

Auction House

“Fuck man that was the best party. . .EVERRRR!” A frat boy shouted as he and his fellow brothers walked down fraternity row.

“DUDE! It was the fucking best! Never to be topped!” Another frat boy screamed at the top of his lungs. His deep bellow vibrated through the houses and through the neighborhood where all the frat houses were located. The four frat brothers were doing the late night walk of shame back their frat house to sleep off the alcohol and any perspective hangovers they were guaranteed to feel.

“But man these costumes were the shit! Who says you cant find good costumes the day of Halloween!” The one dressed in a sombrero said, his arms emphasizing the dark mustache and colorful poncho he was wearing. “They are, how you say, (very hot in Spanish),” he said attempting to use his best Spaniard accent.

“That’s right Mike! I hate to admit it but it was a stroke of genius going. . .my brother,” one brother laughed; dropping his voice deep when he said, my brother. He had been trying to keep his persona of a gangster black guy, but it was much more comical for him to go even further into character than was necessary. He had his short blonde hair tucked underneath a bright red durag, while he penciled in a thin mustache and facial hair on his otherwise flawless face.

“Shut up Andrew,” one brother said as he slapped in hard on his exposed backside. Andrew made sure to find pants that were a few sizes too large for him, so he could ensure that they would sag the necessary amount and expose his checkered boxers.

“You shut up you squinty eye bitch,” Andrew said as he punched his friend playfully on the shoulder. His friend had his eyes overly stretched to the corners of his face to give him an overly squinted eye appearance. The three other frat brothers thought the look was hilarious, while he had a difficult time seeing for most of the evening.

“Fuck man this shit is giving me a headache. Hold on, let me take off the tape,” the guy said as he pulled the tape off his face allowing his eyes to fall back into place. “Oh god that feels so much better,” he said as he let out a sigh of relief. He rubbed his temples in a clockwise motion attempting to allow the blood to flow back into his eye sockets.

“Come on Karate kid, we only got a few more houses to go before we are home,” Andrew said as he and his two other brothers continued walking down the street.

“Ugh, guys I’m too drunk for this nonsense,” he yelled as he ran after his brothers. His fitted karate boy outfit kept his movements light and soundless as he caught up with his brothers. As he crept up to his brothers he punched all three of them quickly in the back as he sped past them. “KARATE BOY ATTACKS SWIFTLY AND FIERCELY,” He said attempting to give his best impersonation of a voice over to his friends as he stroke each of them. Each of them jokingly screamed in pain and fell to the ground as he continued to lightly punch each of them. “Karate Master Tom will never be defeated!” Tom said as he moved his lips out of sync with his words. “And Brad you shall die first!” Tom said as he took his battle stance. Brad stood up and took the same fighting stance.

“You took the land of my people. Now you must die,” Brad said as he pulled a small hatchet out of the belt of his costume. A smile grew on his face; cracking the blue and red war paint he had painted on earlier that evening. He beat his painted chest, smearing the handprints that adorned his hell muscled body. The two drunkenly charged towards each other, ready to fight. Andrew and Michael were not sure whether this was going to end in real fists or just pinning one another to the ground. Micheal stepped forward to end the fight but was interrupted by a distant voice.

“Ummm excuse me, can one of you help,” a soft voice asked. Brad and Tom both froze, their fists inches away from one another’s face. Micheal and Andrew both turned around and saw possibly the most beautiful female any of them had ever seen; her long blond hair was swept away from her face by a tie-dyed headband, her small cherub face had matching multi-colored peace signs on each cheek which brought her bright blue eyes. She slowly walked closer to the group of frat boys, her hair and pink bellbottoms flowed in the slight wind. “My car it broke down the alleyway behind the houses and I can’t seem to get it started. Do any of you know anything about cars?” She asked, her big blue eyes seemed close to tears.

“I do!” Tom shouted as he ran up towards her. “I can fix your car!”

“No bitch, I know about cars. That little go-kart you call a car doesn’t qualify,” Brad shouted as he too ran up towards the girl. Andrew and Micheal walked up to the girl, each showing a little more control than either of their fraternity brothers.

