

It had been four years since Liam confidently chose Sales as his career focus, convinced it held more lucrative opportunities. His girlfriend, Chloe had disagreed vehemently, arguing Finance offered stability and better prospects. Their argument escalated into a bet: whoever landed a job first would win, and the loser would have to fulfill the winner's demand as "payback." Chloe was certain she would win, given her connections. Liam, overly confident, had scoffed at the idea.



Fast forward to the present, Chloe was now a Finance Manager at DXY Ltd., while Liam spent his days at home playing video games, claiming the job market was unfair. Despite Chloe's encouragement and occasional prodding, Liam's efforts to find work had dwindled to almost nothing. His lazy attitude and behavior had become increasingly apparent, with his usual response to any responsibility being either a dismissive "later" or a flimsy excuse. Chloe's frustration simmered beneath the surface, though she kept it hidden for now.

Unbeknownst to Liam, DXY Ltd. was owned by Emma, a close friend of Chloe's mother. Chloe had never disclosed this, savoring her quiet triumph. Meanwhile, Emma had taken note of Chloe's hardworking nature and Liam's apparent lack of ambition. Watching Chloe's situation unfold, Emma began considering how she might help.



Chloe hesitated before entering Emma's office. She had always admired her boss—Emma was poised, successful, and carried an air of authority that made everyone listen. But today, Chloe wasn't here to talk about work. She needed advice, and maybe a little help.



Emma glanced up from her work, her sharp eyes softening as she noticed Chloe's worried expression. "Chloe, is everything alright?"

Chloe sighed. "Not really, Emma. It's about Liam. He's still struggling to find a job, and things are getting tight. Our apartment's rent is eating into my savings, and I'm not sure how much longer we can manage."

Emma had always been skeptical of Liam. From what Chloe had shared in passing, he sounded aimless—no job, no ambition. She had kept her concerns to herself, not wanting to interfere in Chloe's personal life. But now, it seemed Chloe was starting to feel the weight of his situation.

"I see," Emma said carefully. "Have you considered moving to a more affordable place?"





"That's the problem," Chloe admitted.
"The cheaper places we've looked at are... not ideal. Unsafe, small, and just depressing."

An idea sparked in Emma's mind—one she wasn't sure Chloe would accept, but it was worth a try. "I have a duplex in the suburbs," she said slowly. "The first floor is occupied by my niece, Britney. She works nearby, so it's a quiet, safe place. The ground floor is vacant, and I can let you stay there rent-free."

Chloe's eyes lit up.
"Really? That would be amazing!"
But then her excitement faltered.
"Wait... what about Liam?"



"That's the thing," Emma said delicately. "I wouldn't feel comfortable having a man live there with Britney around. It's not personal—it's just a precaution."








Chloe blinked, caught off guard. "Wait, what?"

Emma felt a pang of guilt. She didn't want to disappoint Chloe, but she couldn't ignore her instincts. Still, a part of her couldn't resist adding, half-jokingly, "Unless, of course, Liam could somehow live there... as a girl."

Emma laughed lightly. "I'm kidding. It's ridiculous, isn't it?"



But Chloe's mind was already turning.
"You're saying if Liam... presented himself as a girl, we could stay there?"

Emma raised an eyebrow.
"Are you serious?"

Chloe tilted her head, considering.

"It's not the worst idea. If anything, it might push him to find a job faster. There's no way he'd agree to live as a girl. So, if I frame it as our only option, he'll be forced to get serious about working. And if he doesn't... well, we'd still have a place to stay."





Emma watched her, a mixture of surprise and intrigue flickering in her eyes.

"Well, Chloe, if you think this will push Liam to find a job, then it could be a wonderful idea. And in case he isn't able to find one, the offer still stands. But don't let him know that I'm aware of all this—otherwise, he'll never go along with it."

The late evening at home.



"Hey, Liam," Chloe called out, her voice carrying a mix of weariness and determination.

