

### Chapter-25\*Carried Me Like A Doll\*

Zelene Sallow:

"Come on, stop this crying drama and get it over with. The sooner you do it, the faster we'll leave, and you can return to taking care of your daughter," Lady Jewel's tone and attitude suggested she was doing me a favor and that I was wasting time by not hurrying up to go back to my daughter, who might still be alone.

I realized there was no escape. I couldn't muster the courage to stand up for myself or object. So, I nodded, and as I was about to turn to Jessica, a pair of hands snatched me off the ground and lifted me to my feet. It happened so swiftly that I felt as if the wind had blown me away to the side. I looked up and saw Shane standing beside me. His grip on my waist was gentle, but his hand holding mine applied significant pressure.

"Shane!" Lady Jewel sounded displeased as she called her son's name.

"What is going on here?" Shane yelled, not particularly looking at his mother but fixing his gaze on Jessica, who quickly turned to Lady Jewel for a reaction.

"This woman got her hands on my daughter," Liam pointed his finger at me. If Shane was not around, I could tell he would have attacked me again, and this time, he would hurt me even worse.

"Son! You shouldn't worry about these issues. We will take care of it," Lady Jewel muttered while glaring at me. In that moment, I didn't realize why I was hiding behind him when I knew he would never defend me against his mother's orders. But I found myself clutching his shirt. He slowly turned his head to notice that I was pinching his white shirt between my fingers, breathing profusely, and tearing up.



He then straightened his back again and grunted, "So you're the one who caused this injury on her?"

His question was simple, but his tone sounded like a warning. Liam was confused as to why Shane was taking so much interest in this matter.

"He did. And I don't object to it," Lady Jewel interrupted again, despite her son avoiding an argument with her. I began to realize that if she didn't stop intervening, he would step away and let them deal with me.

I knew that the one person he would listen to was his mother.

"But I do," the resounding and unmistakable words escaped his lips, leaving me stunned enough to step back, giving me a clear view of his face from the side.

"Shane! I don't appreciate you opposing my decisions for someone like her," Lady Jewel instantly turned her gaze towards me, and then to her son, reminding him that he was being disrespectful.

"Mom! I'm not disrespecting you, nor am I objecting to your decision, but I won't stand here and let anyone mistreat her," Shane muttered assertively, eager to glare at Liam.

"You have the audacity to step into my mansion, stand on my property, and mistreat my baby's mother," Shane pointed his finger at Liam's chest, pouring all his strength and emotions into emphasizing the word 'mine.'

"What are you saying, son?" Lady Jewel gasped but chose to step back. The way she kept staring at me and then at her son made me feel uneasy.

It was as if she was pondering whether she should intervene further or if it would shatter her pride and make her son say something hurtful.



"She laid her hands on my daughter," Liam's voice lacked some of its earlier aggression this time.

"But why is she the only one wounded?" he yelled, seizing me and pulling me in front of them for everyone to see.

"And then you expected her to grovel at your feet and apologize?" Shane locked eyes with Jessica as he mentioned her. She hadn't uttered a single word since he arrived, her wide-open eyes and agape mouth bearing witness to her emotions. She seemed utterly shocked.

"Huh? You think my mate will bow down at your feet?" Every time he spoke, he managed to astonish me further with his comments.

I couldn't believe my own ears. It felt like I had yearned for this moment to happen, but it had to be a dream. There was no way Alpha Shane was defending me to the extent that he ignored his mother's shocked face.

"And you!" He pointed his finger at Liam, who gulped nervously in response.

"I didn't hit her. I just pushed her away, and she's so light that she went flying into the vase," Liam attempted to explain instead of defending his behavior.

I stood there, letting it all unfold on its own. For the first time, I didn't have to come up with words to explain my side. Somebody was genuinely on my side, at least for now, and defending me.

"Then, would you like to get the hell out of here with your daughter, or do you want me to push you out and send you flying from the mansion?" Shane yelled, not even glancing at his mother, who stepped back and cautiously sat down on the couch.



Sadness filled her eyes, a profound sense of defeat. I had never seen her like this before.

"Go!" Shane's command was met with Liam bowing before him, casting a displeased glance at Lady Jewel before he took his daughter's hand and led her away.

