

# **Auctioned for Charity**

**Faye Valentine**

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I had just kicked my heels off and breathed a sigh of relief that the week was over and I could enjoy the weekend when someone knocked on my door. Grumbling under my breath, I turned around and looked out the peephole to see my neighbor Robin standing there looking giddy. I really did not want to deal with her right now, but knew she would not leave me alone until I at least entertained her for a minute so I opened the door.

“Hey Robin, what brings you by?”

“Sorry to bother you two seconds after getting home, but have you checked your mail yet?”

“I’ve barely had time to take my shoes off.”

“Sorry. I’ll go.”

“Don’t worry about it. What’s got you so excited about the mail?” She held out a postcard and I took it. On the front was a photo of the Spice Rack – a local fetish club where the staff were named after various spices. Written in bold letters was: **SPICE RACK AUCTION! COME SELL YOURSELF OFF FOR CHARITY!** “Um...”

“Everyone got that in the mail today. You going?”

“Not my thing, Robin.”

“I understand, but you’re all about charity, right? They’re donating fifty percent of the profits to Doctors without borders and the one being auctioned gets to keep ten percent of their sale price.”

“This is for a fetish club. I’m not into that sort of thing, Robin, but I’m sure there are plenty of other women in town that are.”

“Maybe, but you’re so pretty and would bring in way more money than anyone else. The more money raised, the more donated. Are you really going to refuse because it’s something you’re not comfortable with?”

“Um, pretty much, yeah.”

“Oh,” she said with a genuine look of surprise. “I thought you were so much better than that. Sorry I bothered you.” Taking the post card from my hand, she turned to the door.

“Wait,” I sighed. “What do I have to do?”

“You’ll have to sign up for the auction by five. That’s only an hour away so you’ll have to hurry if you’re going to do it.”

“And who will I be auctioned to?”

“Whatever Master or Mistress bids the highest. Will you do it? Please tell me you’ll do it?”

“Are you?”

“Absolutely. You know I love that sort of thing and what better reason than charity?”

Slipping my shoes back on, I grabbed my purse. “Alright, explain on the way.”

“Really?”

“I have a feeling I’m going to regret it, but yeah, let’s go.”

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I am so proud of you Chloe.”

Leaving the house, I drove Robin and I across town to the two story brick building that was the Spice Rack. I was expecting a packed house, but there were only eight other vehicles.

“Um, it doesn’t look like many will be attending.”

“The auction isn’t until eleven. The club is open only to those signing up to be sold.”

“And how do you know that?”

“The other side of the card.”

“Okay then.” Getting out of the car, I saw a sign hanging over the back door reading: AUCTION SIGNUPS THIS WAY with an arrow pointing down. “I can’t believe I’m going to a fetish club.”

“We’re doing it for a good cause so there’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

Pulling the door open, Robin and I walked down a dark hallway following the signs to a small side room where three men and three women sat at a long table. “Welcome ladies,” one of the men greeted us. “Are you here for the slave auction?”

“Slave?”

“You do know where you’re at, right?” a stern-looking brunette asked.

“Please forgive my friend, she’s actually not into the lifestyle at all,” Robin said. “She’s only here because of the charity aspect.”

“I see,” the brunette replied. “Do you know anything about the lifestyle at all?”

“Only what Robin told me.”

“And what is your name?”

“Chloe.”

“Pleasure to meet you Chloe, I’m Mistress Lydia and this is my club. Simply put, a slave auction is for slaves and submissives to sell themselves to Masters and Mistresses for a set term limit.”

“I’m neither so I guess I’ll go,” I said, thankful I wouldn’t have to go through with it.”

“Not at all. Non-submissives are as welcome as anyone else. Actually, the fact that you’re vanilla will make you the star of the auction.”

“Vanilla?”

“Someone not into the lifestyle.”

“Okay, so let’s say I go through with it and allow you to auction me off to the highest bidder, what exactly would I have to do for whomever buys me? How long will they buy me?”

“That all depends on who buys you and how long you’re willing to serve.”

“Sorry, I’m really not trying to be annoying, but can you elaborate?”

“Absolutely. And there’s nothing to apologize for. Asking questions is the best way to learn about the lifestyle. Part of the signup process is to fill out a form stating exactly what you’re willing to do and for how long. The longer you’re willing to serve, the more you’ll sell for and the more will go to charity.”

“Robin said I would get to keep ten percent of the sale price? Is that right?”

“Correct. But there’s a catch. You will not collect it until *after* your time is up.”

“I hate to interrupt, but time is running out. Do you think I could get the paperwork necessary to sign up, Mistress?” Robin asked.

“Um, am I supposed to be calling you Mistress?” I asked, my cheeks feeling incredibly hot for some reason.

“It is a sign of respect, but you are under no obligation. As for the paperwork, you’ll have to pass the visual test first.”

“Visual test, Mistress?” I asked, using the word making me feel weird.

“We visually inspect all applicants for blemishes, body modifications and needle marks. Your friend is right. Time is running short so if you’re interested in being auctioned off please go ahead and strip naked and stand with your legs spread shoulder width apart and arms out at the sides.”

To my right, Robin stepped out of her shoes and pulled her tee shirt off. Unhooking her bra, she let it slide down her arms. Dropping it to the floor, she unbuttoned her pants and then glanced over at me. I gave her a nervous look and out of the corner of my eye saw the Masters and Mistresses watching me. My heart thumped in my chest, and teeth sank into my lower lip. “How much will I be auctioned off for, Mistress?”

“That all depends on what you put on the forms,” Mistress Lydia answered “but there’s a fifty-thousand dollar minimum bid.”

Closing my eyes, I exhaled slowly and unbuttoned my blouse while stepping out of my heels. Letting it hang open, I unzipped my skirt and tugged it down my hips and let it slide to the floor. Stepping out of it, I removed my shirt, bra and finally my panties and stood in the position requested. The Masters and Mistresses got up from the table. The three women walked over to me, and the three men walked over to Robin.