

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 21

Kali's POV

The world feels distant, as if I'm trapped in a dream-floating, no, sinking-caught between reality and darkness. A sharp, relentless throbbing pulses through my skull, and my body feels unbearably heavy.

Am I dreaming? Is this what dying feels like?

The last thing I remember is the betrayal-the wicked cackle of that old woman and the greedy voices of those bastards, plotting to sell me off like a damn object.

I should have known. I should have learned my lesson. But I didn't.

And now... there's a sound.

A noise so foreign in this desolate place, yet so familiar it stirs something deep inside me. Whimpers. Choked sobs.

The distinct sound of flesh meeting flesh-a body hitting the ground with a sickening thud.

What...?

I try to move, but my limbs refuse to obey. My eyelids flutter open weakly, my vision blurred, the edges swimming in darkness. There's movement-no, a shadow.

A figure stands tall, fists striking down with brutal force, beating someone into the dirt.

A man.

Through the fog in my mind, a name lingers on the tip of my tongue.

Jack?

Could it really be him?

Did he hear my desperate, pathetic plea through our mate bond? Did he run miles to save me?

The thought makes my chest ache in a way I can't explain.

If it's him... does this mean he truly cares? That maybe, just maybe, he isn't as cold as I once believed? If he's here, was I wrong to push him away?

Would I still reject him?

I fight to keep my eyes open, but my vision is still blurry.

The scent in the air-it isn't intoxicating as it should be.

It's familiar, yes, but not quite Jack's. And yet... something about it stirs recognition deep within me.

I strain to listen, my body still too weak to react, but I catch part of a conversation.

The woman-damn her. Her voice quivers with terror. "Who—who are you?" she gasps between sobs.

"Why are you doing this to us?" one of the men chokes out, his voice thick with pain.

A low, cold chuckle follows, sending a shiver down my spine-though not as intense as the chills Jack's voice would bring me. Then, a deep, unyielding voice-one laced with something dark and dangerous-replies,

"Call me Fury."

My breath catches.

Fury?

The name echoes in my mind. His voice-it should be familiar. It is familiar. But it's not Jack.

Who is he?

"Because I'm here to teach you a lesson—one you'll never forget in a hurry." His words drip with malice, with the kind of rage that promises destruction.

I hear bones cracking, pained screams filling the air, and the old woman's frantic pleas grow weaker. My head is spinning, my consciousness slipping again, but a smile tugs at my lips as I let the darkness take me.

In my mind, I picture Jack standing there like my knight in shining armour.

Maybe... maybe I don't have to fight alone anymore.

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A sharp, pounding ache in my skull drags me out of unconsciousness.

A deep groan rumbles from my throat, and I curse under my breath, pressing a hand to my temple. "Shit," I mutter, squeezing my eyes shut. "That bitch must have hit me harder than I thought."

I don't know how long I've been out, but one thing is clear

—my dreams were humiliating. All of them had been about Jack. Him storming in like some hero. Him carrying me away from danger. Him whispering in my ear that he'd come for me, making my cheeks heat with frustration.

Why the hell was my head filled with him?

Ugh. Disgusting.

I try to sit up and immediately realise something's wrong.

My head wasn't resting on cold dirt like I expected. It was on something firm. Warm.

I freeze.

Slowly, I crack my eyes open, my breath hitching when see what—or rather who—I had been using as a pillow.

Fuck. The warrior.

Not just any warrior.

Him.

The one from Jack's pack. The one who, unlike the rest of those bastards, had kind eyes. The one who stopped me from settling the score between those two mates that day. The one who told me not to interfere because Jack hadn't introduced me as his Luna.

But why was I disappointed that it was him and not Jack who had come for me?

"You—" I gasp, scrambling upright so fast that I nearly topple over. "What the hell are you doing here?"

He looks down at me, calm and unbothered, like I hadn't just jolted awake in his lap. His dark eyes watch me carefully, unreadable as he remains silent.

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 22**

My gaze snaps to the scene around us, and my stomach churns. The people who had attacked me, who nearly sold me like cattle, are sprawled across the ground-bruised and bloodied. The witch—the one who tricked me, who betrayed me—lays trembling, her pitiful moans filling the air.

I turn back to the warrior, eyes wide. "You did this?"

He doesn't confirm or deny it, and his silence only fuels my suspicion.

"But. you—" I shake my head, struggling to reconcile the sight before me. He doesn't look like someone who could hurt a fly. And yet, these people were nearly beaten to death.

"What are you doing here?" I demand. "How did you find me?"

"I was just passing by," he says smoothly, like we're discussing the weather. "Saw you by coincidence."

I narrow my eyes. "Bullshit. I don't believe in coincidences." My chest rises and falls sharply. "Did Jack send you to watch me?"

Silence.

I scoff, muttering under my breath, "I should've known.

He's not the type to let me go so easily." I glare at the warrior, but before! can grill him further, a pitiful whimper from the ground snags my attention:

The witch.

And just like that, my anger reignites, flaring like a flame doused in gasoline.

I whirl on her, stomping over before grabbing a fistful of her greasy hair and yanking her up despite her pained cries. She screeches, but I don't care.

"You messed with the wrong bitch," I snarl, baring my teeth.

She squirms, her hands clawing at mine. "P-please," she stammers. "I didn't mean to-"

"Oh, shut the hell up." My grip tightens, my nails digging into her scalp. "How dare you lie to my face? How dare you use my family to lure me in?" My chest burns with fury." You were going to sell me!"

Tears spill down her wrinkled cheeks. "I needed money to survive! You don't understand-"

I let out a sharp, bitter laugh. "Oh, I understand perfectly." I shove her to the ground, watching with satisfaction as she scrambles backward, gasping for air. "You prey on desperate people. People like me."

She shakes her head frantically. " Young children were brought to the witch huts years ago. I knew they came from rich families. I was only trying to earn a living after being banished from my coven."

I scoff, disgust curling my lip. "You know what? I should return the favor."

I turn back to the warrior, my voice dripping with venom." Do you know any black-market dealers? Someone who buys filth like this?"

His eyes flicker with something-something I can't read.

He doesn't answer right away, just watches me with that infuriatingly calm expression, and it makes me bristle.

"If you can't be useful, then leave," I snap.

“have to make sure you’re okay,” he says simply.

I open my mouth to tell him exactly where he can shove his concern when a low whisper reaches my ears. The hairs on the back of my neck rise.

It’s the witch.

Muttering something under her breath.

Before I can react, the warrior moves. “Luna, step back!” His voice is sharp, urgent. “She’s casting a spell—”

But it’s too late.

The witch’s lips move in a hushed chant, her eyes gleaming with eerie light. In a blink, she and the rest of her people vanish, leaving only a swirling mist behind. I stagger back, stunned. “What the hell—?”

The warrior exhales, running a hand through his hair. “Luna,” he says slowly, “if you remain out here, it will be hard for you to survive.” His dark gaze locks onto mine. “You’ll meet worse monsters than them.”

I swallow. “So, what? You’re saying I should go back to Jack? Your Alpha?”

His jaw tightens. “It’s the best option. They will come after you.” His voice drops slightly. “She’s a witch. Witches don’t forgive. We need to leave. Now”

His words settle over me like a noose tightening around my throat.

Jack’s pack. Jack’s rules. His pack that treats women like dirt. His pack that—

Jack’s last warning echoes in my mind.

“But if you dare come back to my pack... or if you fall into my arms again, I won’t give you a second chance to escape. So, dear mate, make sure you run as far away from me as you can.”

Goosebumps prickle over my skin.

I can’t go back. Not to Jack. Not to that pack.

Not when I know that this time, it won’t just be about Jack forcing me to submit—it’ll be about something far worse. It’ll be about me falling for him despite it all.

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 23

Kali’s POV

“What do you say, Luna?”

The voice snaps me out of my thoughts, yanking me back to the present. I blink, realizing I had been lost-lost in the memory of Jack’s cruel words, lost in the horrifying reality of what returning to him would mean.

