

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 161

### Chapter 161

“So, cuz. It’s safe to say that we’ve been played on all those projects.” Christian noted in anger before drowning down the coffee in his polystyrene cup as the four of them sat at a table in the court cafeteria. Judge Cook ordered a short recess after Marie Martin fainted at trial.

Xandar was as infuriated as his cousin was when he responded, “And to think I was absurd when I thought she or the others who backed her up shared some form of relationship with the companies they voted for. It was so obvious that those companies weren’t the best!”

“But why would you dismiss your suspicions, darling?” Lucianne asked innocently as her small hand rested on his lap.

With much shame, Xandar took her hand and laced their fingers. He then peered into her black orbs, before saying, “Because we did a background check, and we couldn’t find any blood relationship between our ministers and the companies they voted for. And the ministers all had a mate at that time. Martin’s own mate died from a car accident only around... three years ago, I think. I never thought someone could bribe any of them by using sex. And since the audit department didn’t put a red flag on anything, I thought I was just being paranoid.”

Lucianne nodded in understanding as she uttered, “Looks like your suspicions have been justified all along.”

Xandar scoffed. “And what’s the use of that? The damage remains. Nothing can be done to rectify the years of unfair competition. Now, the whole Kingdom would know about the countless projects during my reign that are tainted by corruption. One for the history books.”

“No, Xandar. There is still something that can be done.” Lucianne said sternly, demanding her mate’s attention before she continued.

Even Annie and Christian’s eyes focused on her as Lucianne spoke, “Issue a statement by tonight. Tell the Kingdom what happened.”

“And say that the government wasn’t involved?” Xandar asked doubtfully.

“No, dearest. Say that it was. Own up to it. Marie Martin and the rest of them were governing members. It is clear that the government was involved. But they have been removed from government as soon as you and Christian found out what was going on behind your backs. Tell the people what they deserve to know: the truth.”

“The truth is that certain companies successfully secured government contracts with the help of corrupt ministers, who had always managed to get the majority vote in government; the truth is that you’ve done a background check on these ministers but there was no evidence suggesting that there was dishonest behavior because you found no blood ties or relationships between them and the company members, and there were no suspicious activities in the audits that were faked; the truth is that you did everything within your reach to ensure that there was fair competition but unfortunately, senior ministers were crafty and manipulative. They went behind yours, Christian’s and every other honest minister’s backs to vote for particular contracts for their own benefit.”

Lucianne lifted up his hand to peck a kiss on his fingers as she whispered, “The truth is that the corruption was uncovered during the early years of your reign, my love. Kings rule for hundreds of years. This is only your nineteenth. Not all is lost. Things can still be turned around. See this setback as an opportunity to gain the trust of the people. By owning up to it, you’re giving everyone in the Kingdom

something you've always given me whenever you're in the room: assurance."

"You're assuring them that no issue, good or bad, will be swept under the mat. You're assuring them that no matter how bad things are or will be, you will not choose to look the other way or bury it. You're assuring them that you will always get to the bottom of things and find a solution. You're assuring them that transparency and accountability will always be guaranteed as long as you're King."

"And as for the projects from unfair competitions..." Lucianne shrugged and said, "You could always give away a portion of the profits generated by the government from the public's use of the finished projects...o I you could lower the tax rate a little if it makes you feel any better."

Xandar's eyes glistened in happiness and gratitude. He pulled Lucianne into a deep kiss before parting their lips to ask, "How did I get so lucky to be bonded to you, my love?"

Christian coughed to get his cousin's attention. His voice was more cheerful than before when he said, "Sorry, cuz. But she's bonded to all of us, as in, the whole Kingdom. You have to share her. She's everyone's Queen, not just yours."

"Thanks for spoiling my moment with my mate." Xandar complained with narrowed eyes.

Christian disregarded his cousin's sarcasm and offered a wide grin and a playful bow as he said, "As your favorite cousin, it is my greatest pleasure to annoy you, your Highness."

When Lucianne was chuckling from watching the Duke bow like that, her mate pecked a surprise kiss on her cheek before whispering into her

ear, “Thank you, baby, so much. I needed that.” A kiss on her ear lobe and he uttered, “I love you.”

As the usual blushes crept up her cheeks, Lucianne said, “I know. I love you, too.”

They still had some time before the court resumed its session. So, Xandar got out his phone to type out a draft for the press statement. The four of them then passed his phone around amongst themselves to proofread and edit the text until they were all satisfied.

###

After recess, the court invited Patrick Dupont to take the stand next. And after the first few questions, it was clear that Dupont was derailing from his original defense. Initially, he said what the other ministers said, which was that he accepted the money due to Greg Claw’s coercion.

Today, however, Dupont argued that he didn’t have a clue” that government funds in large sums had been channeling into his account for almost two decades!

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The prosecutor asked with furrowed brows, “Mr Dupont, didn’t you say that you knew about the fund transactions but that you were coerced to perform those illegal transactions?”

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Dupont faked a smile and answered, “I said that I was coerced, yes. But I didn’t say I had been aware of the transactions.”

“So, what did you think you were coerced to do?”

“I was told to keep quiet about whatever the Duke was thinking of doing. But I didn’t know I’d be paid to be silent.”

“The document I’ve just placed before you shows the list of properties you acquired in the past eighteen years. Tell me, Mr Dupont, do you own them?”

“Yes.”

“How did you purchase them?”

“With money.”

“Money from your salary?”

“Well, that’s what I thought. It wasn’t until you sent the audits to my lawyers did I realize that part of what I spent may well be from the government.”

“And a percentage was transferred to a company, Wu Bi Corporation, why?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never heard of the company. Perhaps it’s the missing Duke’s?”

“Do you have evidence that Greg Claw is the owner?”

“Well, no. It was simply a guess.”

“So, you’re saying that you never knew that you’ve been transferring funds to Wu Bi Corporation, and that you had been spending the government’s money?”

“Yes, I didn’t have a clue.” Dupont acted so well that Lucianne was even thinking of nominating him for an Oscar award. Xandar, on the other hand, wondered how many hours Dupont practised his act in front of the mirror before taking the stand.

The prosecutor’s eyebrows raised in disbelief as she questioned, “You truly believed that your salary was enough to acquire a stamp collection in the millions, and palatial mansions in the billions?”

“Well, I don’t have a habit of constantly checking on the amount I have left in my bank account, so when I purchase a property and my card isn’t rejected, I assume that I have the necessary funds to purchase the property in question.” 1

The prosecutor was finding it harder to hide her disgust for the witness. She composed herself, and asked, “Mr Dupont, how did you come about being the Deputy Finance Minister?”

“Fortunately, I was the best of the best, la crème de la crème, you know.” Dupont said with pride.

“How does one become the best of the best, Mr Dupont?”

“Oh, there’re very stringent requirements. Good education was the primary consideration, of course.”

“And what was your ‘good education’ that got you appointed?”

Dupont glowed like he was just given a chance to brag, and brag he did.

“Well, I was educated in Helm University, and I was the top three students in my year.”

“Your degree is in Finance, correct?”

“With First-Class Honors.” Dupont added with a monkey grin.

“Don’t you find it odd when a top student in Finance, graduated from the top university of the Kingdom, doesn’t check his own finances?”

“No. On the contrary, I find my habits to be most appropriate. With experience comes less worry.”

“You have a daughter in a music school, is that correct?”

“Yes, the best one in the Kingdom.” He glowed even more radiantly.

There was a glint in the prosecutor’s eye when she said, “And, unsurprisingly, the most expensive. Her tuition itself costs five hundred thousand dollars a year. Now, tell me, Mr Dupont, how did you afford it with the modest two hundred and forty thousand dollars you earn annually?”

“Savings.”

“What savings?”

“I’ve started saving since I was a boy. It’s a habit that my parents saw fit to instill in me.”

“How old are you, Mr Dupont?”

“Four hundred and two as of last month.”

