

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 71

It has to belong to the Alpha King.

Lady Celestia's father.

He's not even here, and still... his energy hums around the room, pressing into my chest like a weighted blanket.

Oddly enough, it's not scary.

It's... comforting.

And that makes my skin crawl.

Why would his energy-his power-someone I've never met-comfort me?

My eyes shift to the throne on the right-smaller but elegant, carved with roses and feathers, probably belonging to the queen. But there's something strange about it. I can't look away. My heart starts to ache. My throat burns. And then-

A tear slips down my cheek.

I blink, stunned.

What the hell?

Why am I crying?

I don't even know. The emotion just hits me out of nowhere. Like something deep inside is mourning.

Grieving. I don't get it. I wipe it away with the back of my hand, shaky and confused.

Finally, [drag my eyes to the last throne—on the King's left.

It's smaller, less grand, but still regal. Designed for someone important. Someone not yet fully in power... but meant to be.

And as soon as I look at it—

I gasp softly.

It's like that throne calls to me. Like a whisper brushing against my soul-as if it knows me.

But why?

What does it want?

To sit on it? I almost laugh. In this situation, it's ridiculous  
-but still, the idea pushes its way in, bold and stupid.

I let out a soft, breathless chuckle.

“Gods... I’m losing my mind,” I whisper to the empty hall.

Because that seat doesn’t belong to me. I know who it belongs to. Lady Celestia. The perfect, untouchable daughter of the Alpha King.

The same woman who wants me dead.

Even while I was unconscious, I knew. Somewhere between the haze of drugs and pain, her disgusting perfume slithered into my senses. Sweet like rotting flowers. I remember calling out for Jack, thinking he was near, only to feel that vile presence instead. Her. Lady Celestia.

This-this is her grand finale. The final act in her pathetic play to get Jack. She wants me out of the picture so badly, she’s teamed up with that psychotic bastard of an uncle.

What she doesn’t realize is—he’s only using her. Just like he uses everyone. Her status, her title, her desperation.

She’s nothing more than a pawn. A shiny, desperate pawn.

The sound of the giant doors creaking open behind me snaps me out of my thoughts. My entire body goes still.

Then her scent hits me. Almost suffocating.

A moment later, I hear the soft tap-tap of her heels against marble. She’s skipping. Freaking skipping. Like this is a party and I’m the gift-wrapped entertainment.

“Awake at last,” she sings, stopping beside me with a smirk stretched across her face like it was painted on.” Perfect timing. My daddy will be here soon... to deliver your death sentence.”

She leans in, her voice dropping to a whisper like it’s some cherished secret.

“His birthday present to me. His loving daughter.”

I stare at her in disgust.”How can an Alpha King take a life as a birthday wish for his daughter?” I ask, tilting my head, voice low. “What kind of king is that? Isn’t he supposed to protect the innocent?”

I let my eyes trail down the length of her body slowly.” Then again... I guess the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.

Her smile falters for a second. Her eyes darken.

“You’re still so smug,” she sneers. “So full of pride. You really think this is one of those pathetic fairy tales, don’t you? That Jack’s going to burst through those doors, sword in hand, and save his little mate?”

She laughs loudly it echoes off the marble walls.

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I try to hold her gaze, try to look strong. But my fingers twitch against the burning silver, and I know she sees it. I can’t hide the flicker of fear that flashes in my eyes.

“Ohhh,” she coos mockingly, “there it is. There’s that little crack. You’re afraid.”

She moves even closer, her breath brushing against my cheek.

“You know, earlier—back in my daddy’s office... Jack was there.”

My heart stops. Just like that. No warning. I don’t speak. I can’t.

“I was nervous at first,” she continues, her voice syrupy. “I thought maybe he’d catch your scent on me. Mates and all. But guess what?

Her lips graze the shell of my ear.

“He didn’t smell a thing. The poison worked. It destroyed your scent. Your wolf. Everything that binds you to him.”

She pulls back to look at me, eyes glittering with glee.

“I have to admit, I’m surprised you’re still breathing.

Impressive, really—I thought the poison would kill you so I wouldn’t have to get my hands dirty. But don’t worry... you won’t be alive much longer. Once my father arrives, he’ll drive a sword straight through your chest—and cutoff your pretty little head, too.”

She lets out a dreamy sigh. “I’m going to wrap it up. Keep it. Like a souvenir.”

blink slowly, then smite, even as pain crawls over every inch of my body.

“Even if I die,” I lift my eyes to hers, “even if you kill me...

Jack will never be yours. And when he finds out what you’ve done—what you really are—he won’t care that your daddy’s the Alpha King. He’ll rip your heart out the same way you ripped out mine.”

“And me? The ghost you created with nothing left to lose.? I’ll be waiting for you on the other side... to finish what he starts.”

The slap lands so hard my head snaps to the side.Pain explodes across my cheek, and the metallic taste of blood fills my mouth. My eyes water, but I don’t let a single tear fall.

“You think I don’t have everything planned?” she spits, eyes wide now. “Jack won’t see it coming when he falls in love with me. When he thinks I’m you.”

