

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 101

“You see?!” I smirk, thrusting my arm forward to point at Celestia-mimicking the exact way she once pointed at me like I was filth. “You are the imposter. The fraud. You forged a necklace-one that rightfully belongs to me, the true daughter of the Alpha King.”

I pause to catch my breath before roaring, “And for that blasphemy against the royal bloodline, I demand punishment by death! Guards, seize her!”

This time, they don’t hesitate. Unlike when she gave the same command against me and no one moved, my words carry weight and authority. My aura ripples through the hall-undeniable, heavy with command. The guards move.

Swords unsheathe. Footsteps pound toward Celestia.

Her eyes widen in disbelief as she stumbles back in panic, her heels skidding slightly on the polished marble. She stops at the edge of the staircase that leads up to the throne, then whirls around, eyes desperate, locking on the Alpha King.

“Dad..” she breathes. “You trained me. You raised me as your daughter. Are you really going to let this happen?”

Let these filthy guards lay their hands on me?” Her voice breaks. “Are you really going to discard me like this?”

Tears rush down her cheeks now-fat, messy sobs that seem too perfect, too rehearsed. She’s desperate.

Cornered. Reaching for the only weapon she has left: pity.”You brought this upon yourself, Celestia,” the King says coldly, his tone final as he ascends and settles onto his throne-regal and unmoved. Then, to my surprise, he casts me a quick, almost imperceptible wink.

The Queen chuckles softly, the click of her heels echoing through the silent hall as she lifts the hem of her royal gown to gracefully ascend the steps, likely to join the King on her own throne. But she barely gets one foot on the marble before it happens.

In the blink of an eye, Celestia lets out a shriek and lunges forward, a small silver blade gleaming in her hand. Gasps pierce the hall as she grabs the Queen from behind, pressing the knife hard against her throat.

“If anyone takes another step toward me, I swear on my life-I’ll kill her!” Celestia screams. Her voice trembles now—not with fear, but unhinged rage. The guards freeze, weapons half-lifted. The Alpha King shoots to his feet.

“Celestia!” he bellows. “That’s your mother! Don’t do this.

Don’t worsen your punishment. She’s your Queen! Laying a blade on her neck means immediate death!”

Celestia lets out a short, bitter laugh. "Did you just say... my mother?" She snorts as if she's just heard the joke of the century.

"She's never loved me. She never even held my hand once." Her voice cracks, and her face twists with years of buried resentment. "She hated me-every part of me! I was never enough for her. So don't talk to me about blood and loyalty. Her grip tightens on the blade. "I'm going to die anyway.

Whether sit on that throne or not, I'm already dead to all of you." Her lips twitch into a crazed smile. "So I might as well take her with me."

But instead of fear, the Queen starts to laugh. Softly at first, then louder-genuine, full-bodied laughter that shakes her shoulders.

"What's so funny?!" Celestia shrieks, the knife now digging slightly into the Queen's neck. A drop of blood beads at the blade's tip.

"You think I won't do it?! This knife is laced with dark magic! One slice and you'll be gone before you even blink!"

Still, the Queen laughs harder. Her eyes sparkle with amusement, like she's watching a child throw a tantrum rather than face death. She's laughing so hard now, tears spill from her eyes.

And it pisses Celestia off.

She growls, pressing the blade deeper. "You think this is funny?! You're seconds from death, and you laugh?!"

I can't breathe. My fists are clenched at my sides, my heart hammering in my chest. I've just found my mother. After years. I can't lose her now, and I know Celestia won't hesitate to kill her; after all, she almost did the same to me.

"Leave the Queen out of this," I say softly, struggling to keep my voice steady though every nerve in my body screams. "This fight-it's between you and me, Celestia.

She has nothing to do with it."

Celestia gaze at me, her smirk wicked. "Oh? Are you afraid I might actually succeed in killing your mother... like I failed to kill you in this very hall?"

Her words feel like a slap.

"Oh, how I'd love to watch her bleed like you did. Begging for her life..."

"We both know," I say through gritted teeth, "you gain nothing by killing the Queen."

I try not to let the desperation show but it's there, buried beneath every word. My eyes flick to my mother. She's still smiling-still completely unafraid and it infuriates me. Because my mother, the Queen, is acting as if her life means nothing. Her mocking laughter only pushes Celestia further to the edge.

“Let her kill me,” The Queen finally speaks calm, composed.

“This is what I get,” she continues, louder now, addressing the entire room like we’re unwilling spectators in some twisted performance. “This is what I get for offering food and shelter to a good-for-nothing brat. For letting aworthless rogue live like a princess.”

“I do-“Celestia begins, but the Queen cuts her off sharply.

“Don’t make me laugh,” she snaps, venom lacing every word. “From the first moment I saw you, I knew you were fake. Trying so hard to please me. Smiling. Bowing.

Playing the sweet little girl-“ she sneers, “You were only trying to replace my daughter.”

Celestia stiffens.

“You were rude to the omegas. Treated them like dogs.

But when I entered the room? Oh, then you became this perfect little princess.”

The Queen shakes her head slowly, disappointment etched into every line of her face. “Stop playing the victim.

You never wanted love. You wanted power. My throne.”

A silence hangs in the air, thick and suffocating. Then-

“Fine!” Celestia screams, her voice cracking. She yanks the knife back just an inch. “You caught me!”

The room holds its breath as her hands tremble, her eyes wild with rage.

“I always knew I wasn’t royal. I felt it-deep down, something was off.” Her voice turns bitter, her lips curled in disgust. “I felt more peace when I was with the omegas and I hated it. Every single second of it. I hated them. And I hated myself for it.”

She’s unraveling. And that’s exactly what the Queen was waiting for-because in that moment of madness, Celestia doesn’t see her move.

It’s like watching a viper strike.

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 102

The queen whirls around, lightning-fast, disarming Celestia with a brutal twist of her wrist. In seconds, the knife is pressed against Celestia’s throat. Blood beads instantly.

“Give me one good reason not to kill you right now,” the queen growls, her voice a low, lethal snarl. “You thought you could take me down?” She lets out a sharp, humorless laugh. “I’m the Queen.”

Celestia gasps, her mouth opening but no sound comes out.

“Even if I could forgive you for pointing a blade at me,” the queen says, pressing the knife deeper until Celestia winces, “I’ll never forgive you for stabbing my daughter in the heart.”

The fury in her voice sends a shiver down my spine.

Something cracks open inside my chest, and before I can stop myself, the word slips out:

“Mother, wait.”

A heavy silence falls. The queen’s eyes snap to mine, stunned. I can see the shock in her expression-mirroring the disbelief in my own. I just called her...

Mother.

I swallow hard and make myself speak, even though my voice is shaky. “Killing her like this could lead to unrest, say carefully. “She’s worn the crown for years. I’ve been nothing—no one. The people might not accept me, not right away.”

Celestia lets out a broken laugh.

“You’re my blood,” the queen snaps. “You carry the Alpha King’s blood in your veins. That is more than enough. The throne is yours by right.”

I hold her gaze. “Then let it be a fair fight. One-on-one.

The loser dies. The winner claims the throne.”

The queen studies me for a long moment. Finally, she gives a reluctant nod. Celestia smirks wickedly as the queen shoves her away.

“You’ll never win,” Celestia spits at me. “I was trained by the best warriors. You’re nothing but a nobody. A street rat who thinks wearing a dress makes her royalty.”

