

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 5

Kali

“What are you going to do about the rejection, Mommy?” I continue to taunt, rising to my feet to meet Luna Diana’s furious glare. She says nothing, her icy blue eyes burning into mine, but I only lift my chin higher, refusing to back down.

“If you’re so desperate for your son to have a mate, why don’t you become his mate and—”

The slap comes so fast, so hard, I don’t even see it

A white-hot explosion of pain spreads across my face, worse than anything Beta Logan had ever inflicted on me. My vision goes black for a moment, and I genuinely think I’ve gone blind.

I stagger but refuse to fall. Clenching my jaw, I slowly turn my head back to Luna Diana and spit blood at her feet.

Then I laugh. It’s a raw, hollow sound, filled with both amusement and anger.

“I underestimated your strength, Luna,” I mock, wiping the corner of my mouth. “You’re stronger than you look. Not as weak as I thought.”

“By the time I’m done with you, you’ll regret rejecting my son.”

I scoff, letting out another dry laugh. “And this is exactly why I rejected him,” I snap. “Because he has no balls. He couldn’t handle a simple rejection without running to his mommy to cry.” I cock my head, smirking at the way her nostrils flare. “The only thing he’s good at is chasing after women’s skirts.” I let my disgust drip into my voice as I step closer. “You and your son disgust me. Nothing—nothing—will ever make me regret my decision. It’s the best one I’ve ever made.” My voice drops to a mocking whisper. “I didn’t want to end up like you, Luna Diana. That’s why I rejected your pathetic excuse of a son.”

A heavy silence falls over the room.

Luna Diana’s expression darkens, her lips pressing into a thin, furious line. Slowly, she shifts her glare to Beta Logan, who has been standing quietly the entire time, watching the scene unfold.

“This is your fault,” she hisses, stepping toward him.

Beta Logan stiffens.

“If only you had tamed her from a young age, this wouldn’t have happened,” Luna Diana spits. “How can you call yourself a Beta when you can’t even control a single, pathetic girl? You’ve failed me, Logan. If your daughter doesn’t submit to my son, you will lose your title as beta of the Red Night pack.”

I watch as my so-called father instantly crumbles.

He falls to his knees before her, his face turning red as he bares his neck in submission. “Please, Luna, forgive me! I will fix this—I swear it! Just... don’t strip me of my position. She will submit. I swear it.” His voice shakes with desperation.

A laugh bubbles up from my throat before I can stop it.

I clutch my stomach, my ribs protesting the movement, but I can’t help myself.

“Oh, Father,” I mock, wiping at the tears of amusement in my eyes. “I guess you’ll be losing your precious position because of a dirt like me.” My laughter grows louder.

Beta Logan’s head snaps up, his furious gaze locking onto mine. “Shut your damn mouth before I snap your neck,” he roars.

I only grin wider. “Oh? Now you’re finally showing some backbone?”

Luna Diana watches the exchange with growing disinterest, then sighs as if she’s grown tired of the spectacle.

“Enough,” she says coldly, her eyes filled with disgust as she turns back to Beta Logan. “I see you can’t control her anymore.” Her lips curl in a slow, cruel smile as she tilts her head. “Why don’t you give me permission—as her father—to do whatever I want with her?”

A wicked smirk stretches across Logan’s face. He pushes himself to his feet, dusting off his knees before meeting my gaze.

“I do,” he says simply, his voice dripping with satisfaction. “I give you full permission, Luna. Do whatever you want with her.”

My smirk falters. Something inside me shatters.

A cold, sharp pain spreads through my chest, but I quickly swallow it down, taking a small step back. “You’re not my father,” I snap, forcing my expression to remain impassive, though my voice shakes with rage. “You have no right to give me away like some object.”

I whip my head toward Luna Diana. “And if you dare lay a hand on me, I swear—”

“You’ll what?” she interrupts, raising a perfectly arched brow. “Bark some more?” She clicks her tongue in mock pity. “That’s all you are, Kali. Bark. No bite.