“Between the four of us, one of us will be able to fix your car. Go ahead and show us where you broke down,” Andrew said calmly, showing her his perfectly white smile. The smile that made all girls do exactly what he wanted. The girl brushed the built up tears from her face and smiled at all the boys.

“Its right over here,” she said as she dashed away in between two large Victorian houses.

“Wait up girl!” Tom said as he ran after the girl, followed quickly by his three fraternity brothers. The four guys ran down the dark alleyway following the girl until they reached a white van parked in the middle of the alley.

“Here it is,” she said cheerfully propping her body up against the side of the van.

“You drive a pedo van?” Micheal asked as he attempted to pop the hood of the van.

“It’s not a pedo van,” she laughed. “My sorority uses it to bus around each other to parties and such.”

“Oh, you’re a sorority girl too? Never seen you around here before,” Brad slurred as he pushed Michael to the side and grabbed the hood of the van. He pulled it a few times but was unable to unlatch the hood. “Hey, can you pop the hood?” Brad asked.

“Sorry, I’m completely useless. How do you do that again?” The hippie girl asked shrugging her shoulders innocently.

“I can do it!” The four brothers shouted in unison. Each of them attempted to pull open the side door, pushing one another out of the way in order to open the door first. The girl stepped out of the way of the four men and leaned against the brick siding of one of the houses. She watched as the four guys pulled open the door and were sprayed by an unknown assailant dressed all in black.

“What the fuck!” Screamed Andrew as he fell backward, attempting to rub the liquid from his face. The man dressed all in black stepped out of the van and continued to spray Brad and Tommy in the face until both of them fell to the ground unconscious. The side door slid open as three men, each dressed in similar garb, stepped out of the van and began to pull the two unconscious men into the van. “Tom run!” Andrew screamed as he fell to the ground. Tom attempted to scramble away but began to feel the effects of the spray. He crawled on all fours towards the female as he lit a cigarette, and placed it in between her lips.

“Why are you just sitting there?” Tom asked as he fell to the ground. The hippie pulled the cigarette from her mouth and squatted down in front of Tom as his eyes fluttered.

“Oh honey, I’m not just sitting here. I’m watching,” she said as she threw the cigarette butt onto the ground. She watched as Tom’s eyelids stopped moving. He was now unconscious like his three brothers. The girl stood up and motioned to the four men. “Let’s get them loaded up and head out. We have an auction to make, and what’s an auction without the auction items,” She said as she walked towards the driver’s seat of the car. The four men loaded up the frat boys into the back of the van and slid the door shut.

“Ugh,” Micheal moaned as he rolled onto his back; rubbing his eyes attempting to get the crusted fluid out of his eyelids. “Fuck my head feels like it was hit with a ton of bricks,” he whined as he began to blink and adjust his sight to the darkened room he was in. Micheal saw his four brothers laying across the darkened floor and began to crawl towards them, but was stopped halfway towards Brad but chains that were holding him in place. He tugged and pulled on the chains attempted to pull himself free, but they were locked tightly in place. “Guys! Hey guys! Wake the fuck up!” He shouted. He heard the deep groans of his four brothers as each of them awoke from their drug-induced sleep.

“What the fuck happen?” Tommy groaned as he pulled himself up and crossed his legs before him. To the unknown eye, he looked like he was going into some sort of meditation, due to his outfit and the way he was sitting.

“Fuck if I know!” Micheal shouted as he looked around the room for anything that would tell him where they were or what was happening to them. “Brad! Andrew! Wake up!” Micheal screamed as the last two brothers pulled themselves from their dreamscape and awoke to the darkened room.

“Stop shouting, I’m getting up. I don’t have any classes today. Let me sleep,” Andrew said as he rolled back onto his stomach laying his head on his beefy arms.

“Dude we aren’t in the house! I think we were kidnapped by that hippie girl,” Michael said as he examined the area around him. It looked like they were each sitting on a large pedestal in the center of a room. He couldn’t see how far off the ground they were, but the didn’t want to change stepping off and falling too far. Micheal squinted his eyes, attempting to make out the far walls which surrounded the platform. Each wall appeared to be some sort of mirrored surface, each wall slightly reflecting the scene unfolding in the center of the room. Andrew finally fully awoke and began freaking out, worse than any of his three brothers.