I almost laugh. She seems to forget how I beat the crap out of her back in Jack’s pack. But fine. I’ll remind her.

Personally.

The truth? I asked the queen to let her go because I want to be the one to end her. I’ve killed her a thousand times in my head. For stabbing me. For everything. And now, I’ll do it for real.

And once they see my wolf-my true form-every shred of doubt will vanish. The entire kingdom will know exactly who I am.

I glance at the queen. "Mother, please. Go. Join Father.

Take your place on the throne."

She stares at me, her eyes shining with pride.

"Fine. If you insist on the harder path..." she says with a smirk, walking toward the throne. "But I know you won't disappoint me. You have my blood, after all."

She sits down gracefully, then turns to a nearby guard with a lazy flick of her wrist.

"Someone bring me and the King the best coffee in the castle." She grins slowly. "Things are about to get very, very interesting."

Let's begin.

A hush falls over the great hall, tension buzzing like static in the air. The crowd silently parts, creating a wide circle around us. No one dares to speak, the fear and anticipation hanging heavy. The tables and chairs are left abandoned in the middle of the room, a makeshift battlefield surrounded by wide eyes and murmured prayers.

Lady Celestia trembles, though she tries to look fierce. I see right through her. Her lips peel back in a snarl before she lets out a shaky growl. Then it happens-her body twists and bends until fur sprouts and bones pop, transforming into her wolf. A dull brown thing. Slender.

Almost pitiful. Her tail tucks instinctively between her legs the moment she lays eyes on me.

Omegas' blood. Of course. That's why she felt at home among them.

"How dare you," I growl, voice layered with fury and truth.

Then I let go.

My limbs stretch and crack with a satisfying snap, spine arching as the shift consumes me. Obsidian fur, sleek and shimmering like midnight oil, explodes across my skin.

Power surges in every muscle, every breath. When I land on all fours, the ground seems to tremble beneath me.

Gasps echo like cannon fire around the room. Some drop to their knees without even realizing it, heads bowed low.

The sheer weight of my presence is enough to humble them.

I glance up toward the throne. The Alpha Queen stands, her hands clapping proudly, a grin stretched wide across her face. "That's my daughter," she says, voice trembling with pride.

Celestia's wolf whimpers, her ears flat as she tries to retreat, tail brushing the floor. She stumbles back, slipping on her paws, howling like a pup begging for mercy.

I give none..With one bound, I'm on her. My claws rake across her side.

She yelps, trying to escape, but I bite down-hard—on her foreleg and snap it like a twig. She screams, wild and high-pitched, and I slam her against a table, which cracks beneath the weight. The crowd recoils. Another hit, this time against a chair. Then the wall. Her brown fur is matted with blood, her howls nothing but broken whines now.

One final blow.

With a sickening crunch, I clamp my jaws around her neck and twist. The sound echoes like a thunderclap. Her body stills immediately, the light fading from her eyes as her wolf form shifts back into her human one-naked, broken, and drenched in blood. Her chest barely rises. She won't make it. I know it. They all do.

I shift back, landing softly on my feet, fully clothed, the power still humming through my skin. My eyes sweep the room. Silence reigns again. No one dares to speak, and for once, they all look at me—not with doubt, but with reverence. Fear. Respect.

“She is gone,” the Alpha King declares with a grim expression. “Guards, bury her in the royal cemetery—”

“No,” the Queen cuts in coldly, her voice like frost. “Burn her body and throw it to the dirt where it belongs.”

Gasps ripple through the room again. Even the king's face twists in shock. “My queen... she was still—” “She was nothing but a liar and a disgrace. I will not have her memory honored beside our ancestors.”

Their argument continues in a fiery exchange behind me, but I don't care. My eyes roam the room. Someone's missing. Lady Celestia's partner in crime—the true mastermind behind it all.

press into the mate bond, closing my eyes for a second

“Jack... your uncle. He's not here. He must've seen how the tables have turned and ran like the coward he is.”

His response comes almost immediately calm, but laced with a razor-sharp edge.

“I noticed. That's why I sent Fury after him the moment Celestia shifted. He's tracking him now. We'll know where that rat is hiding soon enough.”

I open my eyes, relief washing over me.

“Smart. You're thinking like a true king,” I murmur through the bond, a proud smile tugging at my lips.

Across the room, Jack meets my gaze and offers a slow, proud nod before walking toward me, stepping over broken wood and bloodstained marble.

“Look at you,” he says, awe and admiration written all over his face. “You did it, Kali. You proved you’re the true heir—not just to them...” —he gestures to the silent crowd—“but to yourself too.”

I exhale slowly, eyes locking with his.

“Yeah,” I say quietly. “I think I finally did.”

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 103

“Maya, my love,” the Queen says gently, her voice so soft it barely carries over the stunned silence of the crowd, pulling my attention away from Jack.

The name Maya once again strikes something deep inside me, shaking those memories I didn’t know I still carried—my mother’s voice, her laughter as she brushed my hair, and the warmth of her fingers on my cheek as she called me by that name. For a moment, my knees weaken under the weight of it all, but Jack’s hand finds my waist, steady me, holding me firm.

“Take your place on the throne as the Crown Princess,” the Queen finishes.

I look up at Jack again, searching his eyes for strength.

And as if he can hear my thoughts, he gives me a simple nod, his gaze filled with pride and unwavering love. I mirror those emotions, wishing I could tell him how much I love him too—right here, right now—but this isn’t the time or place.

So, I lean in and press a soft, lingering kiss to his lips, a silent promise to love him always, and a grounding reminder of who I am... before I take my first step into the life I was born to live.

Then, I turn and begin to walk forward. Lady Celestia’s body still lies sprawled on the floor, unmoving. Her eyes remain open, but the light is gone. Gone. Her chest no longer rises. She’s... dead. I step over her without flinching. It feels like I’m crossing the final shadow of my past. I doubt she’ll rest in peace. Knowing I not only took the man she desperately wanted but also the throne that was always meant for me.

What was her purpose in life, really?

“What are you all staring at?” the Queen snaps, drawing my attention back to her. “Take her corpse away and burn it. Bring me her ashes. I’ll use them as manure for my roses.”

If she weren’t my mother, I’d be terrified. The Queen is truly frightening, and the crowd flinches at her heartlessness. Even the guards shift nervously, fear flashing in their eyes. The king says nothing this time, choosing silence, but I see it in his face—beneath the cold composure, there’s a

flicker of sorrow. For a brief moment, he mourns the daughter he once claimed. He had given Lady Celestia the love and recognition that should have been mine.

“No, Mother,” I say firmly.

The word mother startles us both again. It still feels foreign on my tongue, and I can tell it strikes something deep within her too. It will take time for both of us to grow into it. She turns to me sharply, her brows arched in surprise.

I climb the steps slowly until I reach her. The marble beneath my feet feels warm, alive... and I know it's because the throne itself has been waiting for me. I take her hand, slender, regal, and strong, and hold it in mine.

“Let her be buried in the royal cemetery,” I say. “Like Father. She was once a princess, and though she tried to destroy everything... We honour the throne by honouring all those who once held it. Even the fallen.”

The Queen searches my face, her jaw clenching with the effort to contain her emotions. Then her eyes soften, and a sigh escapes her lips.

