

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 133

The room smells faintly of parchment, candle wax, and tension. The long mahogany table is buried beneath scrolls and maps-territories, borders, pack names-each marked in bold red ink. Jack sits at the head of the table, jaw tight, eyes sharp as he scans a report like he's preparing for war.

I rest my hands on the table to steady myself. They're trembling slightly-not from weakness, but from anger.

"This—" I jab my finger at the report in front of me. "This can't keep happening. Look at this, Jack. The Shadowfang Pack has banned women from training again. And the Blue Ridge Alpha? He used the reconstruction funds we sent to build himself a damn hunting lodge instead of rebuilding the packhouse."

One of the elders clears his throat cautiously. "Your Majesty, the problem runs. deeper than—"

"I know exactly how deep it runs," I cut him off, my tone slicing through the heavy air. That's why we're going there ourselves. We can't keep sending messengers— they come back with excuses, not results."

Jack's gaze flicks to me, his expression unreadable. "My queen." His voice is calm, almost too calm. "We've been over this."

"Yes," I snap, "and I'm saying it again. We need to leave now. These packs are crumbling, Jack. Women-our people-are being treated like they're less than dirt while their Alphas sit in gold-plated mansions."

Jack exhales heavily and leans back in his chair, rubbing his temples. "You're five months pregnant." "Almost six," I correct, folding my arms.

"Exactly," he says, exasperation creeping into his tone. "You can't travel in your condition, Kali. The doctor said you could deliver any day now."

"Then I'll deliver," I fire back stubbornly, "and we'll go after."

He lets out a short, humorless laugh. "You're unbelievable."

"I'm serious, Jack!" My palm slams against the table, the sound cracking through the chamber. "Women are being beaten, starved, and forced into submission. And what are we doing? Sitting here like some pampered royals in a fairy tale castle, pretending that a few shipments of gold will fix centuries of cruelty? We promised change."

Jack's eyes soften slightly, but his voice stays firm. "We are making change, Kali. We are doing our best as king and queen that's why we've sent supplies, funds—"

"Our best isn't enough!" I cut him off sharply, jabbing a finger toward the reports "Those supplies are stolen before they even reach the borders, and the funds are pocketed by the same men who

think women belong on their knees! You think I can sit here knowing that, knowing what they're doing to them?"

The elders shift uncomfortably. One of them-Elder Rowan-finally speaks. "My Queen, His Majesty is right. Your safety, and the heir's, must come first. You cannot endanger yourself-"

"Do not tell me what I can or cannot do," I snarl at him. "You speak of my safety while countless women are dying under Alpha rule. You think 'll just sit here and wait? No. If I can't go, then Jack will."

Jack stands abruptly, his chair scraping harshly against the stone floor. "Enough!" His voice echoes through the hall, filled with frustration and fear. "For the love of the Goddess, Kali, I will not risk your life—or our child's—for a political mission. I'd rather die than miss the moment you give birth." I blink, his words catching me off guard-but the fury burning in my chest refuses to fade. "So you'd rather sit here and do nothing?" I demand, my voice trembling. Deep down, I know this fight isn't just about the packs. It's about every woman who's ever been told to stay quiet, to submit, to obey.

"I'd rather be here making sure you're safe!" he shouts back, his voice cracking at the edges. "You think I'm selfish? Fine. Call me selfish. But I won't lose you, and I won't let you walk into danger just to prove a point."

The elders murmur their agreement, nodding like obedient doves. My glare snaps toward them, but before I can speak again—a sharp pain grips my stomach.

I freeze.

Jack's eyes widen instantly. "Kali?"

"Oh no.." I whisper, feeling the warm rush of fluid down my legs.

"Kali," he says again, already circling the table toward me, his face pale. "Please tell me that's not—"

"My water just broke, you stubborn idiot!" I groan, clutching the edge of the table.

"Oh, Goddess," Jack curses, darting to my side. "I told you! I told you this would happen soon"

"Jack, if you say one more word, I swear —ah!" Another contraction hits, and I grab a fistful of his hair, yanking hard.

"OW! Kali!" he yelps, trying to pry my fingers free.

"That's what you get for arguing with a pregnant woman!" I hiss through clenched teeth. He doesn't argue this time as he scoops me into his arms, muttering curses under his breath as he storms out of the room: The elders scatter like frightened chickens, calling for the royal physician and nurses.

"Hold on, sweetheart," Jack said, his voice trembling now. "The clinic's ready—they've been set up for weeks. I had them prepare early."

“Oh, how thoughtful of you,” I manage between contractions, glaring at him through the pain.

He presses a quick kiss to my forehead. “You can yell at me later. Right now, just breathe, okay? You’ve got this.”

He kicks open the doors to the royal clinic. Nurses rush forward instantly and they lift me onto the prepared bed as the sharp scent of herbs and antiseptic fills the air.

