

Sissified *by Sophia* 2



Clean-Up Duty

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Sissified by Sophia 2: Clean-Up Duty

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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My name is Cassie.

That didn't used to be my name. I used to be a guy working a normal job. Only thing was, I had a problem with gambling. The guy I owe all my money to set me up working in a whorehouse called The Velvet Room.

The madam here is Sophia, a forty-something redhead who runs this place with an iron fist. She sold my car, dolled me up like a bitch, and has been pimping me out for a week.

I woke up on the floor of the back room in the kitchen with the salty, cheesy taste of cum in my mouth. The first thing I felt is the pulsing throb of my aching ass. The first few days of getting fucked, I bled down there. But I must be getting stretched out, because it doesn't bleed anymore. Now it just hurts like hell.

I was in the dark, lying on a piece of cardboard that serves as my bed. My clothes are put back in the closet every night, and I sleep naked. Darcy, the top-ranking bitch in this place, lets me wash off the makeup, but not brush my teeth or gargle with mouthwash. She says she wants me to wake up every morning with the taste of dick in my mouth, to remind me who's in charge. As if I needed reminding.

The door to the storeroom opened, and speak of the devil, there was Darcy. She loomed over me with that contemptuous smirk on her face. She's short, with a blond page-boy haircut. This morning she was wearing a pink, tight-fitting running outfit. I could hear pop music thumping out of the earbuds stuck in her ears. She likes to go for a run every morning to keep that tight little body of hers in shape, but she usually doesn't bother with me until later in the day.

Darcy kicked me in the meat of my thigh, hard. I let out a grunt and curl into a fetal position. *That's going to leave a deep, dark bruise.*

"Get up, bitch," she said loudly. "Sophia wants to see you in her office, now."

"Should I get dressed?" I asked, still lying on the floor.

She sighed and popped an earbud out. "What?"

“I asked if I should get dressed first.” Usually when I get up, I make my way to the dressing room. The first morning, Darcy had ordered me to put on a maid uniform and clean the house from top to bottom. I spend my days sweeping, mopping, and dusting. I don’t get breaks for meals, but I do get to eat whatever scraps are left over from the other girls eating when I clean up after them.

Her white running shoe viciously kicked me, the tip landing squarely on my right ass cheek. That hurt even more than the kick in my thigh, which was still throbbing.

“Did I fucking stutter, dipshit? She wants to see you now.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, though she probably doesn’t hear me. She already turned around and stuck the earbud back in her ear. The skin-tight material of her running shorts cradled her perfect little ass in pink fabric, and I felt myself start to get hard.

The steel cage locked around my dick put a stop to that. That’s another thing they did that first morning, lock me in a chastity cage. It was cold against my skin, and my fledgling hard-on went absolutely nowhere, the head pushing flush against the tiny steel bars. I’m not sure which hurt worse, my straining dick, my aching balls, or either of the places Darcy kicked me.

It doesn’t matter. This is my new life, and I’m saddled with it until I can pay off my debts. I have no real idea how long that will be. Every time I’ve tried to ask Sophia, she either walks away or gives me an order.

I staggered to my feet and limped out of the storeroom. The lights were on in the kitchen, but it was still dark outside. The sun still hadn’t come up, and it was probably between five and six.

I made my way through the house to Sophia’s office. The door was closed, and my stomach clenched as I stood there. What did she have in store for me? It couldn’t be good, whatever it was. But I was been summoned, and I’ve already learned in my short time here that disobeying is far worse than the alternative.

I knocked.

“Come.” I heard her loud voice from the other side of the door.

I opened the door, still self-conscious standing there naked except for the steel cage encasing my dick. How could I still be embarrassed after the week I've had, after the things I've done? And yet I was. She had that effect on me, even more than the girls she oversees. She's always perfectly dressed and made up, a true madam in the old-fashioned sense. She's low on patience and doesn't take any shit from anyone, and she's scares the hell out of me.

"You wanted to see me?" I asked.

She was staring down at some papers on her desk and didn't bother to look up. "Come in," she said. "Close the door."

I did as she said, then moved to stand in front of her desk. I crossed my hands in front of my caged dick. It was pointless, but I still did it. I wasn't sure how far or how close to stand from her desk, and I ended up about five feet away.

Most of the floors in the house are polished hardwood, but in here, the floor was covered in a deep maroon shag carpet. The color reminded me of engorged sex organs, the dark, insistent shade of the balls I've been made to lick, of cocks I've been ordered to suck.

