

She Who Commands the Heavens

For a full heartbeat, the world stops.

King?

Did she just say—

I stare at her, certain I misheard. But I didn't. It's obvious. It's as if the fire has finally driven her mad.

King.

Not queen.

Not princess.

King.

The word lands harder than the collapsing buildings behind us. Harder than the heat licking at my skin.

In all my years—in every archive, every war chronicle, every ancient text passed down from Alpha to Alpha, every history scroll, every legend recited at council fires, every law carved into stone—not once have I heard a woman claim that title.

There has never been a female king.

It does not exist in our history.

It is not written.

It is not spoken.

Not even in rebellion.



Not even in madness.

And yet she stands in the center of my burning territory and declares it like truth.

In the middle of my pack's ruin.

The audacity nearly steals my breath.

No—it makes me laugh.

How dare she?

A woman calling herself King.

My mind flashes back to the throne room. Her father's tight expression. His cold voice when he says she calls herself king.

I hadn't believed him. I thought it was politics. Control. A father trying to cage a defiant daughter.

But now—

She stands before me, flames rising behind her, declaring herself something that does not exist.

Hearing it now—directed at me—feels like a slap across the face.

Now I understand why the Alpha King calls her unstable. Delusional.

Maybe he isn't wrong.

Maybe years in a gilded cage have filled her head with impossible fantasies. Palace-born arrogance.

I scoff and shake my head, even as something unsettled coils in my chest.



I reach into my pocket and pull out the key.

"You have less than a minute," I warn coldly.

The metal scrapes as I unlock her cuff. It falls away with a sharp click. For a second, she just stands there. Then she pulls her hand free. Slowly.

Not rushed. Not frantic but Slow.

She flexes her fingers like someone reacquainting herself with air after being buried. She rolls her shoulders. Tilts her head. Her spine arches slightly—not dramatically, not theatrically—but like a predator finally unchained after too long in confinement.

The air around her feels... different as she steps forward without another word.

She closes her eyes.

The fire roars behind her, devouring another roof beam, swallowing screams. Sparks whirl through the air like dying stars.

And then—

The world changes.

It begins subtly. A shift in pressure, so faint I almost dismiss it. The wind that feeds the flames falters and shifts direction. The air cools by a fraction—barely noticeable, yet undeniable against my heated skin.

The temperature drops a degree. Then another, and the hairs along my arms rise, and my wolf stiffens inside me as something ancient brushes against my senses.

The air grows heavier. Thicker. Charged.



Her breathing deepens, and the world seems to lean toward her. Her posture changes, and her eyes snap open.

They are white. Not glowing or reflecting firelight.

White. Empty and endless, like storm clouds before they break.

The sky responds as thunder cracks so violently it splits the heavens. The ground trembles beneath my boots. Wolves flinch. Several drop to one knee instinctively.

Above Ashen Vale, the sky fractures in seconds—clouds spiraling inward unnaturally fast, gathering as if answering a call.

No.

As if commanded.

Wind slams through the western sector, ripping through flames, bending trees sideways. Embers scatter.

I feel it then.

Power.

Something that does not bow.

Raw.

Ancient.

Uncontained.

She lifts her chin slightly—and the sky obeys.

The heavens break as rain crashes down—not gentle, not gradual, but



violent. Sheets of water slam into rooftops, pound against the earth, and drench fur, skin, and flame alike. Steam erupts in furious hissing clouds as fire meets water. The flames scream as they die, shrinking beneath the assault.

Within moments—moments—what threatens to erase half my territory is reduced to blackened wood and soaked earth.

The rain does not stop until every last spark is extinguished.

Then—

Silence.

Heavy. Impossible silence.

Only dripping water. The crackle of cooling timber and stunned breathing.

My mouth opens.

Closes.

Opens again.

Nothing comes out.

She does it.

She actually fucking does it.

And then she growls.

Low.

Deep.



The same sound I hear in the palace while I hold her—one I convince myself is my imagination.

It isn't.

It vibrates through the air, through my bones.

Not human or wolf but something entirely different.

Back then, my mind didn't deceive me.

She is the storm.

She commands it.

She isn't unstable.

She is restrained.

Now I understand her father's warning.

Ravelle isn't ordinary.

My gaze locks onto her as rainwater drips from her hair, from her lashes, from the sharp line of her jaw.

