

An Auction in the Making

By Nickylion

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Consciousness came back to Vincent in snippets and pieces. Flashes of memories flew by, of being drugged at a fundraiser, loosing his rack, a pretty looking purple gown, and a sultry looking doe. These memories taunted the poor boy as his body glided on the hand of a doe dressed in an amazing lithe purple dress. Confused but compliant, the former buck made his way about a large party at his doe partner’s direction.

Had Vincent been able to pay a bit more attention, he might have recognized it as the same ballroom from the night before. This time, however, the guests were not well-off dilettantes, investment bankers, or stockbrokers. Black dominated their dress, be it in the form of shiny rubber or well-worn leather, but the overall appearance of each guest was different save for the same black domino mask that adorned each of their faces. Several guests tugged other guests along on leashes or chains, something that made a giggle escape Vincent’s lips as one passed near. As his glazed eyes turned back towards Nara, he caught a glimpse of a smirk, which vanished with a tug of her paw and a turn of her head.

“Ah, Nara, good to see you again,” the voice came from a gruff and elder tiger gentleman, who walked about with a cane, leather chaps, and a vest, “And who might this be, young lady? He has the bearing of that buck you’re always with, but this isn’t him, is it?”

“A pleasure as always Conrad,” Nara smiled back, “and no, this is my newest project, Sissy Doe.” She grinned as those two words sent a wave of relaxation and pleasure down Vincent’s spine, “She’s quite well-trained despite the limited time I’ve had with her.”

Vincent had glanced off to the side while the pair continued their conversations, and was allowing his eyes to roam about the crowd. He noticed the buck from the previous night’s flashes of memory. Cody, he thought the name was, was dressed in a simple black tuxedo and talking with another girl in a big poofy gown like his own, but a much brighter pink. Upon closer inspection, the girl looked almost like a doe, but her muzzle was too smooth, and there were splotches of grey that seemed to vanish beneath her bonnet. Also semi-visible was a large bump in the rear of the dress, as though the ‘doe’ possessed a much larger tail than was normally found on a cervine. If Vincent had to guess, he would have said that tail belonged to a dolphin, something that only served to further confuse and addle the sissified doe.

“Well I do wish you luck on your auction this evening then,” the word auction made Vincent’s head swivel back, and he put on a nice smile for the tiger who fixed him

with a most charming smile in return, “I do look forward to testing the merchandise once it’s properly prepared.”

“Of course, Conrad, now come along Sissy Doe,” Nara smiled and took her doe’s forepaw, “The dance will be starting soon enough, and we wouldn’t want you to miss that!”

“Of course not Mistress!” Sissy doe’s high-pitched voice quivered at the idea, “I can’t wait to dance with you this evening.”

Nara grinned and raised her doe’s paw up high to the soft sound of orchestral music playing, “Of course you can’t. You were programmed that way, my good Deer Puppet.”

At the mention of those words the fog around Vincent’s mind cleared, “Wh-what?” His voice stammered, and he would have yelped if not for a finger pressed to his muzzle by the doe that was now leading him through a slow flowing waltz.

“Now now, no loud noises. Wouldn’t want to scare the guests away, now would we?” Nara smiled and turned, raising her and Vincent’s intertwined paws then leading Vincent through a magnificently choreographed twirl. The former buck’s gown spun, and as the twirl ended a soft applause drifted through the now assembled audience, much to the buck’s growing horror.

Nara continued to whirl him about, and to Vincent’s surprise, his body moved of its own accord, a puppet just like Nara implied. He even bowed as the dance came to a close, cheeks flushing a bright crimson. Nara noticed and smiled wider.

“Good boy, now be a dear and follow.” She led him by the hand, drifting through the crowd and eventually to a small raised podium and a chair with two very sturdy looking arms. Vincent found himself sitting down in the chair, relaxing into it as though his body were suddenly made of lead. Straps were tightened down on his arms, holding him in place and he looked up at Nara, a low whine escaping his muzzle.

“Please miss,” his eyes looked up at the doe, his voice barely above a whisper, “Please don’t...I’ll do anything, just...please don’t hurt me.” It must have been the tears forming in his eyes, but Nara leaned in and put her hand on his shoulder.

