

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 2

Kali

Every inch of my body screams in pain.

Bruises bloom across my skin, my ribs ache with every shallow breath, and my limbs feel like dead weight, but I refuse to stay down.

Gritting my teeth, I push myself up from the cold floor where Beta Logan left me. Shame burns hotter than the pain—not because of the bruises, not because of the broken bones that are already snapping back into place thanks to my wolf, but because I didn’t fight back.

I let that bastard do this to me.

I let him win for Mum’s sake.

Swallowing hard, I force myself to stand, ignoring the way my legs shake beneath me. He won’t win forever. One day, I’ll make him pay, and when I do, I’ll take my mother far away from him—somewhere safe. Somewhere he can never touch her again.

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Caspian’s house is one of the only places where I can breathe, where I can just exist without being reminded that I’m nothing more than an unwanted stray in the Red Night Pack.

I had his key, so I let myself in, collapsing onto his worn leather couch and letting my body relax.

Caspian arrives minutes later, his face twisted with barely restrained fury as he kneels in front of me, gently pushing my hair back to examine the bruises on my face. His touch is soft, the complete opposite of the rage in his eyes.

“He went too far this time,” he mutters as he reaches for the first-aid kit.

I huff out a weak laugh, leaning back against the couch. “Oh, this is too far?” I tilt my head slightly, watching him through lidded eyes. “What about all the other times?”

His hands still for a moment before he resumes cleaning a cut on my shoulder. The sting barely registers compared to the deep ache settling in my bones.

“This is different,” he says quietly. “Broken ribs, a fractured wrist—Kali, you should be in the pack hospital.”

I shake my head. “I’m not giving them the satisfaction of seeing me like this.”

Caspian exhales sharply but doesn’t argue. He knows my pride too well.

“I should fucking kill him,” he mutters under his breath.

I let out a dry, humorless laugh, wincing as it jostles my ribs. “You can’t,” I remind him. “He’s Beta. He has power over you.”

Caspian clenches his jaw so hard I can hear his teeth grind but doesn’t say anything as he works in silence.

We both know the truth—no one would dare challenge Logan, not unless they wanted to suffer the consequences. This isn’t the first time Logan has beaten me, but it’s the first time he’s tried to break me. Minutes pass in silence as he tends to my wounds, his touch careful, tender.

“Are you alright, Kali?” he asks suddenly, breaking me from my thoughts.

I blink, meeting his gaze. There’s too much emotion in his eyes—concern, frustration... love.

Caspian is handsome; anyone with eyes can see that. But if I’m being honest, he’s not my type. He’s too good, too soft-hearted, too safe.

I like my men dark and dangerous. The kind that radiate bad boy energy.

Caspian is the kind of man who would worship his mate. And while that’s not a bad thing...

I shake my head, forcing a smirk. “Sorry, Caspian. I got a little distracted thinking about my perfect revenge plan.”

His lips press into a thin line. “Kali,” he says, voice low, “once we find out we’re mates, I’ll take you away from that house. You’ll be free.”

I should be happy to hear that.

But a small, dark part of me knows better than to get my hopes up.

The universe has never been on my side before. Fate wouldn’t be so kind as to pair me with someone like Caspian—someone who actually cares.

Still, I don’t say anything to kill his hope. I just offer him a small, tired smile.

“Maybe,” I murmur, keeping my voice light. “Guess we’ll see.”

Caspian watches me carefully before sighing. “You should rest. We can’t train tonight, not like this. We’ll pick it up tomorrow.”

I nod, and the second my head hits the pillow, I’m out.

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When I wake up, the house is silent.

Slowly, I push myself up, stretching out my arms and testing my ribs. The pain is still there but dull—not as sharp as before. I roll my wrist and watch as the lingering soreness fades.

Faster than normal.

I frown. Wolves heal quickly, but not this fast. I should still be in pain, barely able to move. Yet aside from a little stiffness, I feel... fine.

Stronger, even.

Shaking off the thought, I realise Caspian is gone. He must have left for night patrol, leaving me alone.

I sigh, swinging my legs over the couch and standing up. The moment I do, my stomach growls in protest.

I need food.

I could wait here for Caspian, but the thought of sitting in this empty house with nothing but my thoughts is unbearable. And going home isn't an option.

Not when I know I won't be able to stop myself from punching Logan in the face.

So I make up my mind, grab one of Caspian's hoodies, pull it over my arms, and head out.

The packhouse it is.

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The cold night air bites at my skin as I step outside, pulling Caspian's hoodie tighter around me. I slept way longer than I expected.

Which means the packhouse is mostly empty. Good.

The last thing I need is to sit among people who despise my existence. Werewolves love to eat together, bonding over food and stories.

But I'm not part of that family.

I push open the cafeteria doors and sigh in relief when I see no one. The massive dining hall is eerily quiet, the long tables abandoned, the only sign of life being the leftover food on the serving trays.

