

K.C. RIPLEY  
*Sissified*  
by Sally



Feminized and Exploited  
by my Landlady



**Sissified by Sally:**  
**Feminized and Exploited by my**  
**Landlady**

by K.C. Ripley

**Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.**

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Rent was due, and I was short. It was as simple as that.

Three months earlier I'd taken a semester off of college, and then I'd lost my job at the car rental place out at the airport. I'd been looking, but hadn't found anything. And I was three hundred short on the rent.

I was living in a two-room loft apartment above a house, basically a converted attic. I had my own bathroom, entrance, and stairs, but that was pretty much it. The woman who owned it all lived in the house downstairs.

Her name was Sally Donovan.

I hated the idea of asking her to wait another week or two for my rent, but she seemed pretty cool. She also didn't seem to be hurting for money. I think she was in real estate or something, but she drove a black Acura and seemed to be home most of the time. I guessed she'd been divorced. Maybe she'd gotten a nice wad of cash in the settlement.

Anyway, I bit the bullet and headed down the stairs along the side of the house. I knocked on the front door.

Sally answered wearing a black silk robe. Her hair was wet. I'm not great with people's ages, but I knew she was old enough to be my mom. She still looked great, though, with shoulder-length brown hair with highlights, smooth legs, and a great pair of tits. I could tell she really took care of herself.

"Oh, hello Brandon," she said, rubbing her hair with a towel. Her cleavage was nice and visible at the neckline of the robe, but she didn't seem self-conscious. She sure didn't try to cover anything up, but I tried to keep my eyes level with hers.

"Hi Miss Donovan," I said. "I hate to bother you—"

"No bother," she said, turning around and walking back in. "Come on in."

I walked in and shut the door behind me. She turned to face me again. She must have seen the pained look on my face.

"What's up, Brandon? Everything all right?" she asked.

"Look, Miss Donovan—"

"Call me Sally."

"Okay. Well Sally, I'm kind of going through a rough patch lately."

"You can't pay your rent." She said it matter-of-factly, rubbing the other side of her head with the towel.

I grinned nervously. "Yeah, that's basically it."

"And?" she asked, her stare locked on me. I was getting a pretty aggressive vibe. Every other time I'd interacted with her, she'd seemed relaxed and cool. She still seemed relaxed, but now I was feeling kind of like I was back in grade school, and

my teacher was looking down on me, asking why I'd just spilled my drink.

"I was just wondering if it might be okay if I paid you a little late."

She tossed the wet towel on the sofa. "So you want to violate the terms of your rental agreement?"

I couldn't tell if she was having a go with me or not. I tried a little laugh to lighten things up.

"You think this is funny?" she asked.

"No," I said, stifling the laugh and wiping the grin off my face. "No, I just need a little more time. That's all."

She looked at me, still no hint of a smile on her face. Then she walked over to a wooden filing cabinet, opened it, and took out a manila folder. "You know what this is?" she asked.

"No."

"It's your rental agreement," she said. "Do you remember signing it?"

Holy shit. I hadn't really expected her to be this harsh. "Yeah," I said.

She put the folder back in the cabinet. "Look, Brandon. You're an adult. You signed an agreement. You need to live up to, don't you think?"

I put my hands in my pockets and shuffled nervously. "Like I said, it's been rough lately. I lost my job a couple of weeks ago."

Finally, her face softened a little and she smiled. "Well, I'm sure we can work something out."

I let out a sigh. "Cool. Thanks Miss Dono—Sally, I mean."

I turned to leave, putting my hand on the door.

"No problem," she said. "Just be here at six thirty tomorrow morning."

I looked at her over my shoulder. "Sorry?"

"Well, if you don't have a job, you can do a few things around here to compensate me toward the rent."

"Oh," I said. Shit. She wanted me to clean her house? Six thirty, though? That was early as shit. I usually slept until nine, but I really didn't feel like I was in too much of a position to argue. "Sure, sounds good. I'll see you then. And thanks again."

"You're welcome, Brandon," she said, and the edge of her mouth curled up in a little smile.

I set my alarm for six, and when it went off the next morning I groaned. This was way too fucking early. But hey, I had to do what I had to do. I pulled on an old pair of

sweat pants, a T-shirt, and shoes, and staggered downstairs.