“Your wish is my command,” she murmurs. “Your first order as Crown Princess, and already you’re showing more heart than most rulers ever learn. So merciful... even) though her body deserves to be burned to ash for what she put you through.”

I offer her a small, hesitant smile.

She tucks a strand of hair behind my ear, her fingers lingering for a moment on my cheek. My chest twists again-grief, confusion, longing. I’d been so angry, so convinced they abandoned me... but the look in her eyes is nothing like abandonment. It’s adoration. Fierce and maternal.

Unlike Father, she never stopped loving me. Never tried to replace me. And somehow, in that moment, I find myself Loving her back for it.

Now, I have two mothers-one who raised me and one who gave birth to me. And I don’t know how to makesense of the storm that swirls inside my heart.

Behind us, I can see the shadows of the guards moving quietly to cover Lady Celestia’s naked form and carry her away. The air seems to breathe again.

The Queen gestures toward the throne beside hers. ”

Come,” she says softly. “Take your place.”

The king sits in the centre, proud and composed. His presence is still commanding, though more reserved now.

My throne waits on one side of him, the queen’s on the other.

I take a breath that feels like my first in years. Then I step forward and sit. The moment I do, the throne glows.

A soft, golden light pulses beneath me, wrapping around the edges of the stone as if the throne welcomes me. The warmth seeps into my skin, into my bones. It feels like coming home. Like this seat was molded just for me. Not just a symbol of power... but an extension of me. My second skin.

The silence that follows is thick with awe. Then, applause erupts like a wave crashing through the hall. Thunderous and electric.

I hear Jasmine's voice rise above the roar, cheering so Loudly I swear the tables tremble. My eyes find Jack's-he's whistling, a wicked grin stretched across his face. My heart clenches, full.

The Queen settles beside the king, and for a moment, the three of us sit there-father, mother, and daughter. A family. Together at last.

I don't even realise I'm crying until a warm tear rolls down my cheek. I'm finally reunited with my real family. I was born a royal. The Alpha King's daughter.

All my life, I've wondered why I was different-why t couldn't obey like the other women, why I couldn't be soft and submissive. I tried, truly, but I couldn't. My wolf wouldn't let me. And now, sitting on this throne, looking down at everyone below me, I finally understand.

Neither Maya nor Kali was ever meant to bow.

Branded an outsider, raised to obey, I spent my life defying a world that never knew who I really was. And now they see.

The king clears his throat, rising with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Now," he announces, "the party can truly begin! For the royal family is once again whole."

The cheers intensify.

He glances at me, then turns to the Queen, still seated. " would say more, but today isn't about me. It's her day. Her Majesty's birthday. And we all know she has far too much to say for me to be taking up her spotlight."

Laughter ripples through the crowd. The Queen rolls her eyes dramatically. The King lifts her hand and kisses it, slowly, reverently.

The kind of kiss that speaks of decades of battles fought and survived together. I see it then-how much he adores her. The deep, unspoken devotion in every gesture.

They've been through hell. Just like me. And now... maybe ... we get to heal. Together.

I sit straighter, brushing away my tears. If I'm going to be their daughter... if I'm going to be their princess...

Then I will do it right. I will get to know them.

I will be worthy of the throne that has called me home.

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 104

“In fact,” the Queen begins as the entire room falls into an expectant hush, “today is not only the best birthday I’ve ever had... but the happiest day of my life.”

look up at her, my vision already blurred with tears.

“Because I’ve finally been reunited with my daughter.” Her voice cracks, and she takes a moment to look at me before continuing. “Our Lovely Maya-she was taken from us so cruelly. Branded a blood-born omen by ruthless elders.

They claimed that if she wasn’t sacrificed before the next red moon, our kingdom would fall. They predicted plagues, droughts, death. And so, they demanded her life.”

The fire in her voice sends a chill down my spine.

“I don’t know who masterminded it,” she says. “But let them hear me now: your days are numbered. Now that I’ve found my daughter-my strength will make you pay.

You will bleed for every tear I cried, for every night! roamed these halls screaming her name.”

She turns slightly toward the King; whose jaw is clenched tight.

“Many of you know I withdrew from my duties,” she continues, her tone softer. “I wasn’t strong like the King. I couldn’t move on. I refused to accept the lie. I wandered the palace at night like a ghost. Whispering her name.

Searching for her in dreams.” Her voice cracks completely. “I never accepted Celestia... because deep down, I knew she wasn’t my child. I couldn’t pretend.”

The crowd is silent, breathless. I’m shaking, my chest rising and falling with broken sobs I can’t contain.

“And now...” She lifts her head proudly, her eyes shimmering with tears. “Now that I’ve found my daughter again, I swear by the Goddess herself-I will never let her go. And those who stole her from me will pay. Not just them but their children, and their children’s children. I will burn them from memory.”

The crowd erupts in thunderous clapping and murmurs of awe and sympathy. But I can’t move, my heart is pounding so hard it feels like it might break my ribs. My mother’s voice raw with pain and fury strikes something deep within me.

She truly suffered because of me. I saw it in her eyes—the same eyes that are only now beginning to shine again.

And just like her, I will find the ones who tore me away from her, from my true family... and I will make them pay.

It's painfully clear now—I was kidnapped. Taken to the witch's hut to be sacrificed. If my adoptive mother hadn't found me in time, I would've been dead by now. Just another forgotten child lost to superstition and fear.

And yet, this is the first time I've heard the full truth. That they called me a curse... a blood-born omen. That they believed my death would save the kingdom. I don't even

know how to feel. How do you process being labeled a threat to everything you were born to protect?

I stand, I don't even realize I'm doing it until I'm already on my feet. My eyes are wet. My cheeks are soaked. My hands tremble at my sides.

I take one step, then another, descending from the throne.

A few eyes follow me, but thankfully, not all. I can't bear their attention right now. I feel like I'm coming undone.

I glance around quickly, searching for my source of strength. My eyes scan the gathering-alphas, guards, guests—but I don't see him. I frown, panic rising in my chest.

Where is Jack?

He was just here... I need him. I need his arms around me to calm the storm raging inside me.

Before I can go any farther, a warm hand gently wraps around mine from behind. I pause, instantly comforted by her presence—my mother.

"Maya," she says softly, her voice still trembling with emotion, "are you alright? Do you want to rest? I can have your chambers prepared. A warm bath... anything you need."

I turn to face her, my heart tightening painfully. Her eyes are full of concern, her grip tender. And I hate what I'm about to say because I know it will hurt her but I can't lie. I blink back tears and shake my head gently. "I'm not staying in the palace...yet. I'm going back home with my mate."

She stiffens "What..?"

"I'm not leaving forever," I quickly add, squeezing her hand softly. "But I can't be here right now, not without Jack. He still has responsibilities at Bloodfang as Alpha."

Until then, I need to be by his side as Luna."

Color drains from her face. Her lips part slightly, and her voice lowers to a whisper. "But this is your home... Jack can come later, once he finds someone to take over from him. Maya, please—| don't want to be separated from you again. I won't survive it.. not this time."

Goddess, that nearly breaks me.

"I'm not leaving you, Mother," I say, my voice trembling with sincerity. "But Jack and I... we're mated. I bear his mark. Our bond is strong. I—I can't just be here without him. You understand the effects of the mate bond, don't you? need him. I need to breathe and I can only do that where he is."

She tries to smile, but fear flickers in her eyes.

