

Next Day...



The early morning light filtered through the sheer curtains, casting a soft glow over the living room. Chloe had already left for her office, and he headed to Britney's place. Liam let out a slow breath as he stepped inside, rubbing his arms nervously. His muscles ached at the thought of what was coming.

Britney was already stretching on the yoga mat, her movements fluid and effortless. She glanced up at him with a smirk. "Come on, Lila, you're late," she called in a singsong voice, rolling her shoulders back. "We have a full session ahead." Liam hesitated. He wanted to refuse—he really did—but what was the point? Saying no never changed anything. With a resigned sigh, he stepped onto the mat she had laid out for him.

"Good girl,"
Britney teased, her smirk
widening.
"You're finally learning."

Liam clenched his jaw but forced
himself to stay silent. He mimicked
her posture, his movements stiff and
awkward compared to her natural
grace. His balance wobbled as he
tried to hold the position, his muscles
protesting.

"You're too stiff, Lila,"
Britney chided, stepping closer
to adjust his posture with a
firm touch. "We need to work
on your flexibility. And... other
things."





Britney nodded, tilting her head with a knowing smile.
"Your body shape, for one. And your voice." She arched a brow. "This voice of yours—it's not good. It needs to be softer, smoother."

Liam stiffened further.
"Other things?"

Heat rushed to Liam's face.
"My voice is fine."

"Oh, really?"

Britney's tone dripped with amusement.

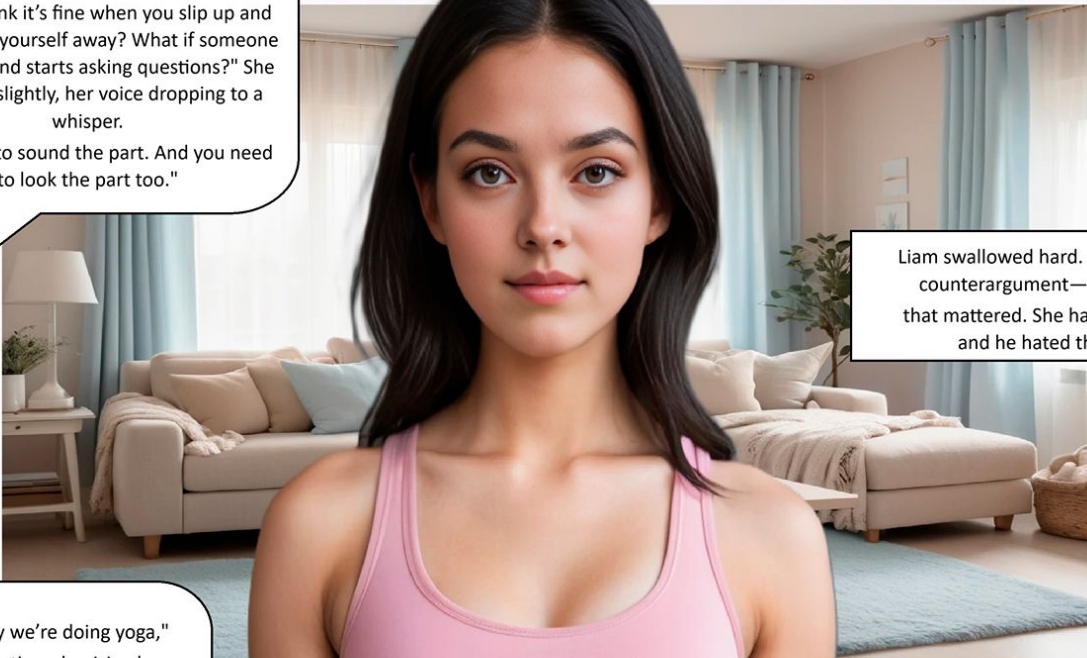
"So you think it's fine when you slip up and almost give yourself away? What if someone hears you and starts asking questions?" She leaned in slightly, her voice dropping to a whisper.

"You need to sound the part. And you need to look the part too."

Liam swallowed hard. He had no counterargument—not one that mattered. She had a point, and he hated that.

"That's why we're doing yoga," Britney continued, raising her arms overhead before gracefully shifting into a side stretch.

"It'll help tone your body, make it more... refined. Feminine."





"Temporary or not, you need to do it properly," Britney interrupted, her tone sweet but firm.
"Don't you want to be convincing? Or do you want Claudia to get suspicious?"