“Do you realize that even if you didn’t spend a single cent on living expenses, it still would have been impossible for you to own all the assets that you do?”

“I did not realize that, I’m afraid.”

“Strange. And as for these telephone records and transcripts between you and Helena Tanner regarding the transfer of government funds, what do you have to say about it?”

“That wasn’t me. Whoever it was must have been hiding behind my name.”

“We traced the call to your phone.”

“Someone must have stolen my phone to make the call.”

“Voice experts confirmed that it was your voice at the end of the call with Tanner.”

“A voice-alteration device, I suppose.”

The prosecutor paused for a moment before she continued, “Alright. Then, answer me this, Mr Dupont. Why were these calls traced to your home?”

“I don’t know. I’m not familiar with the latest technology.”

“So, you didn’t know government funds were channeled into your account; you didn’t know you couldn’t afford the stamp collections and mansions; you didn’t know your daughter’s music school would’ve forced you into bankruptcy; you didn’t know about the calls made between Helena Tanner and someone who sounded exactly like you. Is there anything you did know, Mr Dupont?”

“I knew that I was coerced to keep quiet about the Duke’s plans.”

“Without being given anything in return?”

Dupont chuckled darkly, “If you knew him, you’d know that he can make one do anything without offering any sort of compensation. And if we were to look at the audits you presented, prosecutor, wouldn’t you admit that the Duke took some amount as well?”

“Less than fifteen percent compared to what you took, Mr Dupont.”

“Well, I didn’t even know I took anything! Those telephone records you have may well be someone else altogether!”

“So, you’re saying that someone could’ve broken into your home, undetected, on multiple occasions, stolen your phone, made the numerous phone calls, put the phone back and left your house?”

“Yes, that’s the only plausible explanation.” It was baffling how Dupont chose to use the word ‘plausible’ when whatever the prosecutor just suggested was nowhere near plausible.

The prosecutor didn’t give up. “What if I told you that the cameras around your home showed no one entering or leaving your residence before and after the call?”

Dupont shrugged and said, “I’d tell you that my cameras could’ve been hacked for all we know.”

“I’m quite relieved you didn’t suggest that someone could’ve used some made-up underground passageway that you didn’t know about, Mr Dupont. As for your cameras, we’ve verified that there was no tampering.”

“Well, I don’t live alone. Anyone could’ve had access to my phone in that span of time. And if they did, they were probably just fooling around, pulling a prank, if you will.”

“Mr Dupont, are you suggesting that your own daughter or your wife could have colluded in this corruption scheme using your identity?”

His wife’s eyes widened in horror at the front row, and his daughter was shaking her head in his way, pleading with her father to deny it.

Dupont was unperturbed when he said, “Well, I doubt it was them. But my family isn’t the only ones who live in my humble abode, prosecutor. I have servants. Ten of them. Any one of them could’ve done it. I’ve even changed servants over the years, so any of those who’ve been dismissed could be the culprit as well.”

“Which servant of yours knows the passcode to your phone, Mr Dupont?”

“I’m not sure about that.”

“Perhaps I can help you be sure, Mr Dupont. We’ve spoken to your servants. And all of them said that you have never allowed any of them near your phone. You’d rather make your way to the other end of your home to answer a ringing call than to ask one of them to bring it to you. Two years ago, you dismissed a servant because you caught her glancing at the number of an incoming call on your screen. What do you have to say about this?”

“I’ve dismissed servants for a wide range of reasons, I don’t recall this particular occasion.”

“Your selective amnesia is astounding, minister, as is your ability to derail the line of questioning. Let me ask again, more simply this time do you allow your servants to touch or be anywhere near your phone?”

After glancing at Mr Clark, Dupont uttered, “I’m not sure.”

“Would you fire a servant for glancing at an incoming call by accident?”

“I’m not certain.”

“Has any servant ever answered a call on your behalf before handing your phone to you?”

“I don’t recall.”

When the prosecutor was satisfied that Dupont’s ambiguous answers only strengthened the evidence the prosecution had against him, she ended her questioning. . Mr Clark started the cross-examination.

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Mr Clark began, “Mr Dupont, in your years as minister, did you ever have direct access to government funds?” 1

“No. I’m only a deputy. Marie is the one with direct access.”

“So, you can’t access the funds without her approval?” Mr Clark clarified.

“Well, to be fair, neither of us can access it unless the government, as a whole, approves it.” Dupont clearly rehearsed this well versed answer.

“So, the funds which were disbursed were approved by the government?”

“Yes, it was to be given to wolf packs. But I have no clue how a part of it ended up in my account. I can tell you I was shocked beyond words when I was informed about it.”

Mr Clark smiled at his impeccable answer. “And do you keep your phone with you at all times, Mr Dupont?”

“No, that’d be ridiculous! I leave it on all parts of the house all the time.”

“So, it is possible that one of your ten servants could have accessed it without your knowledge, if they were being careful enough.”

“It’s very possible, Mr Clark.”

“As for your daughter’s education, isn’t it true that she works part-time, hence earning a decent wage?”

Dupont smiled with pride. “She does, indeed.”

“Thank you, Mr Dupont.”

The prosecutor got back up for the re-examination. “Mr Dupont, how much does your daughter earn in her part-time job?”

“I don’t know about that.”

The prosecutor faced the judge and said, “My Lord, I ask that the accused’s daughter, Ms Dupont, be called to the stand to be questioned.”

“Objection, my Lord! Ms Dupont has no involvement in the corruption charges against my client.”

The prosecutor argued, “My Lord, we need Ms Dupont to verify the salary she earns to assess whether the amount was sufficient to contribute to her studies as Mr Clark was suggesting.”

Judge Cook looked irritated when he asked the prosecutor, “Do you have no evidence of her income, prosecutor?”

The prosecutor immediately said, “We do, my Lord. But we thought it’d be better if Ms Dupont was called to verify the evidence we have.”

“And waste the court’s time, prosecutor? Not on my watch. Where’s the evidence?” Judge Cook thrust a hand as he asked for the evidence. The deputy, who was flipping through the bundle of documents, found it when her colleague was speaking to the judge, so the prosecutor wasted no time before handing it over to Judge Cook.

When the paper touched Judge Cook’s hand, he put on his reading glasses as he asked, “Was the accused given a copy of this?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

After the judge skimmed through the payslip the prosecutor obtained from Ms Dupont’s employer, he said, “Proceed with the accused, prosecutor. Ms Dupont need not be called to the stand for this.”

The prosecutor gave Dupont a copy of the payslip and said, “According to your daughter’s payslip, Mr Dupont, she only earns seven hundred dollars a month as a waitress in a cocktail bar. Needless to say, she wouldn’t have been able to pay her tuition fee without your help.”

“I didn’t say she paid it without my help.”

“So, you’ve helped her without knowing that there was a huge gap between your annual salary and her annual tuition fee?”

“Yes.”

“Do you have any outstanding loans?”

“N... I don’t recall.” He was about to say ‘no’ until he noticed Mr Clark giving him a look, so he abruptly changed his answer.

“Well, then. Let me enlighten you, Mr Dupont. You have no outstanding loans. Your bankers confirmed this.”

“It’s good to know, I suppose.” Dupont said it like it was no big deal. Xandar had to rely on Lucianne’s scent, touch and her cooing

through their mind-link to stop himself from shifting to tear Dupont to bits.

The prosecutor forced a smile, and deduced, “It is good to know indeed, Mr Dupont. Since you borrowed nothing from the banks, whatever you’ve been spending for the past eighteen years belongs to the government.”

When the examination was officially over, Judge Cook announced that the trial would proceed with hearing Marie Martin’s testimony in the morning, followed by Pierre Whitlaw’s in the afternoon. The court adjourned in the late evening, and everyone went back with mental and emotional fatigue.

Lucianne and Xandar were soaking in the bathtub when they both heard Xandar’s phone ringing in the room. Lucianne immediately tried to get out but was pulled back into her mate’s embrace. When the phone rang a second time, Lucianne looked at him with her doe-eyes and persuaded him to end their bath session.