Her voice rises, shaky and mad, like she’s spiraling.

“I’m going to replace you, Kali,” she shrieks, grabbing my face in her hand. “Do you hear me? I will replace you! I live your life, wear your smile, take your mate-be you in his world! And you’ll be nothing.”Chapter 118

She’s trembling now. Her hair hangs wild around her face.

Her eyes-too wide-full of something that looks far too close to insanity. Like someone high on their own delusions... or dark magic.

And then-

The massive doors groan open again behind us.

A sudden, overwhelming aura sweeps into the room.

Ancient. Sacred. The kind of presence that makes the air feel heavier. Like even the walls are holding their breath.

A presence so powerful that every bone in your body bows without meaning to.

My eyes burn. My breath shudders. Goosebumps rise on my skin.

It’s not fear. It’s something else.

Something that hurts in a way that feels... familiar.

it comforts me.

Shatters me.

And suddenly, I can’t meet its gaze—not because it’s a threat, but because it feels like a burden I’m not ready to carry.

Celestia straightens instantly, her entire demeanor flipping like a switch. In a heartbeat, the madness melts off her face. That crazed gleam disappears, replaced with sugary innocence. She smooths her hair, adjusts her dress, and beams like a child on Christmas morning.

“Daddy!” she says brightly, clapping her hands as she turns toward the approaching presence.  
“Finally! You’re here!”

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 73

I can’t breathe.

The moment the Alpha King steps further into the hall, it’s like all the air is sucked from my lungs. My chest tightens, a violent pressure clamping down until I feel like I’m suffocating. My head dips without warning, heavy as stone, falling forward like it no longer belongs to me.

What... the hell is happening?

Why can’t control my body?

I gasp for air-ragged, shallow breaths that scrape painfully through my throat, but it’s like trying to breathe

– through water. Every inhale burns. My vision swims.

Is it his aura?

Can it really be this strong?

I’ve felt dominant wolves before. Alphas with enough presence to make your knees buckle like Jack, yet I don’t.

But this-this is different. This is something else. It’s not just power. It’s not fear. It’s not even pain.

It’s everything.

And it crushes me.

I want to lift my head, to see him, but my body stays frozen, trembling under the weight of something I can’t name. My fingers twitch uselessly against the burningsilver chains, but I can’t move. It’s like I’m not even inside myself anymore. Just a soul caged in flesh that won’t respond.

Then I see it. His shadow.

It stretches along the gleaming marble, stopping right beside me.

My breath stalls.

He’s here. Standing close-so close I can feel the heat of his presence seeping into my skin. Seconds pass. Then more. It turns into minutes, and he still doesn’t move. He just stands there.

Why?

Why is he just standing there?

Is he staring at me?

My heart thuds unevenly. Loud. Wild. And I still don't look up. I can't.

Not because I'm afraid.

But because it feels wrong. Like looking at him would shatter something sacred. Like I'd break apart in ways I'd never recover from.

The air between us is suffocating and electric-thick with something ancient and deep. But it's not a mate bond. No sparks or pull or aching need. This is different. It's peace.

A kind of impossible peace that stills every broken part of me, quiets the storm in my chest, even without my wolf.

Like... I'm home.

And I hate it.

I hate that I feel this way about a man I've never met. The father of the woman trying to kill me.

"Dad," Lady Celestia's voice snaps through the air like a whip, sharp with irritation. "Why are you just standing there? Sit on your throne and make the judgement already!"

She grabs his arm, tugging him like a spoiled child. I don't see it. But I feel it. Like she's dragging him away from some invisible thread connecting us.

And for once... I'm grateful to her.

Even if I secretly want to watch her burn.

The Alpha King finally moves, the air shifting as his presence glides away. I hear the soft thud of boots ascending the steps toward the throne. Lady Celestia's heels follow quickly after, her perfume dragging behind her like poison.

I release the breath I didn't know I was holding, my chest still aching.

But it's not over. I can feel his gaze.

Heavy. Burning.

Still on me.

"Look at me," he says.

Just two words.

But my heart stops.

The voice-it slams into me like a wave. Familiar in a way that hurts. I know it. I've heard it before. Somewhere distant. Maybe in a dream. Maybe in a memory that isn't - mine.

And suddenly, a sharp pain erupts in my skull. I hiss, trying to lift my head-trying to obey-but nothing happens.

I don't move.

I can't move.

My limbs stay locked. My neck stiff. My eyes fixed on the ground like they're glued there.

What the hell is wrong with me?

He's the Alpha King. His command should override everything. Everyone obeys him.

So why can't I? Is it because I've lost my wolf? Is that why my body won't submit?

Or... is it something else?

"Dad, I told you..." Celestia hisses from above, voice full of venom. "\*She's fucking annoying and stubborn. So disrespectful and deserves death-\*AH!"

There's a sharp yelp, followed by a string of curses.

"Dad, this throne... burned me!" she cries out, full of shock and disbelief. "Something's wrong with it!"

My lips twitch. I don't look up, but I don't need to.

I can hear the smirk in the Alpha King's voice.

"Celestia, stop being dramatic and sit down."

