

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 1

Kali

“Don’t look the Alpha in the eyes.”

“Don’t talk back to your mate.”

“A woman’s duty is to serve her mate and Alpha with unwavering obedience.”

Luna Diana’s voice echoes through the grand hall, each word a whip against my patience. She stands at the front, regal as ever, with her silver-blond hair perfectly styled into a thick braid that cascades over her shoulder. Her sharp blue eyes scan the room with practiced authority, and her flawless red gown clings to her figure, a stark contrast to the suffocating rules she preaches.

My jaw tightens, but I keep my expression neutral, standing stiffly among the other young women. Their heads are bowed, eyes are downcast, hands neatly folded, backs straight—like perfect little dolls, programmed to be obedient and silent.

I loathe everything about this lecture. Every. Single. Word.

“A woman must never question her Alpha’s decisions.”

“Her body belongs to her mate—she has no right to refuse him.”

“The greatest honour a woman can have is bearing strong sons.”

Why aren’t men taught how to respect their mates before demanding obedience? Shouldn’t respect be earned? But no. Here, a woman is expected to lower her head, smile sweetly, and accept whatever is thrown her way. Love, neglect, abuse—it doesn’t matter. As long as she obeys.

If I had the power, I would burn this entire system to the ground. I’d create a world where women are equal to men—no, where women rule. A world where we are not just property or vessels but warriors, leaders, Alphas in our own right.

But I don’t have that power.

Yet.

Instead, I’m forced to endure these ridiculous lectures every day of my life, and each time, my wolf and I grow closer to madness. Some days, I try to skip, but the punishments aren’t worth it—especially today, when I have other plans.

I glance at the giant clock on the wall, itching to get out of here. I have training with Caspian—my only real friend and a pack warrior. If I miss today’s session, I’ll lose precious time and risk being punished. Caspian secretly trains me to fight, knowing full well that if anyone finds out, he’ll be stripped of his rank and demoted to an Omega. He’s only taking the risk because he has a ridiculous crush on me, secretly hoping we’ll turn out to be mates.

I never cared for the idea of having a mate, but if it were Caspian, I wouldn't mind. He is different from the rest of the men in this pack. He treats me with respect. He doesn't leer at me like I'm a piece of meat. And most importantly, he teaches me to fight—the only thing that keeps me sane in this hellhole.

I tune Luna Diana out, letting her words blend into a meaningless hum. My mind drifts to the movements I'll be practicing later, the satisfying crack of my fists against a target—

A sharp jab to my ribs startles me.

Shit.

I blink, snapping back to reality to find all eyes on me. My fingers curl into fists at my sides. Damn it. I wasn't paying attention. Not that I missed anything important.

Luna Diana glares at me, arms crossed, her lips pinched in disapproval. "Kali," she says, voice laced with ice. "Were you even listening?"

I suppress the urge to sigh and meet her gaze head-on. "Of course, Luna," I say blandly.

"Then repeat what I just said."

I tilt my head, offering a slow, deliberate smile. "I've heard it all before, a thousand times." I pause for dramatic effect, watching as the room collectively holds its breath. "But let me make one thing clear." My eyes gleam with defiance. "I don't care about your lectures. I. Don't. Submit. I wasn't born to bow to anyone."

The hall falls into stunned silence.

Then, whispers. Gasps. Shocked murmurs spreading like wildfire.

"Disrespectful brat," someone hisses.

"She should be punished immediately!"

"You see? This is why she doesn't deserve to be here—"

And then comes the voice I despise the most.

"How would you know you weren't born to submit, Kali? You were picked from the dirt like a worthless stray, remember?"

I turn slowly, already knowing who it is.

Grace.

My personal nightmare wrapped in designer fabric. The Gamma's daughter. My age, yet my complete opposite. Where I am fire, she is ice. Where I am battle-hardened, she is pampered. She

stands with her arms crossed, her honey-blonde hair styled in soft curls, her smug smile daring me to lash out.

I let the insult settle for a moment before I speak, my voice silk-wrapped steel.

“Maybe I was in the dirt,” I muse, “but I must’ve looked expensive enough to be worth picking up.” I tilt my head, letting my smirk widen. “You, on the other hand? If you had been in my place, you’d still be there—because no one would have wanted your w\*\*\*e ass.”

Laughter erupts across the hall. Grace’s face turns a violent shade of red.

“Enough!” Luna Diana’s voice slices through the noise. The laughter dies instantly. “Both of you, silence!” She turns to me, her eyes dark with warning. “Kali, I will be reporting this to your father.”

The laughter fades from my own lips.

Of course, she will.

I clench my jaw, knowing exactly what that means—another beating at the hands of my adoptive father. The only reason I haven’t destroyed him yet is because of my adoptive mother, who, despite her kindness, is powerless against him.

