

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 91

I can't feel my legs.

I groan, blinking slowly at the sunlight spilling through the curtains, warming my bare skin—and all it does is remind me how sore I am. It's like I've been run over by a freight train.

A freight train named Jack.

Every inch of me aches deliciously. My thighs, my back, my neck... goddess, even my toes.

I shift slightly and immediately regret it.

“Shit,” I hiss under my breath, flopping back onto the pillows. My body protests with every movement. I’m covered in bite marks—some deep, some playful. Love bites scatter across my breasts, my stomach, my hips... all of them tender and warm like reminders of the storm we survived.

He took me. Over and over again.

Until I practically collapsed beneath him, trembling, breathless, wrecked—and still he had worshipped me like I was made of gold and sin at the same time.

I glance to my right... and there he is.

Jack.

Flat on his back, sheets barely covering his lower half, one arm thrown over his head like a predator resting after a feast. His chest rises and falls evenly, lips slightly parted, his hair a tousled mess. His brow is relaxed, completely at peace.

If I wasn't so fucking sore, I'd crawl on top of him and demand round six. Instead, I just lie there like a broken doll, glaring at his annoyingly perfect profile. The smug bastard had ruined me. And the worst part?

I loved every second of it.

A small smile pulls at my lips as I watch him. I hate how obsessed I am with the shape of his mouth... his lashes... that damn scar along his jaw that makes him look even more dangerous than he is.

I love everything about him—

A deep voice rumbles beside me, thick with sleep and amusement.

“So... you love me, huh?”

My heart jumps out of my chest. “Wha-?! I-I didn't say that out loud!”

He cracks an eye open lazily, smirking like the devil himself. “Didn’t have to, sweetheart. You forget-” he taps his temple, “-you dropped your guard. I’m in here now.”

“Cheater!” I groan, grabbing a pillow and smacking him weakly with it. He laughs, the sound low and sinfully warm. “You do love me,” he teases, catching the pillow before it hits his face. “You love me, Kali. You’re obsessed. Can’t live without me.”

“I’m sore because of you,” I grumble, trying to hide my embarrassment. “That doesn’t mean I love you.”

“Oh really?” he drawls, sitting up in one smooth movement. “So you’re saying you scream ‘Jack, don’t stop,’ for just anyone who breaks your spine?”

I gasp, hurling the pillow at his chest.

“You’re impossible.”

He laughs again and grabs my wrist before I can crawl away, pulling me straight into his lap. I yelp, landing right against the hard lines of his chest.

“Easy, easy,” he murmurs, rubbing soothing circles into my hips, “I know your legs don’t work yet.”

I glower at him. “They will.”

“Mmhmm,” he hums, nuzzling into the crook of my neck, “Once you stop walking like a baby deer, maybe we can go for round seven.”

“Jack!”

“Just kidding. Mostly.”

I smack his shoulder, and he retaliates by tickling my sides. I shriek, squirming in his lap, laughing breathlessly as he traps me against him. “You’re evil!” I cry out through my laughter, trying to push him away, but he’s not budging.

“No, I’m in love,” he whispers, the humor in his voice dipping into something softer, deeper. “And I’ve waited a long damn time to say that to you.”

My breath catches.

He just... says it. Like it’s the easiest thing in the world.

I open my mouth-but nothing comes out. Because how do you reply to someone baring their heart when yours is still trembling from everything?

He notices. Of course he does.

Jack leans in slowly, brushing his lips across mine in the softest kiss I've ever felt. Then he pulls me closer, my head tucked beneath his chin, his arms wrapped tightly around me.

"No pressure," Jack whispers into my hair. "We've got time. I'll wait."

I close my eyes, smiling against his chest, the steady thrum of his heartbeat grounding me in the moment.

Because even though I don't say it back yet... I know.

I love him too-maybe even more.

There's a long pause between us, comfortable and warm, until his voice breaks through the silence again-soft but pointed.

"Your wolf," he says carefully. "Is she...?"

I pull back just enough to meet his eyes, already grinning." She's alive, Jack. I can feel her, somewhere deep inside. If that's what you were worried about."

He exhales in visible relief, the tension in his shoulders melting away. I giggle, brushing his hair back from his face. "She's strong," I add. "Stronger than either of us thought. She's not going down that easily."

His jaw clenches, his expression hardening instantly. "If you had lost her... I don't know how I'd live with myself.

It's all my fault," he says "I should've protected you. should've come sooner. Hell-I should never have left you alone in the Red Night Pack just to deal with the damn Alpha King."

"Jack-"

"No, let me finish." His hand tightens slightly around my waist. "I'll make Khoas pay. That bastard didn't just abuse my sister for years and forcefully mark her... he dared to inject my mate with one of the most dangerous poisons ever created."

His voice shakes now-not with fear, but with rage.

"Jack..." I whisper, reaching for his cheek, grounding him." It's not your fault. I let my guard down while I was with him. And... I wasn't bearing your mark yet, not because of you, but because of my own doubts. That's why you couldn't find me..."

His eyes soften for a moment, but only just. I draw in a shaky breath. "And Khoas... he's just a puppet. A violent, disgusting one, yes-but the real masterminds?" My gaze hardens. "Your uncle and Lady Celestia. This was their plan from the beginning. All of it... it was meant to kill me."

Jack goes still. I feel it first-the heat rolling off him. Then his muscles coil like he's seconds away from shifting.

“I’m not surprised,” he says through clenched teeth.”

Those two? I always knew they were snakes. But the fact they were working together..” He meets my eyes, and there’s a fire there I’ve only seen once before-back at the Red Night Pack, when he snapped Grace’s neck without an ounce of hesitation.

“I regret a lot of things,” he growls. “But not killing my uncle when I had the chance? That’s one I’ll never forgive myself for. I should’ve done more than break his leg. I should’ve ended him. And Celestia..” His voice drops, thick with fury. “I don’t care who her father is-I’ll rip her spine out through her throat. I’ll burn down everything she holds dear. I might not be Alpha of Bloodfang anymore, and I may not have a pack army at my beck and call, but I swear on our bond, Kali—I will not let them get away with what they’ve done.”

| blink, startled. “Wait—what do you mean you’re not alpha anymore?

Jack smirks, like he’s been waiting for the question. “So... now that I’m not Alpha, does that mean I’m no longer your ideal man?”

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I smack his chest lightly. “Jack, I’m serious. Why aren’t you Alpha of the Bloodfang Pack anymore?”

His smile fades. He runs a hand through his hair, gaze shifting away from mine. “It’s a long story. But... stepping down was the only way I could truly take responsibility. I made some really shitty laws-ones that harmed the women of our pack for years. I couldn’t keep pretending I was the leader they deserved.”

I stare at him for a long beat. Then I smile, cupping his jaw. “Well... you were never cut out to be just an Alpha anyway.”

He raises a brow. “Oh?”

“Yeah,” I say with a wink. “You’re more... king material.”

His eyes widen slightly, then narrow playfully. “So... you do remember everything.”

My smile falters. “Yeah,” I whisper, glancing away. “I wish I didn’t... but your mark—it brought back my past memories. I can’t pretend anymore, at least not with you.”

Jack’s voice lowers. “Is that why you acted cold to the A-Alpha King?” He hesitates on the last words like they physically hurt to say. Like he’s trying not to say your father.

“Yeah,” I murmur. “Because I’m not ready to face that truth. And because-” I pause, forcing the lump down my throat, “-he almost used my head and heart as a birthday gift to that bitch daughter of his.

What if I wasn't his child, Jack? What if he really would've gone through with it?"

Jack doesn't answer for a long time

Then he pulls me tighter into his arms, his voice a low promise against my skin. "If he had killed you.. I would've painted their throne room in his blood. I don't care what title he wears or how many guards he has.

Celestia... she'll scream before I take her head. And as for my uncle?" His voice dips to a chilling whisper. "He won't get the mercy of a quick death next time."

His fury ignites something fierce inside me, but I shake my head slowly.

"No, Let's wait."

His brows lift in surprise. "Wait?"

I nod, eyes narrowing with purpose."Celestia doesn't know yet that I'm the Alpha King's daughter. And I don't remember her as a sister. Not from childhood. Not ever. Which makes me think... she was adopted.

Maybe brought in to cover something up. If I'm right, then her entire place in that palace-her identity as the Alpha king's heir-is a lie."

- Jack's eyes darken thoughtfully.

"If she finds out I survived-especially after trying so desperately to kill me-and that I'm her father's real daughter, she'll panic. She'll run straight to your uncle, the one pulling her strings. They'll scramble, desperate and reckless, and come up with some plan B. Your uncle... he probably already knows who I am. He's just using Celestia to get something from me-something that could make him unstoppable.

And when he comes to claim it-because he will-

"We strike," Jack finishes eyes gleaming.

"Exactly," I say. "We use their plan against them. Catch them in their desperation. And when the world sees them for what they are.." My smile turns cold. "We bury them."

Jack chuckles, low and deep, before pressing a kiss to my forehead. "I knew I fell in love with a warrior."

I smirk, tilting my head up. "No, Jack. You fell in love with a future queen."

His breath catches for a second, like the words hit him harder than expected. He leans back just slightly, his gaze drifting over my face with a quiet reverence.

"You know," he murmurs, "I'm still trying to wrap my head around it.

That you're really the Alpha King's daughter." His thumb brushes gently across my cheek. "But it makes sense, You've always carried that fire."

I lift my chin, grinning mischievously. "Then bow before me, subject.

