

Chapter 44

Chapter 44 marked a significant turning point in my life as I finally returned to my home, my children, and my dogs. It was a relief, but that feeling was soon overshadowed by an unwelcome visit from my family. My father, with a facade of pride, congratulated me, saying, "We're so proud of you, Britney!" But I knew what he truly meant: "I can't wait to see your money—or, should I say, you." The facade was clear to me, and despite their apparent care, I couldn't shake the feeling that they were only there for one thing: to take from me what they believed they were owed.

As they moved in, I was still recovering, and it felt as though the weight of everything I had been through was suffocating. I was on lithium, and my sense of time was distorted, which left me disoriented and afraid. It became hard to tell whether their visit was out of concern or if they simply sought to finish what they had started months before—their manipulation and control. The fear was almost unbearable, but I played along, trying to be kind, hoping that by being agreeable, they would never again push me to the brink of destruction. After months of isolation, barely a hug from anyone, the visit felt like a cruel reminder of everything that had happened.

Despite everything, my family acted as though nothing had changed, as if the trauma I had endured didn't exist in their reality. My sister, Jamie Lynn, had found success in her own career, but her exuberance was hard to stomach in the midst of my despair. She bounced around with ideas for TV shows and rom-coms, her energy almost infectious, yet I felt completely disconnected. I was still barely able to function, leaning against the kitchen counter, unable to focus on anything but the chaos that surrounded me. Even as she excitedly pitched her latest plans, I could only wonder, "What the fuck is going on?"

When they finally left, the weight of everything I had endured hit me all at once. The anger bubbled up from deep within. My family's actions had been an extension of the betrayal I had suffered for years. They had punished me for supporting them, for being there for them since I was a child. The anger was overwhelming, and I could hardly process the torment I had endured. How had I managed to survive? The thought of ending it all had crossed my mind so many times during my darkest days. It was almost impossible to understand how I hadn't given in, but I knew I had to keep going, even if I didn't fully understand why.



Summary

The breaking point came later that August when my father argued with my son, Sean Preston. The situation escalated to a dangerous point, with my son locking himself away to escape the argument, only for my father to break down the door and physically shake him. It was the final straw. Kevin filed a police report, and my father was banned from seeing the kids. This moment, this new trauma, forced me to dig deep and find one last ounce of strength.

The journey had been long and painful, filled with moments of faith and moments of despair. Every time I thought I was free, something would pull me back in. But I had endured, and I knew I couldn't give up now. With everything I had, I decided to take the biggest risk of all. I would ask for the end of the conservatorship. I couldn't bear the thought of those people still having control over my life, over my children, or even over my daily existence. No more. I wanted my freedom, and I would fight for it with everything I had left.