

Liam took a deep breath before stepping into the bakery café. Unlike previous days, his heart was pounding with a mix of fear and unease. His hands felt clammy against the cool metal handle of the glass door. Today was different. Britney now knew his secret. Not only had she seen him stripped of his identity, but she had also locked him into that humiliating chastity device, a constant reminder of his loss of control. His jeans and T-shirt felt like a feeble shield against the growing sense of panic. Each step inside the café made him feel exposed, as if every customer, every employee, could somehow see through his clothes, past the thin veil of masculinity he still clung to. He forced himself to walk toward the counter, but his legs felt weak, as if they might betray him at any moment.

Britney stood near the register, a sly smirk playing on her lips as she waved him over. Standing beside her was a woman in her early fifties, exuding authority in her neatly pressed navy-blue blazer and matching skirt. Her piercing gaze appraising Liam before she even spoke.

"Ah, there she is!" Britney chirped, her voice dripping with fake warmth.

"Lila, come here, sweetheart. I want you to meet someone."

"This is Mrs. Claudia Bennett, the owner of this café. She runs the place with an iron fist but has the softest heart,"

Britney said with a chuckle.

Liam swallowed hard, forcing a nervous smile as he approached.





Claudia extended her hand, her expression unreadable.

"Welcome, young lady. Britney tells me you're going to be a great asset to our sales team. I'm looking forward to seeing how you help us grow."

Claudia's gaze softened.

"No need to be nervous, dear. We are all one team here. I want you to feel comfortable. Just focus on doing your job well, and everything else will fall into place."

Liam hesitated for a second too long before shaking her hand. His grip was weak, and he knew it. He struggled to find his voice, feeling his throat tighten under the weight of anxiety.

"T-Thank you, ma'am... I'll do my best."



Claudia took a step back, her keen eyes scanning Liam's outfit. "Though... I must say, your attire is a bit too casual for customer interactions. We like to maintain a more refined image."

Liam nodded, his palms still sweaty. Comfortable? That was impossible. Not when Britney held the key to his fate—literally.

Liam felt his stomach drop. He wanted to wear something formal today, but he had practically nothing in women's wear. The thought of wearing Chloe's blouse felt too embarrassing. Just this morning, he had considered buying some trousers and unisex shirts for work. He was almost about to tell Claudia that he would get them soon.



Before Liam could respond, Britney jumped in with an exaggerated gasp. "Oh! I told you, Claudia! Lila *wants* those skirts and heels, but she's fresh out of college and totally broke."

Liam's face burned. His jaw clenched, but he forced himself to keep the awkward smile in place. "T-That's not—"

"She's just too shy to ask for an outfit allowance," Britney continued smoothly, cutting him off. "You know how it is with young girls these days. They want to look the part but don't have the funds yet."



Claudia let out a thoughtful hum before crossing her arms.

"Well, as long as our sales are improving, I don't see why we can't help our employees look their best."

Liam felt a flicker of relief until Claudia added with a sly smirk,

"In fact, if you bring in enough business, I might even throw in an allowance for Victoria's Secret lingerie too!"

Liam wanted to disappear. Every word felt like a nail in the coffin of his remaining dignity. He braced himself for Claudia's response, praying she would dismiss the idea.


The room erupted in laughter—Claudia, Britney, even a passing barista who had overheard.



Britney leaned in, whispering just loud enough for only him to hear, "Relax, Lila. It's just a joke. You wouldn't want people thinking you're too uptight, would you?"

Liam forced himself to chuckle along, but inside, he was screaming. His entire body felt hot with embarrassment. What kind of situation was he in? A few weeks ago, he was just Liam, an ordinary guy living with his girlfriend. Now, he was standing here, pretending to be a girl, being discussed like some dress-up doll in front of strangers.

Liam swallowed hard, knowing that resistance would only make things worse. So he did what he had learned to do best—he smiled, nodded, and played along. But deep inside, the panic never faded.



Claudia's piercing gaze lingered on Liam for a moment longer than necessary, her lips curling into a faint, knowing smile.
"So, Lila, Britney tells me you're quite the go-getter. I hope you're ready to bring some fresh energy to our sales team. We've been needing someone with... *enthusiasm.*"

Liam nodded, his throat dry.
"Y-Yes, ma'am. I'll do my best."



Britney giggled, leaning casually against the counter.
"Oh, Claudia, you have no idea. Lila's got this whole 'girl-next-door' vibe going on. The customers are going to eat it up!"

Claudia raised an eyebrow, her tone playful but laced with authority.
"Is that so? Well, Lila, I hope you're ready to charm the socks off our regulars. We've got a loyalty program to boost, and I expect you to be the face of it."

Liam's stomach churned. The idea of being the "face" of anything in this situation was mortifying.
"I'll... uh... do what I can," he stammered, forcing a smile.

Claudia tilted her head, her eyes narrowing slightly as if studying him. "You know, Lila, confidence is key in sales. You've got to own it. Stand tall, smile bright, and make them believe you're the best thing since sliced bread." She paused, then added with a smirk, "Or in our case, since artisanal sourdough."

The barista behind the counter chuckled, and Britney joined in, her laughter a little too loud. "Oh, Claudia, you're such a riot! But don't worry, Lila's got this. Right, sweetheart?"