He groaned and muttered, “If that turns out to be anything less than an emergency, I’m going to kill the caller.”

Lucianne then said, “Calm down, my darling. The call may be important.”

After wrapping his mate up in a towel, he kissed her cheek before uttering, “Nothing can be as important as my mate-time with my little freesia.”

After Lucianne fastened a towel around his waist while Xandar pecked kisses on her shoulder and collarbone, he lifted her off the floor and carried her to the bed. His phone had stopped ringing. When he checked on it, he muttered, “This better be good, Yarrington.”

“Behave, my King.” Lucianne reminded him with stern eyes as she paused in her steps on her way to the cupboard.

He strode over to peck a kiss on her forehead and uttered, “As you wish, my Queen.”

As Xandar made a call to the minister, he watched Lucianne taking her sports bra and underwear out of the drawer before placing them on the bed. She then let the towel fall, and the animal in him couldn't help but walk to her to help her pull her underwear up her smooth legs.

Right after he pecked a kiss on the cheek of her butt through the thin fabric, Yarrington's voice came through, “Your Highness, I apologize for calling you at this hour but I thought you'd like to know that we've assessed and verified every sexual harassment complaint, and there appears to be a need to suspend and replace Alivia for now.”

Xandar's anger returned, and Lucianne detected this. After he had helped hook her bra, she guided his free hand to her breast. With her small hands over his large one, her fingers prompted his hand to squeeze her breast slowly and gently as she pressed her lipst

o swallow the moans threatening to spill out.

Xandar's anger subsided but his arousal intensified. The scent of Lucianne's arousal and his own was making his animal impatient, The King tried to focus when he asked Yarrington, "Anyone else?"

"Just the ones who were already suspended or arrested, my King. So, it's Caunterberg, Alivia, Cummings, Whitlaw, Marie's two sons, and Marie herself."

"Marie herself?!" Xandar exclaimed. Sleeping with Lycans who wanted government contracts was clearly not enough for her, now Yarrington was telling him that she even tried to hit on creatures from the collaboration?! How did her mate even put up with that length of disloyalty before he died in the accident?! Did he take some kind of drug to numb the pain when his mate was f\*cking someone else?

Yarrington heaved a sigh of disappointment and said, "A surprise for all of us, my King. I'll send these to the police now? I don't suppose there's anything else the government can do."

"Yes, hand it over to them. The police and the courts will take it from here. Thank you, Yarrington." Xandar tried not to sound too hasty in ending the call as his hand snuck under his mate's bra to feel her hardened nipple. Lucianne started to lean against his body for support. Her own stability was weakening, and she was finding it increasingly difficult to hold her moans in.

"It's a pleasure to serve, your Highness. And Weaver and I send our best to the Queen."

"Thank you, Yarrington. Goodnight."

As soon as he tapped the red button, he emitted a low growl as he said, "That was NOT an emergency." He threw his phone on the couch before

his other hand went under Lucianne's bra as he kneaded and whispered in his husky voice, "THIS is an emergency."

"Ohh..." Lucianne moaned with closed eyes. Her hands went behind her back to unhook the bra and her breasts were set free. Xandar pushed the bra down her arms, and spun her around before lowering her onto the bed.

After sucking on her sexy neck, Xandar moved between her legs as he spoke in his deep and alluring voice, "I'm thirsty, my flower. I'd like a drink, please." He teased her by licking her p\*ssy through the thin underwear before Lucianne's hands came to try to push

it down.

Xandar helped her from there, lifting her legs high up as he slipped the fabric off. When he placed her legs back on the bed, Lucianne parted them for him, and Xandar growled appreciatively as he started licking her already-wet folds. It didn't take long before Lucianne's body jerk upwards, releasing the drink Xandar that was thirsty for, and the Lycan King moaned in satisfaction as he lapped up every single drop.

After positioning himself at her entrance, he continued kissing her neck before Lucianne whimpered, "Just do it, Xandar."

"As you wish, my Queen."

When he entered, he, too, let out a moan. As they took it slow in the first few thrusts, Xandar uttered, "Ohh, I love being in you, my arousing flower. So warm, so moist, so tight." "Mmm...oh...Xandar.. mmm" Unlike her mate, Lucianne couldn't form a coherent sentence when he was going in and out of her. All she could do was moan and whisper his name. As Xandar devoured her breasts and teased her nipples

with his tongue, he linked, ‘Oh, you’re just ravishing, my freesia. Mmm... absolutely delectable.’ His choice of words only made Lucianne moan even louder, and his mouth released her breast as his shaft gained speed. When Lucianne’s core locked him in her, he came with a grunt, suppressed from a scream, and his body stayed above hers before he gently pressed their foreheads together, peering into her euphoric black orbs as he whispered flirtatiously in a hushed, seductive voice, “Oh, my Queen.”

Lucianne looked into his satisfied lilac eyes before she pecked a kiss on his lips and whispered, “Is your thirst quenched, my King?”

“Mm. For now. Thank you for the drink, my Queen.” After pecking kisses all over her face and her upper body, he held her close to him, stopping her from reaching for her bra and underwear that were on the floor. “You don’t need those, my love. I’ll keep you warm.”

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With that, she snuggled into his chest, making his animal purr and melt in bliss. His arms wrapped her body as they both fell into deep slumber.

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The next morning, Xandar scrolled through the headlines on his phone while he waited for Lucianne to fix her hair, which already looked perfect to him. After reading a few articles on the corruption case, he smiled, and picked the best one as he approached his beautiful mate. His arms crept around her waist from behind as he handed his phone to her and said, “Have a read, sweetheart.”

Xandar inhaled Lucianne's scent from her neck when she skimmed through the article. It reported on the trial, and reproduced the statement the four of them collectively wrote while they were in the court cafeteria the previous day.

When Lucianne reached the end of the statement, her body stiffened. Her widened eyes were still fixed on the screen when she asked, "Why is my name above yours?"

Xandar's lips curled into a smile at her neck when he explained in amusement, "Because it was your idea, my love. Why do you seem so surprised?"

"Because the Queen's name normally comes after the King's?" Lucianne pointed out matter-of-factly.

Xandar showed a disgusted look before saying, "That wouldn't be fair. You want to burn down the patriarchy, don't you? I'm helping you do just that, in my own little way for my own little freesia."

"This is NOT a little way at all, Xandar." Lucianne noted firmly, and turned to see his affectionate lilac eyes gazing deeply into hers while his head rested on her shoulder. She pecked a kiss on his nose and uttered gratefully, "Thank you, my love."

He scoffed before kissing her on the cheek and turning her around as he declared, "Babe, the three of us should be thanking you. None of us had a solution. I, for one, assumed that Cummings, Martin and the others were going to drag the whole governing body with them into the tainted parts of history."

Xandar's hand cupped her cheek, and she leaned into his touch as he continued, "But you showed us that not all was lost, that there was a way to come out stronger than before. Have you seen the comments section?"

Our people seem to be trusting the monarchy and the government more than they did before. You were right, Lucy! Explaining the debacle to them, without sugar-coating or blame-shoving, made them feel...assured. Owning up to it made them feel assured. Lowering tax because of the debacle made them happy, and it was only lowered by a small percentage. They're just happy that the monarch and the government are taking steps to rectify the wrongs. Do you have any idea how amazing you are, sweetheart?"

Lucianne was lost for words. Every sentence coming out of his mouth made her feel...worthy. Despite her rejections, Lucianne had taught herself to never feel worthless, justifying it by the fact that she was alive, and she was a warrior, a friend, a sister, an adopted daughter and an aunt.

But she never felt this level of worth that Xandar was showering over her through his words alone. She felt touched. Apart from feeling loved, what Xandar said made her feel... amazing.

With glistening eyes, Lucianne pulled him into a deep kiss before they parted their lips, and she whispered, "I love you...so much."

His smile broadened before he said, "I love you, too, sweetheart."