“You either stay out here and risk your life, or you come with me,” the warrior says. His tone is oddly gentle for someone suggesting I walk back into the devil’s den.

I meet his gaze, searching for any hint of deception, but- there’s none. His eyes remain warm, kind-too kind for someone from Blood Fang. And yet, here he is again, hovering over me like some unwanted guardian angel.

A bitter laugh escapes my lips. “I’m sorry,” I say with sarcasm. “But I can’t go back with you to Blood Fang. I’d rather die out here than set foot in that hellhole again and return to your beast of an Alpha.” My throat tightens, but I push through. “Only the Moon Goddess knows what he’d do to me if I went back.”

The warrior-whatever his name is-shifts uncomfortably.

“But-”

I cut him off with a sharp glare. “You know how vile your pack is. It stands for everything I despise-everything I refuse to be a part of. You even warned me once, told me to keep my head down since Jack hadn’t officially made me Luna yet.” I scoff. “Well, guess what? I will never be Luna to a heartless pack like yours. So why the hell would I go back? Leave me alone and return on your own.”

His lips press into a thin line, and I can see the conflict in his eyes. He doesn’t agree with Jack—at least, not fully.

But loyalty is a chain that binds stronger than logic.

“No, I can’t,” he finally says. “The Alpha ordered me to be your shadow.”

roll my eyes and turn away, walking off without another word.

“Luna”, his voice calls out again, making me stiffen. “Don’t you want this?”

I whip around, ready to snap at him, until I see what he’s holding. My bag of gold.

Shit.

My face burns as I snatch it from him, muttering, “Tch.

Thanks,” before turning on my heel and storming off.

I don’t look back, but I know he’s there, lingering in the shadows, watching me. There’s no way he’d disobey Jack’s orders. He might not be at my heels, but he’s following.

He's waiting.

Minutes pass. Then an hour.

The deeper I go into the forest, the darker it becomes. My wolf stirs beneath my skin, restless, but I can't shift. Not while I know he's still out there, lurking, reporting back to Jack.

I hate this. I hate him. I hate Jack.

The unease in my stomach grows. The trees stretch tall and lifeless, their twisted branches whispering warnings through the wind

Then I hear it.

A rustle.

I stop, my heart hammering in my chest, but I force myself to keep moving, picking up my pace.

Another rustle. Closer.

I break into a jog, assuming it's him-the warrior. But the moment I hear the unmistakable sound of a blade sliding from its sheath, my blood runs cold.

And then cold steel presses against my throat.

"Don't move," a voice growls behind me. "Unless you want your pretty little head rolling like a ball."

My breath hitches. The blade isn't pressed hard enough to draw blood, but it's firm enough to be a threat.

Fear grips me, but then-something feels off.

The way he holds the knife...it's not with the brutal confidence of a killer. It's almost...reluctant. Like he doesn't want to hurt me.

"Better run back to your pack," he mutters, his voice low and distorted, like he's trying to disguise it. "The wild isn't safe for women like you. Or.." He pauses, and I can practically hear the smirk in his voice. "You could be sold off to an Alpha. I'm sure someone would pay a high price for you."

That voice.

I know it.

Despite his pathetic attempt to mask it-trying to roughen and deepen it-I recognize it instantly. And his scent. He didn't mask it well enough.

Fury surges through me. Acting on instinct, I take a risk. I slam my elbow into his stomach, making him grunt in pain. The knife slips from his grasp, and I seize the opportunity. Without hesitation, I bring my knee up, striking him hard between the legs.

\* He groans, stumbling back.

I don't hesitate-I grab the fallen knife and plunge it into his side-just deep enough to wound him, but not enough to be fatal.

A pained grunt escapes him as he grips his wound, staggering. I don't give him a chance to recover.

I rip his mask off.

And there they are.

Those damn kind eyes.

My jaw clenches. "I knew it was you," I snarl.

His face pales. "How did you-?" I roll my eyes. "Your scent. Your voice. And now your eyes." I cross my arms. "Now, do you want to tell me what the hell you're doing? I clearly told you to fuck off."

He sighs, running a hand through his hair in frustration.

For the first time, he looks human—not some mindless soldier following orders. "I'm sorry," he mutters. "The Alpha told me to do all I could to bring you back... If not—" His voice falters. "He'll kill me."

My blood runs cold.

"He'll what?" My hands curl into fists. "That heartless bastard-"

"I had no choice," he says, eyes pleading. "I have to bring you back, Luna."

Silence stretches between us, thick and heavy.

Then, I exhale sharply. "Fine."

He blinks. "What?"

"I said fine," I repeat. "Let's go back. I'll pretend this never happened. You never attacked me, never threatened me, never tried to drag me back like some runaway slave."

Deal?"

He nods quickly. "Deal."

For a moment, we just stand there, surrounded by the sounds of the forest. Then, out of nowhere, I ask, "What's your name?" He hesitates. "Fury."

I pause. "Fury?"

He nods, looking almost sheepish. The stab wound I gave him is already healing-too fast for a normal warrior wolf.

A memory flickers in my mind-back when I thought I was dreaming, I had heard that name. Fury.

I scoff. "What kind of name is that?"

He lets out a small laugh, rubbing the back of his neck. "I'm an orphan," he admits. "Didn't have a family, so the pack named me. Because of my strength." His expression darkens, and for a moment, I see the pain he tries to hide.

Something tugs at my heart, but I shove it down, clearing my thoughts. This isn't the time to feel anything.

'Whatever,' I mutter. "Let's get this over with."

But as we start walking, goosebumps crawl over my skin.

Because I know-this time, Jack won't just try to break me.

This time, he'll try to own me.

But I'll make damn sure he regrets ever sending Fury after me.

"Luna, don't you think shifting into our wolves would make this whole journey faster?" Fury's voice breaks the silence as we move through the dense forest. "If we keep running like this, it'll take days to get back."

I stiffen.

Fuck.

I knew this was coming. I knew he'd suggest shifting eventually, but I can't. I can't let him see my wolf. Not when I barely trust him. Not when my wolf is probably the size of his—if not bigger. That's not normal. Not for a woman. And if he sees that, there's no way he won't report it to Jack.

I can't risk it.

I slow my pace and clutch my stomach, faking a pained expression. "I-I don't feel so good."

Fury stops instantly, eyes filled with concern. "What's wrong?"

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 24**

"I don't know," I say, grimacing like I'm struggling to keep moving. "Maybe exhaustion. Maybe something I ate. But I can't shift." I swallow hard, looking at him desperately." Can you... change into your wolf and carry me instead?"

He doesn't hesitate. "Of course."

He shifts in seconds, his large, dark gray wolf standing tall before me. His fur is thick, almost midnight black under the moonlight, and his piercing eyes remain just as kind, just as gentle—even in wolf form.

He lowers himself so I can climb onto his back, and I do, gripping onto his fur as he takes off into a full sprint.

The wind whips against my face, and my body relaxes despite myself. The rhythmic sound of his paws pounding against the earth is almost soothing. My eyelids grow heavy, and before I know it, sleep takes me.

A jolt wakes me.

My eyes flutter open, adjusting to the dim light filtering through the trees. My body is still pressed against Fury's wolf form, his warmth grounding me. But something feels ...different.

Then I see it.

Blood Fang territory.

And standing at the border, waiting for me—

Jack.

A chill races down my spine.

had not wanted to see him yet. Not so soon. Not before I could gather my thoughts, prepare myself for the inevitable confrontation. But here he is—standing at the border, his silver eyes locked onto me like a predator stalking prey.

And something is very, very wrong.

Shouldn't he be happy that I'm back? That his little runaway has finally returned?

Then why does he look like he's about to explode?

His face is so red, I swear steam could be coming out of his ears. His jaw is clenched so tight, it looks like it might snap. And those silver eyes—those raging silver eyes—are practically glowing with fury. His body is stiff, his hands curled into fists at his sides, and I don't even need to hear him growl to feel the storm brewing inside him.