There's a pause.

I imagine her pouting. Her stupid, flawless face twisted in spoiled frustration.

"I'm not-lying!" she snaps, and I can tell she's trying again.

More silence. Then a hiss of pain and the scrape of her chair being pushed back.

"Dad, I swear, it won't let me sit. I don't understand-" The Alpha King's voice is sharper now, touched with genuine surprise.

“How come your throne is suddenly burning you... when it was made for you?”

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 74

Silence hangs for a moment.

Even he didn't expect that.

“—I don't know, Dad,” she stammers. “Maybe... maybe something's wrong with it. But it's not important, really.

Let's not waste any more time. Please. Just give—”

She stops.

Probably realising he's no longer listening—because I can feel his gaze on me. I still can't look up. Not until I understand this feeling, until I remember why his voice sounds like a key turning in the lock of my soul.

And why another part is terrified of what I'll see when I finally look at him.

A monster?

A man?

A father?

“I will give you one chance to defend yourself—to tell me why I shouldn't rip your head off.”

His voice crashes down from the throne like thunder.

Deep, powerful... but there's something in it. A crack. Just a whisper of something that doesn't fit the image of a ruthless Alpha King. I frown slightly. Did his voice break just now?

“What?” I whisper, but I don't say it loud enough. I'm too stunned.

From the corner of the room, I hear a sharp gasp—followed by a high-pitched voice filled with fury.

“Daddy, what are you doing? You don't need to listen to her! I told you what she did, how she defied me—your royal authority!” Celestia's voice sounds like nails on glass. Hysterical. Childish. Desperate.

There's a long pause. Then the king's voice again, this time sharper. Cold.

“Keep quiet, Celestia, and stop embarrassing me—and yourself. I am the King here.”

If I weren't kneeling in front of him with my life on the line, I might have laughed. It bubbles in my throat anyway. For once, someone is telling her to shut the hell up-and that someone is her father.

I don't laugh though. I breathe. Deep, slow, controlled. I don't want to die laughing.

"So," the Alpha King says, voice lower now, like he's trying not to let something show, "go ahead. Kali, right?"

He says my name like he's tasting it, rolling it on his tongue, almost mocking-but not quite. For the first time, it doesn't sound like my name. It sounds foreign, like it doesn't belong to me anymore. I stay silent.

"I did my research," he continues, "I know Alpha Jack is your mate. But that doesn't mean I should tolerate your disrespect to my daughter-the future Alpha Queen."

He pauses deliberately, and I feel the weight of the word queen like it's meant to crush me.

"Disrespecting royalty earns punishment. Laying a hand on royalty..." His tone drops. "That's death."

My fingers clench against the cold stone beneath me.

Laying a hand-like I went out of my way to attack her.

Like I'm not the one who was ambushed, provoked, pushed until I snapped.

"So," he says, "tell me-why should I spare your life?"

I open my mouth.

Nothing comes out.

Not because I'm guilty. But because why the hell do I have to defend myself for being innocent?

I didn't do anything wrong.

But I say nothing-and the silence screams louder than

Celestia ever could.

The king's voice breaks again. "I see. You don't want to talk. Or maybe... you are guilty. And I should kill you." I flinch. That crack in his voice again-it's not weakness It's conflict. He doesn't want to do this.

But he will. For his daughter. For the crown.

Then something shifts. He leans forward—I feel it more than I see it-and his tone changes. "But I'm in a good mood. And... because of the respect I have for Jack, I want to give you a chance to live."

A door opens behind me.

Heavy boots.

A guard marches in, tossing a leather bag at my feet. The thud echoes. Gold spills out in bright, gleaming coins that catch the firelight.

It glints like blood.

“Take the gold,” the king says, “and run. Disappear. Never return-not to this pack, not to your mate. Start a new life.

Far from here. That should be enough to live very well.”

For the first time, I breathe.

Still not looking up, I say slowly, “What if I make my own deal?”

The room goes still again. I can feel Celestia seething. The king doesn’t respond.

“I’ll give you twice-no, three times-your gold.” I lift my head slightly, eyes still downcast but voice steady. “Take it, Alpha King. And leave me and my mate the fuck alone.” Silence.

Then...

He laughs.

It’s deep. Unpredictable. And it scares the hell out of me.

My spine stiffens. Shit. I crossed a line.

Did I just dig my own grave?

But then he leans back, and there’s something in his voice I can’t quite place.

“Now I understand,” he murmurs, almost to himself. “Now I see why Jack is completely whipped by you.”

My heart skips a beat.

“You’re bold. Reckless.”

A pause. Then, with something close to admiration-

“One stubborn little she-wolf.”

And then

“I love it.”

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 75

Did he just admire my strength?

Before I can process his words fully, Lady Celestia's scream tears through the air. The kind of sound that pierces your eardrums and clings to your skin-like claws dragging down your spine. This isn't just a scream you hear—it's one that haunts you.

"How can you admire this bitch?!" Her voice cracks, furious tears choking her words. "She didn't just disobey me—she disobeyed you and your damn throne!"

