

Chapter 5

One week passed as I started to avoid my stepbrothers.

Although I never accepted them as my brothers, my mom had married their dad. So there was nothing I could deny.

I had my heart broken last week when Trevor warned me to stay away from him and his brother, Kevin. I was just following his words.

"Elara, what is your plan for tomorrow night?" Julia asked.

We were sitting in the cafeteria on our campus. The classes were no longer engaging for me, and the study was no longer exciting for me. I failed to be active the whole week, as my mind kept going back to the wedding night of my mother.

"Plan for what, Julia?" I asked her, sipping on my coffee.

She slammed her forehead. "Silly! You forgot tomorrow is your birthday?"

Her question surprised me. Indeed, I forgot about my birthday.

"I was so stressed the whole week that I forgot about my birthday, Julia."

"I know right. You are stressed for your Dad. He went to his brother's hometown."

I closed my eyes and sighed. "The fact is that he didn't even inform me until my uncle called me and told me about him."

Julia patted my shoulder and said, "It's good that you don't have to face those loansharks for now."

I nodded my head, mumbling, "I think dad gave my money to those men. So for now, I don't need to worry about them."

I recalled dad stole my money from my bag. I assumed it was the reason those men never came back.

"You said you are going to apply to be a waitress in the club," Julia reminded me.

"Yeah. They told me to go to the club tonight. I hope I get the job so that I can make some money for this month."

Julia stared at me for a while without speaking. I held her hand and asked,

"What happened?"

She rubbed her hand over my hand. "Do you want me to ask for money from my dad? He can help you."

I shook my head. "I didn't even take help from my mom; how can I take your dad's help?"

My mother had been calling me, asking me to go to the pack house and start living with her and her new family.

But that was not my family. It was my fate, and I would have to live alone. I just prayed that my uncle would convince my father to stop drinking and gambling.

As I was talking with Julia, my gaze was drawn to the entrance of the cafeteria.

My eyes fell on Kevin, who was walking into the cafe. His hand was around a girl's waist. I recognized her as one of my classmates.

"What the fuck! How did Shea manage to seduce Kevin?" Julia said with a surprised look.

I still hadn't told her that my mother was married to Kevin and Trevor's father.

I looked away from Kevin. I did not care who he was roaming around with. He always picked on me. The whole week he only glared at me like an angry bull whenever our eyes met.

As I sipped my coffee again, Julia spoke out. "Babe, look. Your man is here!"

I paused drinking, glancing at the entrance again. I noticed Trevor entering the cafe with his friends.

"They are more like friends than brothers. I heard Kevin is the younger brother. Trevor is just one minute older."

I averted my gaze away from Trevor when he and his friends walked past our table. My heartbeat raced. I tried to control my breaths.

"Let's not talk about him," I said to Julia.

"Why? Are you getting tired of him? I know you like Trevor, don't you? I have always seen how you look at him with loving eyes."

My eyes shifted to Trevor, who grabbed a chair from the table where Kevin went to sit with the girl.

I saw the girl sitting between the two brothers. She started kissing Kevin's neck while she rested her hand on Trevor's thigh.

I gulped, looking away from them. I was hurt, seeing someone touching Trevor.

"She is April, the daughter of Alpha Thomas. She came to study here only because of the Kingston brothers," Julia said.

She was a gossip queen. She had all the hidden information that other girls were dying to know.

"Are they shameless? Why do they have the same fling?" I mumbled without looking at them.

Julia laughed at my question. Her eyes fixed on the Kingston brothers. "There are like two sides of a coin. They always stay together. It's their unity. No girl can crack their bond if they come between them."

I was silent for a while. Then I sighed and mumbled, "That's great. They should always stay together. It's good for them."

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In the late evening,

I went to the club near Moonlight University, as they told me.

I waited for an hour to meet the manager. There was a rush in the club tonight since tomorrow is the weekend.

"Elara Hayes?"

I heard my name from behind. I was sitting on a couch, so when I heard my name, I got up immediately.

I turned around and found a man in middle age. I nodded my head and greeted him. "Sir, good evening. I am Elara Hayes. A few days ago, your club approached me about a job as a waitress."

He motioned to a room in the club's corner. "You go to the changing room; one of our girls will give you your clothes."

I was surprised. "But you haven't asked me anything yet. What about the salary?"

He chuckled at me. "You are a young girl. Let's see how you serve the clients tonight; tomorrow I will fix your salary."

I nodded my head and went to the changing room. I found a girl my age. She handed me a mini black shirt and a white shirt.

I blinked, not knowing how I would wear it because I had never worn such a short dress.

"Don't make the clients wait. The first rule of this business here is always be on time," the girl said and left the room.

"Business?" I mumbled in confusion.

I ignored her words and hurriedly changed my clothes. I tried to pull my short shirt down, trying to cover my upper thigh.

"They must have given me the wrong size."

I walked out of the room awkwardly. The manager was near the counter. He saw and approached me.

His eyes moved to my body, making me feel uncomfortable. He handed me a tray with a bottle of wine and a few glasses.

"Sir, I think that girl gave me the wrong size of clothes," I said, thinking about changing them.

"She gave you the right size. Follow me," he said and walked toward the staircase.

While holding the tray, I followed him upstairs. I glanced at the people downstairs. "Wasn't I supposed to serve drinks to these people?" I asked.

"You will serve the VIP clients," the manager replied simply.

When I arrived on the second floor. I saw there were four doors on both sides. They were private cabins for VIP customers.

The manager opened the last door on the left side and gestured for me to enter.

When I walked into the room, I realized it was not a private cabin for drinks but a room with a big bed.

I was taken aback.

I saw a man in his late thirties. I glanced around and found no one in the room except him.

My heart shook in fear. My grip on the tray tightened.

"I-I think I came to the wrong room."

The man looked at me with lust. He eyed me with a dirty gaze and replied with a chuckle.

"Wrong room? I paid ten thousand dollars for you. So you are in the right room, baby."

My eyes widened. I was caught off guard. I took steps backwards, and my back pressed against the door.

"N-No, you are lying."

My hand reached for the door handle. I tried to open the door, but it was locked. I returned my gaze to him with shocked eyes.

He laughed as if he was enjoying my fear.

"Your father sold you to me for one night."