Then she turns to the warriors standing by the entrance.

“Take her to the Mating Room,” she commands smoothly. “Prepare her for my son.”

Everything inside me stops, and for the first time in my life, real, paralysing fear grips me.

The Mating Room.

Where Alphas and their Lunas consummate their bond—willingly—to create an heir.

But sending me there when I never accepted Travis as my mate...

Luna Diana wasn't planning for this to be willing.

"No," I whisper, my chest heaving. I shake my head, stepping back again. "You can't—"

Hands clamp down on my arms.

I thrash wildly, my heartbeat pounding so loudly it drowns out everything else. "Let me go!" I scream, kicking out as hard as I can. "You bastards! You will regret this—"

Luna Diana only watches with a satisfied smile. Her laughter echoes behind me, light and musical, as if this is all some grand joke to her.

I twist, bite, claw—anything to get free.

But the warriors are too strong. Their grips are like iron shackles around my arms, bruising.

I felt so helpless seeing the doors of the Mating Room being pulled open.

The moment they shove me inside, my eyes land on the massive bed at the center—draped in luxurious sheets, the air thick with the scent of roses and something sickly sweet.

I twist harder. "Let me go, you bastards!"

The warriors don't respond, and with a hard shove, they toss me onto the table beside the bed. The impact knocks the air from my lungs.

"Hold her down," one of them orders.

I kick and struggle, but their strength overpowers mine. Thick ropes burn against my skin as they yank my arms over my head, securing me tightly. My wrists throb with the pressure, my legs barely able to move as they bind me down.

I yank at the restraints, rage burning through me. "You're all cowards! Let me go and fight me properly!"

The warriors ignore me, stepping back once I'm secured. Then, they turn and leave, the heavy door clicking shut behind them.

I don't get a chance to catch my breath before two women enter the room, their faces expressionless.

In their hands, large scissors glint under the light.

I jerk against the ropes, my heart hammering. "Don't you dare touch me!" I snarl, baring my teeth.

They don't hesitate. The cold blade presses against my shoulder. With a sharp snip, my shirt falls open.

I scream, thrashing wildly, but it's useless. Piece by piece, my clothes are sliced away until I'm left in nothing but my underwear, my skin exposed to the cool air.

Fury and humiliation battle inside me, making my chest burn.

I snap my head to the side, locking eyes with Luna Diana.

She stands at the foot of the bed, watching me with satisfaction. A slow, vicious smile spreads across her face.

"Finally," she muses, tilting her head. "I can see it now."

I breathe heavily, my jaw clenched. "See what?" I spit.

"The fear in your eyes," she says, voice dripping with triumph. "If I had known this was what you were so scared of, I would have done it sooner."

I snarl, but my skin is crawling, my stomach twisting with unease.

Luna Diana steps closer, pressing manicured fingers against my bare stomach. I recoil, but there's nowhere to go.

She hums in mock thought. "You'll carry my son's heir," she murmurs. "That way, the pup will be strong—stronger than you. And maybe then..." She meets my gaze, her smile widening. "You'll be forced to submit."

Rage explodes inside me.

"You wouldn't dare," I growl, my voice shaking with fury.

Diana chuckles, running a finger along my collarbone.

"Wouldn't I?"

"If Travis so much as lays a fucking finger on me," I hiss, my body vibrating with anger, "I'll make sure my face is the last thing he sees before I give him a free ticket to the Moon Goddess."

Luna Diana's smirk falters.

"This isn't a threat, Diana," I continue, my voice dropping into a deadly whisper.

"It's a fucking promise."

A deep, guttural growl rips from my throat, shaking the very air around us.

The entire room trembles.

The bedposts creak. The glasses on the nightstand shatter. The walls seem to pulse with the force of my rage.

And then—

SNAP.

The ropes securing my wrists burst apart like threads.

Luna Diana stumbles back, her eyes going wide with something I never thought I'd see in her.

Fear.