

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 10

Kali

I bite my lip hard, pushing back the fear creeping up my spine. How could I have been so fucking stupid? Chasing after those rogues like a clueless pup, without paying attention to my surroundings. I had lost sight of the stream's direction, failing to ensure I was still heading the right way. And now, I had walked straight into the lion's den I was seriously warned to avoid.

Damn those rogues.

The massive man in front of me—his scarred arms thick like tree trunks—glares down at me, holding my bag high above my head like a trophy. His dark eyes flicker with amusement, but his lips curl in disgust.

"I don't want trouble," I say, raising my hands slowly. "They stole from me. I was just trying to get my bag back. Let me take it, and I'll leave peacefully. It was never my intention to step foot on your precious land."

He scoffs, his lip twitching in irritation before his gaze darkens. "How dare a woman look me in the eye and talk back to me?" he hisses, his deep voice laced with venom. "Do you even know who the hell I am? I'm a great warrior, one who has helped conquer packs and slaughter countless wolves."

I want to retort, but I swallow the words down, knowing it won't do me any good. I keep my expression neutral, refusing to give this bastard the satisfaction of seeing fear in my eyes.

"What's your name?" he demands. "What pack are you from? I bet it's some pathetic, lowlife pack—just like you. Your Alpha needs to be dealt with for failing to tame a pretty bitch like you."

My fingers curl into fists, nails digging into my palms. "I don't belong to a pack," I say through gritted teeth. "And I don't want any trouble. Just give me my bag, and I'll—"

Fuck.

Pain explodes across my face. My head snaps to the side, vision blurring as I stagger. Warm liquid trickles from my nose, and when I touch it, my fingertips come away red.

He punched me.

Laughter erupts around me. A sick, twisted chorus of amusement.

The man smirks, flexing his fingers like he's itching to hit me again. "Now, bitch, get on your knees and kiss my boot," he sneers. "Maybe then I'll give you your bag."

Fire floods my veins, and a low growl rumbles in my chest. My body tenses, my wolf snarling inside me. My pride screams in protest, my rage blinding. I don't stand a chance against him—he's massive, twice my size—but he's no Beta, no Alpha. Just a brute.

And I refuse to bow.

“You fucking bastard,” I spit, my control snapping.

His smirk vanishes, nostrils flaring in anger. But I don’t wait. My claws rip through my fingertips in an instant—a mid-shift, something not all werewolves can do. His eyes widen, but before he can react, I s***h upward.

He screams.

Blood splatters across my face as his left eye is ripped from its socket. He drops my bag, clutching his face, howling in agony.

I snatch up my bag and turn to run, but I freeze. More of his men are rushing toward me as my wolf pushes forward, ready to shift fully, but then something tightens around my neck.

A rope.

Shit.

It yanks me backward, cutting off my air. I claw at it, gasping, kicking, but more ropes wrap around my limbs, dragging me to the ground.

I thrash, I scream—but rough, calloused hands pin me down.

Too many.

Through my blurry vision, I see him again—the bastard I blinded. He’s staggering forward, one hand still pressed to his ruined face. His remaining eye burns with fury.

“You little bitch,” he snarls, his voice hoarse with pain. “You think you can walk into Blood Fang territory, claw out my fucking eye, and just walk away?” He kneels, yanking my head back by my hair, his breath hot and putrid against my face. “You think you’re strong? I will make you beg for your life.”

A sickening grin stretches across his lips before he barks an order. “Take her away.”

A warrior hesitates. “Where?”

“The taming house?” another suggests.

Taming house?

“No.” His voice is a razor-sharp whisper. “Take her to the Black Hole.”

Silence.

Black hole. The name sends a shiver through me and I watch the warriors shift uncomfortably.

“But sir, she won’t survive there,” one murmurs. “That place is for the worst criminals.”

“Exactly.” He grins cruelly. “She’s not a proper lady. She’s a fucking wild beast. She tore my eye out—so let’s see if she can survive.”

Someone swallows hard. “What if Alpha Jack finds out—”

“I’ll handle it,” he snaps. “This isn’t the first time a woman has been thrown in there. The Alpha has done worse. Now do as I say.”

Alpha Jack.

