



210 JESSICA RECEIVES A SLAP!

Jessica had been lying down on her tiny bed, reminiscing about her life back then. 1

How calm and how lovely it all had been before Jasmine has stolen her identity, a servant came into the room and snapped at her. 2

"Hey, stupid, get up!"

She looked up and saw it was on Wolf, the servant.

She eyed her and then hissed at her. "Do not ever speak to me like that! I am the daughter of this pack. You will give me the respect that I am owed!"

The servant laughed at her. "Daughter of the pack indeed. If you were truly the daughter, then why are you here in the seventh quarters dressed like a miserable servant."

Jessica swallowed the tears of humiliation burning behind her eyes.

She had been enduring endless humiliation and bullying of all sorts from the people who had worked for her before they lost everything. 1

Now, she was forced to even work here.

When she had come she had believed that she



would be given some special sort of treatment.

Some sort of reverence.

But to her horror, she had been made to do
Menial chores.

Scrub floors and wash plates—do things that she
never, in her wildest dreams, thought she would
fall victim to.

She had complained to her mother, but her
mother had assured her that it was because she
needed to be kept undercover; no one was to
know who she was.

"You know why I am here." Jessica hissed. "I
would never be in this smelling place if not for
circumstances."

"Well, let us say that circumstances are the
reason you are still here. You will continue to do
the work until the so-called circumstances have
gone," she said.

Jessica swallowed hard in disbelief.

The servants bullied her, and she was treated so
awfully.

"Get up and do your work!" The girl named
Claire hissed.

"But I have done my work already," Jessica said,
evidently frustrated at the work she was being



assigned.

"The men desire their food; you are to go serve them." Clair snapped.

The problem was Claire was a big girl. Way bigger than Jessica and anyone who was anyone knew better than to cross Claire.

"I already did my work. Get someone else to do it and leave me alone." Jessica hissed in anger as she turned in her bed and used her blankets to cover her head.

She hoped that Claire would leave him alone now.

But barely a few seconds passed, and then she heard Claire's footsteps marching up to her.

Claire pulled her blanket open, and then she grabbed Jessica's hair.

Jessica howled in pain.

"Let me go, you stupid bitch!" Jessica cried as she scrambled to be freed from Claire's grip.

But it was useless.

Claire was way stronger than her, and she dragged her out of the bed with one hand while Jessica cried and screamed in pain.

Eventually, she was thrown and shoved to the side of the room.



"Now look here missy!" Claire pointed at her with an accusing finger. "You will get your little spoiled rotten behind down to the kitchen and do the work rant you are needed. Does it look like anyone here cares about you? You were once above us but as far as you are in the same place with all of us, then you would do ask you are told". 2

Jessica's eyes widened, and her face went pink in rage and humiliation.

Then Claire pushed her out of the room and kicked her bum hard.

"Now get!"

The door was slammed shut, and Jessica was shamelessly thrown out.

She went back to the door and was banging at it in anger.

"Open the door! Open this bloody door this bloody instant!" She screamed. 1

She banged at the door repeatedly, but Claire completely ignored her and refused to open it.

Then, when Jessica was tired, she turned around and dejectedly sat down at the door.

What was she going to do now?

She knew that even if she told her mother what



was going on, she would be unable to do anything.

Power was strictly placed in the hands of Garrick, who happened to be the caretaker of the pack.

He was the representative of Xaden. The bastard who had taken over her home and was the cause of all that was happening.

She sat on the floor musing about her feelings until the head housekeeper came in.

"What are you doing on the floor?" She demanded. "Are you not supposed to be working at the moment?"

But Jessica glared at her and made her the scapegoat. "Get away from me, you dirty filthy bitch!"

She turned around and faced the other side of the hallway.

The woman gasped, and then Jessica felt relieved to have thrown an insult at someone.

She heard angry footsteps, and then she looked up and saw the woman standing before her, breathing so heavily.

And she did the last thing Jessica would have ever expected.

She gave her a hot-sounding slap.

Jessica's mouth dropped open in horror as she gasped.

Her hand went to where she had been slapped, and her face was written with disbelief.

"You slapped me!" Jessica yelled in shock.

"H-how dare you?"

But the woman said nothing. Rather, she pulled Jessica's hair and dragged her up to her feet with it.

Jessica writhed in pain.

She was unable to believe what was happening to her.

"You will not speak to me or anyone else in that manner ever again." She warned. 1

Jessica felt the tears gather in her eyes.

This was the she-wolf that she always triumphed over.

She was always nasty and rude to her, along with the others.

Before the attack no one would dare ever speak to her in such a manner.

They did not even have the guts to regard her with disrespect.



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Their eyes were always downcast, and they were forever waiting for judgment.

They were not even allowed to make eye contact with her.

But here they were.

With the very tiny opportunity they now had, they all bullied her.

Slapped her, insulted her, and even maltreated her. 

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