His anticipating eyes demanded the usual response, and Lucianne chuckled before she said, "I know. Thank you."

Something was still bothering Xandar's animal, so much so that it kept pestering its human part to bring up with their mate. And that was exactly what Xandar did. "What I don't love are those idiots in the comments section flirting with you. The emoji with hearts in its eyes are way too much, and honestly, very anger-inductive. Can't they read the word 'Queen' before your name?! And it doesn't take an expert to guess that

they are NOT the King. I AM. Seriously, they're just looking for a way to"

Lucianne silent her ranting mate with another deep kiss. "I'm with you, my indecent beast. Only you." 4

When her beast seemed a little calmer, she dragged him by his arm to the door before their conversation prolonged. Xandar's Lycan was so happy with the kiss that it cooed during the whole drive to the court.

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In the High Court, everyone trailed into the courtroom and waited for the trial to begin. Judge Cook entered, and announced that Marie Martin had pleaded guilty the night before to the charges against her, so there was no further questioning needed in her case. Xandar and Christian were both trying to press back smiles, with the second-in-command having a harder time doing it than the King

The judge then granted the prosecution permission to begin questioning Pierre Whitlaw. What caught Lucianne's eye wasn't the minister in his dark blue tuxedo and well-ironed white shirt but a woman sitting alone in the second row on the other side of the

aisle.

'It's his wife.' Xandar linked her when he saw Lucianne looking that way.

Lucianne linked in response, 'Oh, I know, darling. I've seen her in the tabloids whenever Whitlaw is in the news. She looked beautiful in those pictures but she looks even more stunning in person.'

After kissing her hairline, Xandar sighed and linked, ‘You only say that because you don’t have a mirror with you, babe. If you haven’t noticed, every man in the room has been stealing glances at you, not her. You’re breaking their hearts by choosing to only look at another woman.’

“That’s not true, Xandar. The journalists and reporters are looking at her, too. I’m not alone.’

Xandar then groaned and argued, ‘Lucy, they’re looking at her diamond earrings, jade necklace, gold bracelet, the emerald ring on her finger and that handbag that only Goddess knows cost how much. They’re not looking at her per se. You can almost see the mental calculator working in their minds if you looked closely enough, sweetheart. When they look at you, on the other hand, it’s like their brains stop working, which is good. It gives me time to tear them to shreds before they make a run for it.’ 3

Lucianne narrowed her eyes and shook her head disapprovingly as she inched herself closer to her mate to feel his warmth, and muttered, “Indecent beast.”

He glued his lips on her ear as he whispered, “If you don’t correct what you just said, my love, I’m going to pull you into a deep kiss in front of all these people.”

Lucianne’s eyes widened in horror, making Xandar chuckled softly as he stroked her shoulder with his thumb and waited. Lucianne leaned into him before she whispered shyly, “MY indecent beast.”

He smiled radiantly, and pecked a kiss on her temple before he whispered back, “Always and forever, my little freesia.”

As soon as Xandar returned his sights to Whitlaw, he caught Mr Clark quickly averting his gaze right after looking at his mate, so he muttered, “If this trial takes too long, Clark is not going to survive it. I’ve been wanting to gouge his eyes out since yesterday.”

Lucianne stroked his rough hand as she cooed, “Shh...I’m with you, Xandar. Only you.” He took in a greedy whiff from her hair to calm the growling animal in his head, and to calm himself as he started listening to what the prosecutor was asking Whitlaw. 1

“Mr Whitlaw, you own watches from the most luxurious brands, and you make it a point to buy up limited edition sports cars. How did you come about affording these with your annual salary?”

“Those were gifts.” Whitlaw’s answer was instant. The prosecutor asked, “Gifts from whom?”

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### Chapter 165

Pierre Whitlaw explained nonchalantly, “My wife and her family are extremely successful business people. They gift me all sorts of branded items on various occasions.”

The prosecutor asked, “So, you’re saying that the government funds which entered into your account were untouched?”

“You clearly have evidence that shows otherwise. Although I admit knowing that the missing Duke channeled some kind of money into my account to force my silence, I do not admit knowing where the money had come from or where it had gone to.”

“You didn’t know that the money being channeled into your account was rightfully the government’s?”

“No.”

“Neither do you know where it was spent?”

“Indeed.”

The prosecutor then said, “Let’s see if I can jog your memory, Mr Whitlaw. Perhaps the funds were spent to help your in-laws and your wife start their businesses?”

There were oohs and ahhs from journalists before Whitlaw answered, “I admit to chipping in a small portion.”

The prosecutor raised an eyebrow and proceeded to comment, “We have a very different definition of the word ‘small’, Mr Whitlaw. You chipped in ninety-five percent of all their businesses, ranging between a few hundred thousand to a million each.”

Whitlaw shrugged despite the gasps from the journalists when he said, “I’ll do anything to help my family.” “Even if it means stealing from the government?” She pressed.

Whitlaw immediately clarified, “Allow me to rephrase. What I meant to say was: I’ll do anything legal to help my family.”

“So, where did the millions you chipped in come from, Mr Whitlaw?”

“I assumed that it was my legit savings. I have been serving the people for a long time, since the late King Lucas’s reign. So, I assumed that what I spent was what I earned.”

“Did you spend a cent of your salary before you met Mrs Whitlaw?”

“Yes, but very frugally.”

“The mansion you lived in, the limited edition car you owned and the designer wallets you collected at that time?”

“Gifts from friends and my side of the family.”

“And what do you gift them in return?”

Whitlaw sighed in despair as he said, “Nothing major, I’m afraid. Being in my position, I avoid buying them branded goods. The media has a terrible way of portraying such purchases made by a minister.”

She went on, “Would you say that you return their gifts by helping them stay afloat if their businesses struggle?”

“Indeed.” Whitlaw responded affirmatively.

“How do you help?”

“I offer solutions, workable ones.”

The prosecutor’s eyes bore into Whitlaw’s own as she questioned, “Such as?”

“Well, I’d introduce them to friends who can help turn their businesses around, I’d.”

“Offer money?”

“Sometimes.”

“In the millions?”

“I don’t know the exact figure. It varies greatly.”

“I have to agree that it does.” The prosecutor flipped the page over as she said in a loud and clear voice, “It varies between a million to a billion.” Silence ensued, and the prosecutor continued, “You said that you helped your wife start her business?”

“Yes.”

“What does she do?”

“She designs the most beautiful jewellery.”

“How’s her jewellery business?”

“It’s doing quite well, as far as I know. It just celebrated its fourteenth anniversary three weeks ago. She has quite the talent.”

His wife’s lips curled up into an arrogant smile when she felt everyone’s stare on her. Mis Whitlaw finally got the attention she had been craving for ever since she entered the courtroom. She made sure she dressed well for the cameras. But everyone’s eyes kept going to the plain-looking wolf for some reason. Now, Mrs Whitlaw had the attention she rightfully deserved. Seducing Pierre Whitlaw was the best investment she had ever made for herself and her family.

The prosecutor proceeded to say, “Mr Whitlaw, I don’t know about her talent in jewellery design but her talent in keeping her business afloat despite the years of deficit proves to be extraordinary, even impossible, I must say.”

“A woman of multiple talents. She turns the impossible to the possible.”

“If that is so, why did you pour millions into her bank account every month as soon as her business was close to bankruptcy, which was...she checked the figure and said, “...twelve years ago until your accounts were frozen last week?”

“I didn’t make such transactions.”

“Everything is in black and white. This document clearly states that the transactions were made from your bank account to hers, minister.”

That doesn’t mean I made the transfer. You should check with my bankers.”

“We have, Mr Whitlaw. And what we found is that you used your thumbprint to verify each transaction before the funds were disbursed into Mrs Whitlaw’s account. Are you saying that someone may have stolen your thumbprint?”

“I’m simply saying that I have no recollection of such a transfer, prosecutor.”