I inhale deeply, suppressing the sharp sting of frustration in my chest. Tomorrow, I turn eighteen. For some reason, an unfamiliar restlessness gnaws at me. A strange urge to leave, to find the truth about where I came from. To escape and search for my real family.

I was adopted at the age of ten, my memory wiped clean. Even my wolf has no recollection of where we came from. How am I supposed to find a family I can’t even remember?

But then, a darker thought slithers in.

What if my real family never wanted me? What if they left me in the dirt on purpose?

A bitter taste fills my mouth, but I shove the thought aside and lift my chin, meeting Luna Diana’s gaze without flinching.

“Do what you have to, Luna,” I say smoothly. “But I’ll tell you this—I don’t care how many times you try to beat it into me.”

My eyes gleam with challenge.

“I will never submit.”

Luna Diana exhales sharply, running a frustrated hand through her perfectly styled hair before waving her hand in dismissal. At this rate, she’ll start losing her gorgeous locks because of me.

“Enough. Everyone, leave.”

The hall slowly empties, the other women walking past me, some shooting pitying glances, others looking smug, as if they enjoy watching me get into trouble. I don't move right away, waiting for my moment to slip out unnoticed—

A sudden, sharp yank on my hair jerks my head back.

I hiss in pain, instantly knowing who it is before she even opens her mouth.

“How dare you disrespect me, dirt?” Grace sneers, her grip tightening each second. “Once I'm Luna, I'll make you submit forcefully.”

I bite back a laugh, despite the burning sting on my scalp.

“You?” I scoff. “Becoming Luna?” I let out a full-blown laugh now, not caring that she's nearly pulling my hair from the roots. “That means you better keep sucking Travis's d\*\*k extra well so he pities you enough out of the thousands of woman to make you his Luna—because I know the Moon Goddess wouldn't be stupid enough to pair two assholes together as mates. That would be the end of the Red Night Pack for sure.”

Grace lets out an enraged shriek and yanks harder, but before she can revel in her petty victory, I move—quick and precise.

My fist slams into her jaw.

She stumbles back with a pained cry, clutching her face as she glares at me with pure hatred.

I shake my hand out, barely feeling the sting of impact. “The only reason I'm letting you go,” I say lazily, “is because your birthday is tomorrow, Grace. Consider this my gift to you.”

Her furious screams follow me as I walk away, but I don't spare her another glance.

I have better things to do.

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The moment I step inside the house, I barely have time to close the door before my adoptive mother rushes toward me, her face pale, her hands trembling as they grab my arms.

“Kali, hide,” she whispers urgently, her voice shaking.

I barely have time to process her fear before a sudden gust of wind whooshes past me, and then—

Pain.

A crushing, explosive pain as my body is lifted off the ground and slammed violently against the wooden door. The impact rattles through my bones, knocking the breath from my lungs.

I cough, blinking through the stars in my vision, as my adoptive father looms over me, his golden wolf eyes burning with rage.

Beta Logan.

I never call him “Father.” He doesn’t deserve it.

His jaw tightens, his nostrils flaring as he grabs my collar, yanking me up so I have no choice but to face him. His breath is hot and heavy against my face, the scent of whiskey clinging to him like a second skin.

“You,” he growls venomously, “are a disgrace to this family. Every day, I regret not leaving you to die in the filthy dirt where you belonged.”

I refuse to look away, even as pain pulses through my body from the impact. I see the veins bulging in his neck, the tension in his shoulders, the way his fingers twitch—he wants to do more than just yell.

“The Luna keeps complaining about you,” he continues, shaking me slightly. “Says I’m not doing my job as Beta. Says I should break you.” His grip tightens. “And now my duty—my pride—is on the line because of you.”

I feel the rage bubbling inside me, but I keep my face blank, my silence only fueling his fury.

“You don’t want to submit?” he spits. “Fine. Today, I’m taming you.”

I barely register the first kick before pain blossoms across my ribs. Then another. And another.

I refuse to cry out.

A choked sob escapes my mother as she rushes forward. “Please, Logan, stop! She’s just a child—”

Smack!

The slap echoes through the small house, louder than the beating itself.

I see red.

My mother stumbles back, clutching her cheek, her eyes wide with unshed tears. Through their mate bond, he must’ve silenced her, because she doesn’t cry out, doesn’t scream. She just looks at me helplessly.

I hate the mate bond.

The rage in my chest burns hotter than ever. My wolf roars, demanding blood.

I want to fight back.

I could fight back. I know I can, despite the Beta blood running through his veins—something deep inside me tells me I would win.

But then my mother shakes her head, just the slightest movement, her pleading eyes begging me not to.

If I fight, he'll hurt her more.

So I do the one thing I've never done before.

I lower my head.

I shield her with my body and take the rest of the beating for us.