

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 134

“Kali?”

Her name leaves my mouth in a broken whisper. My heart feels like it’s about to stop, terrified of the worst-terrified that she’s gone. Her body lies still-too still-and my pulse hammers violently against my ribs. I press my palm to her cheek. She’s warm, her skin pale and slick with sweat. Her tashes flutter, but she doesn’t move.

“Kali, love, open your eyes. Please.” My voice cracks as I shake her gently, panic clawing at my chest. “Don’t do this to me.”

The doctor places a steady hand on my shoulder, his tone calm but firm. “Your Majesty, she’s fine. Just exhausted. Her energy was completely drained by the birth. She needs rest, nothing more.”

I stare at him, searching his face for any hint of doubt, but all I see is quiet assurance. Slowly, I exhale, the air returning to my lungs in shuddering breaths. I nod once and glance down at the tiny bundle in my arms-the living proof that everything we’ve endured was worth it.

Our son.

He’s so small, yet so full of life. His breaths come in soft, even puffs, his fingers curling around the fabric of his blanket. I don’t think I’ve ever seen anything so perfect.

“You’re... you’re mine,” I whisper, my throat tightening. “Mine and Kali’s.”

A shaky laugh escapes me, trembling with relief. But when I glance back at her-her chest rising and falling in shallow, fragile breaths-a wave of guilt slams into me. I never want to see her like this again. I don’t care if the kingdom demands another heir—I can’t put her through this pain again.

Even as I think it, a small, selfish ache stirs inside me. I had secretly hoped our child would be a girl—so I could treat her like a princess, spoil her rotten, and protect her from everything cruel in this world. But even that wish can’t outweigh what I feel now. I’d never trade our son for anything. Yet I know, deep down, I could never ask Kali to endure this again.

“I’m sorry, love,” I murmur softly, brushing a strand of hair from her damp forehead. “This... this will be the only time. I can’t risk losing you.”

The baby stirs, his little mouth opening and a small sound escaping him as though he’s trying to protest. I chuckle quietly. “What? You disagree already?”

He opens his eyes then-wide, bright, impossibly green. The exact same green as Kali’s. As the late King’s.

The air leaves my lungs.

Kali’s last words before losing consciousness echo in my mind. That’s not me, Jack... that’s my father. The late King.

I shake my head slightly, forcing the thought away. "You're just tired, Kali," I mutter under my breath. "You didn't mean that." But as I stare into those eyes—those old, wise, knowing eyes—something in me falters.

The baby studies me, silent, as if he understands more than he should.

My stomach twists. Goddess, what if she's right? What if this child truly is...

A soft cough pulls me from my thoughts. I glance up to see Nora in Fury's arms. She looks pale, her hand pressed to her belly protectively, but she's smiling weakly.

I rise carefully, holding my son close, and take a few steps toward them. "Nora," I say quietly, guilt threading through my voice. "I owe you an apology. I shouldn't have snapped at you earlier. If you hadn't followed your instincts..." I swallow hard. "Kali might not have made it." She shakes her head weakly, offering a tired smile. "It wasn't just instinct, Your Majesty. My baby... she was kicking nonstop, like she was trying to tell me something. But the moment I came close to the Queen, the pain stopped. It's as if she needed to be near her."

I blink, startled. "Near her?"

Nora nods. "And I think it's best we stay here in the palace until my delivery. Whenever I'm away, the pain returns. But when I'm near Kali... it's like my child is at peace."

Her words make my pulse quicken. It's too strange. Too precise. My gaze drops to her rounded belly, then back to the tiny boy in my arms.

Nora's baby had calmed Kali's labor; Kali's child was born the moment Nora touched her. The connection feels... divine.

My stomach knots as realization creeps in. Could it be the late Queen?

Could she have returned through Nora's unborn daughter? Fury and Nora's scan had already confirmed the child's gender—a girl.

I clear my throat. "Then you'll stay here as long as you need. Both of you."

Nora's eyes soften. "Thank you, Your Majesty. Truly."

Fury gives me a curt nod of respect, then gently leads his mate out of the room.

As the door closes behind them, the High Priest enters, robes rustling, his expression solemn until his eyes land on the baby. Then he smiles.

"Your Majesty," he says, bowing deeply. "Congratulations. The Goddess has blessed the kingdom with an heir."