“Do you have any recollection of Mrs Whitlaw promising you sexual intercourse over the phone after you’ve made each transfer?” A few journalists and reporters accidentally snorted, and earned stern glares from Judge Cook. Mrs Whitlaw stiffened visibly. She was warned about this portion of evidence that the prosecution had against her husband but it didn’t make it any easier to appear unperturbed when she was feeling embarrassed on the inside. Weren’t their phone calls supposed to be private?

“Mr Whitlaw, do you have any such recollection?” The prosecutor pressed the minister.

Whitlaw’s lips trembled before he uttered a fearful, “N-No.”

“And what about...”

Suddenly, Mr Clark stood and said, “My Lord, I ask that the court adjourn for a few minutes. My client’s doctors had advised that he’d be given a five-minute break after twenty minutes of questioning. Here’s the recommendation letter.” Mr Clark ignored the enraged prosecutor, and handed a single sheet of paper to the judge. Judge Cook skimmed through it while the prosecutor scowled at the defense counsel. Pierre Whitlaw was praying to the Goddess, asking her to forgive him for any misdeeds he committed in the past and spare him by granting him an adjournment now.

Unfortunately for Whitlaw, the head of the courtroom was Judge Cook, not the Moon Goddess. The judge handed the letter back to a very hopeful Mr Clark and firmly declared, “Request denied, Mr Clark. The prosecution may proceed with questioning.”

The hope in Mr Clark’s eyes shattered as he stammered, “B-But, my Lor-”

Judge Cook’s eyes were partially onyx when it bore into Mr Clark’s lilac ones as the old man said, “Need I teach you how to read a simple recommendation letter, Mr Clark?! It says that your client only requires such breaks if he is suffering from blurring vision, nausea, cold sweat AND weakened physique! Look at your own client, Mr Clark! Is he exhibiting any such symptoms?!”

Mr Clark stammered when he gave one final shot when his client was begging him through his eyes. “M-My Lord, m-my client isn’t exhibiting any such symptoms right now because...he took his medication this morning, and the symptoms may return soon if he isn’t given a break.”

Judge Cook took a deep breath to control his internal fury before looking at the minister and asked, “Do you have your medication with you, Mr Whitlaw?”

“Y-Yes, judge.” Whitlaw answered doubtfully. Mr Clark pressed his eyes closed in dismay at the wrong answer his client had chosen to give

Judge Cook then said, “Good, Bailiff, fetch Mr Whitlaw some water, please. He’ll take his medication here and we can continue with the questioning.” Mr Clark had hoped that Whitlaw would be smart enough to say that his medication was not with him so that Judge Cook would grant an adjournment. But clearly, Whitlaw did not exhibit such intelligence.”

As Judge Cook started tapping his pen, the bailiff immediately dashed to the cooler in the courtroom, extracted a polystyrene cup and filled it with warm water before bringing it to Whitlaw. The minister got out the strip of tablets from his pocket, extracted a pill before putting it into his mouth and drowning it down with water while everyone waited.

Judge Cook’s pen stopped tapping when he heard Whitlaw drowning down the last of the water in his mouth. “Well, now that that’s settled. Prosecutor, proceed.”

Whitlaw was getting fearful now. His demeanor got everyone curious. He seemed okay the entire morning. Sure. Firm. Hopeful. Why did he and his lawyer look like they were going to be knocked down by a big baseball bat that they couldn’t escape from?

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The prosecutor ignored the two men and continued her line of questioning, “Mr Whitlaw, if you don’t recall making bank transactions to any of your family members, do you at least recall the ones made to a woman by the name of Zina Pova?”

“What?!” Mrs Whitlaw’s hushed exclamation was heard by everyone in the courtroom as her eyes widened and her relaxed posture tensed up. When Lucianne turned to look at her with everyone else, what she saw behind the stunning woman’s eyes was shock, betrayal and, most of all, anger!

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina’s Pen Chapter 166

### Chapter 166

Christian linked his cousin after glancing at the infuriated Mrs Whitlaw, ‘Looks like things are going to get interesting from here, cuz. Someone seems to be hiding a mistress, and the wife looks pissed.’

‘I did not see that coming.’ Xandar linked in response as his surprised eyes met those of his second-in-command.

Christian linked in excitement, ‘Tell me about it! I can’t believe I was a background character of a Whitlaw soap opera that I didn’t know about!’

Xandar raised his eyebrows as he linked, ‘Background character? Christian, we’re probably the antagonists in his story.’

‘Hm.’ Christian contemplated for a moment and had to agree, ‘You do make a good villain, cuz I’m only second to you after all.’

Xandar protested, ‘Okay, that’s just unfair, Christian. My mate is way more lethal than I am when it comes to Whitlaw and the others. And she was the one who led us to the audits for Whitlaw’s current downfall. This adorable creature seated between us right now is the most qualified one to lead the villains here. If anything, I’m only her loyal henchman.’

Christian pictured the image Xandar just described to him. When his imaginative mind added fiery flames behind Lucianne, and Xandar by her side awaiting orders, the Duke had to cover his mouth as he linked, ‘Cuz, if I laugh and Annie throws a fit, I’m going to kill you.’ Xandar decided to play it safe and ended their link as he hid his own smile in his mate’s hair.

Pierre Whitlaw’s lips quivered, making the increasingly-impatient prosecutor ask, “Have you made any transactions to Zina Pova, M I Whitlaw?”

“I-L...” he fumbled over his words as Mrs Whitlaw’s onyx eyes threw daggers into her husband’s alarming ones. He tried to persuade her to not attend trial but she insisted on coming along to show support. So, Pierre hatched a plan with Clark to ask for an adjournment to get rid of Mrs Whitlaw, by asking her to go home to fetch something for him. This plan obviously backfired.

The prosecutor sighed as she began again, “Do you know Zina Pova, Mr Whitlaw?” Mrs Whitlaw decided that she had heard enough. Taking her five-figure handbag, she got up from her seat and left the courtroom as the minister yelled out a desperate, “Camille!”

The murmurs and chatters took a little more time to be silenced by Judge Cook. When everyone’s eyes returned to Whitlaw on the stand, he muttered, “I-I...Y-Yes.”

“She received a significant sum over the years. Why is that?”

Whitlaw’s whisper wouldn’t have been heard if it weren’t for the Lycans’ sharp hearing when the minister said, “She’s the mother of my biological daughter.”

Well aware of the furious note-taking by the media, Whitlaw continued to explain, “I had her before I married Camille. When...Zina conceived, she filed a suit in court seeking funds for maintenance. We reached a settlement in private, and it was agreed that I would contribute to the child’s upbringing.”

Christian suddenly linked Xandar, ‘Oops, not a mistress. Looks like he just tried to be a responsible father.’

Xandar linked in response, ‘One who steals from the government. Talk about being the father of the year.’

‘Decade.’ Christian corrected.

‘Right. Thanks for making me feel worse for taking this long to uncover him and the others.’ Xandar complained.

“Relax, cuz. You were never alone in this. We were both stupid.’

‘How are you making me feel any better by saying that, Christian?’

‘Well, a favorite cousin doesn’t let his favorite cousin to do stupid things....alone.’ Christian smiled when he linked that.

Xandar had to bite his bottom lip to contain his laughter. ‘If I laugh and Lucy gets angered from this, I’ll kill you.’ The cousins exchanged cheeky smirks before they ended their link.

The prosecutor asked Whitlaw in disbelief, “A court ordered financial provision for a child in the millions?”

Whitlaw shook his head and uttered, “No, it’s less. Her mother earns, so I only had to pay a reasonable sum.”

“But you paid more, why?”

Whitlaw’s eyebrows furrowed as he looked at the prosecutor in disgust before exclaiming, “Because it’s for my daughter! What more of a reason do you want?!”

His raised voice clearly didn’t deter the prosecutor from continuing her line of questioning. “So, you do admit that you’ve transferred money in the millions to Zina Pova?”

Whitlaw sighed before he answered, “I transferred money to maintain my child. I do not know how much that has accumulated throughout the years.”

