

Next Day



Liam stood outside the bakery café, the scent of fresh bread and pastries wafting through the air. *This is insane.*
What am I even doing here?

The café's cheerful sign, *BNI Bakery Café*, seemed to mock him.
Disguised as a girl just for a job?

The thought made his stomach churn, but the promise of a free meal and some salary—especially with Chloe's plan needing money—kept him from turning away.

Inside the Cafe



Britney spotted him immediately, her face lighting up.
"Lila! You made it!"

Liam forced a smile, his heart pounding.
"Yeah, here I am."

She hurried over, her energy infectious.

"Come on, let me show you around."

"This is the counter where customers place their orders," she explained, gesturing to the display case filled with pastries.

"And over here is the kitchen—the heart of the operation."





As she led him past the counter, Liam couldn't help but notice the curious glances from the other workers.

Do they know? Can they tell? He kept his head down, focusing on Britney's words.

She pushed through the swinging doors, and Liam followed, his eyes widening at the sight. The kitchen was a whirlwind of activity—flour dusted the air, ovens beeped, and trays clattered as workers moved about with practiced ease.



Liam nodded, his initial nerves giving way to fascination. Despite his reluctance, he found himself drawn to the organized chaos.





At noon, Britney handed him
a warm croissant.
"Here, try this. On the
house."



He took a bite, the buttery sweetness melting on his tongue. After months of Chloe's strict no-carb, no-sweets, no-nonveg regime, the rich flavor felt almost sinful. For the first time in weeks, a sense of ease washed over him. Maybe this wasn't so bad.

That evening, Liam reflected on the day. Being out, enjoying, and interacting with people after weeks of isolation felt... good. But then the reality hit—was he really going to do this every day as a girl? Regret gnawed at him.

Next Day

The next morning, Liam arrived at the café, still hesitant but slightly less nervous than before. Britney greeted him with a smile.





"Morning, Lila! Today, I want you to observe the counter for a while. Get a feel for how things work."

Liam nodded, taking his place behind the counter. He watched as customers walked in, some confidently placing their orders, while others hesitated, glancing at the menu with uncertainty.

As the day went on, Liam noticed a pattern—many customers walked in, lingered for a moment, and then left without buying anything.

Why aren't they staying?



Britney shrugged, wiping her hands on her apron.
“We just manage. Most people know what they want.”

During a lull, he turned to Britney.
“Why doesn't someone help at the counter full-time? A lot of customers seem unsure.”

Liam frowned.
“But what about the ones who don't? They're walking out empty-handed.”





She glanced at him, her expression thoughtful. "You're right. But we're short-staffed as it is. It's hard to keep up."

Liam's mind raced. *This place has so much potential. If someone just stepped in to guide customers...*

But why was he even thinking about this? This wasn't his job. Still, the idea lingered in his mind, nagging at him.

By the end of the noon, he realized something unsettling—despite his reluctance, he was starting to care about this place.

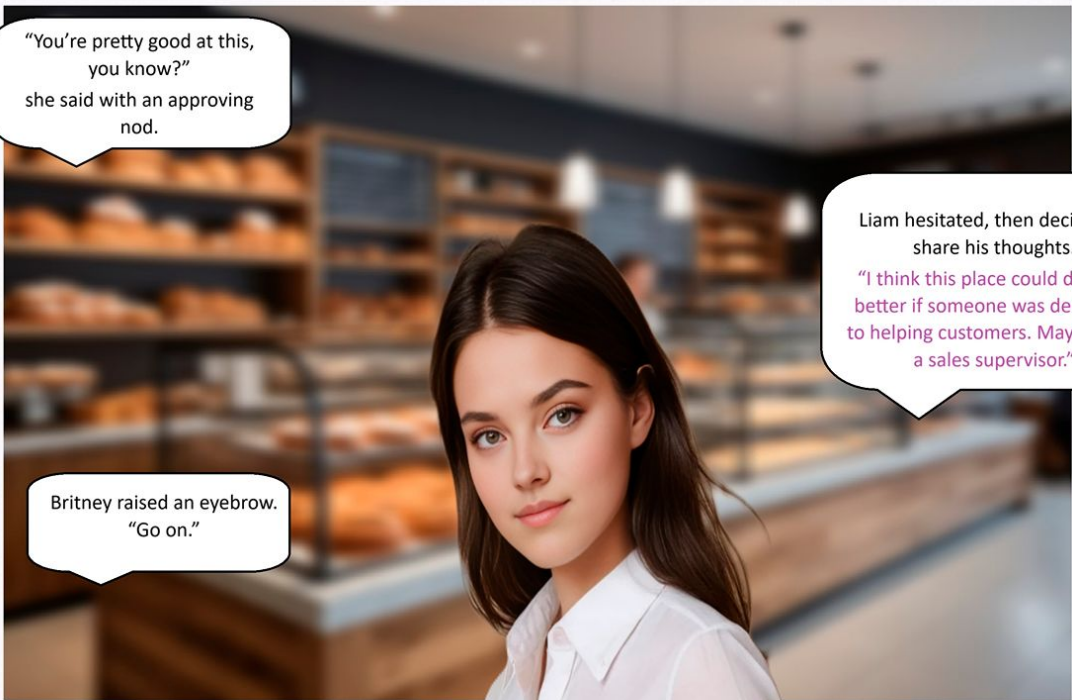
Liam's fingers twitched. He had always been good at problem-solving, and this was an easy fix. He found himself stepping forward, guiding a few confused customers toward what they might like.