Sally opened the door wearing the same silk robe as the day before. Her hair fell around her shoulders, and she had already done her makeup. Her eyes were dark with liner, and her lips were red as blood.

I was pretty sure now that she wanted to fuck me. I wasn't really sure how I felt about that. I mean, my cock stiffened at the thought. She still looked great, even though she was old enough to be my mom. But it didn't seem like a great idea to start sleeping with the person who controlled where you lived.

But hey, you have to do what you have to do, right?

The thing is, I was right about her wanting to fuck me, just not the way I thought.

"Good morning, Brandon," she said, her eyes unblinking. There was that look again, and even though it was early and my head felt like it was stuffed with cotton, I finally figured out what that look was. She looked hungry. Not for food, but for me.

"Come on in," she said.

The place actually didn't look that dirty. She kept it up herself pretty well. So I'd have to do some dishes maybe, or some laundry. No big deal. Then I saw something draped over her sofa. A uniform.

She let out a soft little laugh. "If you're gonna do the job, you need to look the part," she said.

I didn't know what part she had in mind, but what I was looking at was a French maid's outfit, a frilly black skirt and a blouse with a white collar. "Um, Miss Donovan, I don't think I can wear that."

"Oh no?" she said. "Well maybe I can just call a friend of mine down at the police department, have him get started on eviction proceedings. Kick your cute little ass out on the sidewalk. Maybe I can keep what little shit you have on the off chance it's worth something. And while we're at it, maybe we can get you a criminal record."

Holy shit. Was she serious? Was she crazy? The way she stood there, staring at me, she didn't really look crazy. She damn sure looked serious. I'd never worn women's clothes before, but she kind of had me by the balls here.

"It's pretty weird," I said. "But okay." I picked up the uniform and saw the bathroom to the right. I headed for it.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

I pointed to the bathroom door.

"Oh no you don't," she said, plopping down on the sofa and putting her feet up. "Change for me right here."

I looked around, my face flushing red. “Isn’t this like, sexual harassment or something?”

“Oh,” she said, making a mock face of sympathy, “Am I harassing you little Brandon? No, you idiot. We’re just two adults resolving a debt owed with an alternative payment. That is, unless I’m not satisfied with your work.”

I sighed, then took my shirt off. She raised her eyebrows and gave a little clap. “There we go,” she said.

I stripped down to my black briefs, and to my surprise, I was getting a little boner. I reached for the skirt.

“No, no,” she said, pointing to my underwear. “Those too.”

I hooked my thumbs on either side and pulled down my underwear.

“Hmph,” she said. “Not too bad. Okay, now you can put on your uniform.”

I hiked the skirt up around my waist. It was tight, of course. Then I wiggled into the top. I felt like an idiot, and probably looked like one, too.

Sally reached under the sofa and pulled out a pair of black heels. “Hope you don’t mind,” she said. “I took the liberty of checking out your shoe size when you weren’t home.” She slid the shoes over to me.

“Really?” I asked.

“So if you give me any more shit, this whole deal is off,” she said. “You want to work off your rent? If not, you can get the fuck out of my apartment.” She nodded at the door.

Goddammit. No. I’d resigned myself to whatever she had in store, no matter how weird. I stepped into the first heel, then wobbling, stepped into the other.

“Very good,” she said. “Now let’s get you made up.”

Oh shit. She took out a makeup kit.

“Come over here and get down on your knees,” she said.

I staggered over and knelt down before her.

For the next half hour, she made up my face. Foundation, blush, mascara, eye shadow, the works. I sat there and took it. I’d never been so humiliated in my life. But then, I didn’t know what was coming next.

The whole time, she talked to me. Wouldn’t shut up. She told me how pretty I looked, and how this was the start of a great new arrangement. Finally she took out the lipstick, a frosty pink. She uncapped it and smeared it on my lips. She pulled out a blond wig and pulled it onto my head. Then she leaned back and laughed.

“Don’t you look precious?” she said.

And there it was, my boner full and throbbing now. How was this turning me on?

She looked down and saw it, too, propping up the front of my skirt.

“Well that won’t do,” she said. “You need to keep your mind on your work.” She got up and headed to the bedroom. When she returned, she was holding a plastic bulb and a length of pink yarn.