“No one’s going to hurt you, my Deer Puppet,” she whispered into his ears, “but you will learn how to behave yourself, and if you like cock as much as I think you do,” the doe grinned wide at him, “well, you’re going to get your share and then some.” Nara left Vincent shaking, his body trapped in a mix of physical restraints and mental bondage.

Nara approached the podium and tapped on the mike softly. Little by little, the crowd turned towards her, the chatter of the room dying down to a dull murmur.

“Good evening ladies and gentlemen of the Northwest Fetish Society. I want to welcome each and every one of you to our annual gala, and to once again thank the Evergreen Conservation Society for allowing us use of their facilities.” There was a small ripple of chuckles and soft laughter that made it’s way through the audience. Everyone in attendance was aware of how the conservation society always booked for one extra day beyond what they needed, and that Nara through here connections with the event company had managed to parlay that into a private event for her favorite fetish charity.

“I’d like to announce a special guest who is with us tonight,” Nara gestured to the strapped down ‘doe’ who squirmed as the eyes of the audience turned towards from Nara to the chair ‘she’ was in, “This is my special Sissy Doe.”

As before, the mere mention of Vincent’s trigger sent a fog rolling through his mind. Despite it all, he resisted, focusing on the doe’s voice as she continued her speech, “I met her last night, and as you can see, we hit it off quite well. So well in fact, that she’s decided to allow herself to be auctioned off for the rest of this weekend for charity. Isn’t that right, Sissy Doe?”

Vincent managed a gulp before the fog around his, now her mind swallowed it whole, her body slumping down into the bonds. The buck’s eyes lidding then reopening a bit glassier than before, all the whispers of the night prior, every subtle prod and poke at her gender, prodded and worked her barriers away. It would be so nice to be a doe, just a helpless obedient sissy doe. His—her body tensed when she felt Nara’s paw gripping the back of her neck.

“Give in, little Sissy Doe, obey, surrender, and give in.” Nara leaned away from her prize, releasing her grip on Vincent just in time to see his eyes open and posture subtly shift.

“Yes Mistress! I can’t wait to please my new owner!” the high-pitched squeaky falsetto voice sent a ripple of chuckles and laughter through the audience.

“See that folks, so eager to please! I’m sure that some of you will want a closer look at her, so I’ve arranged for her to be taken to a bit more of a private area for your up close and personal pleasure.” Nara grinned widely, “But remember folks, no damaging the merchandise, and the clothes are mine...well Cody’s anyways, so save that sort of play for once you’ve purchased her.”

The doe nodded, and the sissy doe felt two pairs of paws clamp down on her shoulders. Her hands were unbound and unbidden they immediately slid together into her lap, where another set of paws slipped a set of leather cuffs around and buckled them securely into place.

“Up little sissy,” Vincent rose, face still a mask of blank obedient pleasure, and followed the speaker, a gruff looking polar bear who showed her into a room that may

well have been a storage closet for all of the space if provided. Before the bear turned, he leaned in, his thick paw slipping down the sissy doe's dress.

"Nara wanted to make sure you were properly," the bear growled into Vincent's ear, "motivated, sissyboy." There was a soft click, then a barely audible buzz began to emanate from Vincent's chastity belt, the soft whirring of an integrated vibrator pressed up against the caged sheath of the 'doe.'

Vincent's eyes opened wide as a moan escaped his muzzle. The moan was cut short when the first of his visitors, a young wolf in chaps and a vest, pulled the doe's muzzle down sharply towards his jock. A quick downward tug, and the doe was very quickly silenced by a long thick wolf cock being shoved into his muzzle. The wolf groaned as the sissy doe wrapped his tongue around the wolf's meat. Every touch, every thrust only served to remind the bound cervine of the trapped arousal that pulsed and throbbed against its cage. Vincent's eyes closed, sinking into the blissful submission as the wolf continued growling and thrusting into his muzzle.