A woman who commands the sky.

How?

How can she possess that kind of strength?

The question burns—but it doesn't matter.

What matters is this—



She just saves my pack.

And if that power belongs to her—

Then it can be turned into a weapon.

A weapon strong enough to destroy the man who sets this fire.

My father.

The thought is still forming when she moves again.

Lightning-fast. Faster than any wolf I've ever seen in human form.

She dashes toward the nearest smoldering structure. She doesn't hesitate or ask permission. She tears through broken beams with strength no human should possess.

"Ravelle—" I start, but she's already inside.

Moments later she reappears, carrying two coughing pups—one male, one female—tucked securely against her sides.

She hands them off without ceremony and disappears again.

And again.

And again.

She pulls out young girls I would have left behind.

A man trapped beneath a collapsed house.

A woman pinned beneath timber.

A warrior half-buried in ash.



No hesitation. She doesn't choose or rank.

She doesn't calculate bloodlines.

Elder women. Elder men.

Male pups.

She saves everyone, one by one, with purpose and power.

All I can do is stand there, soaked to the bone, watching in stunned silence as the woman who calls herself King proves she might actually be something far more dangerous than that.

Not fragile, unstable or delusional.

A force.

She moves like the storm hasn't left her body yet.

Rain still drips from the rooftops, and the smoke hasn't even cleared from the sky when my brother steps up beside me.

We both watch her.

She pulls another little girl from beneath a collapsed building, hands her to a trembling mother, then turns without pause to rip apart another smoking structure.

"She's amazing," my brother breathes.

He sounds like a worshipper at a shrine—like he has just witnessed the Moon Goddess descend from the sky, kiss the earth, and personally bless our bloodline.

I don't look at him. I can't.



"Yeah. I know," I admit, my voice quieter than I expect. "She's powerful. And I don't think we've even seen half of it. I want to know the full extent ... what she can really do when she stops holding back."

Amazing doesn't even begin to cover it.

My brother lets out a low whistle. "Imagine what her full power can do or when she truly loses control."

I don't have to imagine. I just watch it drown an inferno in seconds.

He gives me a slow look.

Not admiration.

Calculation.

"You'll find out," he says casually. "When it's yours."

I finally glance at him. "What are you saying?"

He looks at me as if I'm the slow one.

He scoffs. "Don't play stupid, Kei. A woman like her wielding that kind of power alone? Power that could flatten armies? That's not how the world works."

My wolf bristles at the word woman in his mouth. Not protective—territorial.

He steps closer, lowering his voice.

"It's not done. It's not right. It's not natural. Power like that belongs to the Alpha—the male who leads. You mark her. You mate her and claim her immediately. The power becomes yours."



The bluntness of it hangs in the wet air.

"She saved us," I mutter.

"And she will serve you," he counters. "There's a difference."

I don't respond immediately.

Because for the first time since this began, the thought doesn't land the way it used to.

Mark her.

Mate her.

Claim her.

It used to sound inevitable. Strategic. A calculated step in a larger plan.

Now it sounds like—

A job.

A necessity.

A transaction.

Like shackling lightning and pretending it won't burn you.

Why does it feel heavier than before?

"So she doesn't get confused and start thinking she's your equal," he snarls.

The words sit in my chest like a stone.



He presses on, gaining momentum. "Once she's yours, her strength feeds you. That's how it works. A female's power is meant to strengthen her mate. She carries it, yes—but she's not meant to lead with it."

I let out a dry laugh. "She commands the fucking sky."

"And skies belong above kingdoms," he snaps. "Not on thrones."

Silence stretches between us.

"With her power inside you," my brother continues, "we crush Father in a blink. Whoever he's allied with won't stand a chance. It won't matter. No one will dare challenge you."

My gaze drifts back to Ravelle.

She's kneeling now, checking a warrior's burns with surprising gentleness.

A storm wrapped in skin.

"With her at your side," he adds, "you won't just be Alpha of Ashen Vale. You would be the ultimate Alpha King—with unlimited alliances, unlimited resources, and unquestioned authority."

My wolf stirs at that.

Power calls to power.

Alpha King.

The words used to taste sweet.

Armies at my command. Borders bending to my will.

This is my chance.



And yet—

"You're right," I say slowly. "But do you really think she'll let me cuff her again willingly like some mutt?"

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