She starts pacing, her heels striking sharply against the marble floor. "You PROMISED me, Daddy! My birthday gift remember?"

My chest tightens.

"I can give you another birthday gift—" The Alpha king begins, trying to calm her.

"I don't want gold! I don't want some stupid dress or jewelry—I want her life!" she screams. "You said I'd have her head-wrapped up for me like a pretty little present!"

The heavy double doors behind me creak open.

Two guards step inside, dressed in formal royal black.

Each carries a large, perfectly wrapped gift box—black paper, silver ribbon. Elegant. Sinister.

I gasp, horror spreading through me like ice in my veins. Celestia turns to the boxes with a twisted smile. She's unhinged.

She's completely insane.

"One's for her heart," she says sweetly, then points to the other. "The other... for her head."

She spins back to her father, her voice rising with manic desperation.

"If you don't do it—then I'll kill myself, right here, in front of you! You'll lose your only daughter—for the second time!"

The Alpha King exhales sharply. A sound of utter exhaustion. His power still hums in the air, but now it's frayed at the edges—like even he's breaking under the weight of her madness.

I don't need to see his eyes to feel his gaze settle on me.

"Take the gold," the Alpha King says again, his voice strained, as though dragged from somewhere deep within. "Leave. Disappear. Never show your face to me again."

He sounds like a man trapped in a war he didn't start-but might be forced to end.

This time, I lower my head, ready to noa in reluctant acceptance. I offer silent gratitude-because I know better now than to argue with mercy when it's barely holding on.

If disappearing is the only way to survive-then so be it.

Til take it.

And then-

“YOU THINK I’M JOKING?!”

My entire body jerks in alarm.

“You think just letting her walk away will fix this?!” she snarls. “You think Jack won’t move heaven and hell to find her again?! He’ll crawl through fire for her! He’ll never stop!”

Her voice cracks with raw desperation.

“He’ll follow her! He’d tear down the moon itself just to get to her! And he’ll throw me aside all over again. He’ll never be mine-not as long as she’s alive!”

Her words stab into me, more than I care to admit.

Because she’s not wrong.

Jack would come for me—no matter where I go. He wouldn’t stop. He never would.

“Why are you letting her go, Daddy?!” she cries, voice laced with betrayal. “Kill her now!”

“Celestia,” the Alpha King replies, his voice tight with emotion. “How can you ask me to take a life so easily?

What kind of king would that make me?”

“A strong one!” she snaps back, as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“I see no reason to take her life,” he says more firmly now, his voice slicing through her hysteria. “As far as I’m concerned, she hasn’t done anything wrong.”

His words strike something deep inside me.

“I’ve heard what you told me-about how she’ disrespected’ you. But from where I’m standing, all I see is someone who was defending what’s rightfully hers. You may not like it, but Jack is not yours.”

Celestia’s lips part, but no sound comes out.

"it's time," he continues, sighing heavily, "to stop obsessing over someone else's mate. She didn't choose Jack. The Moon Goddess did. If you want someone to blame, pray to her and-"

Shing!

The sharp metallic sound rings out in the silence.

My blood runs cold. That's the unmistakable sound of a blade being drawn.

I whip my head to the side, just enough to see the flash of silver in Celestia's hand—a curved dagger glinting in the light, trembling slightly as she raises it to her own throat.

The Alpha King stands up so fast the throne groans behind him.

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"Celestia—what are you doing?!" he barks, voice shaking now. "This isn't a joke. Drop the knife. Give it to me. Now."

She steps back.

"No.

Her hand presses the blade tighter to her skin. A thin line of red beads at her throat.

"Make your decision," she hisses. "Or I swear to the Goddess—"

"Celestia, please—" he pleads, inching closer.

"I said CHOOSE!" she screams, louder than ever. "Me—your only daughter—or that stranger kneeling there!"

The entire hall seems to hold its breath beneath the weight of her ultimatum.

The dagger gleams again. And for the first time I lift my head. Slowly.

And wait to see if I'm about to die.

From my place on the floor, I take him in—what little I can.

Tall. Silver-haired. Broad-shouldered. Regal even in his conflict. His jaw is clenched, lips pulled tight, but his eyes

I don't see them yet. Not until Chapter 122

“Fine,” he says coldly. “You want me to kill her? If that’s what it takes to make you happy – then so be it.”

Celestia grins. A terrible, wolfish grin of victory as the Alpha King turns towards me, and finally-  
Our eyes meet.

Emerald. Bright. Piercing. The exact same shade

He inhales sharply.

So do I.

And for a moment-just a second—it feels like time doesn’t exist. Like the world begins to spin—no, not the world-my head. A tight pain builds in my temples, pain blooming behind my eyes, as something... somewhere... tries to force its way out.

A memory. A truth.

A name.

“Dad, move!” Celestia’s voice slices the trance clean in half. “Why do you keep staring at her?!”

He blinks, dazed.

“Do you want me to really kill myself?” She shrieks, and again I hear the click of steel.

No-

Blood spills down her neck. Just a drop. Enough to makethe king stumble forward, stammering, alarmed. His hand flies to the hilt of his sword, yanking it free.