What the fuck?

Fury slows as we approach, coming to a stop right in front of Jack.

I quickly slide off his back, my feet hitting the ground. My legs are shaky from the ride, but before I can even take a step-Jack moves.

One second, he's a few feet away. The next, he's right in front of me, his grip bruising as he yanks me against his chest.

I gasp, my hands instinctively pushing against him, but he doesn't let me go. Instead, his nose presses into the crook of my neck, his deep inhale sending a violent shiver down my spine.

Then he growls.

Low. Deep. Possessive.

"I hate that you have his scent all over you."

My breath catches in my throat.

Jack's grip tightens, his fingers digging into my waist like he wants to mold me into him, erase whatever traces of Fury still linger on my skin. His entire body is tense, his wolf lurking just beneath the surface.

And then, his silver eyes flicker up, locking onto Fury.

"Even though he's my best warrior," Jack says, his voice deceptively calm, "I still want to snap his neck."

My stomach twists.

Fury lowers his head submissively but doesn't say a word.

Jack's hand moves to my jaw, tilting it up so I have no choice but to meet the burning fire in his eyes.

"You belong to me," he murmurs, his hot breath brushing against my lips. "And I'll make damn sure you never forget that again—or regret not running when you had the chance."

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 25**

Kali

Jack's fingers dig into my waist, his breath hot against my neck, but I refuse to let him think he has the upper hand.

My eyes burn with fire as I glare at him, my jaw clenched so tight I can feel the tension in my banes. How dare he?

How dare he act as if he wasn't the one who sent Fury after me-who ordered him to bring me back by any means necessary, or else face death?

Normally, I wouldn't have cared. Fury was just another warrior from Blood Fang, someone I would've left behind without a second thought. But the moment I looked into his eyes, something shifted. There was something there-something familiar. And the thought of him dying because of me... it didn't sit well.

That's why I came back. Not for Jack. Not for this pack.

And certainly not because of this damn mate bond.

I take a steady breath, forcing my lips into a tight smile. "My lord. Your greatest Alpha." The words taste like venom on my tongue. "Can we talk for a minute? Alone?"

Jack doesn't even blink as his silver eyes darken. "No. Let's tal—"

I don't let him finish as I grab his wrist, plastering on a sweet, obedient smile as if I were just another submissive she-wolf eager to please her Alpha. The pack warriors at the border shift uncomfortably, pretending not to listen, but I can feel their curious gazes tracking my every move.

It's obvious—no one has ever dared to ever drag their

Alpha like this. Least of all a woman.

Too bad. I don't care.

Jack doesn't resist. He doesn't say a word. His body stiffens in shock, and for a moment, I swear his hand turns ice cold in mine.

I weave through the pack lands, leading him with sure steps, ignoring the murmurs and stolen glances from passing wolves. They don't know what I am to him, but after this, the rumours will spread like wildfire.

Let them.

remember the way to the pack house-the mating room, in particular. The place where I was forced to stay, which reeked of a bond I never wanted. The place I had thought I escaped from when I rejected him, and I swore I would never return.

When we reach the door, I shove it open and push him inside with a force that surprises even me. Or maybe it's just my anger fuelling me. Either way, Jack stumbles back a step, his silver eyes flashing with something unreadable.

Shock.

Annoyance.

Amusement?

I don't care.

He catches himself quickly, but I see the flicker of something raw-something dangerous.

I slam the door shut behind me, chest rising and falling in sharp, uneven breaths.

Then I turn to him.

"I don't belong to you," I snap, my voice sharp as fire. "Or to anyone else in this world. I belong to myself."

Jack says nothing, watching me with eerie stillness, as if waiting for me to keep going.

"I didn't come back because of you," I spit out. "I still reject you. I didn't want to humiliate you in front of your pack and make them question your precious authority, but let's get one thing straight—" I step closer, jabbing a finger into his chest. "I will never be yours."

Jack stares at me. Stunned.

His expression shifts-just barely. It lasts only two seconds before he collects himself.

And then he smirks.

Smirks.

God, I want to punch that look off his face.

"Then why did you come back?" He asks smoothly, tilting his head, studying me like I'm a puzzle he's just dying to solve. "I gave you the opportunity to walk away from me."

I roll my eyes so hard I nearly see stars. "Don't act dumb, Jack. We both know you sent Fury after me with strict orders. He was either bringing me back, or you were killing him."

His smirk fades. Just a fraction.

Bingo. I know I hit a nerve.

I press forward. "I didn't come back for you," I say again, my voice dripping with venom. "So leave me the fuck alone."

Jack exhales sharply, but there's something different in his gaze now-something darker. Something calculating.

His voice drops to a slow, deliberate murmur. "Then why did you call for me through the bond?"

My stomach twists.

No.

He leans in.

“Why did you call for me?” he repeats, his voice smooth and predatory, unravelling me one syllable at a time, “If you wanted me to leave you the fuck alone?”

I swallow hard, stepping back instinctively, but there’s nowhere to go. My back hits the door. Trapped.

Jack cages me in, his arms bracing on either side of my head, his scent overwhelming my senses.

“I heard you call for me, Kali,” he murmurs, his voice laced with something dangerous. Something possessive. “No matter how hard you fight this... no matter how much you resist... you’ll give in and submit to me, your alpha and mate.”

I suck in a sharp breath, my heart hammering against my ribs. I had been weak. Desperate. I had called for him-wished for him to save me-even when I swore I wanted nothing to do with him.

Jack’s lips hover inches from mine, his silver eyes burning.

“It’s only a matter of time,” he whispers, his lips brushing against my ear. “And I have all the time in the world.”

His breath is hot against my skin, his scent invading my senses, making me lightheaded.

“And when you’re finally ready to submit..” His voice is nothing but a ghost of a whisper now, full of wicked promise.

“I’ll be right here. Waiting.”

Anger surges through me, shoving past the unwanted pull of the mate bond.

“You think I’ll give in to this—” I gesture between us, +20 Bonus

sneering. “-just because you kissed me? The bond between us means nothing, Jack. Just because I called for you once in a moment of weakness doesn’t change anything.”

His jaw clenches.

I press on, fuelled by the heat rising between us. “Just like my first mate, you also mean nothing to me.

The moment the words leave my lips, the air shifts. Jack’s silver eyes darken into something feral.

And then-

Crack.

His fist punches through the door beside my head, wood splintering under the force of his fury.

His body cages mine in, muscles taut with barely restrained anger.

“I’m not your first mate,” he growls, his voice vibrating through my very bones. His silver eyes burn into mine, daring me to deny it.

He doesn’t care about anything else I said. Only that?

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 26**

My lips curl into a smirk.

“Oh?” I taunt. “Did you think you were Special just because we are mate? That you could use the mate bond to make me accept you?” I tilt my head, eyes flashing with challenge. “I rejected one mate before you, and I’ll reject you just as easily.

“So that’s what’s giving you confidence,” he snarls, his fingers twitching like he’s seconds away from grabbing me. “You think I’m just like your pathetic excuse of a first mate?”

His ego is wounded, his rage palpable.

I hold his gaze, refusing to back down.

Then, without warning, he steps back. The sudden loss of his warmth leaves me breathless.

“I didn’t want to go this far,” he murmurs, his voice both a promise and a curse. “But you’re giving me no choice.”

His next words are a vow.

“You’ll eat those words. I’ll make damn sure of it.”

Before I can react, his fingers clamp around my wrist like a steel shackle.

“Let me go, you bastard!” I thrash against his grip, but he drags me forward, his hold unyielding. My feet stumble over the floor as I kick out, my nails clawing at his arm. “Jack!” I scream, fury twisting inside me.

He doesn’t say a word, and his expression is stone-cold, but his grip tightens, forcing me through the dimly lit hallways of the house. Warriors stand along the corridor, watching in silence as their Alpha manhandles me. Their gazes flicker with curiosity-and something else

Pity.

That only fuels my rage.

