

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 4

Kali

“You did what?” My mother’s voice comes out in a sharp whisper, her eyes wide with fear. She rushes to shut my bedroom door behind her, glancing over her shoulder as if someone might be listening.

I sighed, running a hand through my hair, already drained from the night. Caspian had left a while ago, returning to his night patrol. His heartbreak was still fresh in my mind, but I hadn’t had the time to dwell on it before my mother asked question that I didn’t want to answer. When she had happily asked if Caspian and I were mates, I told her the truth—Travis, the future Alpha, was my mate, and I rejected him.

“I rejected Travis, Mom,” I say again, firmer this time, locking eyes with her. “I didn’t want to be his mate, and I wasn’t going to pretend otherwise.”

Her lips part, but no words come out for a moment. Then, she shakes her head.

“Kali, you should have thought this through!” she hisses, pacing the room in short, frantic steps. “Do you realise what you’ve done? You rejected the future Alpha—Travis, of all people! There will be consequences.”

“I know,” I say simply, because I do.

Travis isn’t the kind of man to take rejection lightly. His ego is as big as the moon itself, and if there’s one thing I’m certain of, it’s that he won’t let this slide.

“Then why?” She breathes out desperately. “This was your chance, Kali. You could have been Luna—you could have had real power. Everything you’ve ever wanted. You could have changed things for the women in this pack, made them equal to men—”

“But at what cost, Mom?” I cut her off, my voice rising. “I would have had to submit to him! Do you think Travis would ever let me rule beside him as an equal? He doesn’t respect me; he never has! How could I fight for equality when I would have to bow to him?”

She stills, her shoulders tense, lips pressed into a thin line. “You only had to submit to one man, Kali. Just one.”

I laugh bitterly. “And that’s exactly the problem. If I have to kneel for one man to get power, then what’s the point of the power in the first place?”

Her expression falters, and for the first time, she looks uncertain. I shake my head. “I don’t care if it’s an Alpha, the Alpha King himself—I will never submit to anyone who doesn’t respect me or see my worth. I would rather face the consequences than live my life as someone’s shadow.”

A heavy silence stretches between us. She exhales shakily, her shoulders sagging in reluctant defeat.

"I should have known," she murmurs, more to herself than me. "You're exactly the same as the little girl I found that day."

I frown. "What are you talking about?"

She hesitates, looking at me as if she's debating whether or not to say more as she takes a deep breath.

"I found you in a dark magic hut," she says suddenly.

I blink. "What?"

She swallows hard. "You weren't abandoned in the forest like everyone says. I heard witches whispering about you. They said you were a sacrifice—an offering to the Moon Goddess. They said your blood was the strongest of our kind."

"That doesn't make sense. Beta Logan said you found me in the forest, alone—"

"And I let him believe that," she interrupts quickly. "I let the whole pack believe that because if anyone knew the truth, they would have questioned why I was even at the witch's hut to begin with. And if they knew what kind of power you held, they would have killed you, Kali. I had to keep you safe. And I couldn't let that happen."

I feel like the air has been sucked out of the room. "You lied to protect me?"

She gives me a sad smile. "At first, I was going to mind my business and leave. But then... you called for me."

I frown. "I called for you?"

"You didn't say a word," she says, her voice distant, like she's remembering something long buried. "But you made me come to you. You made me and my wolf submit." She shudders. "A ten-year-old girl made a grown woman fall to her knees. I didn't know how you did it. But I knew one thing—I couldn't leave you there to die."

My knees feel weak. Who left me there? Who wanted me dead? And why did my own mother—no, my real parents—want to sacrifice me?

"So you took me," I whisper.

"Yes," she murmurs. "And then I lied to my mate. I lied to the whole pack. Because I knew if they found out how powerful you really were, they'd fear you. And fear makes people do terrible things."

I feel lightheaded as I stare at her. All my life, I believed I had been found in the dirt, abandoned and unwanted. But now...

"I never wanted children with my mate," she says, her expression darkening. "He was abusive. A monster. And I refused to bring a child into that kind of life. So I went to the dark witches and had my womb removed."

A sharp gasp escapes me. "You—"

She nods. "Logan didn't deserve to be a father. That was my punishment for him. No matter how many times we had s*x, I knew there would never be a child."

For a long moment, I say nothing. I don't know what to say.

I've always thought of my mother as someone who endured, who put up with the abuse because she had no choice. But now I see her in a different light. She wasn't just a survivor—she was a fighter.