Submit." I mimic his deep voice mockingly, fluttering my lashes. Swear Loyalty to your queen and kiss my royal feet."

His mouth twitches, his eyes narrowing in mock offense. "One day, you're going to use that title against me. I can already feel it."

– "Not just one day," I tease, giggling as I push lightly at his chest. You really tried to Alpha-tone me back at the start, Jack. Like I was some disobedient pup."

His smile fades a little then, turning softer, more somber. "I sorry," he murmurs. "And I should've thanked you sooner. Not just for surviving, or being strong-but for what you did for my sister."

The playful air between us fades, replaced with something deeper. He reaches out, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear.

"You saw her pain when I didn't," he says. "I was too damn blind... caught up in rules, power, the role of Alpha-so focused on 'protecting' the pack that I didn't even protect my own blood."

I shake my head slowly. "Jack.." I take his hand in mine, lacing our fingers together. "I did what anyone with a conscience would do. She's not just your sister—she's a girl who deserved better. Who still deserves better. I'd do it again a thousand times over." He doesn't respond with words. He leans in and presses the softest kiss to my lips. Slow. Grateful. When he pulls back, there's a light in his eyes again.

"Come on," he says, his voice lighter now. "Let's go for a run."

I blink. "A run?"

He smirks, sliding off the bed and standing tall, the morning light catching the bare muscles of his chest. "I want to see your wolf. I'll admit... I'm a little nervous. Everyone keeps saying she's... massive. A beast."

I blink once. Then twice.

And I burst out laughing.

Jack stands there, hands on his hips, trying to look unbothered, but his Lips twitch as I double over on the bed

"Oh Goddess, you really do sound nervous!" I tease, reaching out to poke at his bare chest. "Jack! The big, bad Alpha is scared of a little wolf?"

"She's not little," he mutters defensively.

“Nope,” I say proudly, sitting up straighter. “She’s enormous. Beautiful.

Deadly. Probably bigger than you, if we’re being honest.”

His jaw drops. “Bigger than me? Absolutely not.”

“Your warriors bowed, Jack.” I smirk. “The moment they saw her. Some of them tripped over their feet. One nearly passed out.”

He squints at me. “You’re making that up.”

I shrug innocently. “Maybe. Maybe not.”

He growls playfully and lunges forward, wrapping his arms around my waist and lifting me off the bed, spinning me in a slow, teasing circle

“Take it back,” he demands, grinning.

“Never!” I squeal through my laughter, arms wrapping around his neck.

He sets me down, brushing his nose against mine. “We’ll see, princess.

You and your ‘massive’ wolf have a tot to prove.”

“Just don’t cry when I outrun you,” I whisper.

His gaze burns into mine. “Oh, it’s on, Queen Kali.”

The carriage rattles to a halt, its wheels crunching against the gravel of a hidden trail deep within Blood Fang territory.

Inside, Lady Celestia sits straight-backed, her gloved hands clenched tightly in her lap. Her jaw tenses as the carriage door creaks open.

A tall, hooded figure appears outside—a royal warrior of the Alpha King, cloaked in black. He bows slightly and extends a hand.

“My lady,” he says smoothly. “We’ve arrived.”

Celestia accepts his hand with a regal nod and steps down, the hem of her deep crimson gown brushing against the damp earth.

Her eyes narrow as she surveys the trail ahead-narrow, veiled by overgrown roots and moss-covered stones. It snakes along the border of Blood Fang, a path known only to those who were meant to find it.

She frowns. “Are you sure this route is safe? If I’m caught entering this pack, it won’t end well.”

Though she had been surrounded by power her entire life, Celestia was no fool. Jack was dangerous when provoked-and she had provoked him more than anyone ever dared. Especially now.

She had killed Kali herself.

If Jack ever found out-and if he found her here-he wouldn't hesitate.

He might tear her apart before her alpha king father comes to her rescue.

"Don't worry, Your Highness. Alpha Jack no longer leads Blood Fang.

Security is weak for now. There are no patrols along this route. You'll be in and out before anyone even realizes you were here."His words freeze her in place.

"What? He stepped down?

The warrior nods, clearly amused by her shock.

"There's no better man to lead Blood Fang than Jack," she murmurs, almost to herself. "He was born for it. His name alone made weaker packs bow. He commanded fear like a true Alpha.

The warrior snorts. "You're right. He was. But now?" His lips curl into a sneer. "Jack's become a fucking disgrace. Tossed aside tradition, abolished ancient laws-just to please the women of the pack.

Pathetic."

He doesn't get the chance to say more because her palm slices across his face in a sharp, echoing slap. He stumbles back, blood blooming at the corner of his mouth. Shock flashes in his eyes.

"Watch your tongue," Celestia hisses. "He is going to be your future king  
-my husband. Show him the respect he deserves, or keep your worthless mouth shut."

The warrior quickly bows, wiping the blood from his lip. "Forgive me, Princess. I crossed the line."

She says nothing more, letting him take her hand again as they move down the winding path. Her gown is too elegant for this kind of trek, but she bears it with pride.

They reach a small, hidden gate nestled beneath a slope of bramble and earth. With a rusty creak, the warrior pushes it open, and they slip inside the quiet heart of Blood Fang.

"My informant says Jack went for a run," the warrior whispers. "He left not long ago. Now's our chance."

Celestia offers no reply as they approach the house. With a soft click, the warrior picks the front door lock, quick and skilled-like he's done this countless times.

Warm air greets them inside. Too warm. Celestia suddenly recoils as a scent hits her like a punch to the face. It's everywhere. Rain and pine.

Burnt cinnamon. Night-blooming jasmine.

Celestia hand fly up to cover her nose. Her eyes narrow in irritation.

The scent isn't just lingering. It's fresh, like Kali had just been there.

No-seconds ago.

Impossible.

She's dead. I killed her. She shouldn't be here.

Celestia shakes her head quickly, trying to dismiss the thought. It has to be a trick of her imagination and senses. It has to be.

Before her thoughts can spiral, the warrior's voice interrupt. "I'll start searching. We need to find the necklace before Alpha Jack returns. The scent-masking spell will hold-but not if we're still here when he gets back. He'll know."

He disappears down the hallway and she lady Celestia lowers herself onto the plush couch in the living room with practiced elegance, legs crossed, shoulders straight, but her thoughts are far from composed.

Her gaze lingers on the spot where the warrior vanished. A master tracker. A Loyal royal guard to the Alpha King... but more importantly, her uncle Malrik's loyal dog. She trusts him-because she has to. He serves Uncle Malik. If he sent her here for a necklace-no matter how foolish it sounds-it must matter.

Her fingers toy absentmindedly with the edge of her sleeve as her thoughts wander.

Why would something that belonged to the Alpha Queen be hidden here of all place?

Jack's house ?

Not the palace?

Not the royal vault?

She bites the inside of her cheek, trying to silence the quiet truth that's beginning to ring in her mind.

Malrik hadn't told her much-only that the necklace was vital. That retrieving it was necessary if she wanted to secure her place as heir.

His parting words still echo in her mind, sharp and cruel:

A stray pup in a crown.

She had nearly cried that night-but she didn't. She couldn't give him the satisfaction. Everyone believed she was the Alpha King's daughter.

And yet... the whispers still lingered.

The old rumors. The hushed conversations in dark corners of the palace. That her parents had once lost a child. Whenever she'd tried to ask her father, he'd shut her down with a cold silence that chilled her to the bone. And her mother? Queen Lysandra had never been an option. Distant. Cold. Untouchable.

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She never embraced her. Never offered softness or love. Never once said the words I love you.

No, it wasn't the Queen who raised her.

It was the omegas.

They had bathed her. Braided her hair. Whispered luttabies when she cried. Taught her how to smile when the world around her was cruel.

And the worst part? The part that made her blood boil?

Those filthy omegas felt more like family than her own blood.

Disgusting.

Célestia swallows hard, eyes fixed on the darkened hallway ahead.

Even now, she still chases something just out of reach-approval, love, a place where she truly belongs.

She will retrieve the necklace and prove her worth. And when she does, she'll take her rightful place-beside Jack, as Queen.

Minutes pass in tense silence.

Then-

A scream.

Ragged and sharp, tearing through the quiet. Her head snaps up just as the royal warrior stumbles back into view, clutching his right hand, his face twisted in a mixture of pain and awe.

“What now?” she snaps, standing quickly, her gown swishing around her legs.

He pants, eyes wide. “I found it. The necklace. But...” “But?” she demands, stalking toward him.

“It sparks when I try to touch it. I—| couldn’t lift it. It’s like... it’s alive,” he breathes, shaking out his injured hand. A faint burn glows across his palm, red and raw.

Celestia stares at him, unblinking. “You’re saying it rejected you?”

He nods, towering his hand. “It belonged to the Alpha Queen—your mother. This isn’t an ordinary necklace. That kind of power only responds to true royal blood. Only someone of her line can handle it without consequence.”

A slow sigh escapes her lips as she brushes past him.

“Then let a true royal handle it.”

She glides into the bedroom with effortless grace. The drawer stands open, and within it rests a soft black pouch, gently pulsing with a faint, steady glow-like the beat of a heart.

Celestia approaches and carefully unfolds the pouch. Inside lies a necklace with a fine silver chain. Its pendant is shaped like a crescent moon, glowing with a deep, ocean-blue hue, threaded with glimmers of silver light. Ancient. Alive. Humming with raw, contained power.