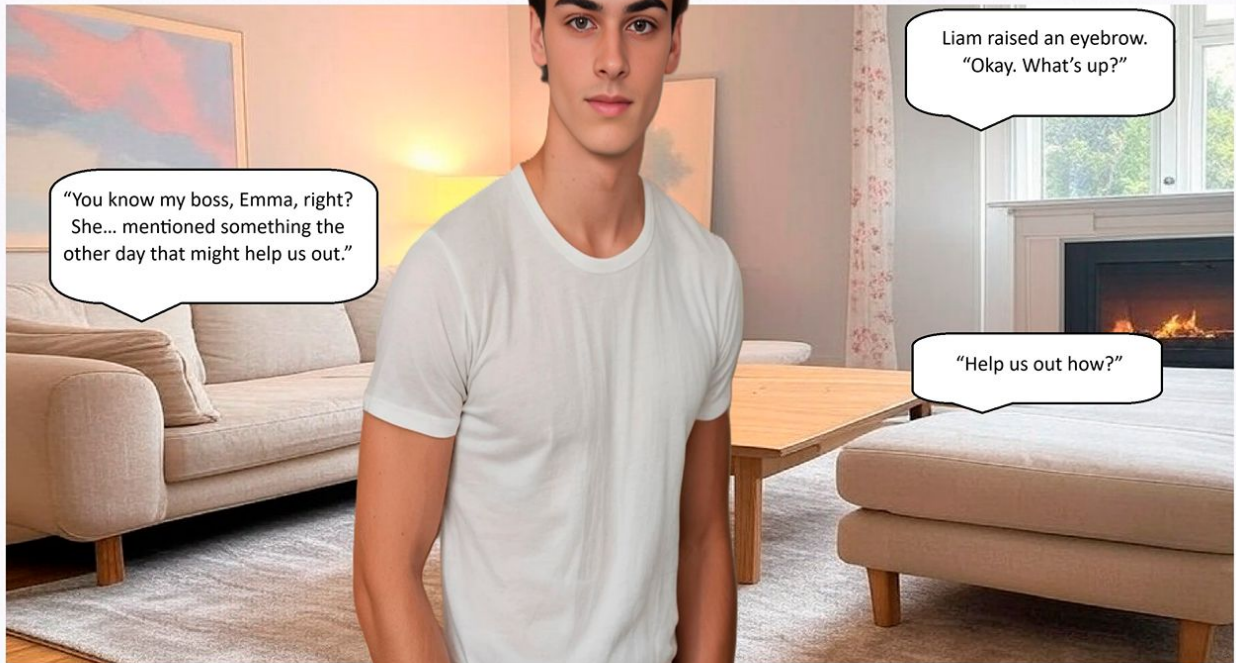
Chloe sighed.
"Same old, same old. Reports, deadlines, balancing accounts. You know how it is." She paused, studying Liam's face.
"What about you? Any luck with job applications today?"

Liam emerged from the bedroom. "Hey, you're home early. How was work?"



Chloe nodded sympathetically.
"I get it. The job market's brutal right now."
That's actually why I wanted to talk to you."

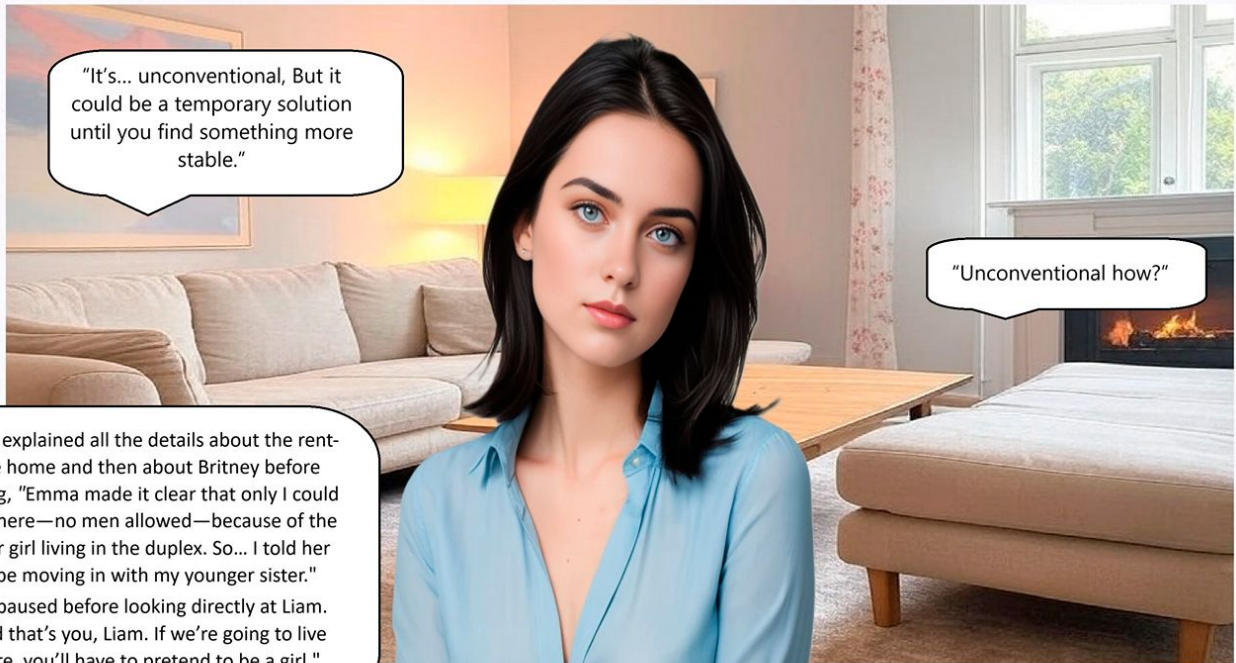
Liam hesitated, a faint flicker of guilt crossing his expression.
"A few places got back to me, but it's just the same story everywhere. Either they're not hiring, or they want five years of experience for an entry-level position." It's a joke, honestly. How do they expect anyone to get experience if no one's willing to give them a chance?"



"You know my boss, Emma, right? She... mentioned something the other day that might help us out."

Liam raised an eyebrow.
"Okay. What's up?"

"Help us out how?"