He begins descending the throne steps-slowly, like a man possessed. Each step is heavier than the last, like a countdown to my execution.

The air changes. It vibrates. Hums. Energy swirls around us. My heart races, but my eyes-they won’t leave his.

And his won’t leave mine.

I want to scream. To ask him who he is. What he is. Why his presence feels like a ghost from a life I never lived.

Why it stirs something deeper than instinct-something ancient, Familiar.

Celestia screeches behind him, urging him on.

“Do it, Daddy! DO IT!”

He stops in front of me, sword raised.

My breath catches in my throat.

But then-he lowers it.

" can't," he whispers. And his voice... it breaks.

Celestia screeches, louder than before. "You're weak!

You're a weak Alpha King! You've always been weak!" Her words are wild, spitting from her lips like venom. "Til kill myself! I swear I will!" His grip tightens around the sword. His eyes flick toward her-torn. Afraid.

But I'm no longer afraid to die.

I'm too consumed by the question burning inside me-why can't I look away from him? Why do his scent, his voice, his gaze cling to me like a forgotten dream? Why does my chest ache with something I can't name?

I open my mouth to ask-

But then, from the edge of my vision, I see her.

Celestia.

She drops her blade.

And rushes forward.

"No-!"

Too late.

She grabs his hand-the one holding the sword-and pushes it.

I feel the steel enter me.

Deep.

My eyes widen. My lips part. A cry tries to escape-but dies in my throat. The Alpha King's face mirrors mine-shocked. Horrified. His hand still grips the sword. Frozen. Blood gushes from my mouth. Warm. Metallic. My limbs begin to tremble. My knees buckle-but he catches me.

His arms are strong, but shaking.

I try to speak.

Only more blood comes.

His voice breaks.

“Your blood... it’s blue...”

He stares at the wound. Then at me. As if something sacred has just shattered inside him.

And Celestia-smiling-wraps her fingers around the hilt still lodged in my chest...

...and twists.

Agony explodes inside me. A scream tears from my throat. Thunder cracks outside-loud, furious. Lightning flashes, wild and untamed. The walls shake.

The room descends into chaos.

But in the center of it all, I whisper a single word.

A name.

No-not a name.

A truth.

A memory.

“Fa... father...”

I look at him-into him-searching, drowning.

The last thing thear is the echoing roar of thunder... And the deafening silence of something lost-

..or maybe something finally found!

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 77**

The storm outside doesn’t calm. Thunder refuses to stop.

It roars again-louder, angrier-shaking the palace walls with every strike, raging in sync with the chaos brewing inside.

The chandelier’s crystals clatter above, Stone pillars groan. Paintings crash to the floor, shattering like fragile bones. The entire world trembles.

But the Alpha King doesn’t move or care if the heavens rip the palace in two. Because his world – his entire world-is bleeding out in his arms.

“Father,” she had whispered. And that single word had shaken something deep within him. His wolf howled in return, a desperate confirmation.

Kali’s skin is pale now, her lips trembling with the last ghost of warmth. Blue Blood soaks the front of her gown, pooling around the sword still buried in her chest. Her breath is barely there-shallow, uneven, like the fragile whisper of life is slipping away.

He lowers her gently to the marble floor, cradling her head like it’s the most precious thing he’s ever held.

“What have you done?!” His voice rips through the air like a beast set loose. “What have you done?!”

It’s the first time he’s ever raised his voice at Lady Celestia. She simply smirks, stepping back as she admires the bloodied blade she had so proudly driven into Kali-as if it were a piece of art.

“I did what needed to be done,” she says coldly. “What you couldn’t do, Father.”

That word-Father-burns like acid coming from her lips.

A mockery. So different from when Kali said it, soft and sincere.

He stares at her-this girl he raised, protected, gave everything for despite not being his true blood. The daughter he once promised peace in exchange for his soul. And now, as her smile twists with malice, he sees it clearly+the madness. The obsession. The selfish, dangerous hunger to control, to take what was never hers.

This was all his fault.

He saw the signs-the way she looked at Jack with those wild, desperate eyes. How she wanted him, despite him belonging to another. How her judgement wavered with every emotional outburst, how entitled she had become.

How unfit she was to lead.

But he looked away.

Because what else did he have?

He had no heir.

No one else.Until now.

The moment he stepped into the grand hall earlier, something had changed. The air shifted. Time warped. His wolf stirred violently in his chest, and he had to clench his fists to keep from howling. Pup. Pup. PUP. His wolf had howled, breathless and crazed, as if it had just found something sacred.

He thought he was losing his mind.

Until he saw her.

Chained. On her knees. Her head bowed in submission-or maybe terror. He couldn't see her face, but the second his eyes fell on her, a strange pull gripped him. It wasn't pity.

It wasn't curiosity.

It was instinct.

Protect her.

He wanted to rip the silver chains from her wrists and tear apart anyone who had dared to bind her. His heart thundered with a warning he didn't yet understand.

Then she looked up-and the air left his lungs.

Those eyes.

Emerald. Just like his.

Just like his mother's. Just like his grandmother's. He couldn't breathe.

She had called him father.