Her eyes narrow. It was left out too easily. No protection. No wards. No concealment.

As if someone wanted it to be found.

Still, she doesn’t dwell on the thought. Her fingers reach forward—and pause.

A beat.

Then she touches the chain. The burn is instant.

“Shit!” she hisses, jerking her hand back, eyes wide in disbelief.

A red welt blooms across her fingertips.

No.

No, no, no.

She tries again, forcing her hand through the pain—only to scream and drop to her knees as the necklace pulses brighter and spits a sharp jolt of fire through her skin.

Behind her, the warrior watches silently.

She tries a third time—desperation in her movements, fury in her eyes

-but it's no use. The moment her skin touches it, her hand snaps back like it's touched the core of a flame.

She stares at her trembling fingers.

It burns her.

It burns her.

Her mind flashes back-her uncle's voice like a ghost in her ears.

"Do you truly believe you share his blood?"

The words strike deeper now. More cruel. More real.

Her lips part, but nothing comes out.

No daughter of the Alpha King would be rejected by the sacred bond of her mother's relic. No heir would be turned away by their birthright.

Unless She isn't.

She isn't the Alpha King's daughter.

"Do you want me to carry it?" the warrior asks, softly this time. Too softly. Like he pities her.

Her spine stiffens.

"Can you?" she whispers, not turning around.

He walks to the drawer cautiously. Reaches down, lifts the chain-and growls through gritted teeth as flames lick at his skin. His fingers tremble, the skin blistering instantly, smoke curling upward from his palm but he doesn't drop it. He holds the necklace, burning and crackling in his hand, until the glow dims to a simmering hum.

He straightens, breathing heavily. "There. You have it."

Celestia finally turns to face him. Her eyes fall to his charred hand, to the shaking in his arm—and then up to the faint smirk curving his lips.

"Of course," she says dryly, "you'll want compensation."

"Half," he replies instantly. "Of your vault. Your properties. I want legal claim. And protection under your name."

She hesitates.

Then nods once.

“You’ll have it,” she says coldly. “You’re mine now. My loyal servant.”

He bows with a grimace, necklace still smoldering in his hand. “What now, Your Highness? You can’t wear it. It burns you. If anyone sees that ... they’ll know the truth.”

Celestia smiles. Dark. Vicious.

“The real one was never meant for me,” she says smoothly. “But I’ll create a perfect replica. Flawless. Down to the weight, the glow, the way it wraps around a throat.”

She reaches out and runs a gloved finger along the necklace’s edge, careful not to touch the warrior’s burned hand.

“I’m good at pretending,” she murmurs, her voice almost a purr. “It’s what I was raised to do, wasn’t I?”

She lifts her chin, her eyes glittering with poison.

“A fake daughter... deserves a fake crown.”

And as she turns to leave the room, her shadow stretches long behind her-just like the lies she’s been wrapped in all her life but this time... she’s the one spinning the story.

And she intends to make the world believe every single word.

The trees stretch tall around us, their thick trunks etched with age-old scars and memories. The air hums with the scent of moss and moonlight, and my bare feet sink softly into the earth as we come to a stop in a clearing hidden deep within the forest.

Jack pulls off his shirt with one fluid motion, tossing it onto a branch. ” You’re not undressing?” he asks, quirking a brow at me, that usual cocky smirk playing on his lips.

I just cross my arms and smirk right back. “Watch and learn, future king.”

Before he can blink, I close my eyes and reach inward-searching. I know she’s alive... because I feel complete. And it’s not just because I’ve completed the mating process with Jack.

Even though part of me still fears I may never feel her again, I call to her-and a powerful howl rises from deep within me. Then, just like that, she answers. Her triumphant roar vibrates through my bones and blood. There’s strength in her voice. Hunger. Purpose.

“Mating with Jack... it helped. His mark, his love, gave me strength,” she says. “But the real spark-the thing that truly brought me back-was the power in our veins. The blood of our father... the Alpha King.”

I don’t speak or say anything to her words as I feel her rage, her joy, her fire-and her promise.

We are whole again. And fuck, it feels good to have her back.

She tears forward like a storm loosed from its cage. My limbs stretch, spine bending with a satisfying crack as obsidian fur bursts across my skin-sleek and glistening under the moonlight. Silvery streaks race along my back, glowing faintly like ancient runes etched by the Goddess herself. My claws dig into the forest floor, and when I stand fully shifted, I tower nearly to the lowest branches of the massive oak behind us.

I open my glowing eyes and turn to look at Jack. He stares, mouth parted slightly, eyes wide in disbelief. "Holy shit."

I pad closer, my massive paws leaving deep imprints in the soft soil. I expect him to flinch, to step back in fear like so many others had when they saw my true form. But Jack doesn't and he slowly lifts a hand and brushes his fingers through the fur along my cheek.

A deep, pleased rumble vibrates from my chest.

She likes that.

"You can change without your clothes ripping?" he asks through our mindlink, awe bleeding into every word.

I chuckle through the bond. "Told you—my wolf is one of a kind."

He nods, still touching me gently, almost reverently. "She's... stunning, Kali. Beautiful. Powerful. Like a goddess dressed in shadows."

I huff softly, brushing my massive head against his chest in thanks. "Now stop gawking and change. Let's run."

He hesitates. Not out of fear—but I feel it. That flicker of hesitation.

The quiet sting to his pride, knowing my wolf might be bigger than his.

I nudge him gently with my nose, understanding.

His Alpha ego is smarting a little.

"You're nervous," I tease, baring a wolfish grin full of sharp teeth.

He scoffs. "No, I'm not—"

I interrupt him with a wide, wet lick across his chest.

He bursts into laughter. "Okay, okay! I'm going!" I back away to give him space, settling on my haunches.

Jack drops his briefs in one quick motion, and then—his transformation begins.

Bones snap and stretch, his frame twisting and rising, muscles thickening and reforming until his wolf bursts forth with a brilliant flash of light.

And my jaw-if I had one in this form-would drop.

He's enormous.

Twice the size of any wolf I've ever seen... even mine. Which should be impossible. I'm the largest wolf I know. Always have been.

Impossible, right?

His fur is deep midnight with streaks of gold shimmering down his spine like rays of sunlight breaking through darkness. His eyes blaze a molten silver, his presence radiating authority-like a royal beast risen straight from the earth. Majestic. Commanding.

He stares down at me in shock, his tail swishing behind him.

"How the hell am I bigger than you?" he blurts through the mindlink, disbelief thick in his voice. "I swear my wolf was never this big."

I bark a laugh-literally-and begin circling him, admiring his hulking new form.

"I think it's because we completed the mate bond," I reply, pride and affection swirling in my voice. "I carry the Alpha King's blood.. and as my mate, your wolf takes on what's needed to match. You're more than an Alpha now, Jack."

He turns his massive head toward me, eyes shining." So I'm a future king, huh?" "Obviously," I tease. "And damn... you wear it well."

"Fuck," he breathes, voice low and reverent. "This really makes me believe you're royal. I mean-look at me. Look at you. I'm so fucking lucky you're mine."

My heart flutters-stupidly, wittily. Even in this form, heat rises under my fur.

"You're such a sap," I murmur, nipping gently at his thick coat.

And proud of it.

We stare at each other a moment longer. Then-

He bolts.

I roar a playful growl and take off after him, thundering through the forest like two titans unleashed. Trees blur past as our wolves run side by side, our paws pounding in unison. We leap over fallen logs, splash through streams, nip and circle each other in a blur of laughter and heat.

We are fire and shadow, moonlight and storm. Until finally, breathless and tangled in wildflowers and pine needles, we shift back near a spring, collapsing side by side beneath the open sky.

The stars blink above us, and our fingers brush as we lie there.

Jack turns his head toward me, that stupid smirk back on his lips.

“I still can’t believe I’m bigger than you,” he says.

I roll my eyes and laugh, letting my head rest on his shoulder. “You’re still second place where it matters.”

He groans, “Kali...”

And I grin.

Because right now—there’s nowhere else in the world I’d rather be.

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Suddenly, Jack’s eyes flash—a brilliant shade of—his jaw tensing as his gaze unfocuses for a moment.

Someone’s mindlinking him.

I tilt my head. “What is it?”

He blinks, then exhales. “Fury. He says Jasmine wants to see us.

They’re on their way to the house now.”

My heart skips with a jolt of joy, and a grin spreads across my face. ” Jasmine?” I breathe, already turning back toward the forest path.” Gods, I’ve missed her. I can’t believe she’s finally free of that bastard.”

We start walking, feet brushing through the underbrush, the scent of pine and damp soil thick in the air.

Curiosity gnaws at me. “How... how did she break the bond with Khoas?” I ask carefully, my voice soft.

Jack’s shoulders stiffen slightly. He runs a hand through his hair and sighs. “She had to lose her wolf.”

I stop mid-step. “She-” My voice catches. “She gave up her wolf?”

He nods, lips pressing into a thin line. “It was the only way. Dark magic.

She was losing herself and would’ve rather died than remain bonded to him for another second. She chose herself... but the price-” He trails off. He doesn’t have to finish.

A pang of grief stabs my chest. I swallow hard. “Khoas isn’t dead... is he?”

Jack’s smirk returns, cold and razor-sharp. “No. Not yet. But he’s going to live a very long time-chained in a pit so dark and deep, he’ll wish for death every, single day. He’ll pay for what he did to Jasmine and you. Slowly.”

