

# For The Love of Royal Chapter 1 - 1

## Chapter 1: 1

Her name was Royal Robert, and she was a twenty eight years old woman that lived downtown in Brooklyn, but she didn't have her life together as most twenty eight years old does. Her life was honestly far from being figured out as it should be.

She was single with no prominent promise of getting a man any time soon, but that was the least of her worries these days. What she was worried about were how to pay these bills or those bills and not some silly macho men that wanted a way in her pant.

Oh, she knew what people were probably thinking. The cliché of her name, being Royal when she was not from a royal family? Well, let's just say that her mother loved those once upon a time, stories with anything that had to do with princes and princesses.

When she was pregnant with her, she didn't want to get an ultrasound so it was a surprise but she had already taken the name Royal to fit whatever sex she came out as. It was funny how her life had nothing to do with royalty.

In fact, it had been the opposite of that the whole day. She had just lost her job of two years just because her boss wanted to get in her pants and she didn't allow that to happen. Well, majorly, her life was something one could call a novelty for those rich asses that think that they could do anything and get away with it.

She had been trying to work so hard on holding a job, without anyone wanting to get down with her, and she had been holding onto this job for the past two years, majorly just avoiding her boss until today.

The excuse was because she came late to work. God, how retarded was that? For God's sake, people that busted their asses every day just to work and come up with things at work don't deserve to be fired just like that just because they came last to work, what, twice a month

God, she had never even had any leave time ever since she started working for this company. She worked herself through the weekdays and sometimes even at weekends and her stupid boss had the nerve to fire her?

Stupid prick. He didn't know her worth and paid her less than he should but she had had to manage it just to get by.

She should sue that company for what they are worth, but for what, anyway. It was of no use at all.

She packed her things into the box and swallowed back the lump that had formed at her throat. The tears were threatening to fall but she was not even going to let that happen. She had shouted at the bastard and given him hell for firing her, so she wouldn't let him see her cry.

It was just a tad bit hard, trying to stop the waterworks right now, but it was something she would achieve soon.

Her phone buzzed on the table, but she just picked it up and put it into her bag without picking up the call or checking the screen to see who was calling.

It doesn't even matter now. She didn't want to talk to anybody at the moment. She just wanted to go home and get that chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream out of the fridge and watch some movie with her best friend. Well, the best friend part wasn't going to work because she knew that he was a busy man.

Dylan McCarthy owned a company that give waiters out for a party or an event and he had bailed her out every time she had been in and out of a job.

Not this time. She didn't want him to keep helping her out like that every time. She can't keep running to him wherever she felt like it. It wasn't right. Besides, his fiancé doesn't even like her.

Well, the feeling was mutual. She was one of those vain people that have the thought that they should never relate with people that don't have a certain amount of money in their account.

She often wondered what Dylan saw in her, but then again, people say love is blind. Don't get her wrong, Blair Van Der Baas was a very beautiful woman, and yes, she had one of those white privilege names, no offense, but she just couldn't see it.

She carried her box and walked to the elevator, waiting for the doors to open before stepping inside the car and riding down to the down floor.

When she got to the last floor, she got out and walked out of the building to the parking lot.

Her phone rang again and she cursed as she dragged it out of her bag to see who was calling. It was her mother.

Oh, God! She just couldn't pick a much worse time than this to call. For goodness sake, she had just lost her job. Why does she have to be calling her now? She wondered, asking herself.

She blew out a breath and picked the call. "Hey, Ma. Good, huh..." she quickly glanced down at her wristwatch to see that it was still morning. "good morning." She said. This was great. It wasn't even afternoon yet and her stupid ass ex-boss had fired her.

"Hey, honey. How are you doing, my love?" she asked her.

Royal sighed and the stupid tears threatened her again. She sniffed, yanking the phone from her ear, and making sure she had gotten the tears under control before she put the phone back in her ear. "I'm fine, Ma. How are you going yourself?" she asked her mother.

"I'm doing great, my love. I just wanted to thank you for the money you sent to me last night. I love you, honey. Thank you, so much. I don't need you to worry about me so much. I work too you know." Her mother said.

Royal rolled her eyes at that. Of course, she knew that her mother would say that. She always does, and she would never admit that the bakery was not what it used to be when her father was alive. Her father had died three years ago in a boating accident and it had left her mother in a pile of disaster.

"I know that, Ma. I just want to take care of you. You know it's time you retire and leave the shop for Kingdom to oversee. We both know he's a much better baker than you ever were." She said and her mother laughed.

Kingdom was the name of her younger brother. Yes, that was how much her mother loved those royal bulls and crap. Thank God she wasn't the one that get to be Kingdom. Everyone just called him King, but she loved to taunt him with the full name, so she called him Kingdom.

He had gone to school to become a chef and was still in school getting his master's or whatever. He had also learned everything about baking from their mother, and she can't bake shit, but at least she can cook.

Unlike him who had always stayed with their mother to learn, she had buried herself in learning and working hard to become a mathematics professor. She had finally finished her master's degree two years ago, but she needed a lot of money to start her Ph.D.

She couldn't afford to continue with that because she was still paying off her huge student loans, juggling that between paying half her brother's school fees and her mother's medical bills as their insurance didn't cover that. Their mother was diabetic and it had been hell maintaining the shit out of it.

Well, at least it was good to know that she wasn't just a pretty face. She was very good at mathematics.

"I just wanted to check on you and see how you're doing. I should go now." Her mother said.

"Okay, Mom. I hear you. Thank you for calling." She said and ended the call. With a sigh, she walked to her deadbeat car.

She had inherited it from her father and the house she was living in was inherited from her great aunt on her mother's side. She was a very good woman, but she had no child before she died so she gave it to her. Thank God for those two people. She would have been taking the bus and living on the street. Who knows.

In the car, she texted her best friend to let him know that as of this minute, she no longer had a job and that she was going home to cry herself to sleep after stuffing her face with the ice cream she kept at home.

She sent the text and dropped her phone in her bag the second time, then she started her car and drove out of the parking lot. She needed to just vent and let go of everything, and home was where she could do that, which meant that the earlier she left this piece of shit place, the earlier she get to reach the house.