



217 JESSICA'S DILEMNA

JESSICA'S POV 1

Jessica walked back into the kitchen and then she dropped the tray she had used to serve the various delicacies and picked up a pitcher.

"What is that for?!" The chef snapped at her. "Slaves are not allowed to take what belongs to the Alphas."

Jessica's face went red. "It is not for me but for one of your lords."

She leered at him. 2

She did not hide the fact that she hated the crescent pack and its members.

That was normal because everyone else hated them for colonizing their pack. 1

"He demanded that I bring him a meal." She said in annoyance.

The chef looked her up and down and then snorted in irritation.

"Fine, go ahead." He said.

Then Jessica snatched the jar of wine up and stormed down the hallway to find them inside the hall.



She dropped the jar by his side, but the wolf caught her arm and pulled her back.

"Where the hell do you think you are going?!" He demanded. "Do you expect me to serve myself?"

She gasped at him.

Was this how they treated servants? What was wrong with their own hands why could they not themselves simply pick up the jar and serve themselves the wine. 3

He glared at her, and she saw the entire table looking at her.

She swallowed and did as he asked before and had so much attention on herself.

That was one thing that her parents had told her not to allow. For them to not really take note of her.

They could not smell her blood because they had used some magic to cloud her and make her almost invisible to their scent.

That way, they would never know she was their bloodline.

She poured the drink for him, and then she stepped back, but the wolf caught her arm and pulled her to his side.

she yelped in shock, but he shushed her.



"Where do you think you are going?" He asked her.

He then forced her down to his lap, and she gasped.

By now, most of the men were chatty, and the dinner table was loud and noisy, so no one really paid attention to them.

"My lord." She managed. "I have duties to attend to."

She tried to get up but he caught her and restrained her from leaving him.

Now, she was seated on his lap with nothing to do.

His hands were on her waist now, massaging and making lazy circles.

"I need a servant to warm my bed tonight." He said.

Her face grew red.

She had been dodging the wolves to ensure she was not noticed.

And it had worked out for a while, but now she was here on the lap of a wolf who wanted to sleep with her.

She swallowed heavily, trying to work her way out.



"I am afraid I have to retire early." She said to him. "My work has been quite a lot and it requires that I rest."

She tried to rise, but he pulled her back down against him, and then she began to feel how hard he was.

"Do you not feel how hard I am for you?" He asked. "You should go down and suck my dick."

Her face went ashen immediately z

He grinned at her and said. "Or will you prefer to go down under the table and do it for me?"

Her mouth dropped at the horror of his words.

He truly wanted her under the table, sucking his cock?

She wanted to throw up.

Then she saw how his eyes were all over her and on her bosom.

She gave a nervous laugh.

She had to be smart about it because one mistake and he would be brutal with her.

She knew about them.

She swallowed. "My lord will you not enjoy this. I can assure you hang I can service you in a much much better manner." 3



He looked at her with sudden and keen interest.

Then she felt himself get even more hard, and she felt the disgust twist her stomach.

She refrained from violently throwing up, and she managed to smile.

"Why not service me in the hallway?" He asked.

"It would be not there and very raunchy." 1

Jessica weighed what sleeping with this wolf would do.

He was a high-ranking wolf but not high enough.

Sleeping with him would give her some simple passes, but not enough to go so far.

How come she had not thought of trading her body for a way out?

She needed something to get out of this place.

And being she-wolf meant that you were the apple of horny wolves.

But this one, she would not gain anything.

Now that this idea had come into mind, she did not want to take it off.

She looked at the tables to see who she knew she would gain from.

She was aware that she was stunning and if not for these her ugly clothes, then she would look



like her usual self. 1

She was very well experienced in sex because she slept with any man she saw as handsome and who was rich.

She had once slept with a man from the desert wolf pack because he had assured her that he would bring her jewels from his hometown.

Which he did eventually.

She did not necessarily love her previous husband-to-be.

She had only eyes on his status because he was a nephew to the King, and they were quite wealthy.

She looked at the ranks of men on the table and tried to weigh who she might gain favor.

Her eyes made contact with Garrick.

He was seated at the head of the table and was present as Alpha in place of Alpha Xaden.

If she could lure and seduce him, then she could get a good number of things from him.

She could escape this godforsaken place!

She had no idea what her parents were thinking but she was not sure how long she would hang around till her father fixed whatever he believed he was going to fix. 2



Then she felt the grip of the wolf who had hauled her unto his laps and how his fingers dug into her waist.

"I said I'll like to bend down your pink ass in the hallway and fuck you." He said:

She went grim and then said. "My lord, I am on my bleeding period."

His smile fell from his face, and he went ashen, and his eyes filled with disgust.

He pushed her off him.

Then he spat on her feet. She felt revolted, humiliated, and abused.

"You stupid whore." He hissed in disgust. "You did not tell me: you knew you were on your bloody period, and yet you let me set you down on my lap."

He frantically began to look at his lap to see if there was any blood.

He glared at her with a new hate.

All the desire, lust, and hunger he had for her had flown out through the window.

"Get out of my sight, you filthy bitch!" He screamed at her.

She just stood there, unable to believe that he was insulting her in such a manner.



No one, no one, had ever made fun of her in such a way.

Not even when the servants had begun to make fun of him for becoming a servant in her father's pack.

But here was an outsider, an enemy, a man who had wanted to bed her now calling her a witch.

Filled with humiliation, she turned around to go, knowing she could do nothing.

"Wait! Take this along with you!" he spat as he pushed down the jar containing the wine.

It splashed to the floor and then poured right over her face: 2

Jessica could not believe this humiliation.

She wanted to start crying at the spots

But she bent down and quietly picked up the jar and with her red soaked servant clothes she went out of the hall.

She dropped the jar in the kitchen and turned to go when she was stopped by the chef.

"Get your ass back in that kitchen and do the damn dishes!" She yelled at her.

Jessica's eyes widened. "I already served! Look at me! I was even soaked with wine!"





217 JESSICA'S DILEMMA



"Is that any of my business!" The chef who was a big woman demanded. "Now get your behind back in there and do them!"

Jessica had no choice.

She miserably went back into the kitchen, and when she saw the pile of dirty plates, she wanted to faint.

She burst into tears immediately as she saw flies hanging around the pots.

"And I want it nothing but slick and span. If you don't, then you will do it all over again!" The chef threatened and stormed out of the kitchen

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