The name once again sends ice through my veins. Something deep in my gut twists violently. If this bastard is cruel, what kind of monster is his Alpha?

I silently pray to the Moon Goddess, hoping I don’t come across their alpha himself.

If only I hadn’t chased after that rogue. If not for the blue necklace, I wouldn’t be in this hell.

But it’s too late for that.

The ropes tighten, and I’m dragged away.

As I’m pulled through the dirt, I hear his voice one last time. “Kill the rest of the rogue bastards,” he orders. “Burn their bodies.”

I swallow hard, wondering what the hell I’ve gotten myself into.

Soon I stop resisting and just keep my eyes forward, because if I look back—if I see the smoke rising—I might just break.

Then, strong hands lift me, and before I can react, I’m thrown into a black abyss.

The air rushes past me as I plummet, a scream ripping from my throat. My body crashes against jagged rocks and sharp debris, pain slicing through me.

I gasp, my breath ragged. My fingers scrape against the rough earth as I push myself up on shaky arms. The stench is unbearable—rotting flesh, blood, and something so foul it churns my empty stomach. I gag, covering my nose with the back of my trembling hand.

This place is a death sentence.

My heart pounds, but fear doesn’t consume me the way it should. Instead, curiosity creeps in. So this is the Black Hole. The name is meant to terrify, but right now, all I feel is exhaustion with hunger gnawing at my insides. My throat is dry, my body weak—I know I won’t last long here.

A soft whimper breaks the silence, and my entire body stiffens.

I whip my head around, my pulse skittering. “Who’s there?” My voice is hoarse as my eyes slowly adjust to the darkness and that’s when I see him—a man curled up near the far edge of the pit, looking as though he’s already halfway to the grave. His body is frail, his clothes torn and clinging to his skeletal frame. He barely moves, barely lifts his head, but I can see it in his eyes: he’s given up. Death lingers close, waiting to claim him.

How long has he been down here?

I run a hand through my tangled hair, frustration bubbling inside me. I should focus on escaping, but something about the defeated way he lies there tugs at me.

How can I help him when I can’t even help myself?

Should I beg? Swallow my pride and plead for mercy from the bastard whose eye I clawed out? The thought alone makes my stomach churn. I don’t beg. I fight.

But right now, I’m out of options.

Before I can decide, the ground shakes beneath me.

A growl, deep and thunderous, shakes the very air around me. My body goes rigid, my breath hitching. The sheer power in that sound makes my wolf stir—makes something primal claw at my insides.

Then, a voice.

“Who the fuck threw my mate into the Black Hole?”

Mate?

My blood runs cold. Did I hear that right?

No. No way. I just rejected Travis. The Moon Goddess wouldn’t—couldn’t—curse me with another mate so soon. Or... was he talking about the dying man lying here?

I stare up into the darkness above, my skin prickling with something unfamiliar. Not fear. Not dread. Something... dangerously intoxicating.

This has to be a mistake. There’s no way.

Another growl rumbles through the pit, this one pure, unfiltered fury. The walls tremble from the force of it, sending dust raining down on me.

And then, I smell him clearly.

Dark spice, cedar, and something else undeniably alluring. It fills my lungs, richer and more potent than anything I’ve ever smelled. Stronger than Travis’ ever was. It seeps into my senses, drowning me in its warmth, pulling me under like a drug I can’t resist.

No.

I bite down hard on my lip, trying to snap myself out of this daze. If he's from Blood Fang, then he's like them—ruthless, cruel, a monster. And I can't—won't—be tied to another monster.

“Don't make me fucking repeat myself.” His voice roars through the pit, venom dripping from every syllable. “Who. The. fuck. Dared throw my mate in there?”

There's something in his voice—something raw. He's furious, but it's not for power, not for dominance. It's for me.

For me.

A strange warmth unfurls in my chest, melting through the fear, the confusion, the doubt. I don't even know who he is. I haven't seen his face. And yet, despite everything—despite being thrown into this pit—my lips curve into an involuntary, foolish smile.

Because if he's this enraged about what happened to me... maybe, just maybe, my mate isn't a monster this time.

Maybe he actually cares.

And that?

That changes everything. Because I won't be able to reject him so easily—nor do I want to.