"Mm, that's a good muzzle you got there sissy," a paw fuzzled Vincent's headfur, steadying his head as the wolf pulled his cock free and tucked it back into the jockstrap, "But the bear said just five minutes a piece." Vincent blinked. Had it really been just five minutes? It had felt like much longer. The doe licked at her muzzle, stifling another moan when the wolf patted her on the shoulder before heading out the door, replaced by a rather stuffy looking lynx in what appeared to be an old red vaudevillian style red coat and top hat.

"Good evening, my little sissy to be," the lynx's voice was deep and mellifluous, "please stand up so that I can have a look at you." Vincent rose paws tied together in her lap while the lynx walked a slow circle around her. The sissy doe couldn't help but blush and look towards the floor, an action that was stopped by the lynx's paw cupping and raising that chin to look at him. As Vincent looked up, she couldn't help but glance into his eyes.

The lynx's eyes were most fascinating, a mix of burnished gold that appeared to shift and flow as though they had a life of their own, "That's a good sissy slut," the lynx was talking, but Vincent wasn't really listening, not consciously anyways. She was far too busy obeying, being a good sissy slut for the lynx. Somewhere she was faintly aware that she was no longer looking into the lynx's eyes, and the floor was cold even through the dress.

Her muzzle opened wordlessly to accept the lynx's cock, words flowing through her head, urging her muzzle onward and downward, forming an image in the doe's head of an obedient chastened sissified doe being used exactly as her master had intended. A snap of fingers made Vincent blink, coming back to reality at least a little bit. Her mind still a wash, but the fog of the lynx's words on her mind rolled back enough to elicit a moan through the lynx cock that filled her muzzle. Giving a satisfied chuckle, the lynx withdrew his member and tucked it in. Smiling, he knelt down producing a satin

handkerchief, which he proceeded to use to mop up the lines of drool trailing off of Vincent's muzzle.

"I look forward to bidding on you, dear sissy. And I dare say, I look forward to your service." Vincent nodded dumbly, the tangy musk of the lynx's arousal lingering on his pallet. As the lynx departed, the now-doe looked down the hall. A warthog, tiger, a lion, all of them male, sat ready each adjusting themselves at the glimpse of the dressed and primed doe. Vincent could only gulp and smile, her bound paws fidgeting in her lap to welcome the warthog, along with the rest one by one.

To the appearance of everyone else, the 90 minutes that passed between when Vincent had been lead into the room and when he re-appeared were a delightful combination of mingling, small talk, and the occasional display of the proper use of one's slaves. To Vincent, those same minutes had been a nonstop flow of men and more than a few ladies visiting her. Most test-drove her muzzle. A few merely inspected her body, perhaps a bit too shy to shove the former buck down on their sex. Every pair of eyes, however, was one more nail, pounded home into the former buck's self-image.

What emerged from the room was no longer Vincent, but someone else. A pliant, submissive, embarrassed sissy doe who meekly followed the polar bear back to the stage. Her legs gave a slight shake, unsteady after so long a time on her knees, but moved inexorably towards the stage and the stool. With a little help from the bear Vincent sat down on the stool, arching her back and smoothing out her dress with her bound paws. Nara smiles and ran a finger behind the sissified doe's ear before standing at the podium and bringing a rather large gavel down with a BANG BANG BANG!

"If I could have you attention," Nara spoke up, smiling sweetly, "the auction of this adorable creature will begin shortly. Bids will be in increments of one hundred dollars, and the bidding will start at five hundred dollars. Do I hear five hundred?"

"Five hundred!" A furred paw shot up from the back row.

"We have five hundred! Do I hear six?"

"Six!" Another raised paw, this one belonging to a wolf who's cock Vincent recognized.

"Six hundred! Do I hear seven?"

"Seven!"

"Seven hundred! Do I hear eight?"

"Eight!"

The numbers started to come faster and faster, sending a fresh influx of heat into the doe's cheeks. She stared out into the crowd, watching as little by little, bit by bit the number of bidders died off. By the time the auction had hit the three thousand dollar mark, it was down to three bidders. A warthog, tiger, and lynx, all previous 'testers' of the sissified doe, all glaring at each other as they raised their paws and in succession. Finally, at the four thousand mark, the warthog dropped out, shaking his head and slumping in his seat. Inwardly, Vincent breathed a sigh of relief; the warthog had been one of the more rough individuals who had tested her muzzle.