"Update," she said, turning a single sheet of paper around and pushing it towards me.

I stepped forward, still cupping my dick, and leaned over to have a look. It read:

Initial balance: \$40,000

Interest: +\$2000

Car: -\$1000

One week room+board: +\$800

Cleaning services: 50 hours @\$2.00/hr = -\$100

Escort services: 50 hours @\$10.00/hr = -\$500

Clothing and makeup: +\$700

New Balance: \$41,900

I stared at the words and numbers, a pit forming in my stomach.

“What’s this?” I asked, knowing full well what it was. I was getting fucked, not just by the customers of The Velvet Room but by my bookie and Sophia. At this rate, I had accumulated almost two thousands more dollars in the last week, and I would be here for the rest of my life, or until they didn’t find me useful anymore.

“What did I fucking say?” Sophia said, folding her arms under her ample, freckled breasts. “It’s an update on your financial situation. You need your ears scrubbed out?”

“You’re charging me eight hundred bucks a week to sleep on the floor and eat scraps?”

She looked at me from under heavily-lidded eyes, a nasty smile forming on her ruby red lips. “You don’t like your arrangement?” she asked. “You’d rather settle up with Manko some other way?” She leaned back and sighed. “I wouldn’t be too confident that he’d set you up with a job as nice as this. He might just break your goddamn kneecaps with a pipe and dump you in a ditch. He might do worse.” She picked up her phone. “Let’s just call him and see what he says.”

“No!” I cried. “Please. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to complain.” I dropped to my knees on the carpet. Hot tears stood out in my eyes. “Please, don’t call him.”

She held the phone up, looking at it, then slowly put it back down on her desk.

“I just...” I said. “How am I ever going to pay everything off like this?”

“You’re not,” she said. “But you can always do more to earn a little extra.”

More? I thought. I was already squeezing into tight, girly outfits every single night and offering my mouth and my ass to every paying customer to do with what they wanted. I was already cleaning the house every day from top to bottom. I couldn’t live any sparser. So what did she mean by more?

“What can I do?” I asked weakly, not sure I wanted to hear the answer.

She smiled wider, her eyes glistening.

“You’re a basic whore right now,” she said. “Suck and swallow. Take it up the ass. Lick a few ball sacks. But we have a few VIP customers who want action that’s just a little spicier than the usual stuff.”

My stomach clenched. *Spicier*. What did that mean? Gagging on stiff cocks and swallowing gummy loads of hot spunk wasn’t enough? But my choices were non-existent. I hung my head and stared down at the carpet.

“I’ll do whatever you want.”

I heard her get up from the desk and walk around to where I knelt. She leaned down and whispered in my ear. Her hot breath tickled as she spoke.

“Of course you will. You’re a goddamn worm, but you’re all mine, heart and soul.”

I spent the rest of the day cleaning, as usual. That night, Darcy led me to the dressing room and got me ready. The whole time she had a wicked smirk on her face. I had no idea what I was in for.

She made me squeeze into a pink latex body suit, with padding to round out my ass like a girl’s and make it seem like I had breasts. It was hard as hell to get into, and once I was stuff into it with the foam prosthetics, I immediately began to sweat.

I wore a blond wig with pigtails, and I made up my own face with deep red blush, thick red lipstick, and lots of mascara. The whole time I was thinking about the charges for clothes and makeup. Was Sophia making me buy every outfit? Something made me think that no matter how I tried to dig out of this hole, I was only going deeper. But again, it was either this, or lying in a ditch with broken knees.

“Come on, asshole,” Darcy said when I was done with my makeup.

Instead of going downstairs for the lineup, we went up, but I knew better than to ask any questions. The latex squeaked as I walked, pinching me behind the knees, under my armpits, and pretty much everywhere else.

We entered one of the suites upstairs, the one with a giant heart-shaped bed that I'd cleaned, but never used with customers. *VIPs*, Sophia had said. This must be where the big spenders were entertained, and tonight I was the entertainment.

I expected Darcy to leave me here to await my fate. Instead, she sprawled out on the heart-shaped bed and lifted her skirt to reveal her smoothly-shaved pussy.

I stood in the middle of the room, not sure what I should do. Did she expect me to eat her out? That wouldn't be that big a deal, compared to everything else I'd done the last week. I'd actually like it. I damn sure wasn't using my dick on her, even though it was swelling uncomfortably in its cage.

She laughed when she saw me staring at her.