Cowards.

I fight harder, my nails digging deep into Jack's arm, but he doesn't so much as flinch. He moves with purpose, his strides swift, leading me through corridors I don't recognise.

Then -

A heavy iron door looms ahead. Jack shoves it open, and the sound grates against my ears, revealing a dimly lit chamber beyond. The moment I step inside, my nose stings with the sharp burn of silver.

I freeze.

The walls gleam with a deadly glow, silver chains coiled like waiting snakes along the stone. But it's the scent that catches me off guard-

Jack's scent.

Thick. Overpowering.

I swallow hard, my gaze snapping to the cage at the center of the room. The scent is strongest there. He's been here before.

This isn't just a prison.

This is his prison.

Before I can question it, Jack shoves me inside.

I stumble, barely catching myself before my knees hit the cold floor.

The door clangs shut behind me, and then click.

The lock slides into place with a finality that sends ice through my veins. My breath quickens as I whip around, gripping the bars. Jack stands on the other side, his fingers wrapped around the metal as he watches me, his smirk pure arrogance.

"Let's see how long you last before you submit," he murmurs, his voice edged with dark amusement.

I lift my chin. "I'd rather rot in here than be anywhere near you."

His jaw ticks. For a moment, I think he might say something-might try to break me with words the way he always does. But then he turns and storms out, the heavy door slamming behind him.

Silence.

I exhale sharply, my fingers tightening around the cold iron bars. I should be panicking. The silver should be burning me, weakening me.

But it doesn't, and the only thing that overwhelms me is his scent.

I stare at the cage, unease curling in my stomach. Why the hell did he sleep in here?

A bitter curse slips from my lips. I hate this mate bond. I hate the way it forces me to care, to wonder, to feel things I shouldn't feel for a man who just threw me in a goddamn cage.

Before I can dwell on it, the sound of quiet footsteps reaches my ears.

I snap my head up-only to see Fury standing just outside the bars, holding a small pile of books in his arms.

"You okay?" he asks, his voice quiet.

I scoff, rolling my eyes. "Peachy." Then I narrow my gaze at him. "What are you doing here?"

He offers a half-smile. "Figured you'd get bored, so..." He lifts the books slightly, "Thought you might want something to pass the time." Surprise flickers through me. I sit up, staring at him warily. "You're risking your neck to bring me Books?"

Fury shrugs. "I owe you one," He carefully slides them through the bars.

I hesitate before muttering, "Thanks." Then, with my sweetest smile, I - tilt my head. "Actually, can you do me a favour?"

His lips twitch. "You want me to open the door, don't you?"

I nod, batting my lashes.

Fury chuckles, shaking his head. "I know you want to run, but it's too late. Jack's not letting you go this time."

I scowl. "Coward."

He snorts. "If the Alpha finds out I was even here, I'm dead." He hesitates, then sighs. "But honestly? I don't think he wants to hurt you, Luna."

I let out a bitter laugh. "Right. That's why I'm in a cage."

I think I know why the Moon Goddess made you his second chance mate."

My smile vanishes. "What?"

His eyes hold something indecipherable. "Because she knows you're the only one who can match him."

I freeze. The words send a strange shiver through me.

Match him? That-that is not what I expected to hear.

Jack had been absolutely furious at the mere suggestion of being my second-chance mate, as if it were the worst possible fate-like I was the one who decided destiny itself. But I am not the Moon Goddess; I had no control over who my first mate was. And now Fury is telling me that -no

My thoughts screech to a halt.

“You’re wrong,” I say slowly, something unsettling curling in my gut. ” was the Moon Goddess’s first choice for Jack, while he is my second.”

Fury goes still. Then-

“Oh.” He blinks. “So Alpha wasn’t your first mate either?”

My breath catches.

Wait.

What?

I push to my feet, still gripping the bars. “What did you just say?”

Fury’s expression shutters. “Forget I said anything.”

But I don’t.

I can’t.

A storm brews inside me, pieces of a puzzle I didn’t know existed clicking into place. But if what Fury just implied is true-if Jack had a first mate, too-

Then that means—

Rage burns through me like wildfire. The bastard.

The hypocritical, possessive, jealous bastard.

And he dared to throw me in a cage over something he was guilty of himself?

Fury turns to leave, but my voice stops him. “Wait.”

He hesitates, glancing over his shoulder but I don’t know what to say.

Because everything I thought knew just shattered into something new.

And suddenly, this mate bond between Jack and me feels even more like a cruel joke.

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 27

Kali

“Never mind,” mutter, waving Fury off.

He dips his head in a short bow before turning away, his footsteps fading into the dark hallway, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

I exhale sharply and open the book he brought, forcing myself to focus on the words, but the letters blur together.

Frustrated, I sink onto the cold floor, flipping through the pages and trying again. But no matter how hard I try, my mind stubbornly refuses to cooperate.

Instead, it spins with questions.

Who was Jack’s first mate?

What did she look like? Did she reject him? Or did he reject her?

And more importantly... where is she now?

Is she still alive... Or dead?

But most of all-why did he accept her rejection when he refuses to accept mine? Did he love her?

A sharp. pang tightens in my chest, something bitter, ugly, and unwanted churning in my stomach.

Jealousy.

I scowl at the very thought, gripping the book so tightly my knuckles turn white before I hurl it across the cage with a frustrated growl. The hardcover slams against the metal bars with a sharp thud before falling to the floor.

No Dragging a hand through my hair, I curse myself for wasting time thinking about Jack or his first mate. It’s none of my damn business.

“Now isn’t the time to be jealous,” my wolf murmurs in my head, her voice calm yet firm. “It doesn’t matter who she was. He’s ours forever.

We just have to accept him.”

I huff in annoyance. “Nothing-” I stand and begin pacing the small space, my nails digging into my palms. “Nothing will ever make me accept an asshole who locked us in here like a fucking rat.

My wolf sighs, as if I'm the one being difficult. "I think Fury is right.

Mate doesn't want to hurt us. If he did, he wouldn't have let us leave before," she presses.

I roll my eyes. "Are you forgetting he sent Fury after us?"

"And he knows we wouldn't have given a damn if he had killed Fury

- because of us and moved on with our lives," she retorts.

I pause, narrowing my eyes. "Swear to me you don't feel anything at the thought of Fury dying."

Silence stretches between us before my wolf exhales.

"There's something about him I can't explain," she admits. "It's like... he was meant to be by our side."

I inhale sharply because—fuck. I feel it too.

There's something about Fury I can't quite put into words. A strange pull—not romantic like the mate bond, but something deeper, something significant. It's as if he's meant to be part of my life. And the fact that my wolf senses it too only makes it more confusing.

Which leaves only one conclusion.

"We need to remember," I say softly, sinking back to the ground, partly defeated. "If we can understand where we came from, maybe we can make sense of what's happening."

"But how?" my wolf asks, frustration lacing her voice. "We've hit a dead end."

Silence.

Then, her voice drops to a whisper.

"What if we kiss him again?"

I roll my eyes. I knew she'd say that. "Absolutely not."

"But why? Last time we kissed, we remembered something," she reminds me. "Maybe this time, we'll see something else-something that will lead us to the truth. If we try again, we might find another piece of the puzzle."

I hesitate, pressing my lips together.

It's not a completely insane idea.

But how the hell am I supposed to kiss Jack—especially after he locked me in here heartlessly? He doesn't deserve my lips... and I still can't believe he was my first kiss.

Before I can argue further, the faint sound of footsteps catches my attention.

I tense, expecting Fury. "Stop coming here before Jack sniffs out your scent and rips your head off," I warn.

No response.

My brows furrow.

Something feels..off.

A cold prickle crawls down my spine, and I slowly turn toward the bars

Only to go completely still.

A woman stands before the cage, but she's not just any woman.

She has Jack's silver eyes. The resemblance is uncanny. She's like a female version of him-same piercing gaze, same sharp, powerful features. Even the way she holds herself, with quiet, lethal confidence, reminds me of him.