My stomach growls as I grab a plate, dishing out whatever is left—mostly scraps—but it's better than nothing. I lower myself onto one of the empty benches, wincing as my ribs protest. The bruises may be fading, but the pain still lingers. I take a deep breath, pushing it aside, and dig in.

The food is cold, but I don't care.

As I chew, my eyes flick to the large clock on the wall. Ten minutes to midnight. Ten minutes until my birthday.

I should go home. My mother is probably awake, baking me a cake—like she always does. Probably trying to make up for the fact that her mate, her husband, beat the shit out of me again.

I stab my fork into the food, swallowing the bitterness in my throat.

I don't want to go back.

But my moment of peace is short-lived.

A slow clap echoes through the empty cafeteria.

I go rigid. No. Not now.

"There you are, beautiful," he drawls.

I don't even have to look to know who it is.

Travis. Future Alpha. Pack golden boy. Arrogant piece of shit.

And my worst fucking nightmare.

I roll my eyes and keep eating, pretending he isn't there. But, of course, he doesn't take the hint.

Heavy footsteps echo as he saunters toward me with that same annoying confidence that makes my skin crawl. I don't even have to look to know he's smirking—that smug, self-satisfied smirk he wears like a damn crown.

"You've been avoiding me," he says, pulling out the chair across from me and sitting down like he owns the place. Like he owns me.

Travis has slept with nearly every she-wolf in this pack. And I'm the only one he hasn't gotten his hands on yet. That's why he's obsessed.

Not because he actually likes me.

Because I'm a challenge.

I stab another piece of food with my fork. "Go fuck yourself, Travis."

His grin widens. "I will, but after I fuck you first."

I set my fork down and finally meet his gaze, my expression flat. "I hate you, Travis."

His blue eyes darken slightly, but instead of being offended, he looks entertained.

"You shouldn't disrespect your Alpha like that," he muses, leaning forward. His voice lowers, smooth and dripping with arrogance. "I could command you to watch your mouth."

I smirk. "You could try."

Travis leans in even closer, his breath brushing my skin. "You know, Kali, there's still one thing you haven't given me."

I clench my jaw, my stomach twisting in disgust. I know exactly where this is going.

He smirks. "Come on. Let me have a taste before you find your mate. We can do a quickie right here. No one's around. Think of it as my birthday present to you."

Rage flares in my chest.

Without thinking, I grab my plate and hurl it at him.

The food smashes against his face, gravy dripping down his cheek and onto his expensive shirt.

Travis freezes.

I push back my chair, standing to my full height, ignoring the throbbing pain in my ribs. My voice is calm, deadly.

"You disgust me."

Slowly, Travis wipes the food from his face, his jaw tight. His usual smirk is gone.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," I continue, my voice laced with pure venom. "You think being the future Alpha means you can do whatever you want? That every girl in this pack belongs to you?" I shake my head. "You are not fit to lead."

His nostrils flare. "Watch your mouth, Kali."

"Or what?" I challenge, stepping closer. "You'll force me? Make me submit?" I let out a hollow laugh. "You're not strong enough."

His eyes darken, his Alpha presence rolling off him in waves. "You sure about that?"

The weight of his dominance slams into me, demanding my submission but something stronger rises inside me.

My wolf snarls, defiant.

I stand my ground.

His eyes widen slightly in shock before narrowing. "That's new," he mutters, intrigued. "Didn't think you had it in you."

"Guess you don't know everything," I snap.

He exhales sharply, his usual confidence slipping back into place. "Still," he muses, running a hand through his messy blond hair, "you'll give in eventually. Everyone does."

“I’d rather die,” I spit.

Travis chuckles. “We’ll see about that.”

Then suddenly—

Tick.

A sharp, almost deafening sound rings through my ears.

The clock.

Midnight.

A scent—his scent—hits me like a wrecking ball.

It’s intoxicating. Powerful. A mix of sandalwood and something earthy, raw.

I freeze.

No. No, no, no.

This can’t be happening.

My eyes widen in horror as my wolf howls inside me.

Mate.

The word slams into my skull.

No. fucking. Way.

My breath stutters. My entire body rejects the truth.

Travis, standing in front of me—the most insufferable asshole I’ve ever met—doesn’t feel like the enemy anymore.

He feels like—

Everything.

I want to throw up.

And he knows.

I feel sick. I want to run. I want to die.

Travis, on the other hand, looks thrilled. A slow, knowing smirk spreads across his face.

“Well, well,” he purrs, his grin widening. “Hello there, mate.”

His voice is dripping with satisfaction.

Like he’s just won.

Like I belong to him now.

I swallow hard, forcing the nausea down, shoving my disgust and betrayal so deep inside that my face goes completely blank.

He thinks this changes things. That I’ll suddenly give in.

That he has me trapped. But he doesn’t.

Because I will never be his.

Travis leans in, lowering his voice. “Guess you have no choice now, huh?”

I smile coldly.

“Oh, Travis,” I whisper, tilting my head. “I always have a choice.”