

Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 135

Jack steps forward, rubbing the back of his neck. “Speaking of that,” he says, his voice calm but firm, “we’ve been talking with the High Priest. I think he’s found a solution.”

I tense immediately. “What kind of solution?”

“A harmless one,” Jack assures me, though he doesn’t quite meet my eyes. “Something to quiet the wolf connection until they’re older. A magical band worn around their wrists. It’ll keep their inner wolves asleep—stop this constant pull between them.”

Nora frowns. “You’re talking about separating mates.”

“Temporarily,” Jack says quickly. “Just until they’re old enough to handle it. It won’t break their bond—only conceal it. Let them live normal lives for now.”

My chest tightens. I hate it. The thought of my son looking at her—the reincarnation of my mother—with cold indifference makes my heart ache. But what choice do we have? The crying, the sleepless nights, the helplessness—it’s breaking all of us.

“Will it hurt them?” I whisper. “Where’s the High Priest? I want to hear it from him.”

As if summoned by my words, the High Priest appears silently at the doorway, his expression calm. “No,” he says, stepping forward. “It will only numb their wolf senses toward each other. Once the bands are removed, everything they’ve forgotten will return in full.”

Jack glances at me, silently asking for my trust. After a long moment, I nod. “Do it.”

The ritual is simple. Two silver bands, etched with ancient runes, are placed on their tiny wrists. The moment the metal touches their skin, both children flinch—and then, the strangest thing happens. They look at each other in confusion.

Then Lior scowls, crossing his arms and turning away. Amara frowns right back, sticking her tongue out at him before wriggling in Nora’s arms.

The silence that follows is surreal. No crying. No desperate reaching.

Just... calm.

I exchange a stunned glance with Nora, and for the first time in months, she laughs—a genuine, relieved laugh. “I can’t believe it worked.”

Jack exhales, visibly relieved. “Finally, some peace.”

But as I look down at Lior, who now glares at Amara like she’s stolen his favorite toy, something inside me twists. The light that used to dance in his eyes whenever he saw her—it’s gone. It feels like both a blessing and a curse.

Still, I force a smile for Nora's sake. "It's for the best. They'll have time to grow... to live as children."

Nora nods, though her eyes shimmer with emotion. "We'll visit when we can. But for now, I think it's time we went home."

"You're right," I say softly. "It's time for you to go home. Your pack needs you."

She smiles through tired eyes. "And you'll finally get some quiet."

Fury chuckles. "Let's see how long that lasts."

We walk them to the palace gates together, the afternoon sun painting the marble in molten gold. Lior stands beside me, his small hand clutching my dress as Amara clings to her father's leg. Neither of them cries as they part. They simply turn away, each pretending not to notice the other. Nora looks back once, her voice barely above a whisper. "We'll tell them the truth one day-when they're ready."

I nod. "When they find each other again."

"Take care of her," I whisper.

"And you, of him," Nora replies softly.

As their carriage rolls down the long stone path, a heavy ache settles in my chest. The quiet feels too heavy now-too final.

I scoop Lior into my arms and press a kiss to his soft hair. He giggles, unaware of the ache his innocence stirs in me.

"We see Am'ra soon, Mama?" he asks, his little voice slurred and uncertain-his words not quite right, but I understand him perfectly.

My throat tightens. "Yes, sweetheart," I whisper, brushing the hair from his eyes. "Someday."

And as the palace doors close behind us, I silently pray that someday won't break us all over again.

It's been seven years since the night I brought Lior into the world— seven years since everything changed.

And now, here I stand again, before the ruins of a broken pack hall, blood drying on my hands, my pulse still racing from the rush of justice served... and from the secret I've been hiding.

The faint pulse in my belly reminds me with every breath that I'm not fighting alone.

press my palm subtly against my abdomen beneath my cloak. It's barely noticeable yet-only a month along-and this pregnancy feels different from when I carried Lior. Normal. Steady. No strange surges of power, just a quiet, growing warmth that makes me smile when no one is looking.

“Kali,” Jack’s voice cuts through my thoughts. “Are you with me?”

I blink, pulled back to the present. He watches me, concern flickering behind those storm-gray eyes. Dust and blood streak his skin—none of it his own—but somehow, even like this, he still manages to steal my breath.

“I’m fine,” I answer quickly, forcing a small smile. “Just tired.”

He studies me a beat longer than necessary, suspicion darkening his gaze, before finally nodding. “Let’s wrap up here. We move to the next pack before dawn. The warriors will handle what’s left.”

I fall into step beside him, our boots crunching through the shattered remnants of what was once an oppressive pack. Around us, the freed omegas cling to one another—crying, laughing, trembling—as they help rebuild the ruins of their freedom.