If Jack were a woman, this is exactly what he would look like.

I don't realise I'm staring until she tilts her head, a smirk tugging at her lips.

"So, Fury dares to visit his Alpha's mate without permission?" She muses, tapping a finger against her chin. "That's suspicious... and very unlike him."

Her silver eyes gleam with amusement.

"I wonder what Jack will do when he finds out?" She continues, voice light but edged with cruelty. "I doubt Fury will see the next day."

My stomach knots, but I keep my face blank. She's testing me-looking for a reaction. I won't give her one.

Instead, I fold my arms and ask flatly, "Why are you here?"

She hums, studying me like I'm some strange new creature. "I heard rumors," she says, taking a slow step closer. "Whispers about a woman who dared to drag the most dangerous Alpha-after the Alpha King, of course-around like a ragdoll when it should have been the opposite." Her lips curl, silver eyes flashing with something unreadable." Naturally, I had to see if such a woman truly existed."

I stare at her, momentarily at a loss for words.

The way she says it...

Like the entire pack is losing its mind over what I did.

I stay silent, refusing to take the bait.

Instead, I shift tactics. "And you are?"

She clicks her tongue, as if the answer is obvious. "Duh. I'm Alpha Jack's sister." A smirk pulls at her lips as she gestures to herself. "My name is—"

Her voice fades into the background as my mind races. Jack's sister.

Which means-

She's just as dangerous as him. Just as ruthless. I need to be careful.

"Well, now that you've seen me," I say coolly, "you can leave. I'd like to get back to my book."

"Oh, you're definitely his-mate," she says, eyes gleaming. "That's the only explanation for why you're still alive."

I don't respond.

She takes another step closer but avoids touching the silver bars, Lowering her voice. "No one else would have been spared after humiliating Jack the way you did. He threw you in here, sure, but that was just to silence everyone while he deals with the consequences."

Something flickers in my chest, but I don't acknowledge it.

"His pride is on the line," she continues. "This pack-these bastards-they're all questioning his authority. Because a woman dared—"

She stops, shaking her head.

I don't need her to finish the sentence.

This pack treats women like nothing. Like disposable objects, useful only for breeding or serving. The fact that I, a mere woman, dragged Jack from the territory to the mating room, unintentionally asserting dominance, must be driving them insane.

I wonder what would've happened if I had spoken to him cruelly in front of his pack.

They must be losing their fucking minds.

I picture them now-Alphas, Betas, warriors-fuming, spitting, demanding answers. And if Jack told them I was his mate? I'm sure most of them know by now.

I lift a brow, feigning boredom. "Why are you here again?"

Her lips twitch. "I'm here to get you out."

I blink.

“What?”

“Aren’t you hungry?” she asks smoothly, stepping back. “Or would you rather sit on that filthy floor all night?”

As if on cue, my stomach betrays me with a loud growl.

I grit my teeth.

She smirks.

But instead of answering, I narrow my eyes. “And Jack won’t punish you for this?”

Her smirk deepens. “Don’t tell me you actually care about what my brother thinks. Especially when you dragged him through the mud without a second thought.”

I press my lips together.

She laughs. “Jack can’t hurt his twin sister. He loves me.”

I freeze.

Twin sister? Of course. How did I not see it before?

My stomach growls again and she cackles this time, pulling out a key and twirling it between her fingers.

Then-click.

The door swings open.

I don’t move at first, half-expecting a trick.

But when I take my first step out, a rush of air fills my lungs. The scent of damp stone and silver fades under the intoxicating scent of freedom.

For the first time since Jack threw me in here, my muscles relax.

“Come on,” she says, already walking ahead. “I know how to sneak you out without anyone seeing.”

I hesitate before following.

She turns, her expression softer than before. “Jack and I used to play hide and seek here when we were kids.” A sad smile tugs at her lips.

I consider saying something

But it’s not my business.

So, I focus on the feeling of walking freely again. Yet, as we move through the shadows, my mind drifts back to Jack.

How is he handling the pack?

Are they turning on him?

And why... why does the thought of that make me angry?

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 28

The forest is too quiet.

Towering trees stretch toward the night sky, their branches weaving together like skeletal fingers, blocking out most of the moonlight. But I don't need the moon to see. My heightened senses pick up every shift in the shadows, every rustle of leaves beneath our steps, every distant heartbeat of unseen creatures lurking nearby

Jack's sister moves effortlessly through the darkness, as if she belongs to it. I trail behind her, my senses sharp, my guard up. I don't trust her.

I don't trust anyone-except, for some reason, Fury.

She may have freed me from that cell, but that doesn't mean I owe her anything. For all I know, she could be leading me straight to my death.

I steal another glance at her, noting once again the striking resemblance to Jack. The same silver eyes. The same confident stride, as if she owns the very ground she walks on.

"So," I say casually, though I'm not joking, "you're not secretly kidnapping me, are you? Or, I don't know, leading me somewhere to have me killed?"

She laughs— real, genuine laugh that echoes through the trees.

"If I wanted to kill you," she replies, turning to face me, "you wouldn't have even seen my face."

I arch a brow.

She smirks. "I wouldn't come myself. Too risky. My cover would be blown when my brother starts investigating." Then, her expression softens, just a fraction. "Besides, why would I want to kill my brother's mate? I can't watch him be in pain a second time."

I stiffen.

The words a second time claw at something inside me.

I know exactly what she's talking about.

Jack's first mate.

The question burns on my tongue, demanding to be spoken. But I bite down on my lip-hard-until I taste blood, forcing it back. I refuse to ask. Refuse to show any interest in his past. It shouldn't matter. I don't care.

I force my legs to keep moving. We walk in silence until she stops abruptly.

I blink up at the largest tree I've ever seen. It towers over everything, its thick roots twisting into the earth like ancient serpents. The trunk is massive-wide enough to fit an entire house-its bark gnarled and knotted with time.

Then-she murmurs something under her breath.

A door materializes within the bark, seamlessly forming before swinging open.

I stare.

She doesn't miss my reaction. "I'm not a witch," she says before I can even ask, "But that doesn't mean only witches cast spells."

That's not exactly comforting.

Still, I follow her inside, my breath hitching as I take in the space.

It's... massive.

A full, cozy home is carved into the heart of the tree, filled with soft lighting, thick carpets, and towering bookshelves. A fireplace crackles in the corner, filling the air with the scent of wood and aged paper. It doesn't just look safe-it feels safe.

Jack's sister wanders further in, running a hand along an old bookshelf."Only Jack and I played here as kids," she says, a small, nostalgic smile tugging at her lips. "We were the youngest, inseparable. But as we grew, he stopped coming. Responsibility. Our father's death. He had to grow up too fast." She turns to me, silver eyes steady, and I don't miss the bitterness in her tone.

She exhales, then shrugs. "Anyway, no one can find us here. No one even knows this place exists. Not even my mate."

Something about the way she says mate makes my skin prickle. It isn't soft or affectionate, the way submissive women usually say it-like a prayer, a sacred bond. No, her tone is sharp, laced with resentment.

She spits the word out like a curse.

But I keep my thoughts to myself. It's none of my business.

Leaning against the nearest wall, I watch her closely. She doesn't sit, just lingers near an old armchair, fingers tracing over the worn leather.

"You must be wondering why I come here," she muses. "Even now, as an adult."

I shake my head. "No, I'm not."

She ignores my response and continues anyway.

"I come here when I want to escape reality." Her voice lowers, something distant creeping into her tone. "And I know you needed it, too. That cell must've been overwhelming. I know how it feels... to be locked away." She exhales, gaze unfocused. "Even if it's not physically."

I don't respond. I don't want to feel sympathy for her. But her words dig under my skin, burrowing into places I'd rather ignore.

After a long pause, I finally ask, "Why bring me here? To your most secret place?"

Jasmine snaps out of whatever thoughts she was lost in and smirks.

"Silly," she says lightly. "It's so I can get to know you better. I know we'll be good friends."