My ass clenched as I realized what the bulb was. It looked like she’d already lubed it up. I started to open my mouth, to protest. But I was already too deep. I couldn’t go back now.

The bulb looked like it had a little metal loop on the other end, and I didn’t know what that might be for. I was about to find out.

“Okay,” she said. “Bend the fuck over and grab your ankles.”

I obeyed, putting my ass right up in the air for her. She flipped up the back of my skirt and jammed the butt plug right into my ass. I grunted, nearly falling forward. For a minute I thought she’d jammed her fist up there, but the plug was now wedged firmly in my ass.

She strung the yarn through the metal loop, then brought the ends around to tie in front.

“To keep it from falling out,” she said. The final piece of string she tied in a little loop, and lassoed it around the head of my cock. Then she pulled my dick up under me, toward my ass, and tied the end of the yarn to the plug. My ass was plugged, and my dick was pulled snug up under me.

“Ready to do some housework?” she said, standing up and letting her robe slide to the floor.

Her body was amazing, her breasts heavy and full. I was surprised to see both her nipples were pierced, little gold rings dangling from each. She reached into the sofa cushions and pulled out a brown leather riding crop.

“First thing you can do is pick that up,” she said, pointing the crop at her robe on the floor.

As I bent down, I felt the butt plug in my ass, the yarn tightening on the head of my dick. I picked up the robe. I wasn’t sure what to do with it. I looked at her, one hand holding the crop, the other resting on her wide hip.

“What the fuck are you waiting for?” she said. She struck out with the crop like a snake striking, smacking me on my bare thigh with a crack. I jumped at the pain and noise, then looked down to see a little red patch on my thigh.

“Fold it up and put it in the bathroom closet,” she said.

I folded it neatly and walked to the bathroom. Sally followed.

After I’d put the robe in the closet, I looked back at her.

She raised her eyebrows. “Well?” she said. “Get to cleaning. This is as good a place to start as any.”

I began to look around for cleaning supplies. I started to open the cabinet drawer under the sink and felt the crop snap against my ass. I straightened up.

“What the fuck are you doing?” she asked.

“Looking for cleaning supplies,” I said.

“Look in the mirror,” she said.

I let out a little gasp. Holy shit. I actually looked...sexy. I didn't have a womanly figure, but she'd done such a great job with my makeup that I looked good enough to fuck.

“So,” she said. “You're now my little sissy whore maid. Got it?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Is that how little sissy whore maids talk?” she asked. “Like boys?”

I didn't get it at first. Then I realized she was talking about my voice, how deep it was. I answered, trying to sound like a little girl. “No.”

She cracked me with the crop on the ass. “You call me ma'am or Miss Donovan, bitch.”

“No, ma'am,” I said in a high-pitched voice.

She put her face up alongside mine so that we were looking at our faces side-by-side in the bathroom mirror.

“Stick out your tongue,” she said.

I pushed my tongue out between my lips, heavily coated in thick pink lipstick.

She laughed. “That's the only cleaning supply you need.”

Oh god. She really expected me to lick this place clean? Another crack on the ass was the answer.

“You can start with the toilet,” she said.

I've worked a few dirty jobs. I worked at a pizza place near my house when I was in high school. I had to clean the toilets there. But they let me use brushes, mops, and soap.

This was by far the dirtiest, most degrading thing I'd ever done. I got down on my knees, stuck out my tongue, lifted up the seat of the toilet, and began to lick the edge of the bowl.

Miss Donovan sat on the edge of the sink and just looked down at me as I worked, occasionally smacking me with the crop and telling me to go faster.

Let me tell you, cleaning a bathroom with just your tongue takes a long time,

even if you're moving as fast as you can with someone whipping you along.

"If your tongue dries out or you get thirsty, feel free to have a little drink," she said, nodding at the water in the toilet bowl.

And oh god I did. My tongue felt raw by the time I'd licked the last inch of the toilet clean. Then she made me start on the tub.

My neck hurt. My ass hurt. My feet hurt. And I didn't even think we were an hour in.

"Okay, time for a little break," she said. I looked up from licking the bottom of the bath tub. "Oh, not you," she said. She hopped down from the sink, squatted on the toilet, and took a piss. I turned around and kept licking.

When she was done with her piss, she flushed, then snapped her fingers. When I turned around on my knees, she pointed at her soft brown muff and spread her legs.