“Good.” My voice is cold. “Death is too merciful for him.”

We reach the house, stepping up onto the porch just as the front door swings open. And then I smell it-cinnamon and moonstone.

Jasmine.

The second I see her-standing in the middle of the living room, her arm still looped through Fury’s—we both freeze. Then we bolt toward each other.

“Jas!” I throw my arms around her, holding her tight, but careful. Her frame is lighter now, her energy softer... almost human.

“I missed you so much,” she whispers against my shoulder. “I’m so sorry, Kali. For what he did to you... for everything.”

I pull back and hold her face gently. “No. Don’t do that. None of this was your fault. I’m just glad you’re free of him. You’re glowing, Jas. You look.. like you again.”

Her smile trembles, and I know she hears the truth in my voice. But before I can say more, Fury suddenly straightens beside us, nose twitching. His expression darkens as he slowly sniffs the air, then starts scratching at his nose like it’s bothering him.

Jack narrows his eyes. “What’s up with you?”

Fury’s gaze sweeps the room, sharp and disturbed. “It almost smells like... Lady Celestia was here.”

That immediately gets all our attention. She was his ex-mate, after all.

Jack scoffs, arms folding across his chest. “There’s no fucking way she would dare come into my pack-let alone my house.” But Fury shrugs, his brows still furrowed. “You’re not Alpha anymore. The patrols are weak, and let’s not forget-she is the Alpha King’s daughter. That gives her more access than we’d like to admit.”

Jack clenches his jaw. “Still. She wouldn’t be that stupid.”

I step forward, resting my hand on his arm, a slow smirk curling my lips. “Oh, I think she did come. Masked her scent.”

Jack turns to me, eyes narrowing. “You think?”

I nod. "She's desperate. I told you-she'd go crawling to your uncle the moment things started slipping through her fingers. And I guarantee he told her there was only one way to secure her position."

Fury tilts his head. "What way?"

I meet his gaze. "By taking my necklace."

Jasmine gasps beside me. "The same necklace you showed me? The one that looks exactly like the Alpha Queen's?"

"Yes," I confirm softly. "That one."

Jasmine frowns, confusion all over her face. "But how is it possible you own something that sacred, Kali? With all due respect, that necklace is priceless. There's no way you could have that..."

Jack steps in before I can answer, his tone sharp. "Because she's the Alpha King's daughter."

Jasmine stares at me, eyes wide as her hand flies to her mouth. "Fuck..."

Oh Moon Goddess. You're her? The lost daughter? The one who went missing all those years ago?"

I nod. Jasmine shakes her head, still trying to process. "I definitely didn't see that coming." While she continues rambling in disbelief, I turn on my heel and head down the hallway to the bedroom where I had left the necklace-intentionally. It rested in a black velvet pouch tucked inside the top drawer of the dresser. No lock. Just temptation laid bare.

I pull open the drawer and smile.

The pouch is still there but it's empty.

And even more telling-the scent in the room has changed. Burnt flesh.

My smile sharpens.

If Lady Celestia were truly of royal blood, the necklace wouldn't have harmed her. But it had. The acrid tang of scorched skin clings to the air

-undeniable and damning.

She touched it-and it burned her.

Which means only one thing.

She's not of the Alpha King's bloodline.

She's not my sister.

And I've never felt more relieved.

“Right on time,” I murmur, brushing my fingers over the velvet before walking back into the living room.

They all look up as I enter.

“She took it,” I announce coolly. “Lady Celestia was here. And she went straight for the necklace.”

Jasmine shoots up from the couch, panic in her eyes. “But... aren’t you worried? Without it, how will you prove you’re the Alpha King’s daughter?” I shake my head. “I don’t need to prove anything.”

Fury narrows his eyes. “Wait... are you saying she’s not the Alpha King’s daughter?”

A slow, wicked smile curves my lips. “That’s exactly what I’m saying.

When I entered the room, it reeked of burnt flesh-something that should never happen if she were of royal blood. The necklace is enchanted. It was created to recognize the Alpha Queen’s lineage. It would never harm her child. But it burned Celestia.”

Jasmine gasps, the truth dawning in her eyes.

I continue, my voice cold and clear. “She’s not of royal blood. She’s not my sister. And I’m fucking glad.”

Jack grins like a wolf catching the scent of blood. “Which means,” he drawls, “she walked right into your trap.”

I casually flick invisible dust from my sleeve. “All I did was give her the bait.”

Jasmine exhales shakily. “But what if people believe her? What if she manipulates the truth?”

“They might,” I admit. “Especially if she plays with dark magic to twist perception. But let her try.”

I glance toward the window, voice like ice over steel.

“She may wear the crown in public... but the throne won’t recognize her when it matters. The blood always tells the truth-and the truth burns.”

Jack steps beside me, his arm slipping around my waist. He leans in, his voice low against my ear.

“You’re terrifying when you’re like this.”

I grin. “Good. I want her to be terrified”

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 95**

My gaze drifts from the window, drawn by something—or someone.

Fury.

He's too quiet. His broad shoulders are tense, arms crossed, brows furrowed as if wrestling with thoughts only he can hear. His body is here... but his mind? It's clearly somewhere else.

"Fury?" I ask gently, stepping out of Jack's embrace. "Are you alright?"

Jack's arm drops from around my waist, but not before I feel the subtle shift in his body—the quiet tension he thinks no one notices.

Fury finally turns, his eyes flicking to Jack before settling on me. "Luna," he says, his voice steady but slightly off. "Can I talk to you for a moment? Outside. We won't go far."

It isn't a question—it's something he's been holding in for too long, and now it needs to be said.

Jack scoffs, the sound low and warning. I can practically hear the territorial edge in it. Still, he shrugs and says, "Yeah, you're both free to go. Kali's the danger here—so I'm not worried."

I laugh softly, reaching back to slap his chest playfully. "Easy, Alpha. I'll be right back."

He catches my wrist, pressing a kiss to my knuckles before releasing me. I follow Fury out the door.

The air outside is crisp and cool as we walk just a few steps away from the house. Even now, I can feel Jack's presence like a shadow clinging to my back.

"You seem... off," I begin, breaking the silence. I tilt my head, carefully choosing my words. "A lot has happened... and even if you're trying to hide it— is it because of her? Lady Celestia?" His nostrils flare slightly as he stares into the trees, lips pressed into a firm line.

"I mean," I continue gently, "you can still smell her, right? Even after she rejected you... even though the bond's broken. Is she still affecting you?"

He lets out a sharp scoff, turning to look me in the eye. "I swear on my life, Kali—I don't and never gave a fuck about her. Not for a moment."

And I believe him.

"So then... what is it?" I narrow my eyes at him, watching the tension that still coils in his shoulders. "Wait. Fury... are you still intimidated by my wolf?"

His brows lift slightly.

"I knew it!" I laugh softly. "That shocked look on your face before I disappeared into thin air? Right before all hell broke loose? Yeah, this is the first time we're talking since then. I bet you've got a lot to say."

“Well,” he exhales, a crooked smile pulling at the corner of his mouth, “you’re not far from the truth.”

I raise a brow. “Do tell.”

Fury pauses, running a hand through his dark hair, the moonlight catching in the sharp angles of his face.

“It makes sense now,” he says slowly. “The fact that you’re the Alpha King’s daughter. It all makes sense.”

“What do you mean?” I ask, genuinely curious.

He hesitates, then looks at me fully. “Ever since I met you... I’ve been having these weird dreams. Dreams of a palace. A huge one, with golden banners, and marble halls. And there’s this little girl playing with me in the sand.”

My eyes widen in disbelief. He’s been having the same dreams as me?

He keeps going, his voice lowering, thick with memory. “They kept happening. For weeks. Months. The same dreams, over and over. And then today... I woke up and remembered everything. Like someone took the fog off my brain.”

I stare at him, breath caught in my throat.

“Do you remember a boy named Tom?”

My hand flies to my mouth. “Don’t—don’t tell me...” My voice breaks.

He nods once, slowly. “Yeah. I’m Tom.”

Tears sting my eyes before I can stop them. “M... that’s what you used to call me...” I whisper.

He steps closer, and I throw my arms around him, crushing him to me.

“I can’t believe it,” I sob against his shoulder. “I can’t believe you’re Tom. It makes so much sense now... why I always felt safe around you.”

Why I could tell you anything. Why it felt like I’d known you forever.”

“I know.” His voice is thick, his hand gently rubbing my back. “It was weird at first. Feeling so connected to you when you were Jack’s mate.”

But now? Now it all makes sense. Fate brought us back together. Not the way we expected... but still.”

We stay like that for a while, wrapped in the warmth of a shared past, until—

A low, territorial growl vibrates from somewhere behind us.

I sigh and roll my eyes. “Really, Jack?”

Fury chuckles. “Someone’s jealous.”

“He probably has his ear pressed against a tree,” I mutter, laughing.

We finally pull back, and I swipe the tears from my cheeks. I take a good look at him his height, his broad shoulders, the way his hair falls into his eyes.

“Damn,” I say with a soft laugh. “You’ve changed. I never would’ve recognized you. You’re... huge.”

He grins. “You too. Except, you know, your glow-up is mildly terrifying.”

“Remember when we chased that rabbit near the west garden and you fell face-first into the mud?” I tease.

Fury groans. “Gods, don’t remind me.”

“Oh, I’m going to bring it up every chance I get, little warrior.”

We’re still laughing when his expression suddenly falters, and silence settles between us.

