

BREAK ME BAD

Prologue:

The loan sharks agreed to cancel your mother's debt on one condition: pose as a maid and seduce the famous billionaire in town, Atticus Barone. The task is simple—make him fall for you, gather some intel, and use it to break him. But as the intense attraction erupts into steamy encounters, do you have what it takes to break away from the clutches of his delicious sex?

CHAPTER 1: First Impression Lasts

Intro: This is the most important interview of your life. With your mom's future on the line, do you have what it takes to charm the mysterious hot billionaire?

Atticus' House, Day

Enter your name

Ready to choose your appearance?

Choose your face

Great! Now it's time to choose your clothes.

Choose your clothes

MC: I think I look...

[1. Perfect! Let's start.]

[2. Choose again!]

You take a deep breath to calm your nerves. It's the day of your interview as the maid of the famous billionaire in town—Atticus Barone.

MC (surprised): (mind) I need to pass this interview and there's no room for mistakes!

You enter a luxurious living room and lay your eyes on the most handsome man that you have ever met in your life, the famous bachelor is truly a sight to behold.

ATTICUS (normal): Surely, you're not planning to just stand there all day long?

MC: Oh...

A1: I was hoping you'd welcome me inside.

A2: I got distracted by your face.

A3: Sorry.

A1.

ATTICUS (normal): This is an interview, not a housewarming party.

A2.

ATTICUS (normal): You need to do a better sweet talk than that to impress me.

A3.

ATTICUS (normal): Come here so we can get started.

ATTICUS (normal): Let's get down to the business, shall we?

MC (surprised): (mind) This is it! It's all or nothing.

His scrutinizing gaze falls on you as you slowly sit on the couch adjacent to him.

MC (normal): Thanks for inviting me for an interview today. I'm #STRING#0# and I'm here to apply as your maid.

MC (happy): Here's my resume, by the way.

Atticus dismissively waves his hand when you try to hand him your two-page resume.

ATTICUS (normal): I don't need a piece of paper to see if you're qualified for the job.

MC (normal): But my credentials are listed there.

ATTICUS (normal): If you want to impress me, start by using your words.

Your heart jumps in surprise when he suddenly stands up and sits on the coffee table to your front, his domineering presence filling the air.

When he gets closer, his scent tickles your nose; manly and sensual, enough to make your breath hitch.

ATTICUS (happy): Let's start by answering my questions.

He leans over, like a hawk gazing down upon his prey.

MC (surprised): (mind) I didn't know job interviews could be this... intense.

ATTICUS (normal): Tell me, #STRING#0#. Why do you want to become one of my maids?

MC (normal): Well...

B1: I heard the pay is good.

B2: I think being a maid is a nice job.

B3: You look like a good boss.

B1.

ATTICUS (normal): I need someone who'll stick here beyond the reason of getting paid.

MC (happy): I like getting paid but I also like to stay in a place where I get to grow.

B2.

ATTICUS (normal): With someone who's so pressed with her credentials, I'm surprised this is the job you want.

MC (happy): I think being a maid is a great job that most people don't realize.

B3.

ATTICUS (normal): Is that your attempt to charm me?

MC (happy): Well, I hope it's working.

ATTICUS (surprised): You seem different from the previous maids I've hired before.

MC (surprised): Is that a good thing?

ATTICUS (normal): That depends on how well you please me.

ATTICUS (normal): I have a lot of maids around here. What new thing can you bring to the table?

MC (normal): I'm not just any other maid. I can bring a lot of surprises every day.

MC (happy): I'm not the type who bores my boss around.

An amused smirk crosses his lips as he gazes at you heatedly.

ATTICUS (happy): Prove it. Show me what sets you apart from the other maids I've hired before.

MC: (mind) This is my chance to impress him! I should...

C1: Tease him with your seductive words! \$17

C2: Impress him with your sweet talk. \$15

C3: Stutter for an answer.

C1.

MC (happy): I'm good at pleasing people—especially if you are my boss.

ATTICUS (normal): Oh, yeah?

The corner of your lips curves into a playful smirk before leaning over and closing the space between the two of you.

ATTICUS (happy): You think you can give me the thrill I want?

MC (happy): Of course. There's never a boring day with me.

A gleam of mischief flashes in his eyes and you know that you have captured his interest.

ATTICUS (normal): You sound confident, #STRING#0#. Do you know how to properly entertain me after a long day of work?

MC (happy): Of course. Aside from cleaning, I'm also great at offering extra service.

Atticus snickers sexily, his warm breath brushing against your face.

ATTICUS (happy): What kind of extra service are you talking about?