"Around here, you clean everything," she said.

My cock was straining against the yarn as I scooted close to her and licked the tangy droplets of piss off her lips. Then she patted me on the head.

"Okay," she said. "Get back to work."

Another hour passed, maybe two. I'd finished most of the bath tub, but damn it was slow going. Eventually we took a break for lunch. She trotted me into the kitchen and made me make her a salad while she watched. I really didn't know what I was doing, but she corrected me with the crop.

Then she had me kneel at her feet while she sat at the dinner table and ate her salad.

"We didn't really talk about your hourly rate," she said, chewing on a cherry tomato. "You have no experience, and honestly you're doing a pretty shitty job. Plus, I don't think minimum wage laws really apply here."

I looked up at her. She smiled and took another bite of salad. "How does a dollar an hour sound?"

Oh my god. I'd never be able to work off anything close to my rent for that little. "Could it please be more, ma'am?" I asked in my little girl voice.

"You're not in what we call an ideal negotiating position," she said. "No, I think that's a reasonable rate."

After lunch, I licked the dishes clean and put them in the dishwasher. A few stray pieces of salad and some dressing were all the lunch for me. Then it was back to work in the bathroom.

I started licking the bathtub again, but ten minutes in, Sally sighed.

"Stop," she said. "This is kind of boring. You can finish the bathroom tonight. I

want a little personal attention.”

I didn’t know what that meant, but she turned, her bare ass jiggling, and I followed it into the living room.

She sat down on the sofa. “My feet are sore,” she said. “Massage them.”

That didn’t sound so bad. I’d given a few foot massages before, and it would be a welcome rest for my tongue, which felt raw and sore.

“Yes, Miss Donovan,” I said.

She stuck her right foot in my face, and I took it in my hands. Her toenails were painted dark red. I started to massage her sole with both thumbs. Her feet were pretty dirty from walking around the apartment barefoot all morning. The sole felt gritty and was dark with dust.

Sally leaned forward and looked at her foot. As if reading my mind, she said: “Oh, they’re filthy, aren’t they? You can multitask, can’t you?”

I nodded, not sure what she meant. She whacked the top of my head with the riding crop.

“Whatever you’re not massaging you can lick clean,” she said.

Oh. I guessed my tongue wasn’t getting a rest after all. As I massaged the bottom of her foot, I leaned in, stuck out my tongue, and sucked each of her toes. She leaned back and smiled.

“Make sure you lick between them, bitch,” she said. “I’m sure there’s all kinds of dirt in between.”

I did, and she was right. Along with the dust between her toes, I got little wads of lint. Not knowing what else to do, I swallowed them. And all the while, I kept on massaging.

When her toes looked clean, I switched to massaging them while I licked the bottom of her sole clean. She pushed herself against the sofa cushions like a cat, purring contently. The gold rings in her nipples glinted with the sunlight streaming through the window as she squirmed.

When I was done with her right foot, she pointed at me to move over to her left. I probably spent another twenty minutes cleaning her left foot, licking every inch, between all her toes. My mouth felt disgusting, dirty and chalky. And my jaw ached.

“God, I’m wet,” she said. “You better be good at eating pussy or this whole deal is off.”

She put her feet up on the sofa and spread her legs. Her mousy brown muff glistened, as did the gap between her lips. I leaned forward and stuck out my tongue, and felt a whack on my head.

“What the fuck are you doing?” she asked. “Your mouth is filthy.”

“I’m sorry, ma’am,” I said in my little girl voice. I didn’t know what else to say.

“You’re about to have the privilege of putting your mouth between my legs,” she said. “Your filthy little hole needs to be clean, don’t you think?”

I nodded.

“Use the dishwashing liquid,” she said, waving at the kitchen sink.

I picked myself up, tugging painfully at my cock again. I ached all over by now. But I staggered to the sink in my heels, then squirted dishwashing liquid into my mouth. I took a mouthful of water from the kitchen faucet and began to swish it around in my mouth.

The soap was lemon-scented, and while it didn’t taste very good, the cool, soapy water actually felt nice.

“Hurry the fuck up,” she said from the sofa. I spit out the soapy water and trotted back to her.

I knelt on the floor in front of her glorious, shining pussy and leaned in for my first taste. All I could taste was the lemon soap, but I felt the slick, sticky wetness of her as I ran my tongue from the bottom of her lips up to the top.