I scoff. "I doubt it. I don't plan on having friends."

"Well," she says, grinning, "let me be your first."

She steps forward, extending a hand. "My name is Jasmine."

I eye her hand warily.

Then, after a beat, I shake it.

"Kali."

- Jasmine's grin widens. "Nice to meet you, Kali."

She releases my hand and stretches, rolling her shoulders. "Now, feel free. I have tons of food and fruit-help yourself while I take a shower." She shudders. "Ugh, I hate the smell of silver from that damn cage. My skin feels like it's peeling, and my eyes are burning." She groans dramatically. "I don't know how you managed to stand it without getting weak." I roll my eyes. Exaggeration much?

If she only knew I had held silver with my bare hands and didn't burn.

But I don't tell her.

Some things are better left unsaid

The moment Jasmine disappears, I let out a slow breath and take the chance to admire the place properly. It's like a hidden sanctuary-a little piece of heaven carved inside a tree-but then my gaze lands on the real treasure.

The table.

Piled high with fresh berries, peaches, apples, and other fruits I can't even name. My stomach growls in approval. Without a second thought,

I grab a handful of berries and stuff them into my mouth greedily.

Then another. And another. Their juices burst against my tongue, sweet and tangy, making me ravenous for more.

Before I know it, I've devoured half the table.

And then it hits me. Shit.

A violent wave of nausea rolls through me. I slap a hand over my mouth as my stomach churns in protest, barely making it to the nearest door before I feel like I'm going to be sick.

I shove it open without thinking-

Only to freeze.

Jasmine stands in front of a mirror, her back to me, mid-motion of removing her shirt. My mouth opens to apologise, but the words die in my throat. Because that's when I see them.

As the fabric slides down her shoulders, pale skin is revealed, marred with scars. Long, jagged, brutal. Some fresh and raw, others old and faded, crisscrossing over her back like she'd been torn apart and barely stitched back together. A web of pain carved into her flesh.

Bruises-red and angry-mark her spine like she's been attacked by something wild.

A sharp gasp escapes me before I can stop it.

Jasmine whirls around, her silver eyes wide with shock. "Shit," she mutters under her breath, yanking her shirt back on in a hurry. Her hands tremble slightly as she buttons it up, jaw clenched.

"Who the fuck did that to you?" I demand, my stomach twisting, the nausea from the fruit long forgotten.

Jasmine glares. "It's none of your damn business."

There's a flash of defensiveness in her eyes-panic.

"We're supposed to be friends, aren't we?" I throw her words back at her, my voice sharp.

She flinches. But instead of responding, her irises darken for a split second, as if a shadow passes over them. And then I realise-she's communicating with someone.

I don't miss the way her skin pales.

Or the way fear creeps into her expression, tightening her jaw, stiffening her posture.

Who the hell is making Jack's sister-this bold, sharp-tongued woman

—look like a terrified little girl? Before I can demand answers, Jasmine turns on her heel and bolts. She doesn't say a word or even look at me.

I stand there, alone, the silence pressing in.

Dragging a hand down my face, I groan. "Why the hell did I pry?" | sigh, rubbing my temples. "Why couldn't I just mind my own damn business?"

But the question lingers in my mind.

Does Jack know?

Does he know his sister is hurting?

And if he does... who the hell is hurting her?

My first thought is her mate.

I shake my head, but I wouldn't be surprised. The men here don't exactly have a great track record when it comes to treating their mates with respect. They see them as possessions-something to break and bend at will.

I sigh and turn, my eyes catching on the bathroom door. The warm steam curling from within is all the invitation I need. My skin itches, aching for a hot bath.

I strip quickly and step into the tub, sinking into the water with a sigh.

The heat soaks into my muscles, loosening the tension, washing away the grime and exhaustion. I let my head fall back against the edge of the tub, eyes slipping closed. I can't even remember the last time I had a proper bath.

The warmth lulls me into a drowsy haze.

But then- The sound of footsteps.

Heavy. Controlled.

A scent-dark, intoxicating.

Him.

My body tenses. My senses sharpen.

Before I can react, a strong, firm hand grips my neck.

My eyes snap open.

Silver.

Not Jasmine's.

Jack's.

His face is shadowed, his silver eyes sharp and furious, locked onto mine. His fingers press around my throat-tight, unyielding, but not choking. Not hurting.

Just enough pressure to remind me exactly who is in control.

And gods help me, but-

It's a fucking turn-on.

Heat coils low in my stomach, spreading through my veins, making my breath hitch. The water laps against my skin, my naked body submerged, but Jack's eyes don't stray.

He doesn't look at my body.

He looks at me.

And for some reason, that's almost worse.

His voice is low, rough. A growl laced with menace.

"How the fuck did you escape? And how did you get here?"

I smirk, tilting my chin slightly despite the hand around my throat." think you already know the answer, Jack." My voice is teasing. "I met your sister."

His jaw clenches.

"And all I can say," I continue smoothly, "is that you've not only failed as a mate-" I lean up slightly, voice dropping—"but also as a brother."

His grip tightens, his entire body tensing.

The air between us crackles.

Dangerous. Dark. Intoxicating.

His silver eyes flash, and for the first time-

I think I might have pushed him too far.

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 29

Alpha Jack

My grip around Kali's throat tightens involuntarily—not because I want to hurt her, because her words—her fucking words—cut too deep.

Her wet lashes frame those defiant eyes, watching me with something between challenge and amusement, as if she enjoys testing me, pushing me.

She doesn't know when to stop.

First, she dragged me—a powerful Alpha—through my own territory like I was some helpless pup, her prey to parade in front of my warriors and pack members. Me. The very act had been unheard of, had sent whispers through the pack, had forced my high-ranking officials to demand a meeting where they all watched me, waiting for me to prove myself.

I didn't explain. I'm their Alpha, so I made them bow before me and warned them never to question me again. I didn't tell them Kali is my mate—especially not when she hasn't accepted the bond.

I should've punished her. I did punish her.

Or so I thought.

I locked her away, let the rumors spread that I had dealt with her, but when I returned to my cage—she was gone.

Vanished.

And the scent of my twin sister was all over that place.

Jasmine.

She was the only one who could defy me this way, knowing I would tongue across the soft skin, those taut brown nipples, and have a taste.

I begin to pull my fingers away when Kali grips my forearm, her hooded eyes flashing to mine.

"Don't stop, Jack," she breathes, her dark eyes almost pleading, and I feel blood rush down south, causing my cock to harden even more, if that were possible.

Without hesitation, she slinks back into her core as my wolf howls at the thought of pleasuring our mate. The feeling is exhilarating, almost like there's only us in the universe and no one else.

For once, we both agree on something.

I don't swallow her moans of pleasure; this time I want to hear her cries, mewls, and everything that I am making her feel.

She gasps, her body jolting as I feel her inner walls tighten around my finger. The sensation causes me to cuss underneath my breath as obscene images of me bringing my mate pleasure with my cock instead of my fingers flash before my eyes.

She cries as she teeters off the edge, her body trembling against mine as she rides the waves of her orgasm until she is a shuddering mess.

I press a slow kiss to her lips as she slowly comes down from her high.

I pulled back a moment to watch her. Her hooded gaze meets mine briefly before she sighs deeply, her eyes fluttering shut.

And just like that, she falls asleep-only to start snoring.

Fuck. She's so cute when she's asleep... as long as her mouth is shut.

I frown, wondering why she seems so exhausted. She fainted after our kiss and now she falls into a deep sleep immediately? Why??

Shaking off the thought, I carefully lift her, wrapping a towel around her body before carrying her to the small bedroom. Once she's settled.

I dress her in fresh clothes-then bolt out of the treehouse like my ass is on fire.

\*\*\*\*\*

I feel my blood topple, running torrent in my veins as I barge into my bedroom, frazzled from my earlier activity.

A frustrated growl rumbles in my chest as I try-desperately-to push thoughts of Kali from my mind. How beautiful she looked laid bare before me, or how soft her supple skin felt against mine, but I was failing miserably.

