

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 6

Kali

My chest rises and falls as I stare down at the shattered ropes around me.

I have no idea how I just did that. Moments ago, I was powerless—pinned down, vulnerable. But then something inside me—my wolf, perhaps—snapped. Rage, disgust, and pure survival instinct surged through me.

Or maybe it was the sheer horror of what Luna Diana had planned for me.

I couldn't bear the thought of Travis—or any man—touching me against my will. Of bearing a child like some caged breeder.

Never.

I lift my gaze, locking onto Diana as she stumbles backward, eyes wide with disbelief. She doesn't stop until her back slams against the wall.

A smirk tugs at my lips as I rise from the bed, taking slow steps toward her. I enjoy the way her fear flickers behind that perfectly composed mask.

“You can't tame me, Diana.”

I take another step forward. She flinches.

“No one can.” My voice is dangerously calm.

A part of me marvels at this shift—this power surging through me. I had always seen Luna Diana as this untouchable force, a woman who wielded power through manipulation and fear.

But now?

Now, she looks at me like I'm the monster.

Diana's lips part as she whispers. “How did you—”

The door bursts open.

Travis.

His scent—sandalwood, a scent I hate but is now burned into my memory—fills the room before I even see him.

I snatch the bedsheet off the mattress, yanking it around myself. My skin burns with humiliation, knowing how many people had just watched me nearly stripped bare.

Travis' gaze darts between me and his mother. Diana, who had been cowering against the wall just moments ago, immediately straightens, clearing her throat as if she hadn't just been terrified of me.

Travis exhales sharply, running a hand through his hair. "This wasn't the plan, Mum." His tone is clipped, angry. "I told you to scare her, not drag her here and—" His eyes flick to my torn clothes on the floor. "And strip her in front of people."

Diana rolls her eyes. "Oh, don't be so dramatic."

"She's still my mate," Travis snaps. "No matter what happens, that hasn't changed. She's no longer just some ordinary she-wolf. If the pack finds out about this, how do you expect them to respect her as their future Luna after this?"

I blink, staring at him.

Was Travis... actually defending me?

My fingers tighten around the sheet, my body still tense, raw from what just happened. I blink twice, half-expecting this to be some cruel hallucination.

Diana scoffs, her face twisting with disappointment. "This is exactly why she doesn't respect you, Travis." Her eyes narrow, sharp as daggers. "This is why she rejected you. You're weak."

Travis flinches.

She shakes her head. "I'm trying to do what's best for you. Can't you see that? If she was carrying your heir, she'd have no choice but to submit." She crosses her arms. "I'm doing what you should have done, Travis—taming your mate. Making her the perfect submissive Luna. Like me."

Perfect? Submissive?

Like her?

I laugh—sharp, bitter.

"You think I'd ever become like you, Diana?" I tilt my head. "A puppet with a pretty smile? A Luna who stands beside her mate like some obedient doll?"

Diana growls at me, but Travis swiftly moves toward me, shrugging off his jacket. "Here," he mutters, holding it out. "Wear this."

I spit on his fucking face.

His head jerks back.

"Don't," I snarl. "Don't you dare come near me." My voice shakes with rage, with disgust, with everything. "Don't act like you care after what you let happen."

He slowly wipes my spit off his cheek, jaw tight. “Kali—”

“This is all your fault,” I cut him off, eyes burning. “Just because you couldn’t take a single fucking rejection.”

His nostrils flare. “We’re mates, Kali.” His voice lowers, almost pleading. “The Moon Goddess chose us for each other. You were made for me, and I was made for you.”

I let out a short, bitter laugh. “You think fate excuses your actions?”

He steps closer. “I’m also your Alpha,” he says quietly. “You’re supposed to submit.”

“If you had been faithful—if you had waited for me, your mate...” I pause, watching his expression shift. “Maybe I would’ve considered it for a minute.”

His lips part slightly, but I don’t stop.

“But you didn’t.” My fingers curl around the sheet, knuckles white. “You think I don’t know what kind of man you are? That once I accept you, your true colors won’t show?”

His silence is my answer.

I shake my head. “You wouldn’t love me. You’d use me. A tool to breed your heirs, a pretty little Luna to stand beside you. And then, once I served my purpose...” I let the words linger, watching how his hands clench into fists.

He looks away, frustration flickering across his face.

I exhale, exhaustion weighing down on me. “I’m done repeating myself.”

Travis rubs a hand down his face, then turns to his mother. “Mum...” He hesitates. Then, with a sigh, “Maybe I should just accept the rejection.”

Diana’s face darkens immediately.

“What?” she hisses.

“She doesn’t want to accept the natural law of our world,” he mutters. “She doesn’t want to submit. Maybe I should just accept—”

SLAP.