“m sorry,” he says softly.

My smile fades. “For what?”

“For not protecting you back then. For breaking that promise. And now too...”

“Hey,” I whisper, gripping his arm. “You were a kid. We both were. And now? Now you’re here. You’ve protected me in more ways than I can count. That s more than enough, Tom.”

His jaw ticks, and something burns behind his eyes. I try to lighten the mood, nudging his side playfully.

“So... should I start calling you Tom again? Or stick with Fury?”

But he doesn’t smile as he shakes his head slowly. “I was born to protect you, Kali. Little or not. That was always my purpose. That’s why I ended up a warrior. It wasn’t a coincidence-it was fate. The moment I saw you again, even without the memories, something in me knew you were mine to guard. And I still failed-past and present. But this time

His voice breaks a little, and he swallows hard before continuing.

“This time, I won’t. Even if it costs me my life.”

“No,” I breathe, but he lifts a hand, stopping me.

“Promise me,” he says firmly. “If a moment comes where I have to protect you, and it costs me everything... promise me you won’t cry much. Or stop me.” I blink, fighting the sting behind my eyes. “That’s a cruel promise, Fury.” I whisper. “And I can’t promise I won’t cry.”

His expression softens at last, and he exhales quietly.

“You really did grow into the great warrior,” I say gently. “Didn’t you?”

“Yes,” he murmurs. “And just like the promise we made as kids, I’ll protect you forever.”

I sigh. “It’s kind of sad, though... you would’ve made the perfect Alpha of the Blood Fang Pack. Especially now that Jack has stepped down.”

Fury chuckles under his breath. “I don’t see myself as an Alpha. That was never my dream. All I’ve ever wanted is to be your sword and shield. Your personal warrior. That’s who I was born to be.”

I smile, placing my hand over his heart. “Never say never, Fury.”

He shrugs, a ghost of a smile on his lips. “You’ve always been the dreamer, M.”

We turn and head back toward the house. Inside, Jasmine is curled up on the couch, fast asleep. Her chest rises and falls softly, her face finally peaceful.

“She looks so light,” I murmur. “So fragile.”

“She is,” Fury says gently, stepping over. “She’s human now... there’s not enough energy in her body to sustain much.”

He bends and lifts her easily into his arms, cradling her like she weighs nothing.

Jack walks over and claps Fury on the back. “Thank you. For looking after her.”

Fury nods. “Always.” He heads out the door, Jasmine nestled in his arms-probably taking her to her treehouse, where she always feels most at peace.

As soon as the door clicks shut, I turn to Jack. “So... Fury is Tom.”

Jack’s head jerks toward me. “Tom?”

I grin. “My childhood best friend. He was supposed to be my personal bodyguard.”

His brow furrows. “Well.. that’s an unexpected twist.”

“Yes,” I say quickly, grinning wider. “I still can’t believe fate brought us back together.”

Jack groans, stalking toward me like a storm. “Alright, that’s enough talk about another man.”

He yanks me toward him, capturing my mouth in a hard, possessive kiss. I laugh against his lips, letting him claim me, his hands fisting in my hair.

But just as things heat up-

Knock. Knock.

Jack groans. "You have got to be kidding me."

I giggle, biting my lip.

He pulls away, irritated. Who the fuck is it this time? Can I not catch a breath with my mate without being cockblocked by fate?"

I follow him to the door, heart still racing from the kiss.

There's no one on the porch. Just a single envelope lying neatly on the step, sealed in red wax with the unmistakable royal crest.

Jack bends, picks it up, and glares at it like it personally offended him."What the hell now?" he mutters.

I step beside him, and he rips it open.

The heading reads: A Royal Invitation from the Alpha King and Queen.

Jack growls low in his throat. "No. Absolutely not. I'm not stepping foot in that cursed palace this soon. I don't care if they're summoning demons-I'm not going."

I fold my arms, watching him.

"We'll go," I say firmly.

Jack's eyes snap to mine. "What?"

"Accept it," I repeat. "We're going."

He stares at me like I've grown a second head. "Kali..."

"I've run long enough," I say quietly. "It's time to stop. Time to face the people who gave me life and then left me to die."

"You're ready to see your father? And mother?" he asks, his voice softer now, more careful.

I nod. "I have to be. No more running. No more hiding. If they want to meet their daughter.."

My jaw hardens.

...they're going to meet the woman I've become."

Jack reaches out, gently tucking a strand of hair behind my ear.

“Then I’ll walk beside you,” he whispers. “All the way to the throne.”

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 96

Right now, there are four of us in the royal carriage rumbling toward the Alpha King’s palace. And when I say four, I mean Jack and me-along with Fury and Jasmine.

Surprised?

Jack was too, when Fury insisted on coming. But I wasn’t. I understood immediately. After all, he made me promise not to cry if he ever had to lay down his life for me—so of course he would follow me here. His need to protect me runs deeper than any sense of duty. And now that his memories have returned, I believe he needs this journey just as much as do. For closure. Something tells me his past is tied to the palace—if not directly to my father, then to the people who serve him.

As if for Jasmine... Jack didn’t want to bring her. But he also didn’t want to leave her behind, not when she’s human and so heartbreakingly fragile. That kind of weakness twists his insides in a way I can feel too.

Fury was the only one Jack trusted to keep her safe, and since Fury insisted on coming with us, Jack had no choice but to bring Jasmine along. With all the uncertainty—the intrusion of Lady Celestia, the rising threats—we can’t afford to trust anyone back at the pack house.

Jasmine is safer with us, surrounded by those who actually give a damn about her.

The carriage finally begins to slow, its wheels crunching over the polished stone that marks the palace grounds. My heart gives one sharp, jarring beat as the air inside grows tense.

We’ve arrived.

The door opens with a soft creak, and Jack steps out first. The sun breaks through the towering arches above, catching the sleek black of his suit and turning him into something out of a dark fairytale-tall, ruthless, carved from shadow. He turns, extending his hand toward me. I place my fingers in his, and he holds me as if I’m made of glass though the way his eyes trail over me says otherwise.

“You look lethal,” he murmurs low enough for only me to hear.

I smirk. “Good. I dressed for revenge.”

The deep red gown I wear clings like a second skin, flaring out behind me like a trail of fire. I wore it on purpose. It’s bold and dramatic, a walking middle finger to the family waiting behind those palace walls.

Blood-coloured, like a promise. Or a warning.

As my feet touch the stone path leading to the palace gates, my shoulders pull back; my chin lifts.

I'm not here to play the lost daughter.

I'm here to claim my place and make those who tried to kill me pay with their lives.

Behind me, Fury steps down and helps Jasmine out of the carriage.

She's dressed in soft white, her long sleeves delicate as silk, glowing like moonlight beside me. Innocence. Peace. Where I am the storm, she is the calm. But even in her fragile rebirth, she holds her head high.

There's a tremble in her hands, barely visible-but she's trying. She's trying to be brave.

Fury adjusts his suit jacket, his eyes flicking toward the looming entrance.

"There are guards everywhere. It feels familiar."

Jack's hand finds the small of my back. "You sure about this?"

I arch a brow. "Do I look unsure?"

He gives a low, dark laugh. "No. You look like you're about to burn the palace down." "That's because I might."

He leans in, his lips brushing my temple. "Then I'll hold the match."

I draw a deep breath, grounding myself. Today isn't just a celebration-it's the Queen's birthday. Jack told me more after we opened the invitation together.

A grand affair, extended to every Alpha and Luna in the kingdom and territory gathering to pay tribute to the woman who's ruled beside the King for decades. This is the kind of event that forges treaties and reshapes power.

And us?

We're the uninvited chaos slipping through the back door.

Jack may have stepped down as Alpha, but with no successor named, he still represents the Blood Fang Pack-at least in appearance. The invitation wasn't simply tradition.

It was strategy.

I'm certain the Alpha King-my father--used the Queen's birthday as a convenient excuse. A subtle way to ensure I came to them willingly... instead of forcing their hand to come to me.

Clever.

The moment we step past the towering gates and through the palace, it happens. The guards drop to their knees.

Not one but all of them. Like some unspoken command ripples through the air. Their heads bow low. The silence that follows is eerie as I feel the shift instantly. Their wolves recognise something. Not rank. Not a title. Blood.

Our auras bleed into the space like smoke, thick and heavy, demanding attention. And they respond the only way wolves can to royalty.

Jack stiffens beside me. He's the future king, after all.

"They're kneeling..

" Jasmine whispers behind me, voice small and awestruck.

I try not to react. Try not to let the storm inside me show. But it's there, raging just under the surface.

Because I'm about to see her. My mother.

The woman I haven't laid eyes on since I was a child small enough to fit into her arms, though my memories of her face are hazy and fragmented, like images blurred by time. I won't lie-I'm curious to see which of her features I inherited, especially since I carry my father's eyes.

Does she know that the man she chose to rule beside-her mate-nearly killed me with his own hands, offering my heart and head like a gift to Lady Celestia?

Does she know I was chained like an animal and stabbed through the chest by the girl she raised? The one she calls daughter, even though they don't share blood?

Does she care?

The grand hall looms ahead, towering pillars of pearl-white and gold climbing into the heavens. Chandeliers glitter above like trapped stars.

Every detail is polished to perfection, but the moment my foot crosses, nausea rises in my throat.