Claudia crossed her arms, her tone shifting to something more businesslike.
“Now, let’s talk numbers. Our sales have been... stagnant. I need you to bring in at least a 20% increase over the next quarter. Think you can handle that?”

Liam nodded again, his cheeks burning.
“Right.”

Liam’s eyes widened.
“T-Twenty percent? That’s... a lot.”

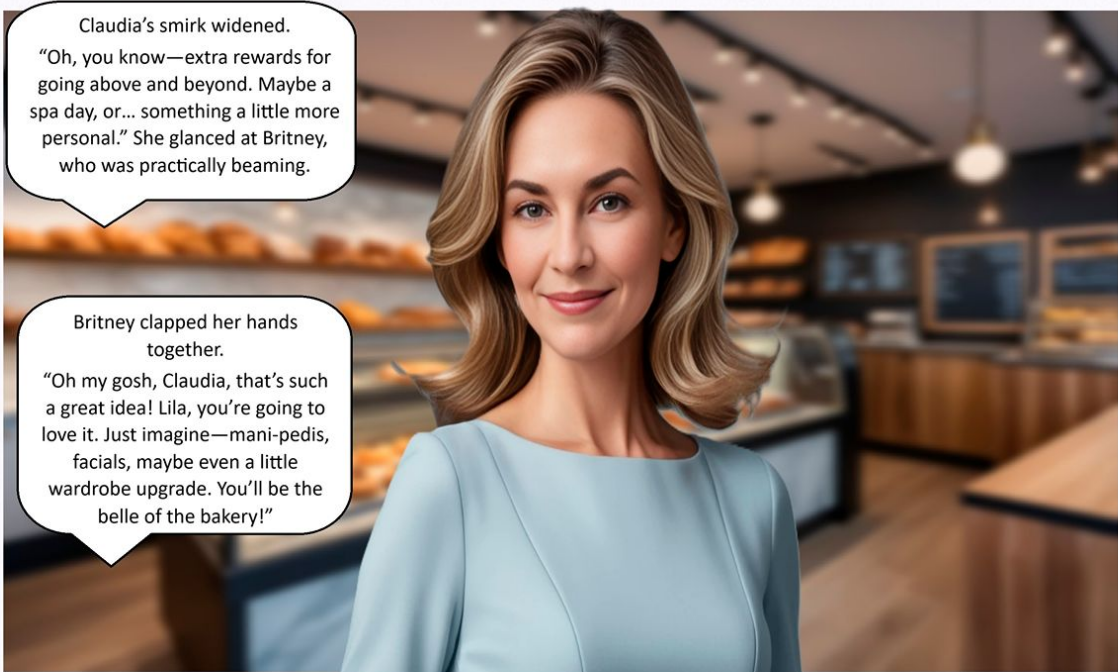
Britney jumped in before he could say more.

"Oh, come on, Lila! You're a natural. Just flash that pretty smile of yours, and the customers will be lining up. Besides, Claudia's not asking for the moon—just a little extra dough." She winked, clearly pleased with her pun.

Claudia chuckled, clearly amused. "Exactly. And if you hit that target, I might even consider that outfit allowance Britney mentioned. Maybe even throw in a little bonus for... let's say, 'performance incentives.'"

Liam's heart sank. "Performance incentives?"





Claudia's smirk widened.
"Oh, you know—extra rewards for going above and beyond. Maybe a spa day, or... something a little more personal." She glanced at Britney, who was practically beaming.

Britney clapped her hands together.
"Oh my gosh, Claudia, that's such a great idea! Lila, you're going to love it. Just imagine—mani-pedis, facials, maybe even a little wardrobe upgrade. You'll be the belle of the bakery!"



Claudia nodded, satisfied.
"Good. I like your attitude, Lila. Just remember—this isn't just about looking pretty. It's about results. I expect to see those numbers climbing by the end of the month."

Britney leaned in, her voice dripping with fake sweetness.
"Don't worry, Claudia. Lila's going to knock it out of the park. Right, Lila?"

Liam forced another smile, but inside, he was screaming.
"That sounds... great," he managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper.



Claudia gave him one last appraising look before turning to Britney.
"Make sure she's ready for the lunch rush. I want her on the floor, greeting customers, and making those sales. No excuses."

Britney saluted playfully.
"You got it, boss! Lila and I are going to be the dream team. Just you wait and see."

Liam swallowed hard, feeling the weight of their expectations pressing down on him.
"Right," he said again, his voice hollow.



As Claudia walked away, Liam felt a wave of panic wash over him. Britney turned to him, her smile turning sly. "Well, Lila, looks like you've got your work cut out for you. Better start practicing that smile."

Liam's hands clenched at his sides, but he forced himself to stay calm. "I'll... do my best," he said quietly.

Britney's grin widened. "Oh, I know you will. And don't worry—I'll be here to help you every step of the way. After all, what are friends for?"



The word “friends” felt like a knife twisting in his gut. Liam knew better. Britney wasn’t his friend—she was his jailer, and she held the key to his humiliation. But for now, he had no choice but to play along.

As Britney led him toward the counter to start his training, Liam couldn’t shake the feeling that he was sinking deeper into a trap he couldn’t escape.