The tiger and lynx squared off, neither actually facing Nara. Both faced each other, casually raising their paws to up the bid, eyes locked on each other in a contest of wills. Imperceptibly, the tiger's paw began to slow, as though the thoughts motivating it were fading. At long last, the tiger's paw rose halfway, then dropped.

"I have fifty six hundred! Do I hear fifty seven?" Nara looked expectantly at the tiger, who sat there staring at the lynx a moment later, then turned and sat down with a shake of his head.

"Fifty six hundred! Going once!" A pause.

"Going twice!" another pregnant pause.

"Going three times and sold to the lynx in the third row!" Vincent gulped, eyes immediately going to the lynx's eyes and feeling that urge, those whispers in her head begin to increase in volume.

"Congratulations sir! Please meet me in the back of the auction to receive your goods." Nara grinned and motioned for Vincent to rise. The sissified doe was shuffled off stage and back down to the same room she'd occupied before the auction. Vincent and Nara were met by the lynx, who was talking with what at first a very flustered tiger.

"Let me say again," Nara began, "Congratulations on your weekend," she trailed off as her eyes met the lynx's.

Her pupils dilated ever so slightly, and she gave an imperceptible nod, then corrected herself, "Congratulations on your new slave, sir. I would request the clothes be returned to me. I have had my boyfriend provide you some of his actual clothing for you to take her home with you. Once you've got her home, well," Nara winked, "I trust you'll find her proper attire."

The lynx nodded, "Quite so, well come here and let me look at you again," he paused and glanced at Nara, "What is her name, really?"

"She used to be called Vincent. I believe Davidson was his last name."

“Good good, well let me have a look at you Vincent, without these on,” he gestured at the clothes and Vincent nodded. The sissified doe suddenly felt a tiger’s paws at her back, unbuttoning the corset and unlacing the dress. Shortly thereafter Vincent stood almost nude save for the chastity belt, holding the dress, corset, gloves, leggings and shoes in her forepaws, which she proceeded to hand off to the polar bear, who left to go hand them back to their original owner.

“Oh, a most excellent specimen, indeed.” The lynx’s paw traced it’s way down Vincent’s chest, straying only far enough to tease a nipple and get a moan out of the former buck. Nara chuckled and turned to leave, but an uplifted paw paused her.

“Before you go my dear,” the lynx turned his full attention to Nara, who stood there with wide and confused eyes, “My card. I think you’ll find that you and Cody would enjoy some of my private therapies.” He gave her a wink and turned away, leaving her blinking again.

“Oh and do send in that lovely tiger too. He deserves his runner’s up prize.” The tiger walked in, and as soon as the door closed slumped down a hair. The lynx walked towards him slipping a paw into the tiger’s vest.

“This my dear kitten, will teach you about making eye contact with a hypnotist of my caliber,” the tiger nodded, eyes locked into the lynx’s, “Of course, I don’t want you to go away empty handed. You can finish your test drive of his muzzle. I intend to have the main course.” Vincent felt a paw against the vibrating cage that kept his arousal in check, then the click of a lock and the clatter of the belt against the floor, leaving him completely nude and very quickly fully aroused.

“Oh very nice my little sissy slave,” the lynx’s paws were exploring deeper now, spreading the former buck’s cheeks wide, “Oh, and likely a virgin too. This will be most delicious indeed.” A slickened finger slipped along the crack, and Vincent’s body jumped and shivered, moaning as the finger slipped inside. Vincent opened his eyes at the shock of the intruding digit, only to come face to face with the twin voids that were they lynx’s eyes.

“Very good sissy boy, now relax,” the simple utterance of the word sent a wave of pleasure down the buck’s, “You don’t realize it now, but this,” another finger slipped inside the buck’s passage, “will change your life.”

The digits were withdrawn, leaving a very focused and relaxed deer feeling somehow empty, “You feel it even now, I think. Yes, now kneel and let the tiger use your muzzle as it should be used.” The idea sounded so right Vincent’s knees practically collapsed. Vincent looked up again, this time into the throbbing and needy length of tiger cock.