Because the memories hit me and I remember being chained like an animal... stabbed through the heart... bleeding on this very floor. I thought I had moved past it. Thought I was strong enough now. But clearly, I was wrong. I would have died that day if not for the royal blood in my veins-and that thought is far from comforting.Jack's hand finds mine, and he squeezes once and just like that, the storm inside me calms.

The noise in the hall fades as we move. Conversations stop mid-sentence. Heads turn. And one by one, every Alpha and Luna in dips their heads in respect.

Their gazes follow us-not with suspicion or idle curiosity but with something deeper.

Recognition.

It isn't just about power. It's something older than titles, something woven into the bloodline itself.

It's like the wolves in them remember.

Remember their true queen.

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 97**

And then I see it-the throne.

Small and elegant, carved from moonstone. It's the same one I noticed the last time I was here, the one that called to me without reason. It sits just beside the Alpha King's larger throne.

Empty but know it's mine. My wolf stirs beneath my skin not to flee, but to claim. To take her rightful place.

Yet that's not what unsettles me most.

It's the other throne-the queen's throne.

Its pull is stronger than the one meant for a princess. It doesn't just call to me. It sings.

Beside me, Jack is still. Too still. I follow his gaze and see it: his eyes locked on the Alpha King's throne.

His expression is wild, breath shallow. He sways slightly, as if the very air around him has thickened, turned to smoke.

The throne is calling him.

The thrones are calling-to both of us.

Drawing us in like magnets. Whispering truths buried deep in our bones. The world could vanish around us, and we wouldn't notice.

Because those thrones?

They know who we are.

Jack leans closer to me, jaw tense. "Can you feel that?"

“Yeah,” I breathe, eyes never leaving the stone. “It’s like they’ve been waiting.”

Reluctantly, we turn away.

We take our seats at the far end of the hall-simple, low-backed chairs meant for guests. Not royalty.

But the silence that follows as we sit is loud. Deafening, almost. Every eye remains fixed on us, even though we pretend not to notice. Still, that throne-my throne-whispers to me like a lullaby sung from long ago.

I ignore it.

Barely.

Then the doors at the far end of the hall swing open again-and this time, all attention shifts.

The Alpha King steps into the room like a storm in human form. Heads bow immediately. Hands cross over chests. Jasmine lowers her gaze.

Even Fury dips his head, his eyes clouded with emotion.

But Jack and I?

We don’t stand up from our seat or bow.

The air still as the king walks forward with slow, confident steps exuding absolute authority. He wears black threaded with gold, his cloak sweeping behind him like shadowed fire.

And me-

I forget how to breathe for a moment. Because now that I know who he is, I can’t see him as just the king.

I see him as my father.

His face hasn’t changed since the first time I saw it. Still strong. Stoic.

Chiseled with power and dignity. But now there’s something else in his eyes that wasn’t there before-something older. Wearier. Sadder.

It takes everything in me not to stand up and run to him and throw myself into his arms like the little girl who once ached for a father’s love. But I stay still Rooted.

He stops halfway up the marble stairs and turns to face the crowd, his voice strong and smooth as it fills the hall.

"Thank you all for coming. Your presence here today horrifies not only the crown, but the Queen herself." His gaze sweeps the room before pausing. "She will be joining us shortly. There has been... a small delay."

He doesn't look at me, but I feel the pull-an invisible string tightening between us. My heart races. And just before he turns back toward his throne, I swear I hear it.

A breath.

A soft sigh, almost mournful, like he wants to say something but can't.

Like he knows this entire room is not the place or time.

I quickly tear my gaze away before my eyes betray me.

A voice rises from the crowd bold and curious. "My King... will the Princess be joining us? Lady Celestia?"

A long pause follows. And then... nothing.

No flicker of emotion. Not even a smile.

The king's face goes completely still. "About that there will be a special announcement made once the Queen arrives," he says. "Until then, please-enjoy the celebration. Eat. Drink."

The tension is a thread pulled taut.

Then-

Boom.

The grand doors open once more.

My heart stops because walking through those doors, chin high and smile venom-sweet, is her.

Lady Celestia.

Wearing red. The same shade as mine.

She strides with the grace of someone who's been trained to be royal her whole life-but I see it. The cracks beneath the surface. The desperation clinging to every swish of her gown.

And then I see it.

Around her neck.

My necklace.

My mother's necklace.

The one I intentionally planted. The one she was never supposed to wear.

It's glowing.

Not dimly. Not dying.

Alive. Radiant.

And it isn't burning her.

I sit straighter, every muscle in my body tightening. Jack shifts beside me. I know he sees it too.

"What the actual fuck..?" he mutters under his breath. How is she wearing it?

It wasn't a replica. It couldn't be. That necklace only responds to royal blood. It should've seared her skin, scorched her throat, left her screaming.

But here she is.

Wearing it like it belongs to her.

And then-

He steps out behind her.

Jack's uncle, leaning heavily on his walking stick, limps forward with a smug grin carved into his face-like a man who believes he's just won the world. They walk side by side, two snakes slithering toward the crown.

His eyes lock on mine.

I don't look away. Not this time.

We watch each other in silence as they reach the Alpha King and pause before the steps.

Then Celestia speaks, voice loud and clear, dripping with poisoned honey.

"Well?" she says, smiling up at the King. "Come on, Daddy.."

She tilts her head.

"..Aren't you going to introduce me to everyone?"

Her smile widens as the room falls silent.

"Your princess. Your future heir. And your Queen to the throne?" My hands curl into fists, nails digging into my palms.

And beside me, Jack growls under his breath.

The war has officially begun.

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 98

The silence in the hall is suffocating. It clings to me like a second skin-thick with tension and unspoken truths. Lady Celestia stands tall and smug, the deep red of her dress practically radiating arrogance.

And I can't wait to see that arrogance crumble-the look on her face when she realizes I'm not only alive, after she failed to kill me in this very hall, but that I am the true blood of her father... the rightful heir to the throne she so desperately covets.

I'm surprised she hasn't noticed me yet. Then again, the hall is crowded, filled with layers of scents and auras that cloak mine just enough to delay recognition. Or maybe... maybe she simply refuses to believe I survived.

"Why are you here, Celestia?" the Alpha King's voice cuts sharply through the still air. "And who the fuck let you out? You're supposed to be-"

"Supposed to be what, Father?" she cuts in, her voice sharp, sweet, and venomous all at once. "Not supposed to be here? Locked up in my room like a dog? No-worse than a dog?"

He locked her up? But why...? Don't tell me he's punishing her for what she did to me. My heart flutters at the thought, but everyone in the hall stiffens. Even the music halts-as if the strings themselves are holding their breath.

"Come now, Father," she continues with a smirk, stepping further into the spotlight like it was made for her. "I was getting so bored being punished over that bitch."

And then-finally-her eyes flicker toward me. It's an instinctive slip, a mere glance. But I see the twitch in her brow. Her gaze meets mine, and she freezes.

Shock. Disbelief. It flashes across her face before she swallows and tries to recover. But it's too late. She looks like she's seen a ghost.

She has.

I meet her stare with the blank expression I've spent years perfecting.

Cold, unreadable. Hiding the storm that rages behind my eyes.

It takes her a moment before she tears her gaze away and turns back to her father, forcing a smile to cover the tremor in her voice.

"And since today is Mother's birthday," she says, almost stammering, "it's only fitting that I be here. After all, I am her one and only daughter."

Her words twist inside me like barbed wire. Why does she keep living in this delusion?

The Alpha King runs a hand through his dark hair, his jaw grinding so loudly I can almost hear the bone threaten to snap. It's the first crack I've seen in his iron composure. He looks utterly fed up-with her lies, her arrogance-and underneath it all, deeply disappointed

"We'll discuss this later," he says through gritted teeth. "For now, return to your room."

He's barely holding himself together. He's trying to save face. Trying to maintain the fragile illusion of control in front of every Alpha and Luna present. Because if he loses it now, this entire gathering-this fragile performance of peace and control-crumbles with him.

But Celestia only smiles wider, as if his command were praise. She tilts her head, playing innocent.

"No, Father. Today is Mother's birthday... and I have a gift for her."

A low, dangerous growl rumbles in his chest. He takes a step forward, his aura darkening into something deadly."And what gift," he grits out, "could possibly be so important that it can't wait? You're not a guest here, Celestia."

"You made me feel like one," she snaps back. "Like a stranger. Like nothing."

Her voice trembles-just for a moment-a crack in her mask but then she hides it with a smile sharp enough to cut.

"But that's okay," she says sweetly. "I forgive you."

I nearly laugh. Forgive him? The audacity. I want to slap that smug forgiveness right off her face.

Then she lifts her chin and brushes her fingers along the glowing necklace at her throat like it's a crown.

"But tell me, Father... surely you noticed this?"

She taps it once. Twice. The stone flickers like a flame.

"The very same necklace that belonged to Mother."

The king frowns. His eyes lower-too slowly-and then lands on the necklace resting against her skin.

His body stills. Shock.

Real, undeniable, raw shock spreads across his face-and that's what unsettles me most. Is he only seeing it now? He looks as if the necklace just appeared... or as if he's only now realizing what it truly means.

My breath catches in my throat.

That necklace—it was his queen's. Ancient and powerful. He should have noticed it the moment Celestia walked in. But his reaction feels delayed... almost like whatever magic is tied to it was concealing itself until now.

His lips part slightly, but no words come out. The air tightens, pressing in around us. Even the guests shift uncomfortably in their seats.

Lady Celestia's smile broadens as she basks in the attention. She turns slightly, just enough to let everyone see the way the necklace shimmers-glowing faintly against her skin. She strokes it like it's a badge of honor.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?”