"I understand," she says softly, though her voice begins to rise with desperation. "But you're my daughter before anything else. You're the future Queen. Jack will take over as Alpha King soon, and you as Queen. Your father and I are planning to retire. He wanted to make the announcement today, but I stopped him—because before you become busy with your duties, I wanted time with you. Time to enjoy being your mother."

She clutches my hands tighter, as though afraid I'll vanish.

"There are still so many things I want to teach you, Maya.

Things I never got the chance to do when you were gone. I want to plan your coronation together, show you the royal archives, help you choose your crown... I want to brush your hair like I did when you were little, go riding with you at sunrise, sit in the garden and talk about everything we've missed. I want to be your mother... just for a little while longer."

I exhale slowly, meeting her tearful gaze.

"I know, Mother. I'm not running from this. I want to spend as much time with you as possible, but—"

"Then why do you want to leave me?"

I open my mouth to explain again—to tell her again how empty and suffocating the palace feels without Jack, how I need his presence before I can even begin to fill these halls with my own—

"Your Majesty!"

Jasmine rushes forward, her steps uneven, like she wasn't sure if she should interrupt. Her eyes flicker from me to the Queen as she lowers her head respectfully.

The Queen offers a faint smile, though her fingers twitch like she's reluctant to let go of my hand.

"We'll talk later, Maya," she says gently before turning to leave—regal and composed and somehow, I find myself already missing her the moment she walks away.

I let out a shaky breath, only now realizing I've been holding it. Jasmine steps closer, still watching after the Queen. "She's ...terrifying," she mutters.

"Yeah, a little," I reply under my breath. "But not to me."

She turns to me, a grin tugging at her lips, mischief flickering in her eyes.

"Congratulations, Princess Kali. Just wait until word gets around that you're royalty now. Fury told me a little about your old pack... how they treated you like garbage. I bet their jaws are going to snap clean off when they find out you're the Alpha King's daughter."

I sport, surprised when a small laugh escapes me. "Yeah..."

I'd pay good money to see their faces," I mumble, rubbing the back of my neck, though my heart still hasn't completely settled.

She nudges me gently. "You deserve this. All of it."

I give her a small smile, warmth blooming in my chest-until a sudden thought hits me.

"Wait... Jasmine, where's Jack?"

Her smile fades instantly. "He's gone. Said he had to find Fury. Their connection just... vanished. He couldn't reach him."

My breath catches. "What?"

"Didn't he mindlink you?" she asks, her brows knitting together. And then like it's summoned by the rising panic in my chest, his voice slams into my mind.

"Kali... bad news. It's Fury. My uncle... he crippled him."

The words knock the air out of my lungs. I sway slightly, a sharp gasp slipping past my lips.

Jasmine's eyes widen. "Kali? What's wrong?"

But I can't answer as Jack's voice keeps echoing in my head, again and again, and all I can think about is one horrifying truth:

His uncle crippled Fury... just like Jack once crippled him.

Submission is Not My Style - Chapter 105

"What... how... what happened?"

Kali's voice stammers through the mind-link, jagged and choked with disbelief.

I clutch Fury tighter in my arms, his blood soaking through my shirt, his body heavy, limp, and terrifyingly still. My wolf snarls beneath my skin, low and feral, barely restrained thirsting for vengeance. He wants to tear my uncle apart and finish what we should have ended long ago. It's a regret that will haunt me forever—not killing that monster when I had the chance. Now it's costing me the people I care about.

But this time, I'll do more than just kill him. I'll tear him apart and destroy everything he's ever touched and everything he's ever loved. I'll dismantle his life-piece by agonizing piece-expose every dirty secret he's buried, and burn every bridge he's built. I'll make him beg for death... and deny him that mercy until the last sliver of his soul turns to ash.

No grave. No legacy. Just a memory soaked in terror.

"I don't know the full story yet. Only Fury does, and he'll tell us... if he survives," I say, voice thick with guilt for sending him after my uncle alone. "I found him like this—barely breathing, limbs broken. He was chasing that bastard, and I'm sure he walked right into his trap. My uncle did this to him."

Silence falls on Kali's end.

Complete, heartbreakingly silence. But I can feel her—every ounce of her pain, shock, and confusion slamming into me through the bond. I reach out instinctively, trying to ground her, to anchor her before she spirals. It's the reason I'm linked to her in the first place. Even from a distance, I could feel her panic—her heart racing, searching for me after I'd disappeared from the hall without warning.

The silence stretches, but she doesn't need to say anything. I already know.

Fury had become something to her... more than just a protector. A brother. A shield. A connection I once envied, but now I understand. He was meant to be there for her.

That's why, when I asked him to chase after my uncle, he didn't hesitate in fear because he wanted to make him pay for what he'd done to Kali.

And now, if he dies...

No.

I won't let that happen.

I press my forehead against his blood-matted hair as I run, legs burning, heart hammering. "Hang on, brother," I mutter under my breath. "You did your part. It's my turn now."

It had all happened so fast.

Just moments ago, I was standing in the grand throne room, clapping like a fool as my mate stood before the world, finally revealed as the missing princess. My chest had swelled with pride, disbelief buzzing in my veins.

And then I felt it—the disconnect.

I tried mindtinking Fury. Nothing.

Tried again. Still nothing.

Then came the cold dread clawing up my spine-our connection fading like a dying ember. I bolted from the hall, ignoring the curious stares, following his faint scent out into the woods behind the palace.

A dead forest. No birds. No wind. Just silence. No one ever goes there, and now I know why. In human form, I couldn't track him-his scent was too faint, too broken.

So I shifted. Let the beast out. My Alpha King wolf surged through the trees, following the near-invisible trail, nose low to the ground, paws pounding the earth until saw the crumpled body sprawled under the trees like discarded trash.

Fury. Unmoving. Half-dead.

Now, I storm through the palace gates with him in my arms like a fallen soldier. People scatter. The ceremony seems to have ended earlier than expected-guests are already leaving, Alphas exchanging nods-but every head turns when they see me. A full-grown warrior, limp and bloodied in my arms. Every Alpha bows.

The guards lower their heads as I pass, but I don't stop. My mind is locked on one thing.

Save him.

I charge into the same medical wing where Kali had once been treated. It's the private clinic reserved for the Alpha King himself. And now, it's for the warrior who nearly gave his life for the Alpha King's daughter-my mate.

The moment I burst in, the royal doctor appears like he was already waiting, head bowed low in respect, eyes widening as he sees the state of Fury.

"On the bed. Now," he says quickly, snapping into action.

I lower Fury gently, my hands trembling for the first time.

The doctor works fast. Scissors slicing through fabric, tools clattering against the tray, muttering things under his breath in panic I can barely register.

I just stand there. Covered in blood. Watching. Praying.

After what feels like a century, the doctor finally pulls off his gloves, his face pale.

"He's alive," he says. "Barely. I found his pulse and stabilized it."

I exhale, knees almost buckling in relief."But-" the doctor lifts a hand, his expression grave, "-his injuries are... unnatural. His wolf is not healing him. In fact, I fear it's broken."

“What?” I breathe.

“He was nearly torn apart. Bone fractures in five places.

His spinal alignment was twisted with such force, it’s a miracle he’s not already dead. This wasn’t a normal fight.

It was intentional. Someone meant to cripple him. This was savagery beyond instinct. If we don’t intervene, he may never walk again.”