You slowly reach for his huge hand lying on top of the table and sensually stroking it up and down, feeling the thick veins protruding from his skin.

MC (normal): I can massage you to relieve your fatigue. I pride myself on my hands.

ATTICUS (surprised): Interesting. I like women who are good with their hands.

MC (happy): I guess I'm the one you've been looking for.

ATTICUS (normal): I require my helpers to stay in the mansion and attend to my needs day and night.

ATTICUS (normal): You think you can handle that?

MC (normal): Not a problem. Day or night, I'll give you the energy you need.

ATTICUS (normal): Hm. That better not be lip service.

ATTICUS (happy): There are a lot of things that can happen at night, and I hope you can keep up with me.

MC (happy): I'm good at blowing people's minds.

Atticus lets out a pleased chuckle while staring into your eyes with renewed interest.

ATTICUS (happy): You are an interesting one.

C2.

MC (happy): I pride myself for being an honest a diligent worker.

ATTICUS (normal): I already have a lot of hardworking maids, I need someone different—someone with a personality.

ATTICUS (normal): I want someone who can shake up my day and bring the thrill that I need.

MC (happy): Then, I'm exactly the person you're looking for.

ATTICUS (surprised): You think so?

Your fingers sensually crawl on the table and reach his hand.

MC (happy): I promise I can give you what you want... and more.

His eyes light up with interest. A smirk crosses his lips before grabbing your hand and stopping it from stroking his.

ATTICUS (happy): I don't like lip service.

MC (happy): The only service I offer is something that will blow your mind.

ATTICUS (normal): What exactly is that?

MC (normal): Hire me and I will show you what you've been missing.

MC (happy): This big house needs a bit of spice and that's exactly what I can bring to the table.

ATTICUS (normal): Interesting. You've tickled my interest.

C3.

MC (surprised): I-I am very hardworking!

ATTICUS (normal): That's all you've got? Not so confident now, eh?

MC (shy): I hope you can consider my application.

ATTICUS (normal): Hm. You do have some potential.

Atticus stands up and loosens his collar, revealing his sexy clavicle enough to make you swallow hard.

ATTICUS (normal): You're hired.

MC (surprised): W-What?!

ATTICUS (normal): You heard me, or do you want me to take it back?

MC (happy): No! Oh my god. Thank you!

ATTICUS (normal): Your job starts tomorrow. I'm expecting good service from you.

MC (happy): You got it, boss! Thank you.

Atticus walks away but not before you see the ghost of a smile on his lips.

MC (surprised): (mind) I did it! Now, the plan has finally set into motion.

Street, Day

You leave his house feeling relieved and while you are walking in the streets, a black car suddenly stops beside you.

The window pulls down and a familiar face of a man greets you.

MICHELL (happy): Congratulations. You managed to accomplish the first part of the plan.

The man's sinister smirk leaves a chilling feeling in your skin but you try to sport an unfazed expression.

MC (normal): Remember our deal, Michell. I'm only doing this for the sake of my mom.

MICHELL (normal): Easy there, sweetheart. I'll only cancel your mother's debt once you've proved your worth.

Spying is never your hobby, but to cancel your mom's debt, you are forced to make a deal with the devil—AKA Michell Davis, the notorious leader of the loan sharks your mother owes money to.

MICHELL (normal): Don't forget what you came here for. Gather some intel about Atticus Barone and report it to me.

MC (normal): Goodness...

D1: Why are you so obsessed with him?

D2: I know what I need to do.

D3: This is just so wrong.

D1.

MICHELL (angry): It's none of your goddamned business.

MICHELL (normal): You're here for one thing: spy on Atticus Barone. I don't need any more questions.

MC (normal): Fine, fine. I get it.

D2.

MICHELL (normal): You better be. Atticus Barone is slick with girls, don't get fooled.

MC (normal): I'm not the type to get swayed by men easily.

MICHELL (normal): I hope that's true because if not, you can kiss this deal goodbye.

D3.

MICHELL (normal): Would you rather pay the full price of your mother's debt, then?

MC (sad): You know I don't have the money...

MICHELL (angry): Then, drop your morals and stick with the plan.

MICHELL (normal): Your mother's debt depends on the information you can give me about your new boss, so do your best to dig some dirt.

MICHELL (normal): And you better give me something good or else...

MC (normal): Or else what?

MICHELL (angry): Or else you might put me in a really bad mood.

The coldness in his voice is enough to send a chill of fear down your spine.

MICHELL (angry): Trust me, you wouldn't want me in a bad mood.

MICHELL (normal): Because that'll mean a lot of trouble for you.

MC (surprised): W-What do you mean?