"You made me look so foolish in front of them," Lady Jewel commented in a voice tinged with conflicting emotions.

"Mom! You wanted her to bow down at Jessica's feet. You were making me look foolish for not standing up for her. Look at her," Shane said as he gently wrapped his arm around my back, catching both his mother's and my attention.

Lady Jewel's eyes fixated on his hand, but she remained silent, refusing to object in front of him, leaving me to wonder if she had already schemed something else.

"Anyway, don't think I was against you," Shane cleared his throat and composed himself, "I will take her to the room. Yuna is with a maid, and I don't trust them around her."

Despite waiting for his mother to dismiss him, she remained silent, her gaze fixed on nothing as if she was completely zoned out. Sensing her inaction, Shane decided to take matters into his own hands. With a swift move, he slid his hands under me, effortlessly lifting me off my feet.

He carried me without any resistance as he walked out of the living room. I didn't protest or ask him to put me down; I was simply lost in my thoughts.

Until now, I had assumed they all despised me. However, today's events made me question what truly lay in their hearts. Especially, Shane! Not



only did he abandon that girl last night to stay with me, but even in the early hours of the morning, he fiercely defended me.

He gently placed me near Yuna in the room, and I could see the maid almost in shock witnessing the alpha king carrying me.

"Go!" he commanded the maid, and as she left, I noticed that now it was just the two of us in the room, he was seething with anger.

"Do they really think I'm an idiot?" he muttered to himself while grabbing the first aid kit, "They believe they can do whatever they want, and I won't utter a word?"

During the conversation, I found myself mostly listening as he was preoccupied with his own thoughts. He settled on the floor in front of me, and I straightened my back, feeling a little nervous as I gulped.

"You're not leaving the mansion so early to heal yourself. Let me take care of your wounds," he hissed, leaving no room for argument, making it clear he would explode if I resisted.

Feeling a bit shy, I nodded and slowly unzipped my dress, letting it fall over my shoulder, revealing the injuries under my ribs. He took a deep breath before starting to clean my wounds.

Then, he suddenly raised his voice, glaring at me intently. "And tell me this, why did it seem like you were about to bow down to her?"

"I didn't have a choice," I replied honestly.

"All you had to do was say no," he mumbled, as if it would be that simple. If only he knew the extent of their manipulations and how cunning and malevolent his mother could be, he wouldn't ask me such questions. Obviously, he had never experienced being in a situation where he had to



swallow his pride and beg for mercy. He wouldn't understand.

He lowered his head, and I noticed his eyes fixated on my exposed skin. I observed him gulp and shift uncomfortably before he carefully applied the cream to my wounds. I flinched in response, and he immediately stopped, giving me a moment to recover before he resumed.

"Apart from the guards repeatedly kicking me to keep me down, your mother threatened to kick me out and let my daughter be raised by someone else," I stated, not expecting him to believe me. His frown confirmed my suspicion.

"I think my mother was trying to convey something else," he attempted to defend his mother, but I couldn't bear it. I slapped his hand away, quickly adjusted my dress, and clenched my jaw.

"What's wrong now? I was just cleaning the wound," he complained, trying to reach for me, but I pushed his hand away again.

"The wounds you're trying to defend are the deeper ones. So there's no need to fuss over the ones that will heal eventually," I met his gaze with confidence, delivering my words firmly.

"Wow! One would think you'd at least thank me and be appreciative, but you're so stubborn," he retorted, standing up and placing his hands on his waist, groaning.

"Oh! Your Highness wanted appreciation? I'm sorry. How foolish of me to assume you defended me because they were wrong," I countered, standing my ground and facing him directly.

"This is not fair. I defended you because I believed it was unjust and that they treated you wrongly," he mumbled, narrowing his eyes as he spoke to me.



"Yo—," I began to argue further, but both of us were distracted by a sweet cooing sound from Yuna. She was only a few weeks old, and her adorable coo stole our attention.

"Did she just?" Shane asked, moving closer to her before me and hunching down to observe her. Yuna was gazing at the ceiling when Shane gasped and excitedly pointed at her big, beautiful eyes.

"Look! I can see a little blue dot in the corner. Does that mean she'll start seeing very soon?" he asked, and in that moment, it felt like someone had stolen my soul. I froze as his smile faded, realizing what he had just asked me.

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