This is my fault. My uncle used Fury to send a message. A brutal warning that I can’t stop him. That this is only the beginning. This was his revenge-for what I did. And Fury... Fury was just the scapegoat, but I swear on my life this will be the last time that bastard hurts anyone.

“What do you need?” I ask, my voice hoarse.

“Blood,” the doctor mutters, inspecting Fury’s shredded body. “But not just any blood. Not even an Alpha’s will suffice. To save him, we’ll need the blood of the Alpha King himself. The strongest lifeblood available.”

He pauses, his gaze shifting to me. A flicker of hesitation crosses his face as he studies me closely, as if sensing! something deeper.

“You’re the future Alpha King,” he says firmly. “I can feel it.

Your aura-it’s nearly identical to the current Alpha

King’s. The only difference is you haven’t officially claimed the throne yet. But you’ve completed the mating bond with his daughter. That changes everything.”

“What are you trying to say?”

“I’m saying you’re no longer ordinary. You carry the blood of kings now-and the wolf of one, too. That makes your blood... powerful. Royal.”

I glance at Fury lying broken on the bed, my throat tightening.

“Your blood will do,” the doctor finishes.

Funny. That thought had crossed my mind the moment i found him-bloody and barely breathing in the woods.

But something Fury once told me held me back. When I asked him to become Alpha of Blood Fang, he said-so firmly-that it wasn’t his path, and now giving him my blood won’t just heal him. It’ll change him. Elevate him.

My blood will rewrite his destiny-push him closer to a future he never asked for.

This isn't a choice I can make lightly. It will alter his life forever-an irreversible transformation. One, he should have the right to choose.

I drop to my knees beside the bed, my fists clenched.

He looks... empty. Like the fight is nearly gone. His skin is pale, lips cracked, and chest barely rising.

Do I save him... or let him go?"Damn it, Fury," I whisper, my voice cracking. "What the hell am I supposed to do?"

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 106

With a heavy sigh, I rise to my feet, disgusted with myself for even hesitating-especially when I owe Fury everything for what he's done for me. But I can't help it.

I glance at the doctor, who's still standing there patiently.

"Let me consult my mate before I-"

"My mate, Jack, will donate his blood. Immediately."

Kali's voice slices through like a thunderclap, cutting me off mid-sentence. She storms in like a force of nature, her gaze immediately locking on Fury. Her face pales, horror filling her eyes. Her hand flies to her mouth, and for a moment, she bites her lip hard, clearly trying to hold back tears.

Then she turns to me, her eyes burning. "He's dying, Jack."

Before I can say a word, she whirls on the doctor.

"What are you waiting for? We don't have time. Jack is the future Alpha King and he's my mate. I'm sure you can feel his aura, can't you?"

The doctor bows his head respectfully. "Yes, Your Highness. That's exactly what I was trying to say."

"Good," Kali says firmly with a sharp nod. "Then do what needs to be done. We'll give him whatever it takes. Fury must live."

"Yes, Your Highness," the doctor replies quickly, bowing before hurrying away to prepare for the procedure.

As soon as he leaves, Kali's guard drops. She rushes to me, and I wrap-my arms around her before she even asks. Her body melts into mine, trembling slightly as she exhales a shaky breath.

"I'm scared he won't accept this," I whisper into her hair."

You know how stubborn he is. And now, with my brood in his veins, he won't be just a warrior anymore—he'll carry the blood of an Alpha King. That means hell become an Alpha, whether he wants it or not, even if it's not for Bloodfang. His wolf won't tolerate disrespect. He'll have no choice but to rise above the rest."

"I know," she breathes. "But this time, it's not about what he wants. It's about what he needs."

She leans back to look up at me, her eyes glistening with tears.

"He wanted to protect me. Be my sword and shield. But now it's my turn to protect him—and I will. I won't let him die."

I nod, unable to speak past the lump forming in my throat.

She slowly pulls away and walks over to Fury, who still hasn't moved a muscle. His chest rises-barely and her lip quivers as she reaches out and touches his face.

"I'm sorry," she whispers. "I know what you wanted, Fury. I know what you were born to be for me... but I need you to live." Her hand hovers over his heart, and I feel the shift in the air—the bond between them beginning to unravel, a string about to snap.

"I release you," she says softly, her eyes wet. "You're no Longer my protector or personal guard. You're free now.

Free to choose your own path... Just live for me. But most importantly live for yourself."

Silence settles over the room as the invisible string binding them snaps, like a final goodbye. She sniffles and wipes her cheek, eyes never leaving his face.

The doctor re-enters the room moments later, carrying a tray that holds a sterilized needle, a reinforced vial, a compact blood infusion pump, and a set of enchanted tubes lined with silver filament-crafted specifically to transfer royal werewolf blood without diminishing its potency.

"It's ready," he announces.

I glance at Kali one last time. She nods.

Taking a deep breath, I move to sit beside Fury and roll up my sleeve. The doctor swabs the inside of my arm before inserting the needle. There's a sharp pinch, then a wave of warmth as my blood begins to flow through the enchanted tubing and into the pump. The machine hums quietly, regulating the flow before channeling it into a second tube connected to Fury's arm.

The process is ritualistic-familiar, yet far more intense than the last time I did this for Caspian, back when I was merely an Alpha swearing the sacred oath.

But now, I am the Alpha King.

Power roars beneath my skin like thunder, ancient and alive, pulsing with the weight of generations. The blood of kings. As it flows from my veins into Fury, I feel it lash out like a storm,

wild and primal, resisting the transfer at first before settling into a determined rhythm. The air around us thickens, charged with invisible energy that crackles like lightning waiting to strike. Fury's body jolts.

His fingers twitch. His back arches slightly off the bed as though some unseen force is dragging him upward, fighting for dominance inside him. His wolf is reacting to mine. It's instinctive—an age-old response etched deep into our kind's DNA. Alpha blood demands submission, but Fury's no ordinary wolf. He's always been different.

He's strong. Relentless.

Now, he's caught in the middle of a transformation he never asked for.

Sweat beads on his brow, his breathing ragged and shallow. His muscles flex beneath his skin as if straining against invisible chains, and a low growl escapes from his throat—raw and guttural. The sound sends a chill down my spine.

The doctor, wide-eyed, stares at the monitors. "He's... already reacting? That fast? That's not supposed to happen."

"It's my blood," I say quietly, my eyes never leaving Fury. "It doesn't ask for permission."

For a moment, I think he's going to open his eyes. His lids flutter like he's trapped in an internal war, his wolf fighting to rise while his body clings to the edge.

"Easy," Kali whispers, clutching his hand tightly. "You don't have to fight it. Just... come back to us."

Her voice is softer now, like a balm soothing the storm raging inside him. And just like that, Fury exhales sharply.

His body slackens, the tension melting from his limbs. The doctor checks his pulse and exhales slowly.

"His vitals are stabilizing. It's working."

I see it in Kali's eyes—the flicker of hope but deep down, I know this is only the beginning. He might wake up stronger, but he won't be the same. He won't act the same.

Once the transfer is complete, the doctor removes the tubes with expert care, disposing of the enchanted lines and sealing the insertion points with a healing salve. He checks Fury's pulse one more time and nods to himself.

"Now we wait," he says. "Until he wakes."

"I'll stay," Kali murmurs. "You go. Find your bastard uncle, Jack—before he gets another chance to hurt someone we love."

She's right. Time is running out. I press a firm kiss to her lips, my fingers brushing her cheek.