"This ain't for you, dumbass," she said. "Not yet anyway." What did that mean? She pointed at the corner of the room. "Go stand over there, but you can face outward."

I obeyed, standing and waiting.

Darcy sighed. She bored easily. "Hey, dipshit," she said. "Go ahead and jam your thumb up your ass."

What? How was that even going to be possible? Did she want me to take the latex suit off? But I felt around to back of the suit and realized there was a slit in the back, right between my ass cheeks. I thought about putting my thumb in my mouth to at least lube it up a little, but Darcy hadn't given me permission, so I did as I was told.

I curled my hand into a fist, thumb out, and pushed it up through the gap and into my ass. It didn't hurt nearly as much as being fucked, though it was still humiliating.

"Go ahead and put the other one up there too," she said.

Both thumbs? I wasn't sure the other one would fit through the slit, much less up my ass. But I knew better than to argue.

Up the other thumb went, pushing in next to the other one, the old familiar pain making my asshole pulse with every heartbeat. And when I was done, I stood in the corner with both my thumbs pushed squarely up my ass, my fake breasts poking out towards the middle of the room.

That's when they walked in.

There were four of them, all with dark hair and olive skin. Three of them were tall and muscular, all wearing black suits. They looked like they could snap me in half across their knee. The fourth was short and fat, wearing a suit with a dress shirt open to show the dark curly hair of his chest. His hair was slicked back, his lips thick and pouty, his eyes drooped in a kind of look that said he was bored with life.

One of the others got a chair for the fat man and sat it up just a few feet from Darcy's spread legs. He sat and leaned over to look at her shaved pussy as if it were a Rembrandt hanging in a museum.

For the time being, they all ignored me.

Then the fat man turned to one of his men and snapped his fingers. The tall man stripped off his clothes to reveal the body of a weightlifter.

These are his bodyguards, I thought. Or men he had hired specifically for this show, or whatever it was. But I thought my first idea was correct. These were men he knew. He didn't have to tell them what to do, and they showed a deference that went beyond what you'd see between people who barely knew one another.

The tall man slid down his slacks to reveal one of the biggest cocks I'd ever seen. It hung semi-erect, uncircumcised, the skin a darker shade than the rest of him. He walked close to the bed, then stopped.

The fat man finally looked at me. So did the tall, naked one. Even Darcy looked over from where she lay on the bed. She mouthed one word: "Move!"

I was supposed to take part now, though I wasn't sure exactly what I was supposed to do. I scurried over from the corner. Walking was difficult with both thumbs up my ass, but Darcy hadn't given me permission to take them out. The room was as quiet as a church at midnight, and my latex outfit squeaked as I shuffled forward.

I stopped before the naked man. Was he going to fuck me? Were we going to do some kind of threesome? The fat man was

staring at me with those heavily-lidded eyes, but no one said anything. I didn't want to piss off Darcy, but I *really* didn't want to piss off these men, whoever they were.

The fat man opened his mouth and said one word in an accent I couldn't place. "Fluff."

Had I heard him right? I didn't even know what that meant.

Darcy was staring at me, angry as hell at my stupidity.

"Do we need to get someone else?" the fat man asked.

"No, sir," Darcy said. "She's just new." Then to me in a harsh whisper: "Get on your fucking knees and fluff him up."

When I paused, she sighed, rolling her eyes.

"Get him hard," she said.

Oh. That wouldn't be that bad. I wasn't sure I could fit all of him in my mouth, but it wasn't like I was going to have to suck him all the way off. I was just prepping him to fuck Darcy. I was going to earn double the pay for this?

I dropped down with my thumbs still tucked up my ass, my knees falling hard on the hardwood floor. I lowered my head and opened my mouth wide to take the tip of him into my mouth.

The uncircumcised head tasted musty and salty, but he wasn't the first client who hadn't taken a shower just before their appointment. The first few dicks I put in my mouth, I had struggled to control my gag reflex, but won that battle every time.

I took as much of him into my mouth, the girth stretching out my lips and filling my cheeks. His meaty head made its way to the back of my throat, and there it was, the gagging sensation. My eyes began to water, and soon I felt my mascara running.

The fat man leaned back in his chair, folding his hands across his belly and locking his fingers together. He seemed satisfied for the moment.

I worked the cock, bobbing my head like a chicken and making loud slurping noises. Some liked it quiet, but most liked it noisy. All the while, the naked man towered above me, a calm, detached look

on his face. So far, this was weird, but not that much stranger than my other encounters.

