

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 131`

I let out a slow sigh, a small, knowing smile tugging at my mouth." From the look in your eyes, Jasmine... you're madly in love with him, aren't you?"

Her cheeks flush. She looks down, twisting the hem of her gown between her fingers. "I am," she admits softly. "I tried to fight it, but every time I see him, it's like... my heart forgets how to beat unless he's near."

My chest tightens. "Has he... confessed yet?"

Her head lifts slightly, and she shakes it. "No," she says with a sad laugh that sounds more like a sigh. "He treats me like I'm made of glass

-always gentle, always kind. But he hasn't said the words. And part of me- " Her voice cracks. "Part of me is terrified he never will."

- I nod slowly, my mind racing. If Caspian truly loves her-if he's really in love-that could break the dark magic that bound her wolf. That was the clause. True love could set her free.

But I know she doesn't want to get her hopes up-not after what happened with Fury. She had once believed in that kind of love, only to have her heart shattered and be forced to walk away. Fury had treated her like glass too, but unlike him, Caspian looked at her like a woman... like she was his whole world.

I saw it earlier in the grand hall-the way his eyes followed her every movement. Caspian had never looked at me with that kind of intensity.

He looked at her the way Jack looks at me. Whatever Caspian once thought he felt for me was nothing more than a fleeting crush-not love.

I reach over and squeeze her hand gently. "Maybe he's just waiting for the right moment," I whisper. "You'd be surprised how men can hide their hearts until they're forced to show them." She gives me a small, watery smite. "I hope so."

Before I can reply, a loud, frantic bang rattles the door.

"Your Majesty." a voice shouts, breathless. "My Queen-please, come quickly! The King –he's about to kill Alpha Caspian!"

The words punch the air out of my lungs.

Jasmine's face drains of color. "What?" she gasps, bolting upright. "No-no, that can't-"

But the look on the guard's face says it all.

Frush to the door, my heartbeat thundering in my ears. "Where?"

The grand hall,” he pants. “The party’s over. Everyone’s gone—the Alphas, their Lunas... it’s just the King and Alpha Caspian now.”

My stomach twists. Damn it, Jack. Not again.

“Jasmine, stay behind me,” I say quickly, grabbing her wrist. But she shakes her head violently.

“No! If he kills Caspian—”

I don’t let her finish. We’re already running. The halls blur past in a rush of color and torchlight until we burst through the doors of the grand hall.

The sight before me steals my breath.

Caspian is on his knees, Jack’s hand wrapped tightly around his throat.

His eyes burn with defiance even as his face turns red from lack of air.

Jack’s voice is low, dangerous. “I’m going to take back the life I gave you, Caspian. You were warned. You were told not to look at what’s mine.” Chapter 207-

“Yours?” Caspian rasps, choking out the words. “You told me not to look at your mate—not Jasmine. You said nothing about her. And if loving her means my death, then so be it. I’d rather die than live without her!”

“Caspian!” Jasmine screams, tears streaking her face.

Jack’s eyes blaze with fury, his grip tightening. “You dare—”

But then Caspian’s voice cuts through, hoarse and desperate.

“I love her,” he gasps. “Do you hear me, Jack? I love her. I love your sister, Jasmine—and there’s nothing you can do to stop what I feel for her!.

Everything freezes.

Jack’s eyes flicker, the strength in his hand faltering. For a split second, the mighty Alpha King hesitates.

And in that instant, Jasmine crumples beside me.

“Jasmine!” I scream, catching her before she hits the ground. Her body jerks violently, her back arching as a raw, guttural sound escapes her throat.

“Jack!” I shout. “Something’s happening!”

But I already know what it is.

Her nails dig into my arm as light bursts beneath her skin-shimmering silver veins crawling up her neck, her eyes glowing with fierce, blinding gold.

“She’s-she’s transforming,” I whisper, awe and fear tangling in my chest.

The lost wolf... awakening.

Caspian stumbles to his feet, eyes wide with horror and disbelief.”

Jasmine?” he breathes.

Her scream pierces the hall, echoing off the marble walls, and then-everything goes still.

Her body drops limply in my arms, her breathing shallow but steady, the faint shimmer of her reborn wolf aura pulsing beneath her skin.

And in that haunting silence, Jack and Caspian lock eyes.

Both men realize the same thing.

Caspian’s love-his true love-just broke the curse.

And now... nothing will ever be the same again.

I lower Jasmine gently to the cold marble floor, brushing her hair out of her face. Her breathing is ragged, uneven-but her body begins to glow again, the silver veins surging beneath her skin like liquid moonlight.

“Jasmine...” I whisper, backing up just as her body arches once more-then bursts with a flash of blinding light.

A collective gasp ripples through the room. When the light fades, she’s no longer lying there as a woman.

A sleek silver wolf stands in her place.

For a heartbeat, no one moves. Her fur gleams with a shimmer that almost looks divine, her eyes-gold, wild, and alive-scanning the hall in confusion before they land on one person.

“Jasmine,” Jack breathes, his voice thick with emotion. He drops to his knees beside her before anyone else can react. His fingers sink into her fur, stroking her head like she’s something precious. “You’re back, little sister..”

Her tail flicks once, then twice. She leans her head into his chest, letting out a soft, grateful whine. For a moment, it’s just the two of them-brother and sister, reunited in a miracle neither of us thought possible.-

Then her ears twitch. Slowly, she turns her head.

Toward Caspian.

He's still on his knees, frozen where Jack left him, his chest rising and falling too fast, eyes wide as he stares at her. Jasmine's wolf pads toward him, her steps hesitant but certain. Then she does the one thing that completely shatters whatever composure Caspian has left-she licks his face. Once. Twice.

He blinks, then lets out a breathless laugh, his hand trembling as he reaches out to pet her head. "You're... you're really here," he murmurs, his voice cracking. "Goddess, Jasmine..."

Her tail wags wildly as she nuzzles into him, whining softly for more attention.

Jack growls behind me, low and warning, but he doesn't move.

Progress, I think dryly.

watch them for a moment-the wolf and the man, both so broken once, now whole together-and my heart squeezes painfully.

He really does love her.

I catch Jack's eye and link him silently through our bond.

"You better apologize to him."

He stiffens, his jaw clenching.

"For what?"

"For nearly killing him," I snap. "For doubting him. For threatening him like some paranoid maniac. You can see it, Jack-he's not the bad guy here. He loves her. That's why she got her wolf back. You should be giving them your blessing, not blood."

Jack's eyes narrow. "I still can't trust him to protect her. No man can."

I glare at him. "Oh, don't start. I found out what you did-how you threatened Caspian not to talk to me or even look at me. What gives you the right to make decisions for me, for Jasmine-for anyone?"

That hits him. His shoulders tense, and his lips part, but no excuse comes out."You're lucky I love you," I continue through gritted teeth. "Because if you don't fix this right now, I swear I'll sleep in another chamber for a month—and you can explain to the council why your queen's suddenly ill."

Jack blinks, wearing that half-panicked, half-guilty look that says he knows he's in trouble. Slowly-very slowly-he turns toward Caspian

-and, to my utter disbelief, pats him on the head.

Like a dog.

Caspian freezes mid-laugh, confusion flickering across his face. I have to bite my lip hard to keep from bursting out laughing.

“Good boy,” Jack mutters awkwardly, clearing his throat as he straightens his collar.

Jasmine’s wolf barks sharply at him, tail wagging as if scolding him.

That’s it—I lose it. I laugh, shaking my head. “You three are ridiculous,” I say, looking between them. “Alright—since this is the perfect mix of disaster and miracle, I’m organizing a small family celebration tonight.

Just us.”