“Call me if anything changes.”

“I will,” she whispers.

I take one last look at Fury’s motionless body, the sight burning itself into my memory. Then I turn and walk out, already planning how many times I’ll tear my uncle apart—piece by piece.

I storm through the palace hallway, my chest tight, jaw clenched, and mind spinning with rage. That’s when I see him—the Alpha King-striding down the corridor with heavy steps and furrowed brows. His presence commands the space. Normally, I’d bow-show some damn respect.

But not when everything feels like it’s hanging by a thread.

He stops a few feet in front of me. “I was just coming to find you,” he says before I can speak. “The Queen ended the celebration the moment Kali ran off in a panic. She said there’s no point in celebrating when her daughter—or someone her daughter cares about—is in danger.”

I nod. “Fury is more than just someone we care about. He’s family. He’s protected Kali and now, he’s barely clinging to it.”

“What happened?” the King asks.

I exhale sharply. “Your royal messenger—that bastard—is what happened. He’s the one behind all of this. He was Celestia’s master, manipulating her like a puppet, driving her to madness. He kidnapped Kali. Tried everything to kill her. But he failed.”

Something flickers in the Alpha King’s eyes—a flash of understanding mixed with fury—but he remains silent, letting me go on.

“Celestia was only his Plan A,” I say, my voice low and edged with bitterness. “Now that she’s gone, you can be sure he has a Plan B.”

“I’ll dispatch my best warriors—every tracker and elite hunter in the kingdom. They’ll sweep the borders. He won’t escape this time. And he’ll never get close to my daughter again. That’s a promise.”

I meet his gaze unflinchingly. “Good. But when you find him...” I pause, my tone dropping into a deadly growl. “Leave him to me. I need to be the one to end this.”

He studies me for a long moment, then gives a firm nod. “So be it. You are the future Alpha King. Your decision is as good as mine.”

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 107

“When is he going to wake up, Doctor?” My voice cracks despite my attempt to sound composed. I try to hide how terrified I am, but I must be failing-because the doctor gives me a look that says he sees right through me. “It’s been over five hours... and still nothing.”

I haven’t moved from Fury’s side-not for a second since Jack left. My fingers are locked around his, cold with fear.

My heart won’t stop pounding-not with the steady beep of the monitor, not with the warmth slowly returning to his skin but he still hasn’t opened his eyes..

The doctor glances up from Fury’s chart, his gaze tinged with hesitant sympathy. “As I said earlier, Princess... his vitals are stable, and his body has accepted the alpha strain. But...” He hesitates, clearly confused. “He should be awake by now. I don’t understand why he isn’t.”

I glance down at Fury. His body twitches every so often, sweat clinging to his temples. His lashes flutter like he’s trapped in a nightmare he can’t escape. I lean forward, gently brushing the damp strands of hair from his forehead.

Please, Moon Goddess... let him wake up. And if he does... don’t let him wake up cold-like Caspian did after receiving Jack’s alpha blood. Don’t let him look at me like I’m a stranger. Don’t let Fury forget me too.

The memory of Caspian’s blank stare still haunts me. The thought of Fury doing the same sends a sharp pain

through my chest.

Then, without warning, Fury gasps—a sharp, violent inhale like a drowning man breaking the surface. His body arches off the bed as his eyes snap open, glowing blood-red and blazing with rage.

“You bastard!” he roars, his voice raw and animalistic. “I’ll make you pay! You think you can get away with everything

—you might-!”

A guttural growl erupts from deep within his chest, shaking the very walls. His wolf isn’t just surfacing-it’s taking over.

The doctor stumbles back eyes wide with terror, knocking into a tray behind him.

“Fury!” I shout, grabbing his shoulders, trying to ground him. “Hey-Fury, calm down! You’re safe. You’re in the palace. You’re safe now.”

His red eyes dart toward me-wild, lost it’s obvious he still thinks he was fighting off jack uncle but something flickers there. Recognition.

“Maya?” he whispers, then corrects himself in confusion, Kali.”

I nod gently. "Yes, it's me."

He stares at me like I'm something he thought he'd never see again. His gaze shifts, trying to understand the heaviness in his limbs, the pulse in his chest that beats with new strength he doesn't recognize.

"I know you're confused," I say softly, trying not to cry. "But ... you have alpha blood in your veins now."

His lips part in disbelief. "What...?"

"You're an alpha now, Fury."

"No," he breathes. "No, that's not possible. I'm just a warrior. I've always been a warrior.." His voice cracks. His eyes cloud with pain, then anger. "That bastard... he broke me in the worst way possible."

"I know," I whisper. "I know what he did to you. You nearly died, Fury. You would've died."

He stares at his hands like they don't belong to him. I see the tremor in his fingers, the way his jaw tightens as he fights for control.

"How is it possible that I have alpha blood?" His voice is barely audible. "My legs—he crushed them. I felt my bones snap like twigs. And now I can move... but I don't feel like myself."

"Jack saved you. He gave you his blood. He's the future Alpha King—his blood had the power to heal you."

"He shouldn't have," Fury mutters, shaking his head. "You don't understand, Kali... this changes everything. My life, my destiny. You broke our promise."

No fury . I kept it.

"You should have left me to die..." he snaps, anger flashing in his eyes.

My voice rises before I can stop it. "Don't you dare say that. You think I could've watched you fade away? You made a promise to protect me—and I'm making one now: I will protect you too, even if it means you hate me for it."

"I was supposed to be your shield," he growls, his eyes wild with pain. "Your sword. That's who I was born to be—your personal warrior, your bodyguard."

"And now you're more than that," I say, gently brushing the damp strands of hair from his forehead. "I've already released you, Fury. You're no longer bound to me."

^ "You... freed me?"

I nod. "You're free to live your own life. You don't owe me anything. With alpha blood in your veins, you can be anything you want. You could even go search for your family-I believe they're out there, waiting for you."

His voice cracks. "What if they're not? What if they've forgotten me? I don't know who I am without this purpose... I've always just been a weapon."

"You're not just a weapon," I whisper. "You're a man. A brother. A son. Maybe even someone who deserves a second-chance mate-someone who will love and cherish him."

He turns his head slightly, eyes filled with something I've never seen in him before-fear.

After a long silence, I ask softly, "What really happened, Fury? What did he do to you?"

He looks down, hands curling into fists. His voice shakes as he speaks.

"He wasn't normal, Kali. Jack's uncle... he's something else. I thought I could take him-hell, I'm a trained warrior, I've fought beasts stronger than most alphas but he didn't fight fair."

Submission is Not My Style - Chapter 108

I stay still, letting him speak.

"He used the Queen's necklace. The real one. Not the illusion. During the fight, it glowed-pulsed with this... black energy. I expected it to burn him. He's not royalty but it didn't."

I stiffen. "It didn't burn him?"

"No," he says darkly. "It fueled him. Like he was feeding off it somehow. His eyes... they weren't even wolf eyes. They were hollow. Twisted. Like something was living inside him."

I shiver.

"He said he's using a form of dark magic this world hasn't seen before," Fury continues. "He was too strong, Kali. Too fast. My legs-he crushed them with a spell, not even his hands. I couldn't move. I couldn't fight back."

"Moon Goddess," I whisper, my throat tight with fury and dread. -

"I've never seen anything like it," Fury says, his voice low and thick with disbelief. "He's not just dangerous. He's/ unnatural. And if he still has the necklace... no one is safe."