And now-now she lies dying.

He doesn't pull the sword from her chest. He knows better. Removing it would quicken the bleeding. Instead, he presses his hands around the wound, voice hoarse as he screams toward the towering doors.

“Call in the royal doctor-NOW!”

Seconds pass.

Then the doors fly open.

Fifteen guards rush in, eyes wide, trembling under the pressure of the King's fury.

“S-sire-”

“ARREST her!” he barks, pointing a bloodstained hand at Celestia. “Lock her in her room. I don't want to see her face. Not until I say so.”

The guards freeze-hesitant. Uncertain.

This is Lady Celestia. The chosen heir. His only daughter.

But one look at the Alpha King's face silences their doubt.

Fury burns in his eyes. Pure, unfiltered rage. He is not asking.

He is commanding!,Two guards move. Then four: Then all surround her.

“What?” Celestia snaps, laughing bitterly. “You’re arresting me? For her?”

She glares at Kali with disgust wishing she could finish the job and sever her head this time,

“She’s not going to survive, Daddy,” she sneers. “We both know it. No one survives after being stabbed by your sword.”

Then she throws her head back and laughs.

“No one.”

Her laughter echoes down the hall as the guards drag her away, a haunting sound-sharp, fractured, unhinged. She was broken beyond repair.

The King doesn’t look at her.

He can’t.

His eyes are on Kali. Only Kali.

He presses trembling fingers to her cheek, brushing back a blood-matted strand of hair.

“No,” he murmurs, jaw tight. “Not yet... stay with me. You can’t die.”

But even he knows-Celestia might be right.

No one survives his sword. It’s not just any weapon. It’s the deadliest blade in existence-forged with dark magic and soaked in ancient sitver blessed by the moon goddess herself. One stab to the heart means certain death.

Unless...

Unless you share his blood.

That was the condition he had carved into the sword’s creation. It would kill anyone-everyone-but not a true-born royal. He had done it to protect his bloodline, to ensure he’d never accidentally kill his own.

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 78**

And now-her blood.

Blue.

Blue.

His breath hitches as he stares at her, his heart thundering.

Could she really be...?

He doesn't let the thought fully form.

Not until the doctor arrives.

– Not until there's hope.

But deep inside, his wolf howls again.

Not in pain this time-In recognition.

Pup, it cries again.

And this time...

He allows himself-just for a second—to believe it might be true.

Then, as if summoned by fate, the doors burst open again.

“Alpha King,” the royal doctor breathes, rushing inside with sweat on his brow, “I’m sorry—I came as soon as I could.” “Do whatever it takes to save her.” The King’s voice is sharp. Commanding. But beneath it lies something else.

Fear.

The doctor drops to his knees beside the girl’s limp body, his hands already moving with urgency. He pulls open his satchel, grabbing vials and cloth, muttering under his breath. But the moment he catches sight of the blood pooling beneath her, his entire body stills.

His eyes widen.

He slowly lifts a blood-soaked piece of cloth, staring at the colour-blue.

“Dear Goddess,” he whispers.

The Alpha King’s heart skips.

He leans forward, his voice low and desperate like a man asking a question he already feared the answer to. “Why is her blood blue?”

The doctor looks up, eyes flicking to the King’s face. “Your Majesty... your sword... everyone knows it was forged with ancient magic. Deadly to all—except those of royal blood.”

It's designed to identify its own."

The King's breath catches in his throat.

He knows this, but hearing it said aloud twists something deep inside him.

Kali-bleeding, dying-was still alive despite being stabbed by the cursed blade. Could it really be?

His lost daughter?

The one who had mysteriously vanished without a trace... who he had searched for, desperately, for years... until he was told she had died. He had believed it. He had felt it-an unbearable disconnection. It was that belief that shattered his Queen... and ultimately destroyed her, as she never recovered from the loss.

"Transfer her to the clinic," he orders, voice tight. "Do whatever you must. And while you're at it... run the test.

Find out if.." He hesitates. "

..if she's really"

"My blood," he finishes in a whisper.

The doctor nods solemnly and returns to his work, slowly easing the blade out of her chest. The wound gushes violently for a moment, and he quickly applies pressure with thick bandages, working fast to stabilize her.

Just as the doctor begins to prepare her for transport, the heavy doors slam open again with a bang that echoes through the throne room like gunfire.

And then -

A roar.

"KALI!!!"

Jack storms into the room like a hurricane. His eyes, wide with rage and horror, lock onto the blood-covered figureon the ground.

"No... no, no, no," he breathes, stumbling toward her.

He drops to his knees, grabbing her face gently in his hands. "Kali, baby-wake up. Please-look at me, open your eyes-please!"

She doesn't stir.

His breathing turns erratic, chest heaving as tears fall freely. Then-like something inside him snaps-he lunges for the doctor, grabbing him by the collar.

“Who did this?!” Jack growls, voice cracking with fury.” Who the fuck did this to my mate?! I swear to the goddess

—I will tear this whole damn place down if she dies!”

The guards flinch, unsure if they should intervene.

Then Jack’s bloodshot eyes turn to the Alpha King.