Liam lowered his gaze, unable to meet her eyes.
"I don't need to look—it's just temporary—"

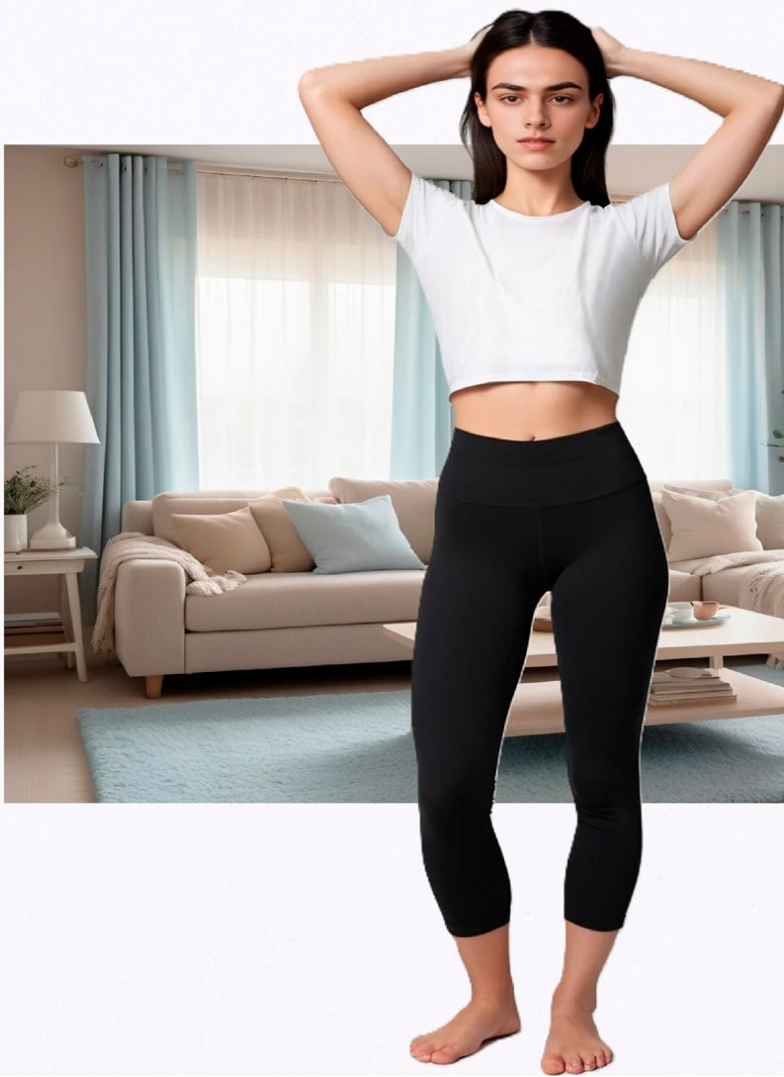
That struck a nerve. Chloe still believed this was temporary. He still believed it. Liam let out a slow exhale. "Fine."

"Good," Britney chirped, shifting effortlessly into a balancing pose.
"See? It's not so bad when you just go along with things."




Liam didn't respond. He simply focused on the movements, gritting his teeth as his muscles burned.

This is ridiculous. Liam's thoughts seethed as he struggled to hold his balance. *I haven't done yoga in my entire life. Not even when I had that bad accident and the doctor told me it would help with recovery. I blew it off because I couldn't be bothered. And now this girl has me stretching like this?*



He raised his hands to mimic Britney but ended up scratching his head instead. Britney, meanwhile, looked like she was born doing this—limbs smooth, posture flawless. How is this fair? He risked a glance at her. She was watching him with that infuriating smirk, like she knew exactly how much he hated this. *She's enjoying this. She loves having control. And the worst part? I can't even fight it.*

The realization settled heavily in his chest. Every protest, every argument—it just led to more humiliation. So he stayed quiet. *Just get through it. Play along. It's temporary.* But the longer this went on, the less sure he was about that.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a pink sports bra and grey leggings, is posing in a living room. She has her hands behind her head and is looking upwards. The room features a beige sofa, a coffee table, and blue curtains. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing dialogue.

After a while, Britney's expression shifting into something playful. "Oh, by the way," she said casually, "we're getting your dress allowance next week."

"Mhmm." Britney grinned. "Which means shopping. We'll need to get you some proper outfits—something a little more stylish, don't you think?" She tilted her head, watching his reaction with amusement. "Isn't it exciting?"


Liam frowned. "Dress allowance?"



Britney's smile widened.
"Good girl."

Liam's stomach twisted. Shopping. For dresses. With Britney. The thought alone was mortifying. But he knew better than to argue. He forced a nod, his voice barely above a whisper.
"Yeah... exciting."

Then, before he could brace himself, she leaned in, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.



"Now together with this,
let's work on that voice,
shall we?"

Liam's heart sank. *This isn't
going to end well.* As Britney
began demonstrating how to
soften his tone,

Liam's mind raced. *How much
deeper is this going to go?*