“So, it means that you’ve offered financial contributions to your own family, your in-laws, your wife and your biological daughter?”

“Yes.” Whitlaw answered simply as he took in heavy breaths. He just wanted to get this over with, hoping that whatever damage caused would be minimal.

“Very well. Thank you, Mr Whitlaw.”

Mr Clark stood for the cross-examination. “Mr Whitlaw, is the disbursement of government funds in your portfolio?”

“No, that’s in the Finance Ministers’ job description.”

“So, it’s safe to say that you have no connection whatsoever with the money coming from the government, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“That also means that, apart from your monthly salary, whatever surplus sums, presumably paid by the missing Duke, could’ve come from anywhere? Not just the government?”

“That’s possible.”

“You didn’t know the Duke was taking government funds to pay you to stay silent, did you?”

“No, I didn’t know that.”

“What were you threatened with?”

“My family’s safety. My wife, mostly. Camille means the world to me.”

“So, you kept the money because of the coercion?”

“Yes.”

“And you have zero knowledge of where it has gone, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“Thank you, Mr Whitlaw.”

Xandar inhaled deeply from Lucianne’s hair as he linked his cousin,

‘What a complete line of bullsh\*t!’

Christian’s hand ran down his face once as his other hand held onto Annie’s before he linked, ‘Bullsh\*t. Cr\*p. Nonsense. Whatever it is, it’ll take an idiot to believe any of it.’

“Are you okay?” Xandar heard the whisper of an angel when his eyes cleared, and his mate’s shining black orbs only amplified concern when it fixed on his face.

He got lost in them for a moment before her stroking thumb on his tensed-up hand prompted a response. He loosened the tight grip, and began stroking her little hand in return. After pecking a sweet kiss on her forehead, he uttered, “I’m alright, baby. Thank you.”

Lucianne didn’t look convinced despite his smile. He pecked another kiss on her nose just to assure her. “I’m just pissed at them, baby. I’m really alright. Don’t worry, my little freesia.”

Lucianne smiled in relief knowing that her mate was really okay before her head leaned against his shoulder. Judge Cook ordered a recess while he deliberated, and announced that the verdict will be delivered after lunch.

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina’s Pen Chapter 167

### Chapter 167

Christian complained, “With that whole line of bullsh\*t answers and he needs to wait until after lunch to reach a verdict? I bet Russell could decide faster.”

Annie glared at her husband and said in a stern, hushed tone, “Tone down, Christian.”

The Duke’s temperament cooled to a point where a small smile graced his features as he lifted one of Annie’s hands to plant a kiss on it. Then, he whispered, “As you wish, my Duchess.”

Lucianne's eyes shone when she whispered to Xandar like an excited child, "Look at them, they're so cute. It's like getting a front row seat to a romantic movie."

Her body subconsciously leaned into her mate's, and her adorable demeanor was so irresistible that it made Xandar crave to hold her in his arms. So, he lifted her off her seat, and Lucianne gasped in shock. Xandar then placed her sideways on his lap before guiding her body to lean against his chest. 1

Instead of leaning in, Lucianne parted their bodies with a hand on his chest, over his beating heart. His feisty little freesia then looked at him with stem eyes as she demanded in a low voice, "Put me down, my King."

Xandar pouted, "But why? I like you here."

"I like being here, too. But this is not the place, Xandar. Put me down." She hissed. Her peripheral vision noticed the stares from everyone around them. Some were hiding smiles; some were leaning towards their own partner at the sight; some were rolling their eyes, and others were purely jealous. But everyone wondered whether they were allowed to take a picture.

Xandar didn't seem bothered by Lucianne's demand. If anything, she only looked more adorable with those flustered cheeks that gave away her embarrassment. His smile was broad and radiant when he nuzzled her nose before pecking a light kiss on her forehead and said, "You're so cute when you're shy."

"I won't be very cute when I beat you up for holding me here, darling." Lucianne warned.

Christian was secretly hoping to see her spar his cousin again. Just then, Annie mind-linked her mate, and they betted against each other to see whether it would be Xandar or Lucianne who would ultimately give in. Christian betted on his cousin to cave in and put Lucianne down, whereas Annie betted on Lucianne to surrender and let Xandar continue to hold her. So, all that was left to do was watch.

Xandar chuckled lightly, and leaned in to feel the warmth on Lucianne's cheeks with his nose as he uttered, "You're right, you don't look cute when you beat me." He locked eyes with her and declared, "When you beat me up, you look flawlessly astounding and perfectly amazing, my love."

Lucianne narrowed her eyes and asked in suspicion, "Are you trying to make me give in by saying that, Xandar?"

"Is it working?" Xandar asked with twinkling eyes.

"No! Put me down!" Lucianne tried to crawl out herself but Xandar held her even tighter and buried his head in her neck before whispering into her ear, "Just let me, baby? Just this once? Let me hold you like this in public just this once?"

Lucianne's agitation reduced, and she sighed in defeat. When Xandar's face left her neck, moving to the top of her head to smell her hair, she leaned into his chest and indulged in the comforting rhythm of his heartbeat. As Xandar held her in his arms, he became blind to everyone around them. Her presence made him feel happy, complete and peaceful.

"I think I won. Come on, my love. Pay up." Annie taunted her husband.

Christian took out his wallet in dissatisfaction as he locked eyes with the confused Lucianne and grumbled, "My Queen, I rooted for you. How could you just let Xandar win like that? You could very well beat him up!"

Did you know I was so sure you'd win that I put in two hundred dollars for this?"

Lucianne's mouth gaped open when Xandar chuckled as they witnessed the Duke handing a few dollar notes to his Duchess, who seemed happier with winning the bet than with getting her husband's money. Annie's demeanor of triumphant joy tugged at her husband's heartstrings, and Christian beamed as he pecked a kiss on her temple.

When Lucianne's phone on the table beeped, everyone saw the reminder to return to the courtroom. The cousins groaned in annoyance while the two ladies exchanged cheeky smirks when Xandar was forced to release Lucianne from his embrace.

They strode back together, and didn't know about a man amongst the cafeteria crowd watching them. As usual, the man scribbled something in his small notebook and checked the resolution of the pictures he had taken from afar.

What was unusual for him was not knowing that another man disguised as a janitor with only one good eye, and whose bad eye was masked by contact lens, was observing him with great interest.

Judge Cook gave a firm nod for everyone to be seated. He then cleared his throat and began, "During the recess, prior to my reaching of a verdict, the accused persons, Patrick Dupont and Pierre Whitlaw have pleaded guilty to the offenses charged. Alfred Cummings submitted the same plea after I've reached the verdict, hence, on legal principle, his plea will NOT be taken into account."

"Corruption charges are criminal in nature, hence I can only sentence the accused persons according to our laws if it is beyond reasonable doubt that they committed the crimes alleged with the intention to commit it. In other words, the commission must be by their own free will."

\*All four accused persons have argued that they'd been 'coerced by the Duke, Greg Claw to illegally transfer funds to their personal bank accounts, with a small percentage being sent to Wu Bi Corporation, whose owner remains unknown due to lack of evidence. Even so, there is evidence stating that the said Duke received some form of payment, though this amount is significantly less compared to the accused persons."

"The coercion argument would have been believable if the money remained in the ministers' respective accounts. It would also have been believable if the said Duke received an amount equal to the ministers. However, this is clearly not so."

"Seeing that the accused persons spent on personal pleasure and for the enjoyment of their family members, I do not find their argument on coercion anywhere near credible or believable. Needless to say, their assertions without evidentiary support is fatal to their case, especially when the prosecution has provided ample evidence to prove its case against them."

"I opine that any claims stating that they had been unaware of the lofty sum they received in no way clears their names since it is

in the millions when one's annual salary is nowhere near the amount. The prosecution has taken pains to quantify the total savings of each minister if they had not spent a single cent, and that amount is still far from the value of assets they acquired throughout the years."