Diana’s palm connects with Travis’ face, the sound sharp and unforgiving.

My breath catches.

His head jerks to the side, but he doesn’t move, his jaw clenched as red spreads across his cheek.

“You’re pathetic,” Luna Diana spits, her whole body trembling with fury as she glares at him. “She’s just an ordinary she-wolf, Travis. She can’t be above your Alpha power.”

I scoff, shaking my head at the absurdity of it all.

Travis doesn’t say a word. He just stands there, jaw clenched, eyes stormy with frustration. His own mother looks at him like he’s nothing, like he’s failed her in some grand way. And maybe he has—because for once, he’s not bending to her every twisted whim.

I almost pity him. Almost.

Before anyone can speak, the door bursts open, and Grace stumbles inside, immediately falling to her knees before Luna Diana.

I let out a sharp laugh, crossing my arms. “Oh, look, Travis. One of your toys is here for you. Pick her up and leave me the hell alone.”

Travis’s face turns a deep shade of red, his glare snapping to Grace. “What the hell are you doing here? I didn’t call for you.”

Grace ignores him, keeping her head bowed low. “Luna Diana, I heard everything,” she says breathlessly. “Please... use me. Let me be Travis’s mate. Let me be his Luna.”

Silence.

I blink, my stomach twisting in disgust. Did she really just say that?

Grace lifts her head, her eyes burning with desperate determination. “I’ll be a much better, more submissive Luna than her. Pick me, and I swear I’ll do whatever is best for the pack.”

She turns to Travis, voice dripping with devotion. “The pack is already losing respect for you, Alpha. They’re watching, questioning your strength because of her. But if I become your Luna, I’ll prove to them how powerful and manly you are. I’ll make them see you as the Alpha you’re meant to be. I’ll fix the damage she’s done. I will bear your pups. Accept me as your mate. This dirt doesn’t deserve you or the title of Luna.”

I feel sick.

Travis growls low in his throat. “Don’t call my mate dirt,” he snaps. “And you will never be my mate, Grace. How many times do I have to tell you?”

“Enough,” Luna Diana interrupts sharply, walking toward the window. She pulls back the curtain slightly, peering outside.

I follow her gaze. A crowd of pack members has gathered. They’re murmuring amongst themselves, watching, waiting.

Luna Diana turns back to Travis, her expression cold. “Do you see what she’s talking about? The embarrassment your mate has brought us? Grace is right.”

Travis stares at her, shaking his head slightly, like he can't believe what he's hearing. "Mother, what are you trying to say?"

She doesn't answer immediately as she strides back toward Grace, who is still kneeling, and lifts her chin with a single manicured finger. "You're going to be Travis's fake mate," she declares.

Travis's entire body goes rigid. "What?"

"You heard me," she says coolly. "If Kali won't submit, the pack needs a Luna who will."

"But I've already found my mate!" Travis blurts, desperation in his voice. His eyes flash toward me like I'm some lifeline, some shield.

It takes everything in me not to laugh and to roll my eyes and say, I rejected you, Travis. I would never wear your mark.

Luna Diana doesn't even bother to look at him. Her gaze swings to Grace, sharp and calculating. "And you?" she asks. "Have you found your mate?"

Grace nods, eyes glittering like a predator's. "I rejected him," she says without hesitation. "The Moon Goddess made a mistake."

The words hang in the air like poison, and I actually forget how to breathe for a second.

She did what?

Grace's smile widens, slow and serpentine. "Some of us weren't born to follow fate. We were born to fix it."

Luna Diana's lips twitch with amusement. "Such clarity. Such strength. You truly are Luna material."

She reaches forward like a queen bestowing a crown. "Tell me, my daughter-in-law to be, what is it you desire? Say the word, and it shall be yours."

Her eyes lock with mine, and I swear I feel the temperature in the room drop.

She lifts one elegant finger and points straight at me.

"I want her gone."

A beat of silence.

"I would have her head," Grace says with venom-laced sweetness, "but I'm merciful. Banish her. Strip her of rank, of home, of family. Let her rot out there with the rogues. And when she's crawling back, broken and begging—maybe then she'll be ready to submit to you and Alpha Travis."

The floor seems to tilt under me. My fingers curl into fists at my sides.

I knew Grace hated me—I'd always known. But this? This is beyond petty jealousy. Grace isn't doing this out of duty. This isn't about the pack.

This is personal.

This is war.

Luna Diana nods, approval glowing in her eyes like victory. "Your instincts serve you well. You've already made your first decree as future Luna—one for the good of the pack."

Then she turns to me with a smile as cold as her heart. "Kali will be banished by nightfall."