

# Submission is Not My Style – Chapter 136

By the time we make it back to our private tent that night, exhaustion finally crashes over me. I sink onto the edge of the bed, untying the leather straps from my wrists. Every muscle aches, and without thinking, my hand drifts to my lower belly again.

Jack turns from the basin where he's washing up, water glistening on his forearms. "You're quiet," he murmurs, drying his hands. "Usually, you're the one giving victory speeches by now."

I let out a soft laugh. "Maybe I'm learning to let my actions speak for me instead."

He smirks and crosses the room in three easy strides, crouching in front of me. "You're hiding something," he says, his tone caught somewhere between teasing and serious.

– My pulse jumps. "Hiding? Me? Never."

He tilts his head slightly, eyes narrowing. "You've been different lately

—more cautious. And you've been avoiding wine, meat, even those energy drinks you used to love."

My throat tightens. Of course he noticed. Jack always notices everything.

I open my mouth to say something clever, but instead, the truth slips out before I can stop it. "I went for a checkup before we left the palace."

His brows lift. "A checkup?"

I nod, unable to meet his gaze. "... I'm pregnant, Jack."

Silence stretches between us. The fire crackles, and the distant sounds of the camp fade until all can hear is my heartbeat.

When I finally dare to look at him, he's staring at me—completely still. Then, slowly, a smile tugs at his lips. "I know."

"W-What?"

He chuckles softly, brushing a stray lock of hair from my face. "Kali, did you really think I wouldn't notice? You've been masking your scent for weeks, but I know every shift in your heartbeat, every change in your mood. I just wanted to see how long you'd keep it from me."

Heat floods my cheeks. "You... you knew all along?"

He nods, the teasing fading into something softer—something that reaches his eyes. "I knew. And I was waiting for you to trust me enough to tell me."

"I didn't want you to stop me from coming again, not like last time when I was pregnant with Lior. I needed to be here—with you. To fight beside you. To prove—"

He silences me with a kiss-slow, warm, and grounding.

When he pulls back, his forehead rests against mine. “You don’t need to prove anything to me, my love. You’ve already done more than any queen in history. But next time, don’t fight alone—not even to protect me.”

Tears sting my eyes. “I’m sorry,” I whisper.

Jack smiles faintly, cupping my cheek. “You’re carrying our future, Kali.

Don’t ever apologize for that.”

A shaky laugh escapes me. “So you’re not angry?”

“Oh, I’m furious,” he says, his tone playful as his thumb brushes across my lips. “But right now, I’m too happy to show it.”

I laugh, and he leans in again, kissing me deeper this time. The world outside melts away—the camps, the mission, the chaos. It’s just us.

And for the first time in a long time, I feel peace.

The royal carriage barely stops before I’m already stepping down, my heart racing with excitement.

After nearly a month away on mission, I can’t wait to see Lior-our son, our pride, our little storm in human form. And not just that. Today is special. For the first time in five years, we’re welcoming guests we’ve missed dearly: Fury, Nora, and their daughter, Amara.

My mother reincarnate.

Even the thought makes me smile, my heart swelling as I clutch Jack’s hand. “Can you imagine how grown she must be now?” I whisper, glancing up at him.

He grins, brushing a strand of hair from my face. “If she’s anything like you, I’m guessing trouble.”

I elbow him playfully as we walk up the palace steps-but before we can even reach the main doors, chaos hits us like a storm.

Screams. Running feet. The sound of furniture crashing. Omegas shouting over each other.

“Jack..?”

He’s already tensed beside me, eyes flashing silver. “Something’s wrong.”

Before I can speak, one of the younger omegas rushes toward us, her face pale and panicked. “Your Majesty! The prince—he—he’s—”

“What happened to Lior?” I demand, my pulse spiking.

“He’s in the east wing! We tried to calm him, but he’s not—he’s not himself!”

Jack doesn’t wait. He takes off like lightning, and I follow, skirts gathered in my fists. The deeper we run into the palace, the worse the destruction becomes. Curtains torn. Walls cracked. Guards thrown aside like rag dolls.

Then I catch it—the scent of our son. Wild. Untamed.

When we finally find him, my heart nearly stops.

Lior crouches in the center of the shattered training room, his small body trembling with power far beyond his age. His eyes-once soft green-burn red now, glowing like molten fire. His tiny claws are out, teeth bared.

And around his wrist, the enchanted band that once bound his wolf... lies snapped in two.

“Lior,” Jack breathes, stepping forward carefully, his voice steady but strained. “Son, look at me.” But the growl that rips from Lior’s throat is not human—it’s feral, deep ancient.

Then, in a voice that doesn’t sound like his own, he rasps, “Mine.”

The word hits me like thunder. I freeze. No... it can’t be.

Before I can even process it, familiar voices echo from the entrance.

“Queen Kali? Alpha King Jack?”

I turn—and my breath catches. Fury and Nora stand there, travel-worn but radiant, and beside them-small, curious, and beautiful-is Amara.

And instantly, I feel it. The aura. My mother’s soul.

But before I can even greet them, Lior moves. One second he’s by Jack, the next he’s across the room-too fast to follow-and standing right in front of Amara. His hand closes around her wrist as he growls again, lower this time.

“Mine.”

Amara’s eyes go wide, her lower lip trembling. She screams, “Mum!

Who is this beast? Why is this boy looking at me like that? He just-he just hugged me!”

Jack and I move at once—he to grab Lior, I to calm Amara-but before we reach them, Nora suddenly bursts out laughing, loud and unrestrained.

“Oh, Amara,” she says between giggles, eyes twinkling with mischief.” That boy is the future king... and also your mate.”

The entire hall falls into stunned silence-before Amara’s voice cuts through it, high and horrified.

“Wait-WHAT?!” she squeals. “Ew! No! That’s—no way! Gross!”+20 Bonus

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Jack loses it first. A low chuckle escapes him, then a full laugh that shakes his shoulders. The guards glance at each other uncertainly until one dares to snort, and suddenly the tension breaks—everyone is laughing, even me, through tears of disbelief.

Lior, still pouting and glaring at the girl who just rejected him, folds his tiny arms and growls, “Not gross.”

Amara sticks out her tongue at him. “Is too!”

“You were mine,” Lior growls again.

No, I’m not.”

Jack wraps an arm around my shoulders, pulling me close, his laughter softening into something warm and nostalgic. “Looks like she won’t submit to him easily,” he murmurs, smiling through the chaos.

He grins down at me, brushing his thumb over my growing belly. “Just Like you didn’t. You made my life a living hell before you finally admitted you loved me.”

I nudge him playfully, heart full. “And you wouldn’t have me any other way.”

“No,” he murmurs, pressing a kiss to my temple. “Because submission was never your style.”

As laughter fills the palace again—our family reunited, our children’s fates colliding in the most unexpected, hilarious way—I realize something simple, something powerful.

This was always how it was meant to be.

Wild. Unpredictable. Beautifully ours.