

Chapter -24*Forced To Bow Down To His Girlfriend*

Zelene Sallow:

"Eh! What are you accusing me of?" she exclaimed, stepping back from me. I knew I was making a wild guess, but it was the only conclusion I could draw. How coincidental was it that I hadn't eaten or drunk anything until she offered, and right after that—poof! I couldn't remember a thing.

"You should be the one looking guilty because I was the only one being nice to you that night, and you slept with my boyfriend, my chosen mate," she began to yammer, yet her eyes kept darting back to me, as if she was trying to convince someone that she was innocent.

I didn't have time to look behind me. I wanted her to tell me the truth.

"You were not being nice. Whatever happened that night occurred after you offered me a drink. What did you give me? And why did you do that to me?" My voice rose as I thought about everything, and emotions surged through me as I lunged at her, gripping her arms to force an answer from her.

There was no way my calculations were wrong.

"Let me go!" she screamed, alerting someone from behind me. The person she had been staring at made their way towards me and snatched me by the back of my neck, hastily pulling me away. For a split second, I expected it to be Axel, her boyfriend. But as I turned around, I saw Liam Jerome standing there, his hand wrapped around my neck, and he looked absolutely infuriated that I had touched his daughter.

Before letting me speak a word, he threw me across the hallway, and I crashed against a table, getting struck by the sharp shards of glass from the broken vase. "Ahh!" I cried out, collapsing to my hands and knees,



my breath coming in ragged gasps as pain shot through my ribs. His attack was so merciless that I was left in shock, unable to even stand on my feet.

"How dare you touch my daughter!" the man yelled, once again emphasizing the importance of having a father figure in a world where they judged you by your rank. Just because their fathers held higher ranks, they believed they had the authority to do anything.

As I coughed up blood and slowly crawled to the side, trying to distance myself from him in case he decided to strike again, I couldn't help but worry about my daughter's future. Despite her powerful father lineage, I doubted they liked her or would ever make any efforts to defend and protect her.

I wondered how much she would endure when she grew up. Slowly, I wrapped my hand around the wound and struggled to get to my feet.

"Dad! She was saying some bullshit. What if she says this to others?" I heard Jessica complain, but I kept walking steadily away from them and headed upstairs. I didn't want to stick around and risk another attack. My foolish mind had entertained the idea that I could find rescue somewhere, but deep down, I knew that if she told Axel what I accused her of, he would come at me even stronger and with more hatred.

As I entered Shane's bedroom, I saw him leaning over Yuna and playfully trying to catch her attention.

"I heard you arrived—did you?—what happened to you?" He immediately straightened his back and then noticed the blood on my dress, gasping in shock.

"Hey! What the fuck happened?" He rushed closer, trying to get a good look as I showed him my hand and walked toward the couch. I didn't



know what I was thinking, but pretending like nothing was wrong wouldn't hide the blood streaming down my white A-line floral dress.

"Zelene, would you tell me how this happened?" Shane's voice was raised this time as he grabbed my hand to examine my injuries.

"Ahh!" I yelled in pain, causing him to let go of my hand.

"I'll go get the first aid kit," he mumbled in confusion, realizing that I wouldn't be talking or sharing anything until I was relieved from this excruciating pain.

"Sit here," he pointed at the couch, anger evident in his eyes.

I didn't listen to him and remained standing. My emotions were in turmoil—feeling neglected without a father figure, enduring abuse from the pack members, and worrying about my daughter's future—making it difficult to figure out what I should do.

"Zelene, sit down," he firmly held my hands and gently forced me to sit, hunching in front of me.

"Let me have a look," he insisted in a soft voice. As he touched my hand, a glimmer of hope shone through my wolf's existence, and tears started streaming down my cheeks.

"Don't touch me," I murmured, my lips quivering as I tried to hold back my emotions.

"I'm just trying to see," he argued, sitting so close that our faces were mere inches apart.

"No! You will not touch me," I uttered, squirming and crying simultaneously. It was as if all the pain I had kept bottled up had rushed out at the wrong time.



"Why are you acting like you're concerned, huh?" I spoke bitterly, hiccupping and choking on my tears.

"You're in pain, let me help," he took a deep breath and attempted to make me understand, but I shook my head vigorously at him.

"Don't show any concern. It doesn't suit you. Because no matter what, I still remember what I went through because of you and the others. You guys threw me into prison for ---- and you knew we were mates. You just assumed I was this bad person who wanted to ruin my own life. Now you want to check on my injuries, but do you know how many injuries I suffered back when I was in prison and pregnant?" Emotions overwhelmed me, and I couldn't help but express my frustration.