One of the nurses glances at Jack. “Your Majesty, she’s progressing quickly—but this may still take a while.”

Jack squeezes my hand tightly, his knuckles white, his eyes locked on mine. “I’m not leaving your side,” he murmurs, voice shaking.

I want to say something witty—something sharp—but the next contraction hits so hard that all I can do is scream.

Jack flinches, panic etched across his face.

“Oh, Goddess,” he whispers, brushing the hair from my sweaty forehead. “I told you this would happen soon.”

“And I told you..” I growl through gritted teeth, “to shut up.”

Another contraction rips through me, harder than the last. Jack nearly loses a handful of hair as I clutch him again. Sweat streams down my temples, stinging my eyes. My breaths come in ragged gasps, and no matter how hard I push—nothing happens.

“Why—why isn’t the baby coming?” I choke out, my voice raw and trembling.

Jack’s face goes pale, his golden eyes wide with fear. “Doctor! What’s happening? Why isn’t she delivering?”

The doctor—now at my side—looks up from between my legs, his hands trembling, his face grim. “The baby isn’t descending, Your Majesty. The contractions are strong, but the child... it’s not moving.

Her Majesty’s temperature is spiking—this isn’t normal.”

Jack’s voice breaks.

“Then do something!”

“I’m trying!” the doctor snaps, panic creeping into his tone. “Remember

—Her Majesty’s pregnancy isn’t ordinary, just as we predicted. But now it seems the baby is resisting

My vision blurs. Their voices fade into echoes. The world tilts; my body feels heavy and cold even though I'm burning from the inside out. My heart thunders, but everything else feels distant-like I'm slipping away.

No.

I can't die here. I can't leave Jack. I can't leave our child

"Jack.." I whisper, barely able to move my lips. "Promise me... promise me our baby will be okay."

Jack shakes his head violently, pressing his forehead to mine. "Don't you dare say that, Kali. Don't you dare talk like you're leaving me." His voice cracks. "You're not going anywhere, do you hear me?"

The room is chaos-nurses rushing, someone shouting for cold towels.

My body convulses with another contraction, but there's no strength left in me. Just pain. Endless, scorching pain.

And then—

The door slams open.

Everyone freezes.

A figure storms in-Nora. Her face is flushed, one hand gripping her swollen belly, while her mate, Fury, hovers behind her, torn between concern and confusion. Her pregnancy has been just like mine-unnatural, accelerated, extraordinary.

"What-what are you doing here?" Jack demands, half-crazed. "This is

"I don't care what this is!" Nora snaps, her voice fierce. "My baby's been kicking nonstop-like it's in pain! But every time I got close to the Queen, it stopped. When you mindlinked Fury about Kali's labor, I knew I had to come!"

The doctor moves to stop her, but Nora brushes past him, her eyes locking on me. For a moment, I swear I see a faint glow around her—a soft golden aura pulsing in rhythm with her heartbeat.

She reaches my bedside, trembling, and as soon as her hand touches my arm-

The pain vanishes.

Not all at once, but like a dam breaking. The pressure lifts, and warmth floods through me. My body arches once more-and then I hear it.

A cry.

A sharp, beautiful, miraculous cry.

Gasps echo around the room as the doctor lifts a tiny, wailing bundle into the air, his face pale with disbelief. "It's a boy!"

My head falls back against the pillows as tears spill freely down my cheeks. I can't stop smiling. I can't stop shaking.

Jack is laughing and crying at the same time, his voice breaking as he presses kiss after kiss to my forehead. "You did it, my love... you did it.."

A nurse places the baby in my arms, and the world stops.

He's perfect. His tiny fists curl near his face, his skin soft and warm- and his eyes. My breath catches. His eyes hold the same deep green tone as mine. The same shade my father once had.

"Oh, Goddess.." I whisper. "He looks just like-"

I don't finish. I don't need to.

Because suddenly, everything clicks. My father's letter. His sacrifice.

His promise. "You will find me again, and your mother will find her way back to you."

My gaze shifts to Nora-and for a heartbeat, lightning courses through me. My father's soul... in my son. And Nora-pregnant, glowing with that same ethereal light-her child... my mother.

My parents, reborn. Both here. Both close.

laugh softly through my tears, clutching my son to my chest. "You found me, Papa," I whisper, kissing his forehead. "You kept your word."

Jack leans closer, brushing his knuckles gently over the baby's cheek. "He's beautiful," he murmurs, voice thick with awe. "Looks exactly like you."

I smile faintly, exhaustion washing over me. "That's not me, Jack," I whisper weakly. "That's my father... the late King."

He freezes, his eyes widening, but before he can speak, my body relaxes. My eyes flutter shut as peace finally embraces me.

The last thing I hear is Jack's trembling voice whispering my name over and over-and the soft, steady cry of our son filling the air.