I felt him grow harder in my mouth, the earthy taste of him filling my nose and coating my tongue. Saliva slid out of the corner of my mouth and down my chin, dripping on the floor. My jaws already hurt from the size of him, even though I hadn't been going that long. I was glad I didn't have to bring him all the way to climax, because I had no idea how long that would take.

Eventually, the tall man grabbed the base of his cock and pulled it out, stepping towards Darcy. I crawled out of the way the best I could, using only my knees. I didn't think I still had the capacity of shame, but I felt more used and humiliated than ever before.

I wasn't sure if I was expected to crawl back into the corner or stay where I was. I decided to stay close to the bed, just in case I was wanted for something else, though at this point it seemed like most of the work was up to Darcy.

She spread her legs even wider, and the naked man lowered himself just enough to line up his cock. His ass faced the fat man, but he didn't seem to mind. His meat still in his hand, he moved forward, guiding it into Darcy. She let out a gasp, then a squeal.

She was a pro, and I figured her pussy was so stretched out that she wouldn't even feel something that big, but maybe I was wrong. Whether it was a show or not, she made a lot of noise. The man reached up and pinned her wrists to the bed while he fucked her, his ass pistoning back and forth. Soon he was glistening with sweat, and the fat man had a funny little smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye.

I sat where I had crawled to and waited, the taste of the big man's cock still on my tongue. I heard a loud grunt and looked up to see the man's eyes squeezed shut, his teeth clamped down in a grimace. Darcy let out the loudest squeal yet as the man stopped pumping, his ass cheeks clenched. I hadn't seen him put on a condom, which was house policy, so I imagined the load he was injecting into Darcy. He stood like that for a long time, I guess to make sure he unloaded his balls completely. Darcy didn't seem to mind.

The man finally opened his eyes and staggered back a step, his slick cock bobbing. He stepped sideways and began to gather up his clothes. I expected Darcy to head to the bathroom to clean up, maybe try to push or scoop the semen out of her. Instead, to my surprise, she actually lifted her feet up to the ceiling. Wasn't that what women did when they were trying to keep as much semen as possible inside, so they could get pregnant?

The fat man looked at me. "Clean her up."

Oh no, I thought. What did he just say?

I'd swallowed quarts of cum over the last week, so this shouldn't really be all that different, right? And yet the idea seemed revolting.

The fat man raised his left eyebrow, and I began to scoot over, thumbs still up my ass. Again, I really didn't want to disappoint him or make him angry. And as my knees dragged forward to where Darcy lay, a strange thing happened. My mouth actually began to water. I somehow never ceased to surprise myself at what my mind deep down seemed to actually want.

With my head positioned between her upraised legs, I could smell it, the tart tang of her pussy juice mixed with the salty musk of the man who had just unloaded into her. The creamy, translucent cum oozed between her pussy lips, and I suddenly felt everyone in the room waiting for me.

I leaned forward, the smells growing stronger. I stuck my tongue out and licked from top to bottom, tasting the warm, pungent mixture of Darcy's liquid and the man's spunk.

"Faster," the low voice said from behind me. "Slurp it up. All of it."

I did as I was told, puckering my lips and sucking thick gobs of the stuff out of Darcy. I almost gagged. The taste was simultaneously disgusting and somehow intoxicating. I swallowed mouthfuls, feeling the warmth slide down my throat, thinking each one would be the last. But Darcy's pussy was like some kind of magic fountain that never seemed to run out.

How much had he shot inside of her? Over my loud slurping, I heard another sound, the contented humming of the fat man in the

chair. This was what he had really come to see, not the fucking. This was what he wanted.

And somehow, the weirdness of it made me tingle. I felt my cock strain against its cage and wondered if at some point someone might let me out, might let me jerk off onto the floor, even if I had to lick it up. My balls were tender and swollen, ready to deposit their own load. But my own desires were not important, and they never came to pass.

I lapped up the last of the cum from Darcy's lips. She laughed.

"Okay, bitch," she said. "That's enough. Don't wear yourself out. There's two more of these studs to go."

I had almost forgotten about the other two men, but now that I knew the game, even though I was utterly degraded, I was eager to please.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, licking my lips and scooting to the side to let the next man do his thing.

The first man's cum sat heavily in my stomach as I watched the second one repeat the show. He stripped, his shaft already hard as he pulled down his slacks. He didn't bother for me to sidle over to fluff him up, and he didn't really need my services in that regard. But he wanted me to suck it all the same.

