

Sold into Submission

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

“So, what do you think about the upcoming auction?” Renee asked as she slowly sipped her coffee.

“I think it’s insane,” Sarah replied “but my opinion doesn’t really matter for much around here.”

“Hey, it keeps us all in a job, so that’s a good thing, right?”

“Except for those that are auctioned off. I don’t like cleaning my own damn home, why would I want to do it for some complete stranger for a damn year?”

“Because you’re just that nice? I don’t like the idea of being actioned off to the highest bidder any more than you do, but if the money the company raises will benefit us all then who am I to argue?”

“I still don’t like it. Haven’t you ever wondered what really happens to those auctioned off? Take Carol, for instance. She was sold last May and no one has heard a word from her since. And Debbie in August, Kelly in September. Why have none of them returned to work?”

“Maybe they find playing maid more enjoyable than taking calls all day long. If you don’t want to be auctioned off you still have the other two options.”

“What? Pay a \$20,000 fine, or quit my job? Those really aren’t viable options for me.”

“Nor for me. That’s why I’m going to do it and get it over with. It’s only for a year and as stated in the contracts we all signed upon hire, everyone has to do it.”

“Still doesn’t make it right. My husband is pissed. He wants me to quit, but knows I can’t without putting us in some serious financial troubles. And going a year without seeing each other is going to put a strain in our marriage that I don’t know if we can take. I’m afraid he’s going to leave me over this bullshit.”

“Really? Do you think he’ll cheat on you while you’re away?”

“I’d like to think not, but I honestly don’t know. Hell, I don’t even know if I could go a year without sex so why should I expect him to?”

“I really wish I could offer you some advice, but as we both know relationships are definitely *not* my forte. I don’t really have anyone that’s going to miss me so I guess that’s why I’m a little excited to do it. Plus, we get to see new places. Remember, the bidders come from all over the globe and we’ll get to spend a year living wherever they do. Personally, I’m hoping for Australia or France, but anywhere beats here.”

“I suppose.”

“Look, if you think it’s going to cost your marriage then don’t do it.”

“Which means financial ruin for us and whom do you think will be blamed for that? All I can do is hope for the best.”

“Maybe you’ll get lucky and be bought by someone local that’ll let you stay at home.”

“We both know my luck is shittier than that.”

“Will he be here tonight to watch?”

“I hope not. I don’t want him to see who buys me just in case he decides to do something stupid. All we need now is for him to fly off the handle and assault some rich guy that’ll sue us into the poorhouse. Better for him to just stay at home. I told him if I’m not home by midnight it means I’ve been sold and we won’t be seeing each other for exactly one year.”

“Well, here’s hoping for the best. You ready to get out there?”

“No, but seeing as how we have no choice, after you.”

Leaving the company cafeteria, Renee and Sarah took the elevator up three stories, got off and went to the bathroom to freshen up before going across the building to the makeshift auditorium where the auctions took place. Entering through the back so as not to be seen by the bidders, they quickly changed out of their boring business attire and into something a little sexier – Renee in a purple and black latex dress, and Sarah in a red and black corset top with black skirt and strappy heels.

Also in the room with them were fellow co-workers Tanya, Kevin, James and Linda who were already dressed and waiting to be called. “Whose been sold so far?” Sarah asked.

“Zoe went for thirty-four thousand,” Kevin answered.

“HOLY SHIT!” Sarah and Renee both gasped.

“And Ben went for Twenty-six,” Tanya added.

“WOW!”

“Yeah, so far everyone that’s gone out there tonight has been sold.”

“I guess there’s no avoiding it,” Sarah sighed. “To be honest I’m really, really hoping I don’t meet the twenty grand minimum bid. I don’t want to do this.”

“That makes two of us,” said Linda “but I can’t afford to pay the fee or quite, so here I am.

Sarah was about to say something when she heard the emcee begin to talk out on the stage. “Ladies and gentlemen, next up for auction we have item number three!” Looking down, Sarah saw the number three on the pin she wore over her right breast and, taking a deep breath, she parted the curtains and exited onto the stage. “Item number three!” her boss Mr. Carlton shouted excitedly to the crowd of about two hundred. “Also known around the office as Sarah, item three is twenty-seven years old, stands five feet eight inches and weighs in at one-hundred-twenty-six pounds. And as you can all see she’s as fit as a fiddle! Go on, Sarah, don’t be shy. Give the bidders a better view. Walk around the edge of the stage for them! Bidding will start at \$5000 for the beautiful Sarah!”

“Five thousand!” A man somewhere in the middle of the crowd bid.

“Six!” another man countered.

“Seven!”

“Eight!”

“Ten thousand!” a woman bid.

“You can do better than that!” Mr. Carlton said to the crowd. “Look at that stunning form – the way that skirt hugs her tight ass! The way the corset pushed her breasts up and together! Imagine her wearing the skimpiest of maid uniforms and tell me she isn’t worth more than a measly ten grand!”

Looking back at her boss in shock at what he was saying, Sarah continued to parade herself around the stage as the bids continued to come in. As she circled around to Mr. Carlton’s right, however, things got a whole lot more humiliating for her and interesting for the crowd as he reached out and tore the skirt from her body.

“LOOK AT THAT PERFECT ASS ladies and gentlemen!” Mr. Carlton said giving Sarah’s behind a hard slap.

“MR. CARLTON! What in the fuck do you think you’re doing? Give me back my skirt!”

“Twenty thousand!” someone bid.

“Twenty-three!”

“Just play along so we can see how much we can make off you,” Mr. Carlton said leaning in so that only she could hear. “Now go show them that sexy ass of yours.”

“Twenty-seven thousand!” a large black man front and center bid as Sarah walked to the edge of the stage and showed off her practically naked rear end only covered by the slimmest of thongs.

“Twenty-eight!”

“Twenty-nine!”

“Thirty!”

“Thirty-one!”

Sarah circled close to her boss again and regretted it the second she got within arm’s reach as he hooked his fingers onto the waistband of her panties and yanked them off. And while she tried in vain to cover herself, the bidding came in almost too fast to follow. Managing to get her panties back, she tossed them to the stage when she realized they were torn to the point they could not be worn.

“Fifty thousand!” the new high bid came in. It was quickly countered by twelve more, raising the total to Seventy-five thousand.

“Take off the corset and I’ll bid a quarter million right now,” said a smartly dressed man at the left end of the first row. “Show me your naked body and I’ll put in the bid.”

“You heard the man!” said Mr. Carlton. “Show them your naked body!”

“This is not what I signed up for! This is supposed to be an auction, not a strip show!”

“You agreed to follow the rules of the auction and the emcee and the emcee is telling you to take that damn corset off! Or you’re fired.”

“You son of a bitch!” Knowing he had her over the proverbial barrel, Sarah unlaced the corset and pulled it off, dropping it to the floor next to her panties and skirt, leaving her in only a pair of strappy heels as she walked around the stage.

“A quarter million,” the man bid, the corner of his mouth curling into a smile.

“Two-seventy-five!” he was quickly outbid.

“Three hundred!”

“Suck my dick and I’ll make it half a million, the original high bidder promised.

“No fucking way! I’m a married woman!”

“Is your husband here tonight?”

“No.”

“Then I guess he doesn’t need to know does he. Show me how skilled you are and I’ll place the bid.”