MICHELL (normal): This is your best chance to clear your mother's debt and the only shot you have to save your neck.

MICHELL (angry): If you messed up this job, I might just ask for your mother's life as payment.

MC (angry): Are you threatening me right now?!

MICHELL (happy): Threats are for amateurs. My words hold more power than you think.

MICHELL (normal): So don't try to piss me off with sloppy work, #STRING# or you might regret it.

MC (angry): (mind) He's trying to intimidate me but I can't give him the satisfaction of seeing me tremble in front of him!

MC (mind): I will...

E1. Boldly stand up for yourself. (\$17)

E2. Put him in his place. (\$15)

E3. Let him have his way.

E1.

MC (normal): Was that supposed to scare me off?

MICHELL (normal): Hell, yeah. You should be.

MC (normal): I know I'm the only person you've got for this job.

MICHELL (surprised): So what?

MC (happy): So if you ever get rid of me or my mom, then you will have no other person to spy for you.

MICHELL (surprised): You haven't even started your first day as a maid and you're already this cocky?

MC (normal): I know what I bring to the table, Michell.

MC (happy): You've been itching to get your hands on Atticus Barone's life and I'm the only one who can serve it to you on a golden platter.

MC (normal): So if you want to keep your spying paw around that man, you better stop threatening me right now.

Michell arches an eyebrow, looking offended but his lips remain zipped.

MC (happy): Don't worry, I'll do a good job if you keep your mouth shut.

MC (happy): I know you need me as much as I need you, so if you want this thing to work, I demand some respect from you.

He blows a heavy breath before cracking an amused laugh.

MICHELL (surprised): You're a feisty one, I'll give you that.

MICHELL (normal): Fine. Have it your way. But I'm expecting good results from you, sweetheart.

E2.

MC (angry): Woah, there. I'm not gonna stand here and let you threaten my mom like that.

MICHELL (happy): Or else what, sweetheart? Planning to bite me with your bare teeth?

MC (angry): Stop acting like the boss of me.

MICHELL (angry): Well, in case you forgot—I am your fucking boss.

MC (happy): Oh, yeah? Last time I checked, you need me as much as I need you.

MICHELL (angry): What are you trying to say?

MC (happy): What do you think will happen if you get rid of me and my mom?

MICHELL (angry): Then, I will have two less bitches to deal with.

MC (happy): That also means that you will lose your only chance to spy on Atticus Barone. I know you're desperate for any intel about him.

MC (normal): I'm the only one who can bring that kind of intel to you.

MC (normal): So if you want to keep your spying paw around that man, you better stop threatening me right now.

Michell arches an eyebrow, looking offended but his lips remain zipped.

MC (happy): Don't worry, I'll do a good job if you keep your mouth shut.

MC (happy): I know you need me as much as I need you, so if you want this thing to work, I demand some respect from you.

He blows a heavy breath before cracking an amused laugh.

MICHELL (surprsd): You're a feisty one, I'll give you that.

MICHELL (normal): Fine. Have it your way. But I'm expecting good results from you, sweetheart.

E3.

MICHELL (normal): I'm not a kind man who pardons those who owe me money.

MICHELL (normal): If you fail to pay me this way, then I'll have no choice but to take it by force—even if it'll cost you your mother's life.

MC (angry): (mind): What a bastard!

MICHELL (happy): See you around, sweetheart.

He gives you a menacing smirk before driving off and blowing the thick smoke of his car on you.

MC (sad): (mind) This is going to be a hellish task.

MC's House, Day

You go back home feeling dejected when your mother welcomes you with a curious expression on her face.

LEILA (surprised): #STRING#0#, you're back! How did the job interview go?

MC (happy): Good news, I got hired.

LEILA (happy): That's amazing! I heard Atticus Barone is a difficult man, you must've impressed him well.

MC (sad): Well, the bad news is that I met with Michell Davis and he was very generous with his threats.

LEILA (sad): Oh, #STRING#0#. I'm sorry you have to go through this.

LEILA (sad): If only I didn't borrow money from the loan sharks...

You shake your head and gently take your mother's hand before giving it a reassuring squeeze.

MC (normal): Mom...

F1: Don't blame yourself.

F2: Don't worry about it.

F3: That's why I'm here to help you.

F1.

LEILA (sad): You're suffering because of me.

MC (normal): This is my choice. As your daughter, it's my responsibility to help you.

LEILA (sad): You know you don't have to do this.

MC (normal): But I will. Don't worry, we'll get through this.

F2.

LEILA (sad): I hate seeing you suffer like this.

MC (normal): This is just a small sacrifice I have to make. It's nothing.

MC (happy): I will do my best to cancel all your debts.

