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81 Minute Books Presents

Brandy

FREE PREVIEW!

Written by Ron Knight

Part 1

Las Vegas

“This is Heather Martinelli at the EBA’s, also known as the *Erotic Book Awards!* I’m standing on the silver carpet as the top selling erotic authors make their way inside.”

Pause. “Ah yes! Heading out of the limo is the favorite tonight, Brandy Vine, author of *Autumn Wives!*” *Heather waves.* “Brandy! Brandy! Can I have a moment?”

~

Okay, let’s stop here.

My real name is Abby Becall, the person playing the role of Brandy Vine. As I exited the limousine and strolled down the silver carpet wearing a five hundred dollar black dress, all I could think about was one thing...

I’m not an author...at least, most of the time I wasn’t an author.

Nope, I’m just Abby. I hit rock bottom and about to lose everything when the doorbell rang and my life completely changed. I went from being broke to earning millions.

Things like that don’t happen...but it happened to me.

~

Rose Water, Ohio, exactly two years ago...

This is a true story.

I had negative \$127.87 in my bank account. How does someone actually fall that far below? Here’s what happened...

At 11:01 in the morning I was starving and needed lunch. I had \$8.68 in my bank account.

I walked forty minutes to McDonalds from my crappy apartment and purchased a double cheeseburger. With tax it came to \$2.14.

Purchasing a coke at McDonalds was too expensive, especially since they didn't have the *Any Drink for a Dollar* promotion, so I ate my double cheese on the way to 7-11 and purchased a Big Gulp for 89 cents.

Currently there's \$5.65 in my bank account. Plenty of money to purchase bread and a small jar of peanut butter from the grocery store, leaving me with \$0.08.

Feeling good about my budgeting skills I walked back to my apartment.

The next day things got interesting.

My bank account had this bright red color and said, *-\$127.87*. I totally forgot about the feminine product I purchased at Target two days ago. It apparently hadn't come out of my account yet.

Two days ago!!! Ahaaaa!

The feminine product cost me \$13.95, which left me in the hole \$13.87. The bank charged me a bank fee of \$38.00 for my \$2.14 double cheeseburger, \$38.00 for my \$0.89 Big Gulp, and \$38.00 for my bread and peanut butter.

I didn't get paid for another three days and most of my check would go to breaking even with the bank.

Yes, I did call the bank and was told, 'We ran your scenario in the computer and you were denied a refund for the three bank fees. Is there anything else I can help you with today?'

Oy.

I wanted to say something like, 'Does your billion dollar bank really need my three bank fees to keep the lights on?' But I didn't have the guts and replied, 'No, have a nice day.'

Why did I say, 'Have a nice day'? No idea.

Well at least I hit rock bottom. Need to keep a good attitude.

However rock bottom added a new lower level that I didn't realize existed.

I've been dating my boyfriend, Echo, since senior year of high school. We're both now twenty-two and today is his birthday. (By the way, who names their kid, Echo???)

Six weeks ago, I purchased my lovely boyfriend a nice gift that cost me a paycheck, which little did I know, would set in motion the negative bank account fiasco. It's a collectible Bucky Barnes statue that Echo's been wanting since we met.

I walked fifty minutes to the Dollar Tree last week and purchased wrapping paper and a gift bag, then walked fifty minutes back.

For some reason on that day in Rose Water, Ohio, the temperature rose to ninety degrees and the heat index over a hundred. Yet this was a special surprise birthday gift for my devoted boyfriend's birthday, so I trudged on like I was...um...

Sorry, I got nothing.

What happened next felt like someone punched me in the heart.

My little sister Sherrie who's thirteen sent me a snapshot of Echo's Facebook status which stated he was in "A new relationship."

Then on his feed there's a cute picture of Echo inside a heart with Emma, a girl who lives in the apartment next door to me. (Yes...next door to me!)

Echo and Emma had forty-six "likes" on the post, seventy-two "hearts" and thirteen "wows."

Um...what the hell!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

With my fingers trembling, I typed a message to Echo and sent it.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting.

My phone flashed, "*Message not sent.*"

I resent it.

Waiting.

Pacing.

Waiting.

Pacing.

"Message not sent."

I gazed at my phone. Did it really just get shut off in the last two minutes?

Yep.

Maybe you think *this* was rock bottom. Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

That would've been great...

Before I say another word to you, I want to stress this all really did happen to me exactly the way I've been telling this story. No fluff. No dramatic additions. This really happened.

Onward...

So next I hear a "whoosh" sound by my front door. I look over to see an envelope. Maybe Echo decided to write me a beautiful breakup letter instead of sending me a text message like some coward. (I wouldn't have known about the text, since my phone is shut off, but you get the point.)

Of course, Echo could have spoken to me face-to-face before he posted his new relationship with my neighbor on Facebook for the entire world to see, but a handwritten letter of apology might soften the blow a bit.

I first noticed the only writing on the letter was my apartment number. Before opening it, I had a thought.

A month ago I introduced Echo to Emma when we saw her in the hallway. As far as I know, they haven't spoken since.

So how did this new relationship form? Did Echo hunt her down on Facebook after meeting her for ten seconds and send her a message? Did they secretly meet at Emma's apartment next door to me?

My fingers once again began to tremble. Then my right eye started doing this annoying twitch.

I ripped open the envelope and saw that I was being evicted and had twenty-four hours to vacate the apartment.

Okay. I arrived.

Rock bottom.

It suddenly dawned on me that I didn't have enough boxes to pack everything in my apartment. I had more crap than I originally thought. I started using recyclable bags, then garbage bags.

Once that all ran out, my depression took an all-time new low.

I made a peanut butter sandwich and poured a glass of water from the sink. I sat down on the floor of my kitchen and began eating.

Of course I did have two chairs and a small round table in the kitchen, but the strange thing was that I didn't deserve to sit in the chair to eat my peanut butter sandwich. I'm at rock bottom and the kitchen floor is the only thing I deserve.

My thoughts drifted, wondering where I'm going to stay tomorrow.

Then the lights went off and the air conditioner fell silent.

Damn. The electric bill.

Okay, so there's a place lower than triple-rock-bottom.

Good to know...

The doorbell rang. I didn't realize the doorbell still would work if the electricity was turned off.

I remained on the kitchen floor and polished off my peanut butter sandwich. The person at the door could wait or come back another time.

What I didn't realize while I drank down my glass of water, was that the person at the door would help me become a millionaire.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this book.

Make sure to write at least one thought or idea in your IDEA JOURNAL.