I nod slowly, feeling the storm rise within me again-rage, fear, desperation. A deadly mix threatening to boil over.

“Don’t worry,” I say quietly, needing to believe my own words. “Jack’s gone to find him—and to end him once and for all, before he can hurt anyone else. He’ll make him pay. With his soul for everything he’s done. And I’m sure he’ll figure out a way to retrieve the Queen’s necklace before that monster can feed on it any further with his dark magic.”

“He has to be careful,” Fury murmurs.

I let out a small chuckle, brittle but genuine. “He’s the future Alpha King, remember? He can handle himself.

Dark magic or not.”

Fury’s lips quirk at that. I press on, keeping my tone light, even as my chest tightens with anxiety.

“And you—you have the Alpha King’s blood in you now.

You’re stronger than most alphas. If you ever cross paths with that bastard again, you’ll take him down. But for now, your only focus should be finding your family.”

His head tilts slightly, his brows drawing together. It’s as if the idea hadn’t fully dawned on him until that moment.

“If you were born to protect me, and my parents are the Alpha King and Queen,” I continue,

“then your parents

must be close too. They worked in this very palace where we used to play. I’m sure they’re nearer than you think!”

His tense jaw relaxes as he nods slowly, the corners of his lips twitching as the memory stirs something deep within him. “Yeah... you’re right. My parents should be around.” He swallows hard. “I’m freaking nervous now.”

I giggle at his sudden vulnerability, finding it endearing.

But before either of us can say more, the door creaks open, and the Queen steps in, her presence like a calming tide. Regal and composed, but her eyes search the room frantically—until they land on me.

“Maya,” she breathes.

Without hesitation, I leave Fury’s bedside and walk toward her. She reaches out, and I place my hands in hers without a second thought.

“Mother,” I whisper, the word catching on the lump in my throat.

She squeezes my hands tightly, her expression flooded with warmth and worry.

Before I can say more, another figure rushes past-Jasmine. She barrels straight into Fury's arms, hugging him so tightly he staggers back a step.

"Fury!" she sobs, burying her face in his chest. "How could you go after such a dangerous man alone? Do you have any idea what I would've done if something had happened to you? If you had died-"

Her voice breaks. "I don't know how I'd live without you."

Her hands clutch his tunic like a lifeline. The raw emotion in her voice slices through the room, and even I feel it in my chest.

Fury looks stunned, frozen for a moment. Then, slowly-almost awkwardly—he lifts his arms and wraps them around her. I try not to read into it. Maybe it's gratitude.

Maybe she's just overwhelmed. After all, he's been protecting her since she lost her wolf. That kind of bond can create a pull between them. And Jasmine... she's always been sensitive—especially now that she's vulnerable, now that she's human.

A soft throat-clear cuts through the moment. The Queen raises her eyebrows slightly. Jasmine jolts and lets go of Fury, cheeks reddening furiously.

"-I'm sorry, Your Majesty," she stammers, stepping back.

Fury bows his head, straightening like a soldier before royalty.

"Tom," the Queen says, her voice unexpectedly tender. "That's what we used to call you. Though I doubt you remember me."

He lifts his head slowly, voice raw. "... I remember the name, Your Majesty."

She lets out a soft, breathy chuckle, though her eyes shine with unshed tears. "You've grown so much. You used to run through these halls barefoot, chasing Maya and knocking over flower vases." Her voice falters as a wave of emotion ripples through her. "We'd scold you, but you'd just flash that cheeky smile, and all would be forgiven." She pauses, staring past him into the shadows of the room as if they still held echoes of laughter long gone. It's clear that our sudden disappearance still haunts her.

"The day you both vanished..." Her voice trembles as the pain of the past flickering in her eyes. "I thought I'd go mad. There were search parties, warriors combing every corner of the realm. We feared the worst. And still, I held on to hope."

Fury lowers his gaze, the guilt sinking into his chest like a stone.

"I'm sure you're curious about your parents," the Queen continues, the softness fading from her voice. "Your father was my personal bodyguard. A man of honor. Just as you were born to protect Kali, he was born to protect me."

Fiercely loyal. Fearless in battle."

She takes a slow breath, steadying herself.

“But after you and Maya vanished, something inside him broke. He blamed himself. Said he should’ve died before allowing anyone to touch his children. He retired shortly after. He’s still alive-taken care of by a kind omega maid in the countryside... but he’s only a shell now. He hasn’t smiled in years.”

Fury swallows hard. “And my mother?”

The Queen’s eyes shimmer with sorrow.

“She died three winters ago,” she says, voice hollow. “The pain was too much. She never stopped waiting. Every day, she sat by the window... watching the road, hoping to see your face. She stopped eating. Stopped speaking. She withered from grief. Her last words..” She trails off, voice cracking. “She said, He’s still out there. My little boy. He’ll come home.”*

A heavy silence falls over the room.

“She was right,” the Queen adds with a bitter smile. “You did come home. But... she’s not here to see it.”

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 109

Fury falls to his knees.

“I was too late,” he whispers, voice barely holding itself together before it shatters completely and his shoulders shake.

My chest twists painfully as I watch him grieve. Once a proud warrior, now a mighty Alpha-reduced to a broken boy. He makes no attempt to hide it, no effort to be strong in front of us. Not when the woman who gave him life is gone.

A sob rips from his throat, raw and full of agony. He cries like a baby.

And gods, I cry too.

I can’t stop the tears streaming down my face as I move closer, not touching him-just being near. The Queen, my mother, dabs her eyes with trembling fingers, her usual composure faltering under the thick sorrow filling the room. Jasmine, already at his side, is sniffling –her eyes red and swollen. Without hesitation, she sinks to her knees and wraps her arms around his shaking frame, holding him as if she can shield him from the pain.

“It’s okay... it’s okay..” she murmurs, though it’s not.

Nothing about this is okay.

Fury buries his face in her shoulder like a wounded child and clutches her gown like a lifeline. He cries until there's nothing left—just heavy breaths and silence.

Gently, Jasmine pulls back, brushing away the damp strands of hair clinging to his forehead. He doesn't speak, just looks up at the Queen with swollen, bloodshot eyes.

The Queen moves gracefully, kneeling before him. She places a hand over his and offers a soft, sad smile. "Your mother may no longer walk this realm, my child," she says, "but her love will never leave you. You carry it in your blood, in your heart. She will always be by your side, Fury."

He nods slowly, jaw clenched, eyes filled with pain.

"I want to see my father," he rasps. "Please... can you take me to him?"

The Queen squeezes his hand gently. "Of course," she replies. "I've already sent word. He knows you're alive... and he's waiting for you."

A long, shaky breath escapes him. Relief, maybe. Or fear.

Or both.

"I'll have a carriage prepared," she continues. "You won't have to go alone—Maya and Jasmine can go with you, if you'd like."

"Thank you," Fury says hoarsely, his voice nearly gone.

The Queen rises, smoothing her gown. "I won't be able to accompany you," she says regretfully. "I've begun an investigation into what truly happened—how you both vanished all those years ago. I need to get to the bottom of it."

Her gaze locks on his, "Send my greetings to your father.

And tell him... justice will be served."

Fury bows his head in quiet respect. "I will. Thank you for taking such good care of my father."