I nod, still staring down at the child in my arms. "Announce it," I say quietly. "Tell them the future King has arrived. Let there be celebration across the realm tonight." The priest bows again before leaving to spread the news.

A soft sound pulls me back-Kali stirring on the bed. Her lips part, her lashes flutter, and she breathes my name.

“Jack....”

Relief crashes over me like a wave. I bend down immediately, pressing a kiss to her damp forehead. “I’m right here, love. You did it. You’re safe.”

Her tired eyes move to the baby in my arms, and even in her exhaustion, she smiles faintly. I can’t help but smile back, brushing a strand of hair from her face as our son lets out a tiny sigh, settling into sleep.

In that quiet moment, everything else fades-the fear, the exhaustion, the chaos. All that’s left is her... and the small miracle between us.Two years later

The palace feels lighter these days-alive with the kind of sweet chaos only children can bring. bior’s laughter echoes through the marble halls like sunlight turned to sound-bright, wild, and impossible to contain. At two years old, he’s a curious little wolf, always running, climbing, and grabbing anything his chubby hands can reach.

And wherever there’s Lior, there’s Amara.

Nora’s daughter-my mother reborn. Even now, that truth still fills me with an ache that’s both strange and beautiful. They’ve been inseparable since the moment Amara was born. It should have felt impossible, yet somehow it didn’t. It felt... balanced. Right. Fated.

Of course, fate forgot to warn us what inseparable truly meant.

Nora’s pregnancy had been just as extraordinary-and unnaturally swift-as mine. Amara is only two months younger than Lior, but if he wakes from a nap and doesn’t see her, the entire palace trembles with his cries. And Amara-sweet, stubborn Amara-wails as if her very soul is being torn apart the moment he’s gone.

It was endearing at first. Then exhausting. Now... it’s almost unbearable.

In a way, it makes sense. My son carries the soul of my father—the late King-and Amara holds my mother’s, the late Queen. Two spirits bound for eternity, reborn into tiny bodies that have no idea who they truly are.

My adoptive mother and Jack’s mother, who’ve both been here since Lior’s birth, sit on the rug nearby, fussing over him like he’s made of gold. They’re trying to dress him in a tiny embroidered robe, bribing him with sweets, but Lior refuses to stay still long enough for either of them to finish.”Lior, stay still, my love,” I say, half laughing, half pleading.

He giggles and dashes straight into my lap, burying his face against me. “Mama, I don’t want to!”

“Of course you don’t,” I murmur, kissing the soft curls atop his head. ”

You never do.”

Behind me, Jack chuckles quietly. He's leaning against the wall, arms crossed, watching us with that soft, adoring smile that never fails to melt me. But before he can say anything, a sharp wail pierces the peace.

Amara's cry.

Nora enters the nursery, holding her daughter in her arms. Fury trails behind her, looking like he hasn't slept in days.

"It's happening again," Nora sighs, swaying gently as Amara cries louder. "She was fine five minutes ago, and then she just—"

Before she can finish, Lior twists in my lap and starts crying too.

The moment their eyes meet across the room, their little hands stretch out toward each other, trembling with need.

"Oh, for the Moon's sake," Jack mutters under his breath, already pinching the bridge of his nose.

I exchange a helpless look with Nora. We both know what happens next.

Within seconds, both children are wailing, their cries overlapping into a sound that rattles the walls. It doesn't matter what we try—songs, toys, even food. The only thing that works is bringing them together.

I set Lior down gently, and he runs straight to Amara, throwing his tiny arms around her. The moment they touch—silence. Just like that, the storm ends.

"They're soul-tied," the High Priest had said months ago. "A bond older than time. The souls of two rulers reborn, drawn to each other before their wolves even awaken."

At first, everyone—except me, of course—thought he was exaggerating. But watching them now—Lior brushing Amara's cheek with his small hand, Amara clutching his tunic with sleepy possessiveness—we know he was right.

It's both beautiful and terrifying.

Fury clears his throat. "We can't keep doing this, Your Majesties. I've left my Beta in charge for nearly a year. The Red Night Pack needs us."

But Amara—" He glances at his daughter, his voice softening. "She refuses to stay without Lior."

Nora groans softly. "If this is what fate looks like, I'd like a word with the Moon Goddess."

I see the exhaustion in their faces—the longing for home warring with the guilt of leaving their daughter behind.