“Shit man! This is how hostel started! We all get kidnapped, then they sell us off, then we end up getting chopped into tiny pieces by some Russian guy who enjoys the taste of human flesh,” Andrew screamed as he tugged at his chains attempting to break free of his bonds. “Help! Help us! We have been kidnapped!” Andrew screamed to the point of hyperventilating.

“Andrew you have to calm down!” Michael whispered to him. “I think they are watching us,” he said as he nonchalantly nodded to the walls surrounding the four friends. Andrew looked at them and realized what was happening.

“Are you sick fucks just watching us! Well come and get it! I will whop each of yall’s ass’ without even breaking a sweat!” Andrew shouted, his face growing red with anger once again. Lights around them flashed on blinding each of the men.

“Fuck!” They shouted in unison as they each covered their eyes from the bright lights that were focused on them.

“We won’t be needing any violence Andrew,” a female voice announced on an intercom system. Micheal instantly recognized the voice as the hippie girl from earlier.

“You’re the girl from earlier aren’t you? Who are you?” Micheal asked, attempting to use diplomacy instead of strength to win his way out of this predicament.

“Well let’s just say I work in acquisition for a very specific very elite clientele, but that’s enough about me. Let’s focus on you all, shall we?” She said, her voice taking on that same deep tone that Tom recognized. “Gentlemen you have gotten to see the men for a few brief moments but I know that it was more than enough time to calculate which one you feel more. . . inclined towards,” she said to the nameless audience hidden behind the mirrored walls. “Shall we begin the auction?” She asked. Positive sounding bings filled the room, which could only mean one thing, the auction was beginning.

“Auction what do you mean by auction?” Tom asked the nameless women as he pulled himself off the floor. He was done thinking and knew it was time to act.

“It is exactly as it sounds Tom,” She said. “And I think we have our first volunteer gentlemen. It’s the karate kid himself!” She announced. “Lights!” She yelled into the room as the lights in the room dimmed, while the one on top of Tom intensified. “Now gentlemen, you know the rules of the evening. Winning big and the boy is theirs to mold as you see fit. The changes will be permanent and they are no returns.”

“Changes? Returns? Permanent? What the hell are you talking about?!” Brad shouted to the room.

“Now do we have an opening bid?” She asked, clearly ignoring Brad’s questions. “Shall we start with \$500,000? Do I hear a bid of \$500,000?” She questioned the hidden audience. A single bing filled the room. “Ah yes, Mr. Red, I had thought Brad would fit into your harem of other boys. Especially in the costume he is wearing,” she said. “Do we have a bid for 550?” The bids continued to go back and forth among the bidders until it reached a resounding 1.25 million dollars and ending with the bidder going by the alias Mr. Red.

One by one each of the boys was put up for auction, and each was sold at astronomical amounts of money. Amounts of money that none of them would have ever imagined they would have seen. The highest bid was for Andrew, topping the other three with a 2.15 million dollars. Through the whole ordeal, each of the shouting and screaming for help and for answers but none of them was answered.

“Okay, everyone! That is the end of the auction! Your new acquired property will be in the transition chambers and will be awaiting each of you. I would like to thank each of you for another marvelous auction. Please wire the money to the disclosed accounts on each of your monitors,” she advised. “And as for your four. I wish you live in your new lives with your wonderful owners and don’t fight the transition. It only makes it hurt,” she said to the frat boys. A hint of menace could be heard in her voice when she said the word hurt. It sounded like she wanted them to struggle.

“I’m not a piece of property to be. . . .to be. . .oh fuck not again,” Brad said as his eyes fluttered shut and collapsed onto the floor.

“Brad! Brad are you okay?” Andrew asked as he too began to slow and fall to the floor. A loud thud could be heard as he his slammed into the hard surface. Tom had already curled up and fallen to the floor and snores could be heard as Michael attempted to struggle the drug that was being pumped into the air.

“You fucking bitch! I’m gonnnnaaaaa. . . .find. . .you,”he said as he body began to slowly shut down as the drug flowed through his system and he too fell to the ground.