"That one's our bestseller," he said, pointing to a flaky pastry.

"And if you like something sweet, try the chocolate croissant."

The customers smiled, grateful for the help. To his surprise, Britney noticed.



"You're pretty good at this, you know?" she said with an approving nod.

Britney raised an eyebrow. "Go on."

Liam hesitated, then decided to share his thoughts. "I think this place could do even better if someone was dedicated to helping customers. Maybe even a sales supervisor."



Britney's eyes sparkled with interest, a sly smile playing on her lips.

"Lila, I appreciate your enthusiasm. But let's be real—we don't have enough funds to hire two staff members right now. So, in the beginning, you'll have to be that salesgirl yourself. Once sales pick up, we can definitely promote you and bring in someone else for the role."

He took a deep breath, his mind racing with ideas.


"I could work here, help increase sales. We could hire a salesgirl—someone who can charm customers, draw them in. Maybe even someone wearing a skirt and heels to add a bit of flair. With the right approach, we could see results in weeks."

Liam's stomach dropped.

Be the salesgirl?

The idea made his skin crawl, but he couldn't deny the logic in her words. He blinked, trying to process the absurdity of it all.

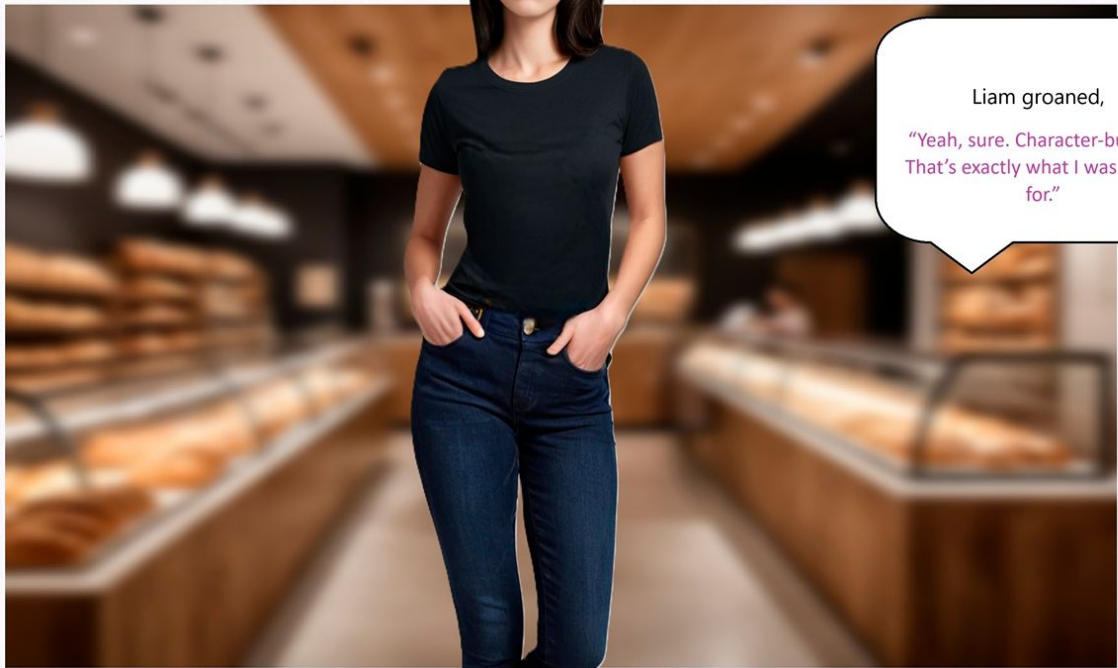
"Wait, you want *me* to be the salesgirl? Seriously?"



Britney nodded, her smile widening. "Yes, of course! And you know what? I can even ask the owner to give you a uniform allowance. How does that sound? Free dresses, heels, the whole package. Consider it a perk of the job."

Britney chuckled, clearly enjoying his discomfort. "Oh, come on, Lila. Think of it as... character-building. Who knows? You might even enjoy it."

Liam stared at her, his jaw tightening as he tried to keep his composure. "Wow, that's just... *truly wonderful*," he said, his voice dripping with mock enthusiasm. "I can't wait to rock those heels and charm the customers. What a dream come true."



Liam groaned,

“Yeah, sure. Character-building.
That’s exactly what I was hoping
for.”