They had acted like everything was normal, pretending to do me a favor by offering occasional help. In reality, the messy situation I found myself in was all because of them.

"I was pregnant, Shane, with the most powerful child, and I was forced to work. They would kick me around and threaten to kill me if I dared take a break from work. I slept with my fists ready to defend myself. I would wake up to inmates hunched over me, scaring me, and they all told me they were planning to murder my baby. Did you come to check on me?" I asked him, tears streaming down my cheeks as I stared into his eyes.

"Tell me the name of that inmate, and I will bring her here to apologize to you. You will be allowed to punish those who abused you," he tried to appear as the kindest guy, seemingly seeking justice for a pregnant woman.

"Really? If I tell you their names, will you punish them?" I asked, and he nodded.

"Anyone who abuses a pregnant lady should be punished. They shouldn't



have mistreated you," he asserted confidently, and I nodded in agreement.

"Fine. Alpha Ray," I said, and his face went emotionless.

"Alpha Axel," I added, watching him gulp.

"Alpha Oscar," I continued, and I saw him lower his head.

"And Alpha Shane! Tell me, will you bring justice?" I inquired, but the silence was all I got from him. It seemed like they knew they had done wrong to me, but they convinced themselves that they weren't in the wrong and that I deserved it because, surely, I had drugged them.

He remained silent, realizing that he could never do me justice anymore. So much had happened that I wasn't even seeking justice at this point; all I wanted was a good life for my daughter. I was no longer a teen thinking only about myself. My priorities had shifted to ensuring my daughter's well-being and safety.

"I will bring the aid kit now," he said, clearly having no answers. I didn't understand why he pretended to be unhappy about someone bullying me when they had left me there to endure such a rough life.

He got up and left for his bathroom, closing the door behind him to wash his face and hands. I took the opportunity to close my eyes and take a deep breath. However, the bedroom door suddenly opened, and two strong guards barged in without even knocking. Royal Gamma Liam followed, slamming the door open.

"Drag her before the mother werewolf," he instructed them, and before I could even respond or mention that I couldn't leave my daughter alone like this, they grabbed me by the arms and forced me up.

"My dau - - " my words faded as they pulled me away, showing no concern for my well-being.

They dragged me back to the living room and dropped me at Lady Jewel's feet.

Once I raised my head, I saw Jessica standing beside her with her hands crossed on her chest, wearing a very annoyed expression.

"I let you in, and you decided to attack my dears?" Lady Jewel muttered, noticing my injury, which only made her smirk.

"I didn't do anything. What I'm saying is the truth," I gulped with difficulty, attempting to get back on my feet, but the guard kicked me, causing me to fall again.

"Ah!" I hated showing my vulnerability in front of them.

"Nobody cares about your lies here, Zelene. You are only here to take care of my son's child. Don't expect us to believe your stories and give you a second chance," Lady Jewel mumbled, bringing her sandal near my face and hitting my chin with it.

The more I tried to get up, the more they kicked me until I was forced to bow down, giving up on resistance.

"She was yelling names at me and calling me a whore who did her wrong and blah blah blah," Jessica continued to lie, further convincing me that she was capable of doing whatever I had accused her of.

"How is it allowed here? A fucking criminal is putting her dirty hands on my daughter," Liam groaned, complaining angrily.

"Liam, calm down. I am here to take care of Jessica and make sure this skunk doesn't repeat her mistakes again," Lady Jewel once again took

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the side of her dear royals. She placed her foot on my shoulder and pressed down a little.

"But I—" I tried to speak, but they were more interested in listening to Jessica than me.

"Jessica! Would you be happy if she bows down before you and apologizes?" Lady Jewel asked the she-devil. Jessica looked around and nodded.

"That would do some good," she said, still trying to talk slowly and pretending to sniffle tears.

"Go ahead, beg for her forgiveness," Lady Jewel hissed at me, but I refused to nod or prepare myself to obey her.

"If you don't want me to change my mind and kick you out of here while somebody else takes care of your daughter, beg for mercy at Jessica's feet, " her threat mixed with the deal made me close my eyes and laugh internally at myself.

How foolish of me to think I could stand up for myself without getting killed or hurt. It never crossed my mind that she would kick me out and hand my daughter over to anyone.

So I had no choice but to be at Jessica's feet and once again swallow my self-esteem.

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