

Britney had just left the room, leaving behind an air of lingering dominance. Another day had passed where Liam had been forced to entertain her—alone, with no Chloe around to shield him.



Chloe returned from her office. As she stepped inside, the door creaked behind her, and her heels clicked against the hardwood floor. She let out a tired sigh before glancing at Liam, her brows lifting in amusement.

*"Rough day, Liam?
You look a little... off. And—why are you wearing your breast inserts when you're home alone?
Don't tell me you've started enjoying them full-time already!"*



"You know Britney—she's like a spirit, appearing anytime on our floor. I need to make sure our doors are locked now."



"Locking the door won't fix this, Liam. You need to find a real solution..."
(She paused, her gaze softening before she sighed.)
"I hate seeing you like this. Liam, please... do something for yourself."

(his voice tinged with frustration.)
"I know, baby... I'm trying. I just need to figure this out."

"Liam, so you go out anytime to find a job, huh?"



“You’ve been ‘recharging’ for two weeks now in this new home. Don’t you think it’s time to...
I don’t know, do something productive?”

“No... taking a break. You know, recharging.”



"I get it. I really do. But we can't keep going like this. The bills are piling up, and I'm starting to feel the strain."

"I've been looking, okay? There's just nothing out there that doesn't suck. I'm not gonna settle for some dead-end job."



"I hate seeing your situation, Liam. You deserve better... so much better."
(Her voice wavered, the weight of helplessness pressing down on her.)
"And the worst part? I can't even help you."

"I know, I know. I'll figure something out. Just... give me a little more time."



"I hope so."

"Hey, don't worry. I'll come through. I always do, right?"

The tension hung in the air, thick and unspoken. Liam could feel her frustration, but he didn't know how to address it without admitting his own fears.

She's right. I'm just avoiding everything. But what am I supposed to do? I can't exactly waltz into an interview looking like this.

Chloe's tone shifting to something lighter, though the strain was still evident.

"I've been thinking. Maybe I have a plan with which we can earn some money together. It could open up more opportunities for both of us."

"A plan?
What exactly is it?"





"I'm not sure yet—it's a preliminary idea—but we'd need at least a couple of thousand dollars to get started."

"I guess... she's planning some kind of business."



We could figure it out. Maybe you could get a job, and if we save some money together, then yes, we can move out of here soon."

*A job?
Great. More pressure.*

"Yeah, I guess that could work.
I'll look into it."

"That's great, Liam. I'll help you with the applications.
We'll make it work."



"Thanks.
I appreciate it."

*Why does it feel like I'm being
steered into something?
She's so eager about the job.*



"I know this isn't easy for you.
But we're in this together,
okay?"

"Yeah. Together."