

## A Typical Auction Day

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18099317) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18099317>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
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Category:	<a href="#">Other</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Supernatural</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Crack Fic</a> , <a href="#">Fic Facers</a> , <a href="#">this is just silliness</a> , <a href="#">seriously it's very silly</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-03-13 Words: 846

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by [JuliaHouston](#)

### Summary

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The auction had been going well so far, she was thinking—obsessing about pretty much everything as long as it didn't pay the rent. After some necessities, the future cat lady was seated at her desk, scrolling through the auction forms to see if the night had brought in new bidders. One name caught her attention, making her laugh.

“Yeah, right,” she snorted aloud. “You're ImJared\_Padalecki, and I'm the Queen of Sheeba.”

The bid was high, though, at \$100. With a smile, she clicked on the specifications for the fic. The author was offering G-rated stories about the boys, with an option for a Crowley appearance.

In the suggestions box, ImJared\_Padalecki had entered: *Rated NC-17. Castiel tries being human and uses the plane's restroom, but they hit turbulence, and he pisses all over himself.*

“What?” Julia asked aloud, having lived alone long enough to use the sound of her own voice for company. “What the hell kind of story is that?”

With a frown, she emailed back that (a) the prompt wasn't within the assigned parameters the author had offered for the fanfic and (b) perhaps the bidder would like to modify their request so the bid could be accepted.

“Honestly,” she told the cat. “Do these people not have lives?”

“*Meow*,” said the cat, whose name was Musetta but thought of herself simply as the Queen of

Sheeba. The day's offering of gooshy food had been sub-par. The Queen was displeased and bit at the fingers that approached her head.

"Ow!" Julia yelped. "No need to be a bitch to me. You know, I pay the rent around here, and what do you do? Poop in a box and barf on the floor."

"*Meow-rr.*"

Flagging the bid in her spreadsheet, the Cat Lady-in-Training moved on to the next bid form. It was a simple Sambriel request for \$30, so she smiled and did the ridiculous computer form dance she had to do because the damn site's PHP was old as Eve and couldn't be upgraded without a substantial amount of money.

She checked through all the other bid forms, but that was it for now. With a sigh, she dragged her fat butt over to her treadmill and did a couple miles while watching last night's *The Daily Show*. She loved the show, but these days it almost wasn't worth enduring the Trump clips to get to the jokes.

"And you know," Trump was saying on her laptop, "the people of Brazil know that the only way to combat climate change is lace underwear. I personally am I fan of lace underwear, so I approve. I know the people of Brazil are suffering great, great challenges, but they're just great, great people. I hope the Mexicans never try to go down there. Am I right? Brazil doesn't need Mexicans!"

Julia hit the bar to skip ahead on the show. Now Trevor Noah was interviewing a female rap artist. She skipped ahead to the Moment of Zen, but it was another Trump clip.

"Ah, Musetta," Julia said, showing off the ten years she had spent in college studying Shakespeare. "My little body is a-weary of this great world."

"*Meow-ro,*" said the cat, which translated roughly into: "Your gooshy food offering was inferior."

After loading some dishes into the machine and staring at her hair with some horror, Julia sat back down to her desk. To her surprise, another bid form had come in, this from (Oh, bite me, little person.) "ImReallyJensenAckles" at hotmail.com.

The bid was a more-than-welcome \$200, but the damn prompt (on the same G-rating author) was for Sam to stop all the trains in Europe through some inconceivable act of stupidity and then become a gay sex slave to the Russian Mafia.

"You ass-face," she snorted. "Who are these people?" she demanded of the computer monitor, which refreshed at a rate of 16.67ms and seriously could not give a shit.

Again, Julia flagged the story and wrote back to "ImReallyJensenAckles" that perhaps he could modify his (or her) request.

"What's next?" she asked her basil plant because the cat was currently licking her own behind. "Asking a Megstiel author for Wincest where everyone dies?"

The basil plant said nothing, but two of its leaves had gotten very pale.

Julia vaguely supposed she would have been upset if the basil plant had spoken.

After some work (Yes, she did actually work.), she checked back in and ran through the 56 bid forms once more. This time, somebody named "ImTotallyMishaCollins" at hotmail.com offered

\$300 for a 10,000-word story from the same author if nothing happened but Jack bursting into tears and crying like a baby because he had a zit.

“OK,” Julia said fiercely because there was absolutely no one to hear her. “You people suck.” She wrote back to “ImTotallyMishaCollins” that he could screw himself and the horse he rode in on.

Then she got a beer.

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