

62 ROYAL DISGRACE

"Mother I- 1

The slap silenced whatever words Belle had been about to speak.

Coral looked hard at her daughter.

Belle held her hand to her face.

She was shocked that her mother had slapped her.

She could hardly even speak.

This was not the first time that she had been hit by her mother, and she doubted that it would be the last.

"You useless girl!" Coral screeched at her daughter. "How could you stoop so low as to fight a common slut?! Didn't I raise you above that?!"

Belle shook, tears gathering in her eyes. "Mother she humiliated me, and I had to-

Another slap landed on her other cheek and

silenced Belle.

Coral stared at her daughter.

Why did she have such a child?!

She loved her daughter, but did she have to do everything for her?

Think about everything for her..

It didn't make any sense!

"You are the crowned heir." Coral reminded her.

"You are not to be seen dragging hair with a peasant!"

It was not bad enough that Coral was furious about the incidents with her mother and especially that miserable serving girl still hanging around her mother.

She had to be told that her own daughter had been in a scuffle.

And unfortunately, her daughter hadn't even won the fight!

"You didn't even win!" Coral spat. "You're an embarrassment to yourself."

Belle began to weep.

"Stop that whining of yours!" Coral barked.

And Belle hushed herself, and her silent crying could barely even be heard.

Coral rolled her eyes and massaged her temples.

"I believe that you were fighting over Xaden.."
Coral asked. "You think a man would want to be with a woman who drags another woman over him? A queen at that?! Belittling yourself? My God!"

Coral wanted to break something!

Things were not going as planned, and her foolish daughter wasn't helping matters.

Belle didn't reply.

She was still whimpering like a dog.

There were much more pressing matters at hand.

Like how she needed to get rid of that red--headed girl.

The one her mother had mentioned was Alpha



Bale's daughter.

She wanted to know more about her.

Because she was a large obstruction to all of her plans.

Look at her doing all the work while her foolish daughter was in a cat-and-and-dog fight.

In public!

How more humiliating could it be?

Coral rolled her eyes at Belle, Belle, irritated at her presence. "Just get out."

Belle fled out of the room.

Coral sat down and considered what moves to make for herself.

She needed to be snappy about it.

She was running out of time.

She heard a knock at her door.

She turned to one of her servants. "Go check who it is."

The servant bowed and rushed to the door.

Right before her was the number one cause of her troubles.

The red-headed girl. The so-called daughter of Bale

Coral raised a brow.

The girl bowed.

"Your majesty." She said. "I have come to clean your room."

It was like the stars had heard her pleas and delivered the girl right into her claws.

She waved her hand off, indicating she could begin.

She watched the girl dutifully work around the room.

Coral watched her closely.

Taking in every single movement she made and every vase she lifted and replaced.

This truly was Alpha Bale's daughter..

When the girl was almost done working, Coral felt it was time for her interrogation.



"What is your name slave." Coral asked.

The girl froze and remained downcast. Her eyes were still looking at the ground, as was expected of a servant.

"Jasmine, your majesty." She curtsied.

"Jasmine." Coral said. "And you are the daughter of Alpha Bale?"

She bowed her head again. "Yes, your majesty."

Coral gave a hmmm. "But you act nothing like the daughter of an Alpha."

Coral had watched her closely, and she had come to see that the girl was accustomed to the chores.

It was not like she was trying to learn how to do it.

It was like she already knew how to do it.

She didn't break anything, made no mistakes, and did the work diligently.

Like she had been working her entire life.

Jasmine said nothing to that, and then Coral rose



to her feet, and she walked up to her.

She grabbed the girl's hands forcefully and opened her palms.

They were rough and unusually hard. Like they had dealt with years and years of hard labour.

"Your hands are hard." Coral remarked. "Your hands should be soft. Even if you've been working as a slave here, it's not long enough to acquire such hard palms."

She felt Jasmine stiffen.

Coral smiled. "Oh, wondering how I know about these things? I cut off the hands of my disobedient servants from time to time."

"So tell me now if you do not want yours cut off." Coral warned.

"I was taken as a prisoner when I was young and kept for a long time by an enemy pack." Jasmine said. "There, I worked hard, and I knew how to do these chores before I was returned home."

Coral listened to the story.

"What pack did this?"



Jasmine stiffened. "I don't recall your majesty. Forgive me."

It was possible that the story was true.

After all, there have been so many instances like this.

It was also very possible that her life in the pack had changed how she had been raised.

"And your father and your mother?" She asked.

"How do you feel knowing that they are about to be slaughtered soon?"

"I owe my people loyalty," Jasmine said.

In those short words, Coral could hear a fierce tone of loyalty, and it was then that she believed that the girl was not a treat to her.

She was just a mere slave, and unfortunately, her moment of reckoning would come soon.

She was not relevant.

She had been worried when she had seen her, most likely because she hadn't seen another lookalike of her sister.

"You will steer clear of my mother," Coral said. "I



do not want to see you around her. Do you understand me?"

Jasmine nodded. "Yes, your majesty."

Even though she was certain that the girl wasn't a threat to her or any of her schemes, she knew that she couldn't risk her being all over her mother.

She didn't want her going into one of those Scarlet Frenzies.

Especially during this new festival.

She turned around on her heels and waved her hand once again.

She watched as the slave girl walked away.

Coral prayed that this would be her last encounter with the girl.