Fuck.

I cyss loudly when I feel my hard-on strain against my pants.

With a huff, I march towards my bathroom, shedding my clothes the second I walk in and step into the shower.

I twist the shower settings until icy cold water splashes over my head, causing me to sigh in relief as I tilt my head downwards, placing both hands on the wall in front of me.

Instead of the water to calm my raging nerves, it does the complete opposite. It takes merely seconds under the cold spray of the showerhead for me to realise that a cold shower was just a waste of my time.

Her scent floods my senses, almost like I'm back in that bathroom, pleasuring my mate.

A growl rips through my chest as I grip my engorged cock, the sound of her moans echoing in my head. Soon I start beating on my cock as the feel of her tight heat wrapped my finger and overwhelms my senses.

“Fuck!” I growl as my orgasm rips through me, shuddering as ropes and ropes of cum spurts all over the shower flooring, mixing with the water.

The world before me isn't real—and I know that. But it feels real.

A little girl, maybe five or six, giggles as she runs barefoot through the tall grass, her wild hair bouncing behind her. She's chasing a small white rabbit, her tiny hands reaching out with determination. The rabbit darts left, then right, and she squeals in delight before-thud-she trips and falls hard on her knees.

“Ow!” she cries, her small hands scraping the ground as tears fill her wide eyes.

“M!” a boy's voice calls out. A boy, not much older than her, rushes over, his brows pinched in concern. “Stop crying. I promise I'll protect you, okay?”

She sniffs and glares at him through her tears. “How are you gonna protect me? You're just a kid.”

He puffs out his chest like a soldier and says proudly. “Have you forgotten? I'm gonna be a warrior. Your personal bodyguard.”

“You can't protect me if you can't even catch a rabbit”

Before he can answer, the same rabbit dashes between his legs, and he yelps, stumbling and falling flat on his face.

The girl bursts out laughing, clutching her belly. “See? You can't even protect yourself, dummy!”

He groans, rubbing his nose.

I don't need protecting anyway,” she says with a grin. “TUI protect you, too—you big baby.”

The boy starts crying, turning his head away like he doesn't want her to see him cry. But she just sighs and holds out her hand. “C'mon, stop being a baby. Let's build a sandcastle.”

Together, they begin shaping a castle from the sand, their small hands forming rooms and walls. The girl hums softly as she works. “One room for me, one for you... and one for my mate.”

They both giggle. It's innocent. Sweet. Peaceful.

Until-crunch.

A heavy boot slams down, crushing their creation.

The girl gasps and looks up, trying to see who it is—but the man's face is lost in the sunlight, tall and shrouded in shadow. Her small hands cling to the broken sandcastle.

Then -“M!”

A woman's panicked voice. Her face is a blur as she rushes in and grabs the little girl's wrist, yanking her up.

“Go. Run back to the castle. Hide under your bed. Now!”

“But moth-”

“GO! Don't come out until I come for you.”

The little girl sobs, stumbling back toward a castle in the distance, running barefoot, blood on her knees. She disappears behind a door.

And then everything fades. The light. The sounds. All of it-gone.

I shoot upright, gasping.

My heart's racing, my chest rising and falling too fast. My eyes sting, and when I reach up, my fingers come away wet.

I was crying.

“Why the hell am I crying...” I whisper to myself, swallowing hard.

Sweat clings to my skin, soaking the sheets. I wipe my face and glance around, confused.

Where the hell am I?

This isn't the bathroom. I was in the bath—I remember the water, the steam... Jack's hands around my throat, his lips brushing my ear.

Suddenly, heat floods my body like someone turned the temperature up from the inside. The memories come rushing back—his grip, his mouth, his voice—

“Fuck.”

My hand flies to my mouth. I slap myself. Hard.

“You've got to be kidding me...”

I pull the blanket up, covering my face even though no one's here. My cheeks are burning.

“What did I do?”

I let him touch me. Hell, I begged him to.

“Stupid. Stupid, stupid,” I mutter, slapping myself again. “What happened to staying strong, Kali? What the hell is wrong with you?”

Mate bond. That’s what’s wrong.

“I need to stay away from him,” I mumble, trying to breathe through the wave of shame.

“Too late for that, love,” my wolf purrs smugly, practically doing a victory lap in my head.

. “You let him in. Literally.” She sounds far too

satisfied, like she’d been reclining with popcorn through the whole thing. “Besides, we needed it. You needed it.”

“Shut up. I needed to lose all self-control?” I snap.

“You needed to feel. And let’s be honest, you liked it.”

I groan, yanking the blanket higher to bury my face.

“Look on the bright side,” she says, far too chipper for my liking. ” Clearly, physical contact with Jack is unlocking our memories. That dream? That little girl, M?. That was us.”

I frown. “So what? A random dream doesn’t mean anything.”

“It wasn’t random. It was a piece of our past. Don’t you see? When he touches us, something awakens in us. Maybe if we... I don’t know... complete the bond, let him mark us, mate us-”

“Stop,” I cut her off, scowling at the ceiling. I’m not entertaining that sinful idea.

“Oh, don’t act innocent now. You were all over him last night. You enjoyed every damn second. You begged him to touch you-The way you moaned-goddess, even I was embarrassed-”

“Are you sure you didn’t take over?” I hiss, scowling. “Because there’s no way in hell I would have done that in my right mind. You definitely hijacked my body. Possessed me or something.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” she chuckles darkly, “you were very, very aware of every second.”

Before I can snap back, I hear footsteps.

Shit. Jack?

The door creaks open. I sit up abruptly, clutching the blanket to my chest like it’s some magical shield and can somehow protect my dignity.”Finally, you’re awake.”

I peek out from under the covers like a kid caught doing something they shouldn't.

Jasmine.

She stands in the doorway, arms folded, her expression unreadable.

There's no sign of the trembling girl from earlier—no fear in her eyes, no trace of the bruises on her back. Now, she's composed, calm, as if she's tucked all her emotions behind a locked door and swallowed the key.

My heart clenches as the memory hits—how she'd rushed off so suddenly, eyes wide and panicked. Like she had somewhere she had to be.

Someone she had to face.

Someone who made her flinch.

I don't know why, but a sharp wave of suspicion slithers into my gut.

Whoever she went to meet... I have a feeling they're the one who left those marks on her.

Before I can chase that thought, Jasmine snaps me out of it.

"You need to go back."

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 30**

I sit up fully, swinging my legs over the edge of the bed. "Can't I just stay here forever?" I mumble, rubbing my eyes. "You won't even notice I'm here. I'll just hide in the corner and only breathe every other hour."

Jasmine lets out a short, amused laugh. "Unfortunately, no. This is my secret place. And I still need my privacy. But... you're welcome to crash here anytime your mental health decides to jump off a cliff."

I blink at her, then chuckle despite myself. It's probably the kindest offer I've had in a long time. But the moment doesn't last. The thought of going back there... to him... makes my stomach twist.

I feel heat crawl up my neck as the memories slam into me over and over again—Jack's mouth on my skin, his hands claiming every inch of me like he had every right because I belonged to him. His voice in my ear, whispering things that turned my insides to fire. I swear I can still

"feel his fingers in me."

And the shameless part?

I still want more. Not just his touch. Not just his hands. I want him fully  
—inside me, over and over-until I come undone, until I see stars and forget my own name.

I clench my fists in my lap, furious with myself.

Fuck, this isn't me.

How am I supposed to look him in the eye now, knowing how much I still crave him? Knowing that I want more. That I want all of him.

But I can't let him think that just because I gave in to the bond once, it means something. That I've changed my mind. That I've accepted the mate bond between us.

I haven't.

I can't.

We're not together. I'm still going to reject him. I just... forgot for a moment. A long, hot, shameless moment.

"Why is your face so red?" Jasmine asks, raising an eyebrow. "What are you thinking so hard about?"

My eyes widen. "Nothing!"