The Alpha King draws a deep breath, but it does nothing to steady him.

His hands clench into fists at his sides, knuckles pale. His mouth opens again-no sound.

And then I see it.

His hands... tremble.

No. Something's wrong.

Did he really not notice it before?

And more than that-my stomach churns. The necklace is too bright.

Too vivid. Too real, and yet... not. There's something unnatural about it, something I can't quite explain. It doesn't feel right.

But I have no proof.

“Where did you get that?” the Alpha King asks, nearly stumbling over the words, his gaze locked on the glowing necklace. “Where did you find it?”

I watch him closely, every line of his face pulled tight with confusion... and something else. Is it fear? Guilt?

Celestia only smiles, lifting her chin proudly. “So now you see why I had to be here myself,” she says with a sickening sweetness. “It’s my surprise for Mother. I know it’s something she’ll love when she sees it.

A piece of our family’s legacy... and the fact that it’s coming from her one and only daughter must make it even more special.”

But her words don’t soothe him. If anything, they rattle him more. His breathing quickens.

“But how... how can you wear the necklace without it hurting you..” he mutters, and there’s a tremor in his voice that silences the room.

My pulse spikes.

He knows. He's always known she wasn't truly his blood. He only treated her as if she were.

"What do you mean by that statement, Father?" Celestia questions, still trying to play the perfect princess, trying to sound composed-but her pitch is higher now, the mask slipping. "Why should the necklace hurt me if I am your daughter? Your blood. I am royalty-"

"No," the Alpha King snaps, voice booming like thunder through the hall. "You are not."

A sharp gasp echoes. Even Jack stiffens beside me, and my heart stops beating for a moment. I didn't expect him to say it—at least not like that. But a warmth spreads through my chest, because part of me... wanted him to. Celestia's face drops, the blood draining from her cheeks. "You-what?" she whispers, trying to smile through it, to pretend it's some cruel joke.

"Well, too bad you can't prove that," she scoffs, lifting the necklace between her fingers like a trophy. "With this necklace, it shows I am royalty. Blood or not, I am now your daughter, which the necklace recognizes—"

But her voice is shaking now, and her eyes flick nervously to the people in the room, all watching in stunned silence. Judging.

Whispering.

Her hands begin to tremble.

"You may be my daughter by name," the Alpha King says slowly, his voice quieter now, but no less sharp and thick with something unspoken. "But not my real blood. I don't know how you're wearing that necklace, but there is only one daughter I have—and she is my true blood."

Celestia's lips twitch into a snarl. "Then who is it?" she growls. "Tell me, Father. Tell everyone here. I'm dying to know who your precious little daughter is, if not me. Go on—tell us all."

My heart thunders in my chest as I try to stay calm beside Jack. He reaches over, brushing his fingers gently against mine, as if he knows I'm on the verge of snapping.

"Come on, Father," Celestia continues, louder now, her voice rising into a scream. "Tell me who your real daughter is, if not me—the one who's been by your side all this time! Because as far as I'm concerned, the first one got lost in the woods and died—probably eaten by a wild animal! I'm the only one alive, the only one breathing, the one who should be Queen. Would you really be foolish enough to lose me too?"

The Alpha King exhales a long, tired breath. His shoulders slump.

Slowly, he raises a hand, as if preparing to speak. And then... he looks at me.

Right into me

His eyes lock with mine, and it feels like the entire world fades away.

There's something raw in his gaze-conflict, regret, longing... fear. I see it all. He wants to say it. I can feel it in my soul.

But he doesn't.

His hand drops. And with it, something inside me breaks.

I don't know what takes over-maybe it's the blood in my veins screaming to be acknowledged, or maybe it's the years of silence and denial finally bursting free-but my body moves before I can stop it.

"Kali-" Jack tries to grab my arm, but I'm already rising to my feet.

And I don't just walk.

I command the room.

Each step carries power, history, truth. My aura unfurls like a storm as I move to the center of the hall.

All eyes turn to me. Whispers ripple through the crowd.

And one by one... they bow.

I see the ripple of shock on faces-shock, awe... fear. But what makes my chest tighten is the way Lady Celestia looks at me. She blinks rapidly, as if trying to make sure she's seeing clearly this time. Unlike earlier, when she caught a glimpse of me and convinced herself her eyes had deceived her-this time, there's no denying it.

Her face drains of color. Her lips part in horror. It's like her entire world is unraveling before her eyes-and I am the blade cutting through every lie she ever told. I stop at the center of the room, chin lifted high, my voice ringing out like thunder.

"It's me," I say coldly. "I am the Alpha King's true and only daughter-not your fake ass."

Gasps echo all around.

"I don't know how you're able to wear that necklace without getting burnt," I continue, my tone sharp and unforgiving. "But whatever game you're playing ends here."

The weight of my truth silences the hall. And in that moment-standing tall, no longer hidden, no longer silent-I feel it.

Power.

Real power, not stolen or given.

Born of blood.

And for the first time... the kingdom sees me.

The true heir.

## Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 99

“You... no. Fuck—” Lady Celestia stammers, her lips trembling as though they’ve forgotten how to form words. Her jaw practically hits the marble floor, and I swear, if she doesn’t close her mouth soon, flies might start nesting there.

“You... you’re the daughter?” she gasps, her pupils darting around like she’s trapped in a nightmare she can’t wake up from.

I tilt my head slightly, not bothering to hide my smirk. “Why do you look so shocked? Isn’t this the same hall where you stabbed me? Tied me up like a fucking animal?” I sneer. “You thought you killed, didn’t you? How does it feel knowing you failed?”

Her mouth opens again, but no words come out. She staggers back, gripping the edge of a nearby pillar like the truth has shaken the very ground beneath her.

“But... how did you survive?” Her voice breaks completely.

“I-I watched you die. I saw your breathing stop!”

“You really are stupid, aren’t you?” I hiss, watching her cling to the pillar like her life depends on it—a coward hiding behind makeup and red silk. “Haven’t you put the pieces together yet? I’m the Alpha King’s daughter. That sword you used—the one forged for royal blood—didn’t kill me because it can’t. It’s not a weapon against a true heir. You thought you were ending me... turns out you were proving who I am.”

“No... no...” Celestia lets go of the pillar and clutches her head with both hands, shaking it violently. “This isn’t real! You can’t be his daughter! This is a cruel joke—a nightmare—wake up, Celestia, wake up! You were the only daughter. The other... the other one was eaten in the woods! Lost and forgotten!”

I scoff. “Hate to ruin your little fantasy, but was never eaten. I was kidnapped yes but I survived. Whether you like it or not, I’m the lost daughter. The real one.” She flails toward me, eyes wild. “No! It could be anyone else—anyone but you! You took him from me! Jack... he was supposed to be mine but you were always in the way!” Her voice climbs into a shrill, unhinged pitch. “And now you want to take this too? My crown? My father?”

You’re not my sister!” She spits the word like it’s poison.”

No. No. Impossible!”

“Correction,” I say, rolling my eyes. “We’re not sisters. We don’t share blood-don’t ever dare suggest we do. Mine is royal. Yours? Filthy. Rotten. Disgusting. If I had even a drop of your filth in my veins, I’d rip it out myself.”

She shrieks like a banshee being exorcised. “Yes, we do!

How else would I be able to wear the Queen’s necklace? It only allows royal blood!”

My gaze drops to the necklace clinging tightly around her throat. I pause, a flicker of suspicion slithering through me like a shadow.

“I still don’t understand how or why that necklace isn’t burning you,” I say, slowly circling her like a predator. “I smelled your scorched flesh back at my home. I left that necklace there for you to steal. I wanted you to find it, to wear it, and to come face-to-face with the truth. You’re not royal. That necklace doesn’t prove your blood—it proves your desperation.”

Panic floods her face. Her head snaps to the side, eyes scanning the room in search of help. Then she locks onto Jack’s uncle-her wicked little co-conspirator-standing off to the side like a ghost. Silent. Watching. His eyes gleam like a serpent’s, lips curved in something between amusement and cruelty.

Finally, the snake speaks.

“Blood or not...” he drawls, tapping his cane against the floor. “She wears the Alpha Queen’s necklace. That’s all the proof the people need. If she weren’t royal-if she weren’t the heir—it would’ve burned her to ash like you said. But it didn’t.”

My nostrils flare. “You damn well know she isn’t,” I growl.”

You’re just clinging to her because it benefits you. So don’t stand there and pretend this is some great mystery.

Do you think I’ve forgotten? You both tried to kill me. You poisoned me. You failed. And now-you’ll answer for every fucking thing you did.” “You’ve got no proof,” he replies coldly. “All you have are your fantasies. But if you’re so sure you’re the King’s daughter, then wear the necklace yourself. Let the people decide.”

Lady Celestia claps her hands, desperation twisting into manic delight. “Yes! Let her wear it. Let the people see.

Let the necklace decide!”

“She’s right,” a voice murmurs from the crowd. “Let her wear it.”

One by one, more voices rise, soft whispers swelling into a storm.

Celestia yanks the necklace from her neck and stretches it toward me like she’s handing me a blade, eager to watch me fall on it. Her grin is smug, her eyes gleaming with wicked anticipation.

“Go on,” she taunts. “If you’re really the King’s daughter, you’ve got nothing to fear.”

My fingers twitch at my sides, but I don’t move. I won’t fall for her games.