His cock wasn't as monstrous as the first man, but what he lacked in heft, he made up for in energy. He laughed as he grabbed the back of my head and pushed me down on his head, jamming his dick straight back into my mouth.

A little squirt of precum dropped into the back of my throat, and I started to cough. He didn't let go of my head or pull his dick out, though. In fact, he seemed to enjoy my suffering. My eyes were watering as I coughed, and all my instincts were to take my thumbs out of my ass and push away. But a more primal instinct kept me from doing that, the one that knew I would be hurt if I did it. Somewhere deep down I knew if the fat man wasn't pleased enough with my performance, especially if I drew back and ran to the corner, his men would beat the shit out of me.

So I took it as best I could. Eventually the coughing subsided and the man got tired of fucking my face. He moved to Darcy and rolled her over on all fours, crawling up on the bed to fuck her from behind.

He grabbed her blonde hair with one hand and smacked her ass with the other, each loud spank reverberating through the room. She let out a little squeak with each blow, and took the fucking like a champ. I wasn't on the sidelines long. The man had already been keyed up and ready to go.

After only a couple of minutes, he pulled out of her, grabbing onto his cock and pumping furiously. He let out a cry of triumph and squirted all over ass and lower back. God, there was so much of it, and I knew I'd be cleaning up every bit.

He gave her one last smack on the ass, the hardest yet, and I could see the red imprint left behind. There was a glare of defiance in Darcy's eyes. She hadn't liked that last smack. But it was only there for a second, and then it was gone.

The fat man didn't have to tell me what to do this time. I knew my job. I struggled to my feet and made my way over to where Darcy was hunched over on the bed.

I began to lick the thick ropes of cum off her ass. The man must have eaten something garlicky earlier in the day, because I could taste it in the warm semen. I couldn't work fast enough, and it began to run down and pool at her lower back, a little lake of silvery white just waiting for me.

I leaned over to it and pursed my lips. I didn't need to be told to slurp this up, either. I was like a pink, trussed-up vacuum cleaner, sucking the whole pool up in one go and gulping it down. My stomach felt heavy and hot. Just how much cum had I eaten already? A pound? Two?

I moved back to my spot, hoping that gag reflex wouldn't come back, that I wouldn't throw up. Resisting any of the men would be bad, but I somehow knew that throwing up would be twice as bad.

The third man was already naked by the time I crouched back down. The thumbs in my ass were really hurting now, having been

jostled around from all the movement. But I'd been able to keep them in.

The man rolled Darcy over onto her back and crawled on top of her. He didn't bother with my mouth. He was the smoothest of the three, gliding into her as if he was a dancer, his ass undulating. He grabbed one of her ankles and lifted it up, and despite all that had happened before, Darcy closed her eyes and began to moan. It wasn't an act. He was really making her cum. I had wondered before, but now I didn't. This man knew what he was doing.

She actually screamed when he came inside her, tears running down the sides of her face. The man moved off the bed and began to dress, and I started in that direction.

"No," the fat man said. "Lie down. Face up."

I paused, confused that I wasn't going to be cleaning Darcy up this time. Though I was a little grateful. I wasn't sure how much more I could eat.

I rolled onto my back, my fists tucked under my ass.

Darcy slid off the bed and quickly stood over me.

Oh, I thought.

She crouched down low, her pussy just inches from my open mouth.

The cum began to drop down, thick and ropey, the first gob made me flinch as it hit the back of my throat. Darcy laughed, but stayed hunched over me, making sure every drop made its way from her snatch into my mouth.

"Swallow," she said, grinning down at me as the last of it dropped onto my lower lip. I licked it off and swallowed hard. For a second I almost gagged, but managed to hold it back.

Darcy closed her eyes and tilted her head back, and for a second I wondered what she was doing. All the cum was drained, so what was left?

Then I clenched my eyes shut as a stream of hot piss hit my face. I heard all of them laughing now, and it just kept going on and on and on...

Cassie the Clean-Up Bitch. That's my full name now. My pay went up, a little, but my standing in the house went down even more. Before, I was one of them, a working girl, sucking and fucking my way through the night. But now I was fluffing up their men, cleaning out their pussies, and licking their piss off the floor. I gulped down used condoms with a polite thank-you and a curtsey.

But at least I was finally making headway. I was finally knocking about twenty dollars a week off my debt.

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