And the rage explodes.

“You-” he snarls, stepping forward. “I don’t care if you’re the fucking King-if you or your psychotic daughter had anything to do with this—| swear on everything I own, I’ll go to war with your whole damn kingdom.”

His body shakes, shoulders rising and falling rapidly as his voice cracks again.

“You better pray to the goddess herself that Kali doesn’t die,” Jack says, voice low now, trembling with barely-contained grief. “Because if she does... I’ll make sure everyone responsible follows her to the grave.”

The Alpha King doesn’t speak right away.

He simply stares.

At Jack.

At the fire in his eyes.

At the tears running freely down his face.

This-this is why he had always admired Jack. Why he d wanted him to succeed him. Not because of bloodlines or status. But because Jack fights for love. Because he weeps. Because he rages at the edge of the world for the one who means everything.

This is why he once considered him for Celestia. Why he supported her delusions. Why he was willing to bend tradition-to rewrite history-just to make Jack a King.

But now, he sees the truth.

The Moon Goddess had already chosen.

If Kali is truly his daughter... then fate has already bound. her to the only man worthy of the crown.

Still kneeling beside her, the Alpha King swallows hard and looks Jack in the eye. He hadn’t wielded the blade-but he is responsible. Responsible for Celestia’s madness.

For letting it go this far.

He should have stopped her.

And he didn't.

"Now's not the time," the King says quietly. "We save her first... and then—"

He pauses.

"Then you take your revenge. On whoever is responsible."

His eyes darken.

"Including me."

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 79**

Somewhere deep within the palace, while panic and chaos claw through the halls over a dying girl, Lady Celestia twirls in place behind gold-lined walls and satin curtains.

She moves like a giddy child playing queen in a dollhouse, her silken robe cascading over her shoulders like a crown of its own.

As she hums and glides across the room, she trails her fingers along the glass surface of her vanity, lips curled into a wicked smile. The flames in the fireplace flicker a dance, casting shadows that make her look more devil than princess.

"There's no fucking way she survived it," Celestia says aloud, her voice practically skipping with glee. "Not after my father's blade pierced her heart. It's the deadliest weapon in existence for a reason."

Her grin stretches wider, her eyes gleaming with triumph.

She saunters to her private wine shelf-home to the kingdom's most prized and expensive collection. From it, she selects a crystal bottle dusted in gold, a rare vintage reserved for coronations or victories in battle.

Well, this counts.

She pops the cork, pours herself a generous glass, and lifts it high in the air, as though toasting death itself.

"To the bitch's funeral," she whispers, clinking her glass against the bottle before taking a long, indulgent sip. Her eyes flutter closed in satisfaction. "Before it even begins."

Opening her eyes, her gaze drifts across the room and lands on the large, ornate gift boxes stacked neatly on her dresser. She strolls over, her heels clicking against the marble floor, anticipation curling in her toes.

“I wonder if her head will fit,” she murmurs sweetly, brushing a finger over the ribbon of one box. “Or maybe I’ll put the heart in this one... and Jack can receive it as a wedding gifft.”

She giggles-soft and girlish-so at odds with the darkness of her words.

“Jack won’t do anything, even if he finds out,” she says with a shrug. “I’m the Alpha King’s only heir. He wouldn’t dare lay a finger on me. He knows the consequences.”

She spins slowly, lifting her glass again as she basks in her fantasy.

“Today... is the happiest day of my life,” she sighs dreamily. “Finally, Jack will be mine now that his little bitch is gone. Whether he wants it or not.”

A flicker of something darker passes over her face.

“Thanks to Uncle Malik,” she adds, voice dipping to a near-reverent tone.

Even speaking his name sends a chill down her spine-half fear, half devotion.

Uncle Malrik, who is also Jack’s uncle. There’s a hatred between them that Celestia has never fully understood.

She remembers the story-how Jack, even as a child, shattered Malrik’s leg in a fit of rage. Malrik still walks with a limp, a twisted cane always in hand.

Celestia often wonders why he supports her so fiercely in marrying Jack, despite Jack’s open loathing for him.

Perhaps it’s about power. Or control. Or something deeper ... and darker.

She chuckles to herself as her eyes drift to the window, moonlight pouring in like an omen.

“Poor little Kali,” she murmurs, swirling the wine in her glass. “Did you really think fate would be on your side?”

Her smile falters slightly as an old memory surfaces-half-buried, half-haunting.

She had been just a child then. Wandering. Empty. No name. No family. No past.

Until he found her.

Until Uncle Malik brought her home and whispered the truth.

“You’re royalty, child,” he said in that deep, dangerous voice. “You were lost. But now you’re found. You belong to greatness.”

From that moment, her loyalty belonged to him. Not to the crown. Not to her father. To him.+30  
Bonus

He had returned her to the Atpha King. He taught her how to manipulate. How to scheme. How to survive.

And it is he who promises her Jack-no matter the cost.

A dark spell. A dangerous one. And the requirement is simple: Kali must die. Celestia delivers.

She owes Malik everything. That’s why she keeps his secrets, serves his will, and helps him climb the palace walls-embedding himself beside the King as the royal messenger.