I licked her like this, from top to bottom, several times. I put my hands on the sofa cushion to support myself as I leaned in, but the crop snapped down on my fingers.

“Hands behind your back,” she said.

I clasped my hands together behind my back and kept licking her, even though I was off-balance and my knees hurt.

I began sucking on the folds of her pussy lips, slurping up her juices. Then I moved up to the top of her lips and began probing with my tongue, looking for her clit.

She wriggled in the sofa cushions and licked her lips. “I guess I won’t have to fire you, after all,” she said.

I worked my tongue in circles around her clit, flicking it with the tip of my tongue. She started to moan. After a few minutes, she dropped the crop and reached up with both hands to cup her breasts. She squeezed them as I ate her pussy, flicking the gold rings in each nipple.

I increased the pace of my tongue, even though every part of my mouth was tired. I began to flick from side to side, and Miss Donovan arched her back and bit her lip. She gasped, and my mouth flooded with her juice. I kept the pace, flicking as fast as my tongue would go.

She reached back and squeezed the sofa cushions. She threw back her head and

yelled. "Fuck! Oh, fuck yes! Don't you stop, you little whore."

I didn't, and soon it was all over. The lower half of my mouth was wet with her cum. I drank up as much as I could, and gave her lips a final soft kiss.

She looked down at me as if I were just another piece of furniture. Then she stretched her arms above her head, her beautiful tits bobbing.

"That was...acceptable," she said. "Time for a nap." She picked the crop back up and pointed at the bathroom. "You can finish the bathroom without me," she said. "Wake me up when you're done. But I'm going to inspect it, and if I don't like what I see, I'm going to beat your ass raw and then you'll clean it all over again. Got it?"

"Yes, Miss Donovan," I said.

So she slept, while I licked the rest of the tub as clean as I could, then moved to the sink. I thought about drinking from the sink, but I didn't know what she would do if she caught me, and I didn't know if she'd hear it running. So twice I bunched the hair of my blond wig behind my head so it wouldn't get wet and dipped my face into the toilet bowl to drink.

An hour, maybe two went by, and finally I heard her padding back to the bathroom. She appeared in the doorway, naked and beautiful, her eyes drowsy. She yawned, stretched, and leaned against the doorway.

"How we doing in here?" she asked.

"Fine," I said.

"Doesn't look fine to me," she said. "Looks like you're dragging ass, being a lazy little bitch."

"I'm trying to go fast," I said.

"You're trying to cheat me," she said. "That's what you're trying to do. Get the fuck out of there."

She waved me into the living room again and made me to lift up my skirt and put my hands on the coffee table.

The riding crop was gone. I couldn't see what she held in her hands, but I felt it when it whacked against my ass cheeks. I'd never been hit with a paddle before. As she walked around me, I could see the broad wooden head, dozens of holes drilled into it. My ass was already on fire.

"You need to keep count," she said. "Otherwise I'll just keep on going until my arm falls off."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "One."

"And thank me for each one," she said. "I'm doing you a favor, teaching you a good work ethic and building valuable skills."

“Yes, ma’am,” I said. “Thank you, ma’am.”

She walked behind me, and I felt the harsh blow of the paddle flatten my cheeks.

“Two,” I said. “Thank you, ma’am.”

“You must be getting pretty hungry,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well, I’ve got an idea about how to earn more than a dollar an hour.”

I waited, and while I did, she smacked me on the ass once more. I winced, bit my lip and said: “Three. Thank you, ma’am.”

“Don’t you want to know how you can earn more money?” she asked.

“Yes, ma’am. Please tell me.”

“Well, I know this scummy truck stop out on the interstate. Truckers get horny as hell driving those long distances, away from their women. They’d pay a pretty penny to get sucked off by a cute little tranny like you. Maybe five bucks a suck. How does that sound?”

That sounded terrifying. Being humiliated in her house was one thing, but being dragged out in public to be face-fucked by a bunch of dirty truckers sounded like a nightmare.

My thoughts were interrupted by another whack on the ass.

“Four,” I whimpered. “Thank you, ma’am.”

“Plus,” she said, “You could fill up that hungry belly of yours. Cum isn’t just delicious, it’s also nutritious. You didn’t answer me. How does that sound?”

