

Chapter 11 The Sweet Brothers She Just Couldn't Trust

Mia

Few minutes into the meal, John turned to me, his eyes sparkling with curiosity. "When is your birthday, sister?"

I almost choked on my food at the unexpected question. Much more surprising was the look in his eyes. I wasn't used to seeing any emotion other than mischief in their eyes.

"It is the twelfth of November." Mum answered for me when it didn't seem like I was going to say anything.

"You already celebrated it. Ouch. We thought it is not so far away." Jack groaned.

"Why?" That was all I could say.

John smiled at me. "Is there anything wrong in brothers wanting to celebrate their sister's birthday?"

I had woken up with a hearty appetite but I could feel my appetite draining by the moment. My stomach was getting unsettling and I became anxious with the way they were looking at me.

They looked at me like I was a treasured jewel to them and seeing them as mild and sweet gentlemen wasn't something I ever imagined. Not in a million years.

They passed the food my hands couldn't reach to me, even before I reached out for them. During breakfast, John put more meat on my plate and I was obliged to thank him and eat with the way my mum and Albert were looking at everything going on with a smile on their faces.

At lunch, Jack got me juice and I grimaced as my mum's smile got wider. She wasn't ever going to believe me if I told her the truth about the triplets. They were covering their tracks really well. Good of them but I hated it. I was the only one with a cup of juice at lunch and I felt super uncomfortable. I couldn't even pretend not to drink it and say I was afraid that they had tampered with it because I was the one to open the seal myself. There was no way for them to have spiked it, I hoped.

Well, I didn't think they would be that naughty to do something to a drink I was going to drink in the presence of everyone.

I noticed that the juice was one of my favorite and scowled as I glanced at my mother. Someone had been giving Intel about me to my enemies. She didn't seem guilty when she caught the look in my eyes and even winked at me.

Traitor. I wanted to hiss and roll my eyes but I couldn't do that. I sighed as I turned to the drink, hating that I couldn't even pretend not to like it. I took a sip, aware that the boys had their eyes on me, waiting for my reaction.

"It's good. Thanks." I said to Jack and he gave me a wink.

The wink must be his trademark which earned him points from the girls but I didn't feel happy at it. He noticed my blank look and his expression fell.

I was terrified of going out for dinner, hours later, already anxious of what the triplets would do. I hated surprises and as it was even coming from the triplets, that made me more anxious.

As expected, the boys came up with another surprise but it was Quinn this time. I thanked him and took his offering, hoping that I wouldn't have to deal with them like this the next day. Hopefully, whatever that was in the air that made them like this would have been dissipated.

I was disappointed the next day. Whatever was in the air that I prayed got dissipated didn't but only got stronger. I could barely close my eyes when the boys went out and came back with shopping bags for me. What I hated most about the day was that I was with my mum when they had walked up to me with the gifts so I couldn't reject them or stash them in the trash if they insisted on me having it.

"Your birthday gifts." John said as they dropped three big shopping bags beside me.

"Oh!" My mum smiled. "You are all so sweet."

I snorted. Sweet indeed.

"We aim to please always, Vanessa." Jack said with a wink at her and I could see that the wink worked on her.

I wanted to scream. They were all fake, players and my mum believed too soon in people. She checked the bags as soon as they were gone and exclaimed at the items there. There were many beautiful dresses, makeup, and jewelry in various fashionable styles.

I was doomed as I saw the items. Now that mum had seen them, she would be watching out for me and expecting me to wear the dresses. I snorted. As if I would ever be caught in them. I was already thinking of an excuse for mum if she asked why I didn't wear the dresses.

"These clothes are nice. What thoughtful brothers you have, giving you post birthday gifts because they couldn't bear the thought of missing your birthday before you all met." Mum giggled. "Im glad you have them. You wouldn't be alone if I'm not around, my dear."

"Yeah." I sighed. That was a depressing thought.

She noticed my expression with the tone of my voice and scowled at me, sighing as she dropped the gifts on the floor. "Don't be too reserved, Mia. You have brothers now and you should get closer to them."

"Yes, mum." I said without meaning it, knowing that there wasn't anything else I could say besides that.

I knew that there wasn't a way that the boys just became nice. There was something they wanted and there was also no way I was going to make anyone believe me that they were fake. I would be accused of being paranoid and having trust issues. I didn't want mum to start thinking and ask if I needed therapy.

At night that day, someone knocked on my door and I moved closer to it, thinking it was mum. I opened it and was shocked to find Jack standing there with a bottle of warm milk, grinning at me.