Chapter-30*To The Strip Club I Go*

Zelene Sallow:

"But where are you headed to, Zelene?" Mom asked as she followed me down the hallway. She had returned just a minute ago, and I had asked her to lend me a black dress.

"I'll let you know when I get back," I replied, hastening into her room and leaving Yuna resting on the bed.

"But Zelene! If the brothers ask me where you went, what should I tell them?" she persisted, and I let out a sigh.

Why do I have to answer the brothers, anyway?

"Tell them I'm not running away without my daughter," I rolled my eyes as I rummaged through her bag. There wasn't a single decent dress that would be suitable for the evening.

"Mom! I'm taking this," I discovered a black nightgown, and to be honest, it looked much better than any of the other dresses. It was somewhat revealing.

"Just a nighty?" Mom sounded utterly puzzled. However, I had already dashed into the bathroom and swiftly put it on.

As I wore the nighty, I couldn't help but notice how nice I looked. I was a beautiful being, yet nobody ever seemed to fall for me. It's never about meeting beauty standards; it's all about fate.

"Ah!" I exhaled deeply, nodding my head.

"It's a way to start earning. If I enjoy it, I can keep going and save up a lot

of money, so I won't have to ask any of them for help again," I boosted my spirits with the idea of gaining independence through earning this money.

It wasn't the kind of job I had ever envisioned, but why not?

Stepping out of the bathroom, I swiftly grabbed an oversized sweater and kissed Yuna goodbye.

I wished I could spend more time with her, but I had to hurry before Shane got home and I was asked to bring Yuna to his room. Since I was leaving the mansion by myself, no one questioned or stopped me.

'I'm so nervous,' I confided in my wolf as I paced quickly along the side of the road.

The club was a bit distant, and the evening felt quite chilly here. My legs were freezing at this point. But I kept moving forward.

'Don't worry, we'll do fine. Let's hope the club owner allows us in with the code we're going to give him,' Zey reassured me, recalling what the secretary had mentioned about a code that would identify the girl sent by them to the owner for this assignment.

I had no idea about the kind of guy he would be. I was just praying he wouldn't demand more.

'We will have to shake some booty, though,' as Zey said that, my steps froze, and my heart skipped a beat.

'Hey, don't be scared. Remember, we used to watch some twerk videos?' she attempted to reassure me after realizing her playful comment had frightened me.

I closed my eyes to take a deep breath before resuming my journey. There was no turning back. I had promised Ray that I'd pay for the vase, so I was determined to do it without 'begging him or his brothers for money.'

When I arrived at the club, I stood outside and informed the guard that I was sent by Alpha Ray for some man.

"Stand here," he instructed, speaking into the phone call with the owner.

"What's the code?" the man asked, and I swallowed nervously.

"Rg-7907!" I responded, watching him relay it to his boss.

It was only then that I realized I had said the last digit wrong. It should have been 8, not 7. But before I could correct myself, he stepped aside and allowed me to enter.

"Maybe he didn't pay too much attention," I shrugged, feeling a slight sense of relief wash over me until I reached the rooms where the girls would prepare.

An older man dressed in a grey suit entered the room and stood in front of me, sizing me up from head to toe.

"Take off the sweater," he instructed, and after nodding my head like a fool, I complied.

It felt incredibly uncomfortable when he walked in a circle around me, thoroughly scanning my body.

"Grab this and put it on," he then tossed a small top and a tiny skirt in my direction.

I didn't recall this being part of the agreement. I had heard they

mentioned that the girl should come in her own clothes. Maybe they had a change of plans?

"Go on," the man commanded, placing the outfit on the dressing table and then turning his back to me.

I felt uncomfortable changing with him there, as he could easily see me through the mirror.

"Could you please step out and give me some privacy?" my request might have sounded like a joke to him because he turned around to face me and then started chuckling sarcastically.

"As if you won't be stripping down in front of my boss," he laughed until his face turned red. I allowed him his amusement before puncturing his pride and asserting his position.

"And he will compensate me for it. I won't disrobe for his servant," I held a steady gaze with him, observing his expression drop the smirk and his eyes narrow at me.

"I trust you understand that you can't employ this tongue for speaking in his presence," he warned, and with that, he exited the room.

I took a deep breath and swiftly changed into the clothes he had provided.

Right off the bat, I felt naked. The skirt couldn't cover my ass cheeks. The top was so tiny that I kept adjusting it around to cover at least side parts of my boobs.

"My respect for these girls is increasing with every passing minute," I mumbled to myself, feeling remorseful for ever looking down on this job.

With my heart pounding in my chest and my breath quickening, I

knocked on the door to signal my readiness.

He glanced inside, giving me a brief once-over before turning away and motioning for me to follow him.

I trailed behind him through a narrow, dimly lit hallway, with rooms lining both sides.

The hefty man halted in front of a door, and after a knock, he slid it open.

I held my breath, reminding myself of the reason I needed to do this, and stepped into the dimly lit room illuminated only by red and blue fairy lights.

There was a man dressed in a black suit seated in the corner, his face concealed behind a black mask.

I immediately questioned why I hadn't been provided with a mask to conceal my identity.

His silent gaze as I approached sent shivers down my spine.

As the other man closed the door, the music began to play, and I started gulping uncontrollably.

I could sense the anticipation in the hazel eyes behind the mask, fixed on me.

He had brown hair neatly styled to the side. His neck was long and extended toward his wide jaw, accentuating his high cheekbones.

The imposing width of his shoulders looked intimidating.

"Okay! I need to dance," I foolishly muttered to myself, running a hand

over my stomach in an attempt to calm my nerves.

For someone who had never even moved an arm to dance, I awkwardly began to wave around.

Every passing moment of that interaction made me wish I could close my eyes and disappear.

The fact that he didn't even break his gaze from me was even more disheartening.

I then turned around, allowing myself a moment to secretly cringe at my own moves. When I turned back to face him, I found his head lowered. He shook his head and let out a sigh.

"Pour me a glass of wine," he eventually broke the silence, and his resonant voice left me momentarily stunned.

I stood frozen for a moment before nodding and making my way to the small trolley at the side. As an omega, I had never held a glass of wine before. We only ever had water, and we cherished every drop.

However, I had seen in movies that they often mixed different types of liquids together, right? So, I decided to try that approach.

I picked up a bottle, but before I could do anything, the cork proved to be a challenge.

No matter how hard I pulled at it, it wouldn't come out.

"This is not how it's done," he intervened, but I was so engrossed in the struggle that I turned to him. As I pressed harder to extract the cork, I made a significant mistake.

The cork was suddenly propelled in his direction. Swiftly, he raised his hand and caught it before it could hit his forehead. Unfortunately, he couldn't prevent the wine from splattering all over him.

I fucking showered him with wine as he sat there awkwardly, holding the cork in his hand.

In that instant, I realized I had made a colossal blunder.

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