She raises a brow, smirking, but doesn't push. Instead, she turns and walks away, her silence oddly comforting.

– She knows.

She definitely smelled what happened between Jack and me in her sacred little tree house-but she doesn't say a word. Doesn't judge me.

I follow her out of the tree house in silence, grateful beyond words for her restraint.

The forest is quiet around us, birds chirping lazily, sunlight filtering through the trees in golden beams. It's peaceful. Too peaceful.

But instead of heading toward the cell I had been thrown into, Jasmine veers left, taking a path I've never seen before. I frown. "Wait... this isn't the way back. Where are we going?"

She glances over her shoulder. "Jack's house."

I stumble over a root, catching myself just in time. "What?"

"My brother said if you woke up, I should take you to his house," she says casually, as if she hasn't just dropped a bomb on me. "I guess you're moving in with him."

I stop walking completely. "I'm not moving in with him."

Jasmine blinks, clearly surprised. "You're not? I thought... aren't you two on good terms now? Haven't you accepted the bond?" "I haven't accepted anything," I mutter, my cheeks flushing again. "And we're not... good. Not like that."

Her gaze sharpens, a flicker of curiosity in her eyes. "I could smell his scent all over you." She sniffs subtly. "You sure about that?"

glare at her, but it's pointless. My cheeks give me away, turning an even deeper shade of red

I start walking again, hoping she won't notice the embarrassment on my face. "I'm sure," I say, though even to my own ears, the words sound unconvincing.

Jasmine doesn't press. She just falls into step beside me, and we walk in silence-me, partly annoyed, partly anxious about where this is all going.

Eventually, we reach a small clearing, and I come to a halt.

There's a house. Not a grand pack mansion or some intimidating Alpha estate. Just... a medium-sized, beautifully built home. Cozy. Warm. Like the kind of place someone might raise a family.

"We're here," Jasmine says simply.

My brows knit together. "This is Jack's place?"

Noticing my confusion, Jasmine lets out a quiet laugh. "This isn't his main house. He has a mansion, yes-but he built this one because he wanted something simpler. A quiet, private space for his mate. A place to start a life together."

My heart skips a beat.

"But it didn't work out," she adds, her voice softer now. "At least not back then. Thankfully... you're here."

Her words hit harder than I expected. His mate. His first mate. I'm only the second chance... the second choice.

Suddenly, I don't want to be here. I don't want to picture her walking through this house. I don't want to imagine him with her. Not here. Not in this space he built for her.

I stay silent, mostly because I'm too busy trying to relax my clenched fists. Why am I even jealous? I don't care who he built this place for. It doesn't mean anything.

..Right?

Jasmine smiles knowingly, like she can see right through me. "He should be here any minute. You can go inside."

And just like that, she leaves me standing alone on the porch.

I stare at the front door for a long second before sighing and stepping inside.

The house smells like cedarwood and a faint hint of citrus-clean, but lived in. I wander slowly, trailing my fingers along the edge of the furniture. The space is warm-toned and tidy... but there's a subtle emptiness to it. Like something's missing.

It needs color. Personality. A woman's touch.

But not mine.

I won't be here long.

I whisper the words like a warning to myself. I'm not the woman. I'm not staying.

I step into the bedroom-and freeze.

It's spacious. The bed is enormous, draped in dark blue sheets that look dangerously comfortable, like they were made to trap heat. I walk to the edge and let my fingers trace the soft fabric-

Click.

The door creaks open behind me.

I whirl around, heart lurching into my throat.

Jack.

He leans casually against the doorframe, silver eyes locked on me, a slow, knowing smirk tugging at his lips.

“Oh...” His voice is like velvet. “I see you found your way to our bedroom, love.”

My heart stutters.

He steps in casually, letting the door swing shut behind him. “And I see you like the bed as much as I do.. it’s my favourite part of the house.”

I curse under my breath as my cheeks burn. “Shut up.”

He grins wider, that dangerous calm in his expression making my knees go weak. “Now all we need to do is finish what we started earlier

“Jack-

I take a step back, but my leg bumps into the edge of the bed, and before I can catch my balance, my ass lands right on the mattress with a soft bounce.

Oh. Oh, no.

Jack's eyes darken as he watches me, his gaze like a predator who's just cornered his prey.

And by the wicked gleam in his eyes... he's more than ready to pounce.

"Finish what we started earlier?" I repeat, my voice strained as I try to sound nonchalant-like my stomach isn't doing wild flips, like my thighs aren't clenching involuntarily at the memory.

Jack's eyes gleam as he steps closer, his heat already invading my space.

"Yeah," he murmurs, his voice rough and smoky-like silk dragging slowly across bare skin. "You remember... how your legs trembled when I touched you. The way you moaned my name like it was the only word you knew."

I swallow hard.

The memories come rushing in, uninvited. The way he'd held me like I was something precious and wild at the same time. My skin flushes, and I silently curse myself for feeling anything.

Control, Kali. Get it back.

"I'm not sure what you're talking about," I lie, lifting my chin defiantly." I don't remember anything."

Jack lets out a low chuckle. It sends a ripple of electricity across my skin. "Don't play coy with me, Kali," he murmurs, another step forward.

"I can see the way you look at me. I felt the way you clung to me. You're not fooling anyone—least of all me."

I force a tight laugh, ignoring the heat pooling between my legs.

"ALL I remember is falling asleep in the bathtub," I say with a shrug." Then waking up in bed. Alone." I blink up at him with feigned confusion.

Jack's brows knit together. He doesn't like that. Good.

"Oh wait," I add with mock realization, raising a finger as if something just occurred to me. "Did something happen between us? Did you kiss. me or something?" I tilt my head and smile sweetly: "Huh. Must not have been that special. Or memorable."

The lie tastes bitter. on my tongue, but I spit it out anyway, hoping it smothers the fire building between us.

His jaw tightens. A low growl rumbles from his chest. "Kali.."

I cut him off before he can finish.

“Don’t get me wrong—I get it. Women probably throw themselves at you all the time because you’re the big, bad Alpha. But let me make one thing clear—if something did happen, it clearly wasn’t enough to leave an impression.”

His eyes flash-wounded pride and something far darker swirling in them. He steps closer, and the air between us tightens.

“Then let me help you remember,” he growls, his voice low, dangerous, and full of promise.

Before I can react, he pins me back onto the bed in one swift movement, his body caging mine. I try not to panic. Try not to let him see how much his closeness is messing with me.

I hold my breath.

His nose brushes against my neck as he inhales deeply, almost like he’s trying to memorise me.

“How long are you going to keep fighting this?” he whispers. “Your body wants this. You want this.”

I grit my teeth, refusing to move, refusing to let him see the truth in my eyes.

His lips graze my ear as he speaks again, seething with heat and frustration.

“Stop fighting the bond. Stop lying to yourself. You crave me—even when you claim you don’t.”

I snap.

“Fine!” I hiss, eyes locking with his. “You want the truth? You want me to admit it?”

Jack stills above me, clearly not expecting that.

“Yes,” I spat. “I’m attracted to you. I crave your touch. No-screw your touch—I want you to fuck me senseless. I want your hands all over me.

I want your mouth on every inch of my body.”

His pupils dilate. His breath stutters.

“But so what?” I continue, my tone now laced with venom. “That doesn’t mean I want your mark. That doesn’t mean I want to be your perfect little Luna-playing house and popping out heirs like some obedient mate.”

Something shifts in his expression—as if I’ve just pierced him straight through the chest.

I don’t know if it’s the confession or the rejection that stings more, but he stares at me, stunned and silent.

Then slowly, he lifts himself off me.

I exhale for the first time in what feels like forever, sucking in air like I've been drowning.

Jack stands there for a long moment, looking down at me, his chest rising and falling like the weight of the world is pressing against it. I can't read his face completely, but his eyes... they're no longer just burning anymore. They're bleeding and empty in a way that makes my chest tighten. Then, wordlessly, he turns and walks to the door. His hand touches the knob and twists it.