And she had risked everything to protect me.

"Mom..."

She takes my hands, gripping them firmly. "I have money saved. You need to leave before morning. Take it and run. Find your real family. See it as a chance to start over."

I blink, shocked. "What?"

"You rejected the future Alpha, Kali," she scolds. "Luna Diana will never forgive you for humiliating her son. And Travis—" She shakes her head. "You don't know what he's capable of. If you stay, he will make you suffer."

I squeeze her hands. "I'm not running."

"Kali—"

"Mom," I say firmly. "You are my real family. I don't need to find the people who left me to die. I won't let anyone control my fate. Not Travis, not this pack, and not the past I don't remember."

Her eyes glisten with tears. "You're just like that little girl in the witch's hut," she whispers.

I give her a small smile. "And I always will be."

A tear slips down her cheek as she leans forward and presses a soft kiss to my forehead. "Sleep now, my precious Kali," she murmurs. "Because when the sun rises, your world will change."

I close my eyes, letting her warmth comfort me. But as I drift off, the last thing I hear is her broken whisper.

"Happy birthday, my dear Kali... and I'm sorry. I'm sorry for not protecting you enough. I'm sorry for being weak."

And then, silence.

A sharp yank on my scalp rips me from sleep. Pain explodes at the roots of my hair, and I barely have time to register what's happening before I'm dragged off the bed. My body hits the cold floor with a thud.

I scream, clawing at the iron grip in my hair, but the hands only tighten.

"You ungrateful little wretch!" my father—no, Beta Logan—roars. His face is twisted in pure hatred as he drags me across the wooden floor. My nails scrape against it, but nothing stops him.

"Let me go!" I shriek, kicking out, but it only earns me a brutal backhand across the face. My head snaps to the side, stars bursting behind my eyelids.

"You think you can humiliate me like this?" he growls, yanking me back to my feet before driving a knee into my stomach. I double over, gasping for air, but he doesn't let me recover. Another blow lands—my ribs this time.

"You've committed a mortal sin, Kali," he spits. "You rejected the future Alpha! Do you have any idea what you've done?"

I cough, tasting blood, but I refuse to let him see me break. I force myself to stand straight, chin lifted despite the pain. "I did what any self-respecting woman would do." My voice is hoarse, but steady. "I refused to submit to a man who doesn't deserve me."

A fresh wave of rage washes over him. His face turns red, veins bulging in his neck. "I raised you, took you from the dirt, and feed you! And how do you repay me?"

His fist slams into my gut again, knocking the wind out of me. My legs buckle, but he grips my arm and drags me forward.

Pack members gather outside as the morning sun rises. They whisper, their eyes darting between me and the furious Beta. No one steps in. No one ever does.

Beta Logan yanks me harder, his grip bruising. "You weren't as worthless as I thought, or else the Moon Goddess wouldn't have given you to Travis. But no—your stubbornness ruined everything. You could have brought me power, made me the Alpha's in-law! But now?" He lets out a cruel laugh. "Now, you'll suffer. And once I'm done with you, that pathetic mother of yours is next."

That makes me snap.

I twist violently in his grip, fire burning in my veins. "You touch my mother, and I swear I'll kill you."

He laughs again, shoving me forward. "Big words from a disgrace."

We reach the Alpha's mansion, and before I can react, he throws me onto the stone floor. Pain shoots through my body as I land hard. Dust rises around me, and then I hear it—footsteps descending the grand staircase.

I look up, wiping blood from my split lip with the back of my hand.

Luna Diana stands at the top of the stairs, her icy blue eyes locked onto me with pure fury.

“How dare you reject my son?” she seethes, each word laced with venom. She steps down, her heeled boots clicking against the polished floor. “Who the hell do you think you are?”

I blink.

So Travis didn’t even try to twist the story—he didn’t claim he rejected me first, didn’t attempt to save face. No, he ran straight to his mommy. How adorable.

A smirk tugs at my lips despite the pain. “Who am I?” I echo, tilting my head slightly as I meet her furious gaze without hesitation. “I’m the girl who defies fate and never submits.”

Luna Diana’s nostrils flare, but I don’t stop there. I let out a dramatic gasp, pressing a hand to my chest as if a shocking revelation just struck me. “Oh my Goddess,” I mock. “Did Travis seriously run crying to his mommy? That is just... so precious.”