"The frozen assets of all four accused persons shall be seized, thereafter transferred to the government, who may apply for an order for sale to make up for the stolen funds. These assets include, but are not limited to, landed properties, movable properties, savings and shares of any kind. Should the stolen funds be traced to another individual, that individual is obliged to surrender the assets acquired using these funds."

“Although the maximum sentencing relating to corruption is only a twenty-year imprisonment term along with a fine, an act of corruption in the service of The Crown is a term of eighty years, a fine double the value of what was stolen and five strokes of the whip daily in the course of imprisonment. I gather no one requires me to state the obvious fact that the fine, unfortunately, cannot be fully recovered in this case, and the justice system can only give its best to the government to recover as much as it possibly can.” 3

“On with the sentencing of each accused person. Marie Martin, for corruption, aiding and abetting in an act of treason and fabrication of false evidence by producing audits that were inauthentic, taking into account her plea of guilt: seventy-five years in prison, a fine of double of the stolen value, and five strokes of the whip daily for the whole duration of imprisonment.”

“Patrick Dupont, for corruption and aiding and abetting in an act of treason, taking into account his plea of guilt, seventy years in prison, a fine of double of the stolen value, and five strokes of the whip daily for the whole duration of imprisonment.”

“Pierre Whitlaw, for corruption and aiding and abetting in an act of treason, taking into account his plea of guilt, seventy years in prison, a fine of double of the stolen value, and five strokes of the whip daily for the whole duration of imprisonment.”

“Lastly, Alfred Cummings, for corruption, aiding and abetting in an act of treason, attempted obstruction of justice by asking a witness to commit perjury, without a plea of guilt, eighty years in prison, a fine of double of the stolen value, and five strokes of the whip daily for the whole duration of imprisonment. Seeing that Alfred Cummings is the only one who did not plead as the others have, the route to appeal against my decision

hereafter shall be open only to him. Those who have pleaded guilty are barred by law from appealing.”

“I hold all four accused persons guilty of the offenses charged by the prosecution, and order that their sentences be carried out as I have prescribed with immediate effect. That is my decision.”

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 168

### Chapter 168

After delivering the verdict, Judge Cook stood, exchanged bows with the attendees, and left the courtroom. The prosecutor then informed the royal family that her team was not done with the ministers yet because they could now charge all of them for perjury when they chose to lie on the stand, which would commit them to another seven years in prison and a fine of a few thousand dollars. They were also going to charge Belle Price for helping Marie Martin fabricate evidence so that the public would be well aware of the consequences of going against the law.

The cousins were controlling their excitement and elation with the verdict and the further charges against the ministers as they left the courtroom with their mates. When they reached the parking lot with less of a crowd, Christian was so ecstatic that he pulled Annie into a kiss.

Xandar was so much over the moon that he lifted his surprised mate up into the air before pulling her back into his arms to plant a deep kiss on her soft lips. When he released her, he muttered, “I love you.”

Her sparkling eyes matched his relief and happiness as she whispered, “I know. I love you, too.”

Since the case was settled without excessive mental exhaustion, the four of them decided that they would attend dinner.

###

That night, as soon as Xandar and Lucianne stepped foot into the dining hall, the room fell silent as usual. Then, every prevailing minister, temporary and permanent, walked up to them. The sound of their shoes pacing was blaring in the quiet but crowded space.

Annie and Christian were approaching them with smiling eyes as well. When the Duke, Duchess and ministers stood before the bewildered King and Queen, Lucianne threw her best friend a puzzled look, her way of asking him what was going on. Toby was of no help when he did nothing but smirk in response.

Lucianne studied one minister after another. She then said, “Judging by the smiles, I’m guessing that it’s good news?”

Their smiles broadened, and Toby’s voice echoed through the hall when he offered a slight bow and said, “It’s an honor to serve with you, your Highnesses.” And all the ministers echoed ‘serve with you’ as they offered their highest rulers a respectful bow with a gleaming smile.

Everyone else in the hall followed suit, saying ‘serve with you’ while they held their heads low. Lucianne and Xandar exchanged astonished expressions, and the King followed his Queen’s lead in returning the bow.

When she and Xandar stood, so did everyone else. With her signature gracious upward curl of her lips, Lucianne spoke in her authoritative voice that rang loud and strong, “It is OUR honor to serve alongside you, ALL of you.” Her hand gesture showed that her message was not only directed to the ministers but also to every other leader, warrior and expert in attendance.

The simple sentence spoke volumes. They heard the depth of her gratitude and appreciation, and felt the sincerity and rawness from her being, which was everything that they could ask for from a Queen.

Xandar held his mate close to him by her waist as he said, “We look forward to many more decades and centuries of working together, and we thank all of you for choosing to continue offering your skills and expertise to create a better future with us.”

Xandar signaled a waiter, asking for wine glasses for himself and his mate. After handing one to Lucianne, the King raised his glass as he proposed a toast, “Here’s to creating a better future together.”

“A better future together.” Everyone cheered in unison before drinking from their glasses.

It was a great night. Whatever Xandar and Lucianne said made every Lycan and werewolf feel belonged, respected, appreciated and enthusiastic about the future.

As their subjects, they willingly conveyed their loyalty and gratitude to their rulers after reading the joint statement from the royal family about the corruption debacle. But they didn’t expect their rulers to convey the same loyalty and gratitude to them. They felt seen, heard and included, and their hearts were moved.

Throughout the night, whenever Xandar and Lucianne weren’t speaking to someone else, his thoughts ravelled around his mate. He served for almost two decades as King, and he had never gotten his people to pledge their loyalty so willingly. Even his own late father never managed such a thing. 1

The respect and love Xandar just felt from their subjects when they bowed tonight was, for once, without fear or obligation. His mate gave

him that. She guided him, and showed him through her words and actions how to be a better ruler, a better person.

As these thoughts engulfed his being, a smile would inevitably grace his features, and he would end up pecking sweet kisses on the back of her hand, her forehead or temple, uttering ‘you’re amazing’ right after he did it each time.

Lucianne blushed every time he said it, and became especially embarrassed if some of the attendees who heard him threw her teasing looks. But she was not immune to her own urges to return his kisses by pecking on his cheek or chin before whispering a sincere ‘so are you, darling’ in response.

###

For some people, like Kelissa Kylton, it was not the happiest of nights. In all frankness, the heiress was having one of THE WORST days in her one hundred and sixty years of life. The photos her men took were only a good thing to look at if she wanted an increase in blood pressure and stress hormones.

She sat alone by the fireplace. The heavy rising and falling of her chest was getting more and more obvious, and her eyes had long turned onyx as she glowered at the photograph in her hand.

Lady Kylton came from the spa room, and placed a hand on her daughter’s shoulder as she whispered, “That won’t be for much longer, Kelly, dear. You should turn in for the night. You know how important sleep is for your flawless complexion.”

Knowing that her advisors were already in their rooms on far sides of the mansion, Kelissa hissed without holding back. “What does Xandar even see in this thing, mom? Look at her!”

She handed her mother one of the photos, showing Xandar holding Lucianne on his lap in the court cafeteria. The resolution of the picture was so high that no one could deny the King's affectionate gaze on the very flustered Queen-to-be as she leaned into his chest. The sight was a disgusting and nauseating one for Lady Kylton.

Her Ladyship sighed in despair as she noted, "It's a good thing the late King and Queen have passed. This affair itself would bring them to a premature grave."

Her daughter continued to rant, "T'd rather they remained alive when Xandar met her! At least then, they would've forbidden their son from pursuing this...**NONSENSE! THEY WOULD HAVE MADE HIM REJECT HER!!**" 2

"Shh, dear. Xandar has always been a stubborn one, and I'm sorry to say this, darling, but he doesn't make the best decisions at times."

**"THIS IS HIS WORST DECISION YET!!"**

"Which is why he needs YOU to hold his hand and lead him back into the light. He needs you, Kelly, despite him not knowing it yet. Once he sees that you were the one he should crown all along, this anger, hurt and betrayal you're feeling right now will fade into nothing but a bad memory." 6

Kelissa internalized her mother's words, which managed to calm her a little. "Yes, I mustn't give up. Xandar needs me. But, I swear, when I get him, I'm going to make him apologize for this for the rest of our years together."