“Verrry good boy,” his new master’s voice slipped quietly into Vincent’s mind just as the head of the lynx’s cock pressed up against the sissified buck’s slickened

passage. With a soft grunt and additional pressure, the hypnotist's length began to slip inside. Vincent opened his muzzle to moan, but was immediately silenced by the tiger, who pressed his own arousal into the former buck.

The pair began to slowly fuck each end of the deer. The tiger relentlessly pushed his shaft deep within Vincent's muzzle, barely giving the deer time to adapt and wrap his lips around it, let alone give it the attention that such a needy cock deserved. The lynx on the other hand, was slow, almost methodical about savoring the moment. Each breath the deer took drove that thick rod further into him, each advance accompanied by a wave of pleasure.

"You're well and truly fucked now, my boy," the whispered voice of the Lynx was in his head now, "cats on both ends, showing you how good prey should be used. Showing you your place in the world, as a servant to your new master." Vincent's eyes rolled about. Everywhere he looked he couldn't help but see the lynx's eyes boring down at his very soul, pushing at him just relentlessly as the lynx' own cock. After what felt like an eternity Vincent felt the lynx hilt himself into the deer. That's when the true fucking began.

The tiger began to piston himself in and out, each thrust a little bit deeper and more feral than the last. The lynx began to do the same, leaning over the kneeling deer's body to lock eyes with the tiger and then pull the other feline into a passionate kiss. The lynx broke away from the kiss, grunting and pressing in and out faster as the tiger began to growl audibly. Vincent could feel the tiger's arousal building from a steady stream of fluid leaking into the young former buck's muzzle.

"That's it, kitty, give my slave a muzzle fucking to remember. Show him how much he can enjoy a full muzzle, go on," the lynx' words were encouraging them both, urging the tiger forward as much as they were urging the deer's attention on extracting every little bit out of that wonderful needy feline cock, "cum for me, kitten." Those words were all that the tiger seemed to need. Without much warning he slammed his maleness onto Vincent, paws digging claws into the deer's shoulder as seed began to flood Vincent's muzzle. The former buck tried his best to lap up the salty fluid, but the amount surpassed even that, leaving a trail of whiteness dripping down the side of Vincent's muzzle.

"Ohhh," the lynx practically purred at the tiger's display, "verrrry good kitty. Now then," he reached out, leveling two fingers at eye level with the very satisfied tiger, "Sleep." A quick downward motion and the tiger crumpled, a puppet with its strings severed. The lynx resumed his thrusting, leaning further in so that a hand could make itself down to where the deer's swollen and teased arousal lay.

"That's a good sissy boy. Just enjoy yourself. Let yourself fall into the rhythm. In and out, up and down," the lynx' paw accentuated each word with a stroke up and down, making the length swell up just a bit more with need, "deeper and deeper you go, until the world you knew doesn't exist anymore. Deeper and deeper until you are, very

deep down, Master's little sissy slave." Vincent flung his head backwards at the remark, eyes rolling up into his own head.

"Give in to me, boy. Give in to master," the words worked the buck's mind over with his shaft, and very soon the former buck was moaning and panting from the pleasure of being impaled upon the lynx' need.

"I..am," the deer gasped and choked up on the words, each thrust coming so fast now that it cut off his speech with the pleasure, "Master's...sissy..." Vincent gave another bleating moan, "slave! Master's sissy slave!" A muzzle clamped down on Vincent's shoulder, and a new feeling blossomed from within his rear. The feeling of the lynx unloading his seed into his new deer slave's ass.

That feeling was all Vincent needed to give in to his own pleasure and coat the lynx' paw with sticky deer seed. Sated, the lynx collapsed upon the deer, who in turn collapsed upon the tiger. The trio moaned happily, basking in the moment.

The door to the changing room opened a few minutes later, and the lynx and tiger emerged followed closely by a very meek and obedient Vincent. All three walked past Nara and Cody, who had at some point ceased to be wearing the tux he was wearing and was now dressed in Vincent's dress and was eagerly talking with a female doe in a similar outfit that Vincent might have recognized from earlier, had he been paying attention. Neither seemed to notice the collars that adorned both tiger and deer, nor did either notice that all three slipped into a single vehicle that proceeded to drive off into the night.