It should feel like victory, but guilt gnaws at me. Jack has no idea I’m carrying his child. I hadn’t planned to keep it from him—at least, not forever. But after the last time... after how he treated me like fragile glass, forbidding me from leaving the palace, shadowing my every move until I nearly went insane—I couldn’t do it again.

I need this. I need to fight beside him. To prove that even as a mother, even as a queen, I am still a warrior.

And maybe a small part of me just wants to remind him I am not breakable.

Two days later.

The air reeks of sweat and fear. It clings to my skin like humidity after a storm, thick and oppressive. I pull my hood a little lower as I watch from the balcony of the half-lit hall, the Alpha below barking orders at a group of trembling omegas.

It takes everything in me not to rip his throat out right now.

Jack stands beside me, arms folded, jaw tight. His presence is a silent wall of power—steady, focused. He exudes calm command while my blood burns like wildfire.

“We wait for the signal as usual,” he murmurs.

“I’ve waited long enough,” I hiss back, my voice low but sharp. “He just slapped a pregnant omega, Jack.”

Jack’s jaw ticks, and that’s how I know he’s just as furious. Still, he says nothing. We need proof—more than rage—to dismantle this pack from the inside, the same way we’ve done with the others.

I grip the railing to steady myself, but the wave of nausea hits again.

My stomach tightens, and for a second, I think I might throw up right there. Goddess. Not now. I force my breathing to slow, masking the slight tremor in my hands.

Jack glances at me. "You okay?"

"Fine," I lie smoothly. "Just hungry."

His eyes narrow—he never buys my lies easily—but before he can press, the whistle of the signal cuts through the night. The warriors hidden around the hall burst in, their growls echoing through the stone chamber.

Chaos follows.

The Alpha roars, shifting halfway before Jack's aura slams into the room like a thunderclap. Everyone freezes. I step forward, pulling my hood down. Gasps ripple through the crowd as recognition dawns.

"The Queen," someone whispers.

"Alpha Kade," I say coldly, descending the steps one at a time. "We've received multiple reports of abuse, forced bonds, and unlawful killings. Do you deny it?"

His eyes dart nervously between me and Jack. "Y-Your Majesty, I-these women are liars! They're weak!"

I smile, but there's no warmth in it. "Weak?" I motion toward a trembling omega with bruises on her face. "She's stronger than you'll ever be. She survived you."

Kade stumbles back. Jack's warriors drag him to his knees.

I circle him slowly, my hand resting protectively over my belly for just a second—an unconscious gesture I quickly disguise by crossing my arms. "You stripped these women of dignity. So now, I strip you of your title. You are no Alpha. You are nothing."

His power drains from him like smoke blown away by the wind. He screams as the High Priest marks his rank gone.

When we leave, the omegas kneel—not in fear, but in gratitude. It should feel like triumph, but my insides twist again—a reminder of the secret growing within me.

By the next week, we are at another pack—the Crescent Shadow Pack.

And if I thought the last Alpha was cruel, this one is worse

He stands at the center of the training field, barking orders while his Luna—a small, quiet woman with a healing mark on her cheek—bows her head beside him.

"She doesn't even speak without his permission," I murmur under my breath. "How does she survive this?"

"She doesn't," Jack mutters grimly.

The confrontation is fast and brutal. The Alpha lunges at Jack when confronted, but I'm faster. My claws slice across his face before his teeth even bare.

He stumbles back, roaring. I push him down with my power until the ground cracks beneath him. "You've broken every law of the moon," I say, my voice trembling-not from fear, but from the effort to control my fury. "You treat your mate like a servant, your pack like slaves. You don't deserve this title."

The Luna, trembling, steps forward when I look at her. "What's your name?"

"Elena," she whispers.

"Do you want to be free of him?"

Her eyes widen, and then-goddess, the courage in her voice makes my heart ache-she says, "Yes. I want to lead my people. He can rot in the dungeon for all I care."

The hall falls silent. Then I smile. "Then so be it. As Queen, I hereby appoint Luna Elena as Alpha of the Crescent Shadow Pack.*

The crowd erupts. The former Alpha screams, but he's dragged away before he can protest. And for the first time, I see Elena stand tall-radiant, fierce, alive.

Days pass. Weeks. Every pack we visit bears a new scar, a new story.

Each Alpha stripped, each Luna restored, each injustice burned away under the heat of our justice.

Jack and I work side by side, but every night, as I lie beside him in our tent, I press my hand to my belly. The faint pulse of life answers beneath my palm-my secret, my quiet rebellion.

Soon, I will have to tell him.

But not yet. Not until every last corrupt Alpha learns what happens when they underestimate the Queen.