"It's... unconventional, But it could be a temporary solution until you find something more stable."

"Unconventional how?"

Chloe explained all the details about the rent-free home and then about Britney before adding, "Emma made it clear that only I could stay there—no men allowed—because of the other girl living in the duplex. So... I told her I'd be moving in with my younger sister." She paused before looking directly at Liam. "And that's you, Liam. If we're going to live there, you'll have to pretend to be a girl."



Chloe managed a small smile, her tone light but earnest.
“I know it sounds crazy, but think about it. We’re barely scraping by as it is. This could give us some breathing room while you keep looking for a job.”

For a moment, there was silence. Then Liam burst out laughing.
“You’re kidding, right? Me? Pretend to be a girl? That’s got to be the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard.”



"With the right clothes and a bit of effort, I think you'd make a convincing girl."

Come on, Chloe. You really think I could pull something like that off? I'm not exactly... subtle." "Even if I wanted to, no one would believe it."

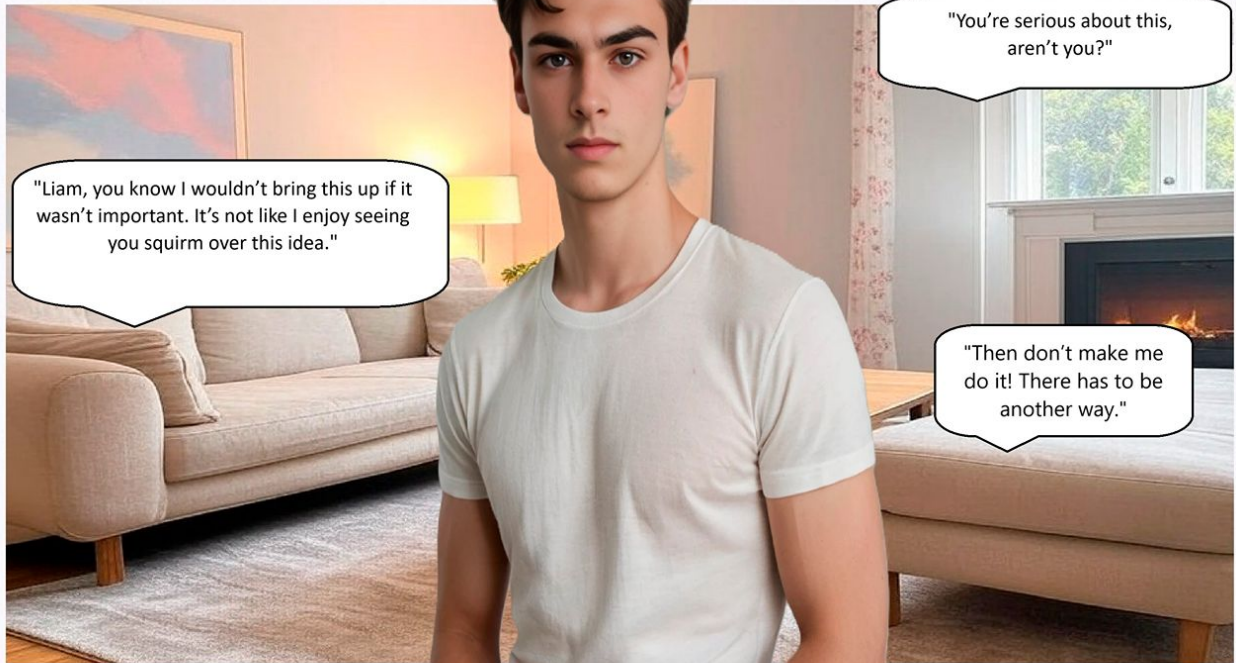
"Are you seriously trying to sell me on this?"



"I'm just saying it's an option," Chloe replied calmly.
"And it's not like you'd have to do it forever. Just long enough for us to get back on our feet."

"I get it, Liam. It's a lot to take in. But maybe just... think about it before you decide."

"There's no way I'm doing that. Sorry to burst the bubble."



"Liam, you know I wouldn't bring this up if it wasn't important. It's not like I enjoy seeing you squirm over this idea."

"You're serious about this, aren't you?"

"Then don't make me do it! There has to be another way."



"Do you remember our bet?
The one we made four years
ago after that ridiculous
party?"

"Remember our bet? The one
where you swore you'd do
whatever I asked if I landed a job
before you? Ring a bell?"

"Bet? What are you talking about?"



"That was a joke, Chloe. A stupid drunken joke!"



"Maybe, but you shook on it, Liam. And, for the record, I kept my end of the deal. This is just me cashing in... temporarily."

His shoulders sagged, the fight visibly draining out of him. He avoided her gaze, his lips pressed into a thin line. "I can't believe you're using that against me now."

"I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't believe in you, Liam. And it's just for a little while—just long enough to get through this hurdle. You can handle that, can't you?"





Chloe's lips curved into a smile,
her relief evident.
"Thanks Liam"

He hesitated, the weight of her words
pressing on him.
"Fine. But only because you won't stop
bringing up that stupid bet. And this is
temporary. I'm serious, Chloe."