



213 JESSICA'S ESCAPE

Once Jessica was done serving the men at the table their meals, she wanted to leave and go to her, but the head chef stopped her. 1

"And where do you think you are going missy?" She demanded.

Jessica rolled her eyes at her in annoyance. "I am done with my chores! I served all the men! That was what you asked of me!"

And Jessica started to walk away but she as pulled back with such a hard force that she almost fell down.

"Oh no you do not!" The chef hissed. "It is your turn to go wash the pots."

Jessica turned red. "Wash pots? I will never do such a thing in my life!"

"Do you want me to beat you with a stick before you get your behind moving and doing some good chores?!" The chef demanded.

Jessica gawked in rage. "How dare you speak to me! I will do no such thing! All the things you asked of me I have done and I will no longer listen to you! I have done everything! I look dirty, and I smell dirty! In fact, I smell like you!"

The chef's face went red. 1



"If you are feeling miserable because you are old and the ugly whore that you are." Jessica went on.

The chef gasped in shock.

"Then I must tell you that you keep your jealousy to yourself! I will never be like you! And if you truly believe that you can make me run such errands, then you must be out of your work-infected mind!"

Jessica was breathing so heavy it was like she would burst in any minute.

The chef herself was red and very, very angry.

The other servants were not even giggling anymore.

They seemed to be all quiet and afraid of the chef.

The chef picked up a large wooden spoon and grabbed Jessica.

"What are you doing?!" Jessica demanded. "Get off of me, you troll! Do not put your filthy hands on me!"

She whooped her bum, and Jessica gasped in shock at the harassment.

Her face went a full red in disbelief. 1

She was in pain quite alright, but she was more





shocked.

She was so shocked at what had just transpired that she had forgotten to cry.

"Y...you...you just hit me," Jessica said in disbelief. And then she screwed her face in anger. "How dare you?!"

She started to scream at the chef. "How dare you touch me!" 1

Then she used her claws and started to attack and fight the large chef.

"You are an awful woman!" She screamed. "You are a monster! You have no idea who I am! You have no idea who my father is, you whore!"

But Jessica's efforts were in vain.

In fact, she barely made any impact on the chef.

The chef grabbed her two hands with one hand and gave Jessica a hot slap.

Then she started to beat her all over.

Jessica screamed and writhed in pain, trying her best to fight off her attacker.

But it was all in vain.

Her two hands were strung up, and she was fighting a war she would never win.

Frustrated and exhausted, she began to cry.



Soon, the other girls started to cheer up and chant in support of her beating while Jessica cried and cried.

Then the door was swung open, and Garrick, who was the lord of the house, stepped in.

"What the devil is going on?" He demanded.

All the gist went quiet and stood in respectable places. 2

The chef finally let go of a year-stricken Jessica.

Jessica sniffed, her face red and filled with tears.

She weakly pulled the hand of her dress up to conceal her nudity. 2

"I believe I asked a question." He said in annoyance. "What the fuck is going on?"

Then, the chef quickly spoke up.

"My lord, I was giving her a good beating. She needed it. She had been unruly and using names on me and also being rude and lazy."

While all the girls worked." The chef said. 1

If this is true." Garrick began. "Did that warrant that you hold her defenseless and devote a jungle justice judgment on her head?" 1

The chef looked down. "No, my lord. All Power belongs to you."





"But that did seem the case," Garrick said, stepping further into the kitchen. "I and the rest of the men could well hear the chants and screams from the dining hall. And I did walk in to see that you had all ganged up on her."

No one said a word.

Jessica in particular simply her head bent down trying not to make eye contact and seem as sober as possible. 2

Someone of the highest rank was looking at her and seemed to be backing her.

"Is what the chef says true, girl?" He asked.

Jessica looked up. "Me? My lord? I do not wish to make the chef look bad in your eyes, my lord. It hurts me to see that people will be punished on my behalf."

The chef gasped, shocked at her sudden change of attitude.

"No one has said anything about a punishment." He said. "Speak the truth, girl. No one will crucify you for that".

Then Jessica cunningly looked up at the chef and gave a wicked smile that he did not see and said. "My lord. I am a prisoner here and the other treat me badly because I do not know how to do chores. I have told that I will learn but they always push the heap on me." 1



They all gasped in shock and murmured
Amongst each other.

The most shocked was the chef herself.

"The Gods hear this!" The chef said in
bewilderment. "The girl lies, my lord! She spills
lies, my lord! All lies!"

"Did I ask you to speak?" Garrick silenced the
chef.

She looked down at her hands. "No, my lord.
Forgive me, my lord."

"The next time you interrupt, I will have you
punished." He said.

The chef nodded and looked at her feet.

Then Garrick turned to Jessica. "You are of a
high-born family."

She nodded. "Yes, my lord."

"Which family and pack?" He asked.

"I do not remember my family." She lied. "My
memory is only vague. As I moved from love to
place, but I was never made to work. I was only
locked up. Since I came to the moonlight pack,
all they have done is treat me horribly, my lord."

The girls gawked in shock at Jessica's
outrageous lies. 1



The chef, who was a member of the crescent pack, did not know if this was true or not.

But the servant girls knew.

"And they have treated you badly, you say?" He asked her.

She curtsied. "Yes, my lord. Yes, they did. But I understand that is only darkness that made them do it. Not themselves, my lord."

The chef wanted to speak so much, but because she remembered how Garrick had reprimanded her, she tried her best to keep her mouth shut.

Eventually, Garrick sighed and turned to the chef.

"Do you have anything to say?" 1

"My lord, she lied! She is lazy! And I do not know whether she is high born or not! But she called me a whore! All the girls here can testify to it!" She said.

The girls nodded.

Jessica swallowed hard knowing that if she did not convince him, he would believe them over her.

She hurriedly went down to his feet and knelt down.

"My lord please do not punish them for hurting





me." She begged. "I understand that they hate me, but my lord. I implore you that I have forgiven them and I hold not grudges."

The women all had their faces red in rage.

"Do you know what I see?" Garrick asked them.

"I see a bunch of women jealous of another."

The women whispered but knew better than to speak up or interrupt him.

"What harm did she commit?" He asked. "You ganged up on her like cowards. While she was defenseless against you all. How could you?"

The chef had had enough.

"But my lor-

"Enough!" He snapped at them, and she was forced to keep quiet.

"I will let this go. You shall not be punished, but only because the victim begged for your forgiveness," he said. "You should all learn a thing or two from her."

Then he swallowed and looked at them. "You are all to apologize to her."

They remained silent, and then Garrick growled.

"I have told you to apologize to her immediately!"

With no choice other than to obey, they apologized.



Then he helped her up to her feet. "Rise."

She slowly stood up.

"If anyone as much touched you again, you are to let me know." He said. "Do you understand?" 2

She nodded. "Yes, my lord. Thank you, my lord."

And then he gave way for her to pass out of the kitchen ahead of him while the others stood in rage and betrayal.

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