

Britney knocked on Liam's door, but the loud music drowned out her presence. When there was no response, she pushed the door open, her irritation growing.




"Lila, where are you—"
Her words died in her throat
as she froze in the doorway.

Liam stood there, completely exposed, his phone slipping from his hand in shock.



Britney's eyes widened, her initial confusion quickly turning to fury. "What the hell?!" she screamed, her voice trembling with anger.

Liam scrambled to cover himself, his face burning with humiliation. "Britney, I—I can explain!"



But Britney was already pulling out her phone, her hands shaking as she began recording.
"You scum! You fraudster! You lied to me!" she shouted, her voice cutting through Liam's panic.

Liam's heart pounded as he realized the gravity of the situation.
"Please, Britney, don't! I'll explain everything!"

But Britney wasn't listening.
"I'm calling the police and Aunt Emma right now!" she snapped, her finger hovering over her phone screen.



Britney glared at him, her anger barely contained.
“Explain what? That you’ve been lying to me this whole time? That you’re not Lila, but some pervert pretending to be her?”

Liam’s world seemed to collapse around him. *This is it. It’s over.* Tears streamed down Liam’s face as he pleaded with Britney.
“Please, don’t call anyone! I’ll do whatever you say! Just give me a chance to explain!”

Liam’s voice cracked as he begged.
“I’ll leave right now! I’ll disappear! Just please, don’t tell Chloe or Emma. Chloe could lose her job—she could get in trouble too!”

Britney hesitated, her eyes narrowing as she studied Liam's desperate expression. For a moment, she seemed to consider his plea.

"Pervert," she spat. "Don't move a single inch. I'll be back in five minutes."



Liam stood frozen, his mind racing. *What is she going to do?* He prayed for a miracle, but deep down, he knew there was no escape.



When Britney returned, she held something in her hand—a chastity device. Liam’s eyes widened in horror as she tossed it onto the table.

“Put this on,” she demanded, her voice icy.

Liam’s stomach churned. “Please, Britney, don’t make me do this...”

“Shut the fuck up, Do it, or I’m calling the police right now,” she snapped, her tone leaving no room for argument.





"Hurry up,"
she said, her voice sharp.
"Don't irritate me."

Trembling, Liam picked up the device, his hands shaking as he fumbled with it. He glanced at Britney, hoping for some mercy, but her expression was unyielding.

With a defeated sigh, Liam reluctantly complied, locking the device and handing her the keys.



Britney pocketing the keys.
"Good. Now, let's talk."

"Start talking," she said coldly.
"And don't even think about lying to me."

Liam stood naked, wearing an chastity device, completely humiliated. Britney loomed over him, arms crossed, demanding an explanation.



Britney's eyes narrowed.

"Oh! So Chloe was part of this plan from the beginning?"

Liam swallowed hard, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Chloe and I needed a cheap place to live. Emma offered the duplex, but only if women lived here. Chloe thought... she thought it would be temporary. She didn't want to deceive anyone, but we were desperate."

"Yes," Liam admitted, his voice breaking.

"But please, don't tell her about today's incident. Please do not involve her in this. I'll leave right now—I'll never come back. Just don't ruin her life."

Britney studied him for a moment, her expression unreadable. Then, she shook her head.
"No. You're staying."






"Because I promised my boss I'd increase sales at the café," Britney said, her tone firm. "And I need you to help me do that."

Liam's heart sank. "What? Why?"

Liam's eyes widened. "I'll work there, Britney. I promise I'll work hard to increase sales. Just please, don't say anything to Chloe."



Britney smirked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.
“Sure, *Lila*. I won’t say anything to anyone... as long as you work on my terms now. Did you get it?”

Liam nodded reluctantly, his stomach twisting with dread.

Britney leaned in closer, her voice low and menacing.
“Just one more mistake, and you’re gone. The video is on my phone for insurance. You’ll do exactly as I say from now on. Understood?”



Liam's shoulders slumped in defeat. "Understood."

As Britney left the room, Liam sat in silence, the weight of her control pressing down on him. He had no choice but to comply, but the thought of what lay ahead filled him with dread.