F3.

LEILA (sad): You've always been such a kind girl.

MC (happy): Because you've raised me well.

MC (normal): Don't worry, this deal will be over before we know it.

MC's Bedroom, Night

The night ends with you still stuck with how your life has turned out.

MC: (mind) I feel guilty about spying on Atticus Barone, but this is the only way to save my mom.

The handsome image of Atticus flashes in your mind as you close your eyes; his chiseled jaw, mesmerizing eyes, and seductive smirk dance in your thoughts before you fall asleep.

Atticus' House, Day

The next day, you head to Atticus' residence to officially start your job as his maid and an undercover snitch.

GRACE (normal): Are you the new maid?

MC (normal): Ah, yes!

GRACE (normal): I'm Grace, the head maid of the Barone residence.

MC (happy): Nice to meet you, I'm #STRING#0#.

GRACE (normal): As maids, our tasks mostly revolve around cleaning the entire mansion and attending to Mr. Barone's orders.

GRACE (normal): Since it's your first day, why don't you start by cleaning the living room first?

MC (mind): It's my first day as a newbie maid. I need to make a good impression!

MC (mind): I will...

G1. Enthusiastically follow the order. (\$17)

G2. Risk pissing off the head maid by saying NO.

G1

MC (happy): Sure! I can do that.

GRACE (happy): I'm glad that the young master hired a dependable maid.

MC (happy): Of course. Leave the cleaning to me!

GRACE (normal): Remember to be careful with all the things you find in this house.

GRACE (normal): The Barones are very particular with their stuffs.

MC (normal): Thanks, I'll remember that.

The head maid curtly nods her head before heading out. Now, it's time for you to clean the enormous living room.

MC: (mind): The living room alone is already bigger than our apartment!

With a mop and a bucket at your disposal, you begin cleaning the entirety of the area. It doesn't take you a long while until you finish mopping half of the living room.

MC (surprised): This space is immense!

GRACE (happy): You did a good job. Now I see why the young master hired you.

MC (surprised): Is it that hard to get in here as a maid?

GRACE (normal): The Barone family strictly handpicks their staff because, in the past, most of the maids quit within just a week.

MC (surprised): That's wild. Why would they quit that fast?

GRACE (normal): Let's just say that this household is different from the rest.

MC (surprised): What do you mean?

GRACE (normal): You'll find out soon enough.

GRACE (normal): The Barones are not a typical family. They're much more complex than you think.

MC (mind): Looks like I'll have a lot of digging to do for this spying job.

G2.

MC (surprised): No way. The living room is too huge for me to clean on my own!

GRACE (normal): The first thing you need to learn if you want to last here is to properly follow an order.

GRACE (angry): As the head maid, I won't tolerate a lax maid like you. Go and clean this area before I report you to the young master!

MC (sad): S-Sorry!

Grace excuses herself and you spend the next few minutes sweeping and mopping the entirety of the living area.

MC (happy): (mind) It wasn't as hard as I thought.

Everything seems to be going well—but not until you knock on an antique-looking vase.

MC (surprised): (mind): Shit!

The vase falls on the floor with a loud thud and shatters right in front of your eyes. You gasp in horror as you stare at the broken shards of ceramic all over the floor.

Your trembling hands frantically collect the broken pieces of the vase on the floor and accidentally cut your finger.

MC (sad): Ouch!

ATTICUS (normal): Is this what good service looks like? Breaking an expensive vase on your first day?

You break into cold sweats when you turn around and see the displeased face of your boss.

MC (surrpised): ...

H1: It was an accident!

H2: I'm sorry.

H3: Please don't fire me.

H1.

ATTICUS (angry): Accident or not, you broke one of our family's rarest antique vases.

ATTICUS (angry): I don't need maids who make this kind of mistake on their first day.

H2.

ATTICUS (angry): Your apology won't mend this broken vase again.

ATTICUS (normal): It hasn't been a full day and you managed to spell out trouble.

H3.

ATTICUS (angry): I don't need a maid who can't do one thing right.

ATTICUS (normal): Do you know that this vase costs more than 10-year's worth of your salary?

MC (surprised): (mind) I'm doomed if I get fired right now!

MC (sad): Please! I can't lose this job.

Tears threaten to fall from your eyes as you profusely apologize for your mistakes.

Seeing your desperate look, Atticus snickers.

ATTICUS (normal): Are you really desperate to keep this job?

MC (sad): Yes!

Atticus kneels on the floor with you until your eyes are leveled. Then, he takes your bleeding hand and licks the blood off your fingers.

ATTICUS (happy): You've committed a grave sin. What are you willing to do to make it up to me?