“That sounds good, ma’am,” I said.

She struck me again, so hard this time I almost lost my balance and fell forward on the coffee table. I couldn’t help but cry out.

“Five. Thank you, ma’am.”

“You don’t sound that enthusiastic,” she said. “More pay, with fringe benefits. I’d think you’d be ecstatic.”

“I am, ma’am,” I said. “That sounds wonderful.”

She whacked me again. “You ever suck a man’s cock?”

“No, ma’am,” I said, squeezing out tears. “And six. Thank you, ma’am.”

“It’s pretty disgusting,” she said. “I’m not gonna lie. Those filthy animals have been sitting in their own sweat for hundreds of miles. But you want to please me, don’t you?”

She punctuated the question with another whack.

“Yes, ma’am. Seven. Thank—”

She hit me again before I could finish.

“Eight,” I said, and she hit me again. And again. And before I could say anything, again.

“Whew,” she said. “Being your employer is hard fucking work.” She sat back on the sofa. “Stand up straight.”

I did, letting my skirt fall back down across my ass, which was simultaneously numb and pulsing with heat and pain. Sitting down at all during the next week was going to hurt. I was crying openly now, tears streaming down my face. I was sure my makeup was going to be wrecked.

“Your makeup’s a mess,” she said. “But that’s okay. Those dirty old men actually like the damsel-in-distress look.” She went back to her bedroom and returned with a big black dildo.

“Tell you what,” she said. “You’re going to practice sucking dick, and you’ll do it until around dinner time. Then we’ll head out to the truck stop. How does that sound?”

“That sounds great, ma’am,” I said.

She smiled, pointed at the ground, and I got on my knees. Then she handed me the dildo.

“Rule number one,” she said. “No teeth. If your customers complain about biting, I’ll fucking knock you silly. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said.

“Rule number two. Take it all. Slide that cock to the back of your throat until you gag. Your eyes are gonna water, and you’ll feel like throwing up. But goddamn does it turn men on.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Okay,” she said, handing me the dildo. It was warm in my hands, big and floppy. “Show me how to suck some dick.”

I slid the head into my mouth. It tasted like an old tire, and I wondered how many times she’d fucked herself with it. I looked at her for approval, and she motioned with her hand for me to take more.

I shoved it all the way to the back of my throat, and sure enough started to gag. My eyes had begun to dry from crying, but they started to water again.

Impatiently, she leaned forward and put her hand on the butt of the dildo, shoving it even more. “Don’t be shy, bitch,” she said. “Take that cock like a champ.”

I tried to loosen my throat, but it was no use. I started to cough and pulled the dildo out.

Sally made a tisking noise with her tongue. "You're not going to earn five bucks sucking dick like that," she said.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," I said.

"Don't be sorry," she said. "Just do a better job."

I could see the walk clock from here, and for the next two hours I sucked on that black rubber cock. I thought I couldn't go any lower. I thought being turned into a sissy bitch maid was the bottom, kneeling on the floor sucking a rubber dick. Later, I'd wish I was still on that living room floor, sucking a fake dick.

Because that night would be the most humiliating of my life, tasting one real cock after another, circumcised and not, most of them reeking of sweat. The men laughed at me, called me their little doll. And all of them handed their five-dollar bills over to Sally with a smile.

First she turned me into a girl, then a maid, then an outright whore. The funny thing was, I loved every minute of it.

I woke up on her floor the next morning, every part of me aching. She sat on the sofa, drinking a cup of coffee.

"Good morning, sunshine," she said. She was wearing her robe again. "Did you have a good time, yesterday?"

I propped myself up on my hands and knees. I was still wearing the maid uniform. "Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What's your name?" she said.

My name? For a minute I couldn't even remember. "Brandon."

She slowly set the coffee cup down, got up, and walked behind me. My world exploded in pain as her foot smashed into my balls. I fell back down to the floor, writhing. She stood over me, her face all I could see.

"Not anymore," she said. "From now on, you're mine, and your name is Brandy." She reached down and grabbed my balls. "Say it."

"My name is Brandy."

She squeezed. "Say it like a bitch."

I raised my voice. "My name is Brandy."

"Good," she said, smiling and releasing my balls. "Now refill my coffee, Brandy. And welcome to your new life."

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