inches, but when I actually tried a small vegetable - - I think it was a zucchini, but I don't remember - - he wound up crying and humping and flinging his ass around, just trying to get it inside. I sent him away in the morning. I mean, who needs this kind of aggravation?

I got up and walked toward the spectacle she was making out of the Gold whose leash was still under her black boot. As I approached, I noticed the fine color of his asscheeks and the tenor of his skin. It appeared firm, but not hard, and he obviously kept up his regiment of daily oil and lotions. I liked a sub that took care of himself.

"Get me a plug!" the redhead demanded, and the auctioneer's assistant scurried to obtain what she expected. He trotted to her position with a huge plug and a ruler.

"Nine inches," the assistant announced to the redhead's sneering face. "Would Madam care for lubrication?"

If she damaged him, I was going to be pissed. Even Hannah inhaled on that one. Impaling unlubricated merchandise was really unnecessary. But I try never to tell other Dommies what to do - - unless they ask.

Once, when Hannah and I were interrupting a shopping trip with a banana mocha espresso break, we were chatting about the best kinds of lube - - I guess I had that Texan with me then because he had the deepest ass I'd played with up until then - - when a total stranger approached us and, clearing her throat uncomfortably, asked if she could join us for coffee for a few minutes. Hannah and I looked at each other, loathe to give up her intriguing conversation, but invited her to join us.

I'm glad we did. Her first question was a give-away.

"I have a male," she began with obvious trepidation, "who has trouble taking more than three inches. I heard your conversation and thought that you might..."

She was so uncomfortable that I wanted to hug her, but both Hannah and I knew what the problem was. This was a new Domme and she was asking, so we figured we should tell her.

Hannah went first. "He can take more than that," she elucidated, "but you'll have to expect more from him. They always meet your expectations."

I nodded and added, "Are you babying him?"

Looking like she was going to cry, she nodded. "I don't know what to do with him!" she half-wailed and then we \*did\* hug her and invite her to bring him over one afternoon and we'd work with both of them. It seemed like the friendly thing to do. She was so excited, she brought him over the very next day. I remember: it was a Wednesday.

It was quite an afternoon. My boy had a lovely coffee set out and Hannah had brought one of her boys and we spent the afternoon showing our new friend, whose name turned out to be Simone, which I thought was an exceptional name for a Domme, just how to expand a hole to take longer and wider inserts. We also had to teach her to ignore his moans and recognize the difference between \*real\* moaning, which is good, and silly moaning, which is - - well, just silly - - and requires a gag.

My Texan knew about gags. And about expanding his hole. He made a great demonstration.

She also required a lube lesson, as well as an introduction to the idea of routine and practice. In fact, we learned that she didn't plug him every day, and we all know what happens when you neglect to train a sub for a whole day.

Finally, I gave her one my expander kits so she could plug him daily with longer and wider inserts, until he satisfied her needs. She was profusely grateful and still sends me flowers every year on the day we met. I like appreciative Dommies. It shows good breeding.

The redhead considered - - I could tell - - plugging him dry and I wasn't going to allow her to bruise what was going to be my purchase, so I figured I had to do something, but I wasn't sure just what was appropriate. First I thought about just out-bidding her then and there, but I wanted to see that boy take the plug. Even though I \*knew\* he was a Gold, I wanted to see proof. For almost five thousand, I figured I deserved proof.

But I worried that my reminding her might seem bad form. I looked to Hannah, who nodded encouragement, and I entered the demonstration - - verbally.

"Which lube are you going to use?" I queried, in what I had learned was a great technique to use with salespeople. Don't ask "if."

She turned to me, somewhat solicitously, and inquired, "Do you have a preference?"

I like it when Dommies sub to me. It makes me feel even more powerful. Of \*course\* I had a preference!

"Use his own juice," I suggested to the entire room's nodding approval. This way, we'd get two shows for the price of one.

Her long arm reached under the bent-over male's belly, massaged for a few minutes and extracted enough clear precome to satisfy me, at least, for the moment. Rubbing the juice all over the plug's tip, she barely lubricated it - - not for nine inches. I didn't like how this was going. She pressed the tip against his hole, pushed it in at least two inches, and the male may have moaned a little, but I wasn't sure.

I didn't like this, not one bit.

She pushed a little harder and I watched him shudder from discomfort but I was pretty sure he wasn't in danger yet. A little more - - a little harder. It went in a little deeper. He took a deep breath - - I saw his entire body gulp for air and I marveled at the exacting level of his self-control. Oh god, I wanted him!

Desperate not to give into the pain she was causing him, he tried to accept the plug. Every time he humped, a mere couple of inches, I got more and more excited over having him but at the same time more and more annoyed at her handling of him. The room was buzzing with agitation at the melodrama that was unfolding inside the asshole of the grand finale.

She pushed harder and I heard him gasp. Standing his ground and displaying his enormous training and skill, he didn't complain. I stared at the side of his face and then I saw it.

A single tear.

"Five thousand!" I called loudly.

The redhead snapped her head up and me, considered for a moment, and reached under her boot. "He's yours," she conceded and handed me the leash.

"Sold!" the auctioneer announced gleefully and added, "Thank you for attending the spring sale. We hope to see you back here in the Fall."

Damn straight. I'd be there.

With our new purchases' leashes wrapped around our wrists, Hannah and I enjoyed the refreshments for about a half hour, then we walked them to her car, which the attendants had brought to the top of the circular drive. They both climbed into the back seat without complaining, although the virgin stared at his seatmate's gold ring, for the drive home.

Hannah and I put the top up rather than have to answer questions about naked males in our car, and we threw them a blanket just in case, but instructed them to leave it on the floor until - - and if - - it were needed.

About 45 minutes into the trip, the Gold requested permission to speak. I granted it, figuring I should at least learn to recognize his voice.

"Ma'am," he began clearly, "I have trained others."

We both knew what he meant. The virgin was in for expert training at the hands of my new Gold. I reached into the back seat and pulled the credit card slip from his makeshift collar and watched the virgin's eyes widen when I took the Gold's collar in my fingers, pulled my new boy's face toward my own and told everyone, "I think you'll be Nigel from now on."

"I won't need this," I informed Hannah as I threw the receipt into my purse, "he's not getting returned." We laughed through the darkness and sped home.