But he is far more than a messenger.

He is a shadow that never leaves.

Celestia closes her eyes again, savoring the burn of the wine on her tongue, the crackling fire behind her, and the intoxicating weight of her own victory-

Click.

The door creaks open.

Her smirk deepens, though she doesn’t turn around

“I knew you’d come to your senses, Father,” she purrs, lifting her glass. “Locking me up for her? For that little rat who means nothing-”

She freezes mid-sentence.

Her spine stiffens. That scent. That presence. That aura.

It isn’t her father.

Slowly, she turns.

Standing in the doorway, cloaked in black robes, a cane clutched tightly in one hand, is Uncle Malik.

A messenger of death.

The flames behind her seem to dim in his presence. His silhouette looms tall and sharp, half his face hidden beneath the curve of his hood.

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 80

He steps inside slowly, his limp dragging behind him like a second shadow.

Celestia's lips part. For once, she forgets to smile.

‘..Uncle?’ she breathes, her voice trembling slightly. The glass in her hand quivers.

Malrik doesn't answer.

He closes the door behind him with a soft click—a sound that echoes like the sealing of a tomb.

No smile.

No warmth.

Just the cold, merciless gleam in his eyes.

He is her partner in crime.

Her maker.

Her menster.

And he never appears without reason.

Which can only mean one thing: Something is very, very wrong.

His eyes sweep the room—over the wine, over the boxes, over her fading smirk. Suddenly, the fire doesn't feel so warm.

Celestia swallows hard. She holds her ground but keeps the wine glass in hand. Her expression remains composed, but her knuckles whiten around the stem.

“You shouldn't celebrate yet,” Malrik says at last, his voice heavy and cold. It carries the weight of command—a tone that always unsettles her, especially since, technically, she holds power over him as the Alpha King's daughter.” Not until you hear and confirm that she's truly dead.”

Celestia forces a smile, but it doesn't reach her eyes.

“She is dead,” she says sharply, then tries to soften her tone with a light chuckle. “I killed her myself. I made sure of it before I left. She didn't even have the strength to breathe when I walked away. She's gone.”

Malik steps further into the room, his presence swallowing the light as he moves. His cold eyes scan her face.

“And how did you get in?” she asks, unable to mask her irritation this time.

“You forget who I am, girl,” he murmurs, almost amused. ”

Locked doors and dumb guards don’t stop me.”

Celestia lifts her chin. “Father had them lock me in like some criminal—on my birthday, no less.” She snorts. “As if I’d feel guilt for killing that pathetic girl.”

Malrik’s eyes darken.”You fool,” he hisses, his voice low but dripping with venom. “You weren’t supposed to kill her yourself.”

She frowns, her voice rising. “I did what had to be done!

Plan A failed. Father hesitated. I had to move fast. He was too weak to do it, Malik! He looked at that kali like-like she was everything to him! He wouldn’t lift a finger even when I—” she laughs bitterly, “even when I threatened to kill myself right in front of him. He was possessed by her.- Obsessed. That’s when I knew—I had to do it. I couldn’t miss the only opportunity.”

“You ruined everything,” Malik snaps.

His voice cracks like a whip. Celestia flinches.

“The plan was for him to spill her blood. To make it look like justice. A royal decree. Not a jealous daughter acting out of rage. You’ve destroyed everything.”

Celestia glares at him. “You’re just a messenger. Why do you talk to me like I’m your servant?”

“You are,” Malik growls.

“I’m the Alpha King’s daughter, and I won’t keep tolerating your-”

Crack!

His cane strikes the side of her head.

The glass slips from her hand and shatters on the floor.

She stumbles back, clutching her temple as blood trickles down her face.

“Watch your mouth,” he growls, towering over her. “Don’t forget-I brought you here. I made you the Alpha King’s daughter. I could’ve tossed you into the filth and sold you off to a rogue den. I could’ve made you an omega’s whore.”

Celestia breathes hard, eyes wide with disbelief. “Stop... stop talking like you did me a favor. You only returned me because I am his daughter. Because you had something to gain.”

Matrik leans down slowly, his lips curling into a cruel smile.

“You really believe that, do you?” he whispers. “That you share his blood?”

Her knees go weak.

“What... what are you saying?” she stammers, her voice suddenly small. Fragile.

Malrik straightens again and turns away, his tone colder than ice. “If you want to keep your place, your crown, your little future with Jack... then never make a move without my word again.”

Her voice trembles now. “What do I have to do?”

He stops at the broken glass on the floor and taps it gently with his cane.

“There’s a necklace,” he says slowly. “Buried within AlphaJack’s house. In Blood Fang Pack.”

“A necklace?” she repeats.

“It belonged to her—the true Alpha Queen. Your so-called mother. With that necklace, you can convince the world that you’re her daughter. That you belong to this family.

That the Alpha King didn’t make a mistake by accepting you... whether you’re blood or not.”

He turns to her, eyes gleaming like the Devil himself.

“Without it... your little fairy tale ends. And everyone will know you’re nothing but a stray pup pretending to wear a crown.”