A shadow of wistful sadness passes over the Queen's eyes. "It's not me you should thank but the omega girl who gave up her life to care for him. She treated him like her own father... and never once gave up hope."

Fury's breath hitches slightly, his eyes dimming with something close to guilt. He nods, lips parting to speak, but no words come.

The wind is warm as we step outside. The sun is setting, spilling gold and blush across the sky. A carriage waits in front of the palace, the horses shifting restlessly as if they can sense that something important is about to begin.

Fury walks beside metal, proud. It's hard to believe that not long ago he'd been on his deathbed, every limb broken. Now, he moves like a man reborn, as if his bones have forgotten the agony they

once endured. There's a spark in his eyes again... a spark that had been missing since the day he woke up.

He exhales slowly, gaze fixed on the carriage. "I won't lie-I'm grateful to Alpha Jack for giving me his blood," he says, voice low but sincere. "I never thought I'd say that... but I am. And I'm glad you broke our promise. If I'd had to see my father crippled... or worse, if I'd died... he would have been the one to bury me."

I place a hand on his arm, stopping him before we climb in. "You deserve to be here, Fury. And if breaking our promise a thousand times is what it takes, then so be it.

You've saved me more times than I can count. And Jasmine too-especially when she was at her weakest.

Jack and I will always be grateful to you for that."

My eyes flick to Jasmine, who's practically glued to Fury's side, beaming up at him like he hung the stars. She's blushing, giddy, telling him for the fifth time how happy she is that he's alive.

"You don't know how scared I was," she says breathlessly, fiddling with the ends of her hair. "I thought we'd lost you ... forever."

Fury chuckles and turns to her with a smile that could melt steel. "Of course not. I'll always be here to protect you. You've always been like a sister to me."

Sister.

The word hangs in the air like a slap.

Jasmine's smile drops like a stone. Her entire face shifts-like someone drained all the color out of her. She flinches as if he just scorched her skin, and then slowly, quietly, lets go of his arm. Fury, ever clueless, doesn't notice. He's already turned toward the carriage door.

I notice.

And gods, it hurts to watch.

Jasmine forces a small, polite smile and looks away, but I know that expression too well-the disappointment, the quiet ache. She'd been hoping for something more.

Needing it, even. After all, falling in love-and being loved in return-was the only way she could get her wolf back.

And Fury... sweet, loyal, utterly clueless Fury... didn't even see it.

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 110

The ride is quiet.

Fury stares out the window, lost in his own thoughts.

Jasmine sits beside him in silence, her hands folded tightly in her lap. I don't say anything, pretending not to notice. She's processing, and I know better than to interrupt that kind of heartbreak.

Eventually, the carriage slows.

We roll to a stop in front of a quiet house, nestled within a field of wildflowers. Roses, lilies, foxglove... all blooming, spilling colors across the landscape like a painting. The scent of jasmine-fittingly-wafts through the air, calming and sweet.

The house is small, but warm. The kind of place built with Love. It's tucked away from the world, hidden among nature, peaceful and still. The kind of home someone would keep when all they've loved has been lost.

I step out first, breathing in the air.

When Fury turns to help Jasmine down, she hesitates.

Then, with a forced smile, she hops down on her own before he can touch her.

He blinks, slightly confused. "You okay?"

"I'm fine," she says a little too quickly, brushing imaginary dust from her dress before walking ahead without looking at him.

Fury watches her go, puzzled. He glances at me for a moment, brows knitting together. "Did I... say something wrong?"

I don't answer. I just give him a small smile and say, "Come on, let's go."

He follows, still unaware but I know exactly what's happening. I see it clearly.

Jasmine's falling in love-hard. And I can't blame her. Fury is probably the first man who's treated her the way she deserves. Khoas her first mate had been the worst kind of bastard, leaving scars so deep they nearly broke her. Fury is the opposite. He holds her like she's fragile, not broken.

Protects her without asking for anything in return.

But the problem is... he doesn't see it, and I'm not sure who that's going to hurt more-her, or him.

As we walk deeper into the compound, Fury starts acting strangely.

He keeps rubbing his nose, sniffing like something's bothering him. His shoulders twitch slightly. I glance at him. "You alright?"

He doesn't answer. His eyes are narrowed, nostrils flaring like a wolf catching a scent in the wind.

Odd. But then I see him stiffen and slow his steps as we reach the entrance to the small house.

There, just a few feet ahead, a man sits in a wheelchair.

He's motionless, head bowed, hands gripping the armrests as if holding himself together. Something about him pulls at my chest. He looks... empty. Like life forgot to finish him. His frame is thin, almost gaunt, but even in his stillness, I can see the resemblance-his jaw, the eyes, the-stubborn line of his brow.

An older, broken version of Fury.

"Father?" Fury's voice comes out as a whisper. Soft. Shaky.

The man looks up slowly and gasps.

"Tom...?" His voice cracks like a branch underfoot. "Is it really you?"

Fury's whole body shudders. He takes a step forward-and then another-and then suddenly he's dropping to his knees in front of his father, arms wrapping around the frail frame like he's trying to hold time itself.

"It's me," Fury says, choking on the words. I'm here."

The old man grips him back with strength I didn't think he had, burying his face into his son's shoulder. I feel Jasmine shift beside me, trying hard not to cry.

"If only your mother were here to see this... to see you, just as I am seeing you now," the man murmurs, eyes already wet."I'm glad you're alive and well," Fury says softly.

"It's all thanks to Nora," his father replies. "She never gave up. She took care of me, of the house, of your mother's garden. That girl is an angel."

Fury pulls back slightly, wiping his face quickly before standing again. "Dad, this is Princess Kali-future Queen and mate to the future Alpha King, Jack-and this is Jasmine, his sister."

The man blinks at us, then gives a tired but genuine smile.

"An honor. You're both welcome here, always."

Jasmine bows slightly, cheeks flushing. "Thank you, sir." But Fury's still... distracted. The nose scratching gets worse, more frantic now. His eyes dart around, agitated.

My stomach tightens with recognition.

No.

I've seen this before-the twitching, the shift in scent, the sudden hyper-awareness. I saw it before he met Celestia... his first chance mate.

I shake my head quickly. No. It can't be. Not again. Not when Jasmine is already falling in love with him... already hoping.

"I'll have Nora prepare the best tea," Fury's father says with a smile. "She should be back any moment from the garden. Your mother's garden. She goes there every morning-keeps it blooming, like your mother would've wanted."

And just as he says it... footsteps sound behind us. A voice, soft but steady, drifts through the air. "I'm back, Father."

We all turn.

She's standing there barefoot on the cobblestone path, holding a small basket of flowers and fruits. Her hair is a dark cascade of waves, her skin sun-kissed, cheeks flushed from the garden heat. She's... beautiful. Earthy.

Timeless.

And then—

Fury growls.

Loud.

It rips from his throat like thunder and rolls through the trees. One of the trees nearby actually shakes, a gust of wind spiraling from nowhere. His body jerks forward instinctively-and in less than a second, he's no longer beside us.

He's standing right in front of her.

His chest rises and falls sharply, his aura pulsing with fierce, possessive energy. When he speaks, his voice is a low, gravelled whisper, filled with awe and an undeniable claim.

"Mine." The girl gasps, frozen, eyes wide and locked onto his.

And behind me-

A soft thud.

"Jasmine!"

I whirl just in time to see her hit the ground, unconscious.

My breath catches in my throat.

Gods.