“Kali...”

The voice slices through the noise-deep, trembling, and full of emotion.

I lift my gaze toward the Alpha King, still standing halfway up the marble stairs that lead to his throne.

“You don’t have to wear it,” he says gently. “I know you’re mine. I can feel it. That sword- my blade-should’ve killed you. But it didn’t. Because you’re my blood. That’s all the proof I need. Don’t listen to her lies.”

A lump forms in my throat. Of course he can feel it-the bond between us. The same pull that’s calling me to run into his arms and never let go but I never expected him to say it out loud.

His words are soft. Sincere.

They warm something inside me.

And slowly, the pain and anger I’ve carried for so long begin to melt away.

I find myself... forgiving him.

But Celestia isn’t finished.

“No!” she screams, nearly foaming at the mouth. “The only reason she’s still alive is because you probably gave her your blood within twenty-four hours. That’s the only explanation! It’s not because she’s your daughter-you’re just a fool! So desperate to replace me, you’ll believe anything!”

“Celestia, stop this madness,” the King says, his voice strained.

“No, Father!” she shrieks, her face twisted in agony. “You are! You’re so desperate to replace me that you’ve blinded yourself. How dare you throw me away so easily!”

I raise a hand, silencing the room.

“Enough.” My voice rings through the hall. Celestia and the King freeze mid-argument. Every eye turns to me.

“Fine,” I say. “I’ll wear it.”

I take a deep breath, trying to calm the storm raging inside me. The weight of a hundred eyes feels like a suffocating cloak draped over my shoulders. My fingers tremble slightly as I reach for the necklace. I pause, staring at it. It glints under the chandelier’s light elegant, timeless... and ominous.

“Yes, take it,” Lady Celestia sneers.

A ripple of murmurs spreads through the crowd-some in agreement, others filled with doubt or curiosity.

– I steel myself and reach for it. The moment my fingers brush the chain, pain explodes across my palm.

A violent, searing sting shoots through my hand, as if I’ve grabbed molten iron. I hiss in agony, yanking my hand back as my skin sizzles. The burn is immediate-angry, red, and raw, like fire itself kissed my flesh. I stare at it, stunned, as my body struggles to heal... and fails.

The wound isn’t healing.

A collective gasp spreads through the hall.

“What-why did it-” I whisper, more to myself than anyone else. My heart races, confusion mixing with fear.

Why did it burn me?

## **Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 100**

My eyes fly to the Alpha King-my father-searching for answers. But even from where he stands, his eyes widen in disbelief. He looks just as confused as I am.

Whispers explode in the room like thunderclaps.

“She’s a fake!” someone shouts.

“No, that’s impossible! I felt her aura!” another growls.

“Yes. Our wolves submitted the moment she walked in!”

“Then why isn’t she healing?”

“Did you see that? It burned her!”

“But she made even the warriors bow!”

“She’s powerful-stronger than-”

Lady Celestia throws her head back and laughs. The sound is sharp and victorious, like broken glass dragged across stone.

“You see?!” she cries, pointing at me as if I were some kind of disease. “She’s the imposter! A fraud! That necklace belongs to the true daughter of the Alpha King—me!” She spins toward the throne. “She should be executed for this insult—for this blasphemy against the royal bloodline. I demand she be punished by death!”

My hand shakes. The pain from the necklace hasn’t faded—it’s as if the burn clings to my soul.

Then I feel him. His warmth. Grounding and familiar. Jack appears at my side like a balm to my wounds. He cups my hand gently, and the moment our skin touches, the pain begins to ebb—slowly but surely. The burn begins to fade, healing under his touch. The wound closes, the pain vanishes, like it had never been there at all.

“Are you okay?” Jack whispers, his voice low, protective.

“We can leave. We don’t have to stay for this.”

“I’m fine,” I whisper, still shaken. “I just... No. I can’t leave.

I’m not running.”

My eyes lock on Lady Celestia’s triumphant smirk.

“GUARDS!” she shrieks, jabbing a finger at me. “Arrest her! As the rightful blood of the Alpha King, I demand her execution! I want her head brought to me this instant!”

But no one moves.

The royal guards remain frozen, tense, uncertain. Then the Alpha King descends another step down the marble staircase. His voice is cold, firm.

“No one touches a hair on Kali’s head.”

Lady Celestia whirls toward him in frustration. “You saw it with your own eyes! The necklace rejected her! She’s a fake! And by law, if you won’t kill her, then you must crown me now, Father! I am the rightful heir and The Queen to the throne!”

The hall plunges into silence.

Then—another voice. Feminine. Calm, yet laced with terrifying authority. “And who said you’re the rightful heir and queen of the throne?”

Gasps ripple through the hall as the massive doors creak open once more. Alleyes turn to the entrance as a woman steps forward.

My breath catches. My heart skips a beat. My knees nearly buckle.

The moment I see her, I know. Even with my memories fractured and blurry... somehow, deep in my soul, I know.

My real mother.

The Alpha Queen.

She walks with regal grace, as if the very air bends to her presence. Her gown flows like liquid midnight, each step commanding silence. Her hair black like mine, streaked with silver as a mark of age cascades in soft waves over her shoulder. Her face is flawless, cold, and hauntingly familiar. Though her expression is devoid of emotion, her presence is overwhelming. And her eyes-gods, her eyes-are hollow. Empty. Like a soul that has endured centuries of pain.

Still, she is breathtaking.

I gasp, unable to look away.

I see myself in her. The curve of her nose. The sharp cut of her cheekbones. The fire in her stance. My chest tightens with the desperate urge to run to her-to throw my arms around her and ask why she never came for me.

Her eyes scan the room-then finally, they land on me. For a fleeting second, something flickers there. A soft light.

The corner of her lips twitches with the ghost of a smile.

blink, stunned.

She looks away and fixes her gaze on Celestia.

“Welcome, Mother,” Lady Celestia drawls, her voice sticky with sarcasm. “It’s nice of you to finally join us. You missed the best part.”

“I’m not your mother.” Her voice is colder than death itself.

“Never was. Never will be.” Chapter 155

Celestia rolls her eyes. “Still the same cold, unloving snake, Mother. Still the same cold-hearted snake, I see.

But that’s fine. You’re my mother whether you like it or not. Your necklace proves it.”

She lifts the necklace high again, triumphant. The Queen stares at her for a second before stepping forward without hesitation, she takes the necklace from Celestia’s outstretched hands.

The moment it touches her skin-

A violent spark flashes.

She jerks slightly, wincing but she doesn’t let go. Smoke curls from her fingers, the scent of burned flesh filling the air.

Gasps erupt throughout the hall.

“She’s... the Queen...” someone whispers.

“Then how did it burn her too?”

“It doesn’t make sense.”

“She’s the rightful owner... why would it hurt her?”

The Alpha Queen raises her hand, still smoldering, and lifts her head with the icy poise of a goddess.

“Can you all see?” she says, her voice calm, yet piercing. “I just got burnt by my own necklace. Does that mean I’m a fake Queen too?”

Just like that, the entire hall falls into stunned silence, as if something sacred has just been broken. Some stumble back in disbelief, others lower their heads instinctively in submission, as if their bodies know better than their minds how to respond to her presence.

“This necklace you’re all so eager to believe in,” she says, her gaze cutting through the crowd like ice, “is not real.

It’s an illusion. Forged from the darkest kind of black magic... rare, forbidden, and powerful.”

Her voice is calm but laced with steel. Not a tremble in it.

Just certainty. Authority.

Lady Celestia’s face twists into something unhinged. ”

How can you prove that?” she demands, her voice cracking despite the bravado.

The Alpha Queen cocks her head slowly to the side and looks at her like she’s a fly buzzing too close to her ear. ” It’s my necklace,” she says, lifting her scorched hand to display the angry red mark. “And it just burned me. What more proof do you need? Or are you too dense to grasp simple logic?”

A few people in the crowd stifle laughter, some more openly sneer, and Celestia’s mouth snaps shut like she’s been slapped. Then, the Queen shifts her gaze to the Alpha King, who stands motionless, regal and composed.

Her voice softens slightly as their eyes meet.

Your blade,” she says, “the most powerful in the kingdom, should be able to prove my claim. My true necklace cannot be destroyed. If this one breaks..... it was never mine to begin with.”

The Alpha King says nothing nor ask questions. He simply descends the stairs, his long coat trailing behind him.

The Queen lets the necklace fall to the marble floor. It lands with a soft clink-a delicate sound that carries a weight far greater than its size. I can feel the tension in the room coil tight, everyone holding their breath as if the world itself might stop.

The King unsheathes his sword-the same blade that once pierced my heart-its surface shimmering with power. He raises it high, and with one clean, effortless strike-

CRACK.

The necklace shatters like glass.

A swirl of dark smoke spirals upward before vanishing completely into thin air.

Gone.

The silence is thunderous.

“You see?” the Queen says, turning to face the stunned faces of the crowd. “It was an illusion. Crafted to fool your eyes... to make you feel it was real... when it was nothing but a lie.”

She doesn’t yell because doesn’t need to. Her words fall like stones in a still lake, sending ripples of doubt through everything we just thought we knew.

And as I stand there, still reeling from the burn that has now faded from my skin, my gaze flickers to Lady Celestia.

Her face has gone pale, her mouth trembling. The triumphant fire in her eyes is gone-snuffed out like a candle in the wind.

And I know this is far from over but at least now... the truth has started to burn through the lies. And I have my mother to thank for that.