"Perhaps not too early, dear."

“Yes, yes, of course, mom. I’ll wait until after we’ve marked each other. I’m not reckless. It’s better to play it safe.”

After a moment of watching the crackling fire in silence, Lady Kylton asked, “Is the Duke cooperating?”

“Yes, he offered good views in the brainstorming session today.”

Another short moment of silence, then her mother asked, “Does he know about the...contingency plan?”

Kelissa turned to look at her mother in disbelief. “Of course not! Mom, I’m not stupid!”

“I’m not saying that you are, dear. I just want you to be careful with what you—”

Kelissa’s nostrils flared when she yelled, “I AM CAREFUL! I KNOW WHAT I’M DOING! I’M THE FUTURE QUEEN!”

Lady Kylton tried to get her little girl to calm down, “Yes, I know, dear. I know. That crown has been yours ever since you were born. We all knew it. It’s time that Xandar knew it as well. As long as the Duke is kept in the dark about the contingency plan, I’m sure we’ll have his full support and loyalty.”

Silence ensued before Kelissa muttered, “If Xandar won’t reject her, then we’ll have to make her reject him. If and when we send rogues to her pack to kill every living creature there, the message we leave there must make the wolf so guilty that she would feel obliged to reject Xandar, because it was their bond that is going to cause the genocide. Our Duke here can NEVER know our contingency plan to annihilate the wolf’s pack if it’s necessary. Both Dukes are as blind as the King himself at the

moment, unfortunately. As one of the few who can see clearly, I have a duty to shed the light for the good of the Kingdom.”

Lady Kylton’s eyes glistened with pride as she pecked a motherly kiss on her daughter’s cheek before she declared proudly, “Spoken like a true Queen.”

Kelissa smirked cockily as she burnt the photograph with a lighter and threw it into the fireplace while saying, “The rightful Queen.”

Little did Kelissa know that Greg had installed voice recording devices all around the mansion, one of them being near the fireplace.

## **The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina’s Pen Chapter 169**

### **Chapter 169**

Greg surveyed the mansion on his first day when the head servant gave him a tour to make sure he knew his way around. In secret, he took mental notes on the locations he could use to place the hidden recording devices that he hid in his slightly oversized shoes when he left his apartment.

So, thanks to the device near the fireplace, the Duke heard the whole conversation between the mother and daughter. His animal growled at the mention of demolishing Blue Crescent as the Kylton’s ‘contingency plan’, and Greg thanked Goddess that he was alone in his dark room pretending to be asleep when he eavesdropped.

But he had a good laugh with his animal when Kelissa said that she wasn’t stupid. She couldn’t even keep him under her reins. Her chauffeur didn’t even check his shoes for the recording devices he brought with him.

There wasn't even a single camera or recording device in the guest room they gave him. Not one. He checked. Six times. 1

He still checked for them if he had been away from his room. If Kelissa Kylton wasn't stupid, then she had to be as dim as a fused lightbulb covered in a thick layer of dust that repelled anyone allergic to her foolishness. 1

And then there was what Kelissa said about what he and his cousins see in Lucianne...seriously? She needed an explanation for that? The way they smiled itself were at opposite ends of the spectrum...if Kelissa were even worthy to share the same spectrum as Lucianne at all!

Lucianne radiated a contagious warmth, raw beauty, inspirational intellect, killer sarcasm and noble ferocity. The heiress, on the other hand...Oh, Goddess, where should Greg even begin? Kelissa exuded only a shuddering presence, and the makeup she wore in no way covered up the sinister, conceited and selfish persona many people knew her by.

Her intellect? Greg and his animal concluded that the heiress should count herself lucky that her family's money and reputation had always gotten her through without being laughed at or stepped on for her lack of common sense and understanding of simple concepts. Of course she was impressed with his contribution at the brainstorming session! She knew so little! And for someone who was dead certain that she was 'the rightful Queen', she exemplified ZERO nobility. 1

Greg suddenly found himself muttering, "If Kylton became Queen, Goddess help this Kingdom."

When he was done judging, he prayed that Billy, Lance and the rest of his underground people were doing fine without him. After that, he fell into a deep slumber.

###

Greg joined the other pathetic advisors and snobbish Kyltons for breakfast like he did everyday since he arrived. For some reason, it was always the seat next to Livia that was empty. He tried to come down a little earlier to get a seat other than that but to no avail.

His animal and human parts both dreaded having to sit beside that perfume-pungent b\*tch who sent the Kyltons to hurt Lucianne. But they both knew that they had to put up with the nonsense for a little while longer. Greg was envious of his own animal when it could growl and groan in annoyance to its satisfaction in his head but the human part of him had to stay silent, behave and put on an unperturbed face in front of these losers.

Livia was cold and distant on the first day, playing hard to get, much to Greg's relief. The second day, however, she tried to get him to open up and speak to her. 'Just kill me', Greg thought every time he'd have to respond to her empty questions to hold a dull conversation

He wondered why she didn't just continue playing hard to get to make his life easier. He only tolerated her because one of the terms he agreed privately with Kelissa Kylton was that he must make Livia think she had a chance with him. But the heiress affirmed that his ultimate prize was Lucianne. The stupid b\*tch actually believed that he would hurt Lucianne just to claim her.

"Excuse me, your Grace." Livia leaned over to get the butter, and her thin, white camisole made the red push-up bra underneath too obvious to miss. Livia felt Greg's eyes on her when she reached for the butter, and her animal was squealing in delight while her human was trying her best to not make eye contact with the sexy bad boy just yet. 3

The Duke was indeed looking at her, and he wanted nothing more than to hold her by her neck, fracture it, throw her against the glass cabinets

before breaking her bones slowly, one at a time as he indulged in her screams.

When Greg felt the simmering anger, his eyes lowered to the food on his plate to hide the onyx shade as he chanted Lucianne's name with his animal to calm himself. He would go so far as to recall her smile, her laugh and those little moments when she was appearance-conscious for no apparent reason. 'Beautiful', he thought to himself as his eyes regained their lilac shade. 1

Lord Kylton held a fake grin when he began conversing with the Duke, "I hope our humble abode is to your liking, your Grace."

Greg returned the insincere smile and said, "It is, Lord Kylton. Thank you. I'm especially impressed with that lovely fireplace you have in the living room." Because that was where he got exclusive information from the two women the night before.

"Ah, that." Lady Kylton joined the conversation with an enthusiastic, sinister smile that was clearly passed down to her daughter. "It was designed by one of the best. We paid good money for it."

"I can tell." Greg noted flatly, and took a sip from his glass to drown down the sarcasm threatening to spill from his mouth. Lord Kylton chuckled before he said, "Well, you contributed to it, your Grace. So, it's fitting that we thank you for the design that you're impressed with now."

Greg placed his glass back on the table and asked, "What do you mean?"

The husband and wife glanced at each other triumphantly before Lord Kylton thrust out his hand to Greg and explained, "It's a pleasure to finally meet you in this capacity, your Grace. You've been a great

customer to one of our family's most successful companies, Wu Bi Corporation."

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 170

### Chapter 170

Greg was genuinely shocked at the old couple's revelation but the Duke nonetheless shook Lord Kylton's hand as he told his animal, "Please tell me he's joking." His animal prompted him to keep the conversation going with Lord Kylton to learn more about what they didn't know.

Greg narrowed his eyes in suspicion and asked the old man, "What's the customer code I have to cite in transactions?"

His Lordship seemed impressed and said, "Good thing I checked that this morning. 130996GC\_LC. Access name: Chameleon. But I'll admit right now that we've never spoken over the phone in your transactions, your Grace. We have our customers' personal information but the uh...rogue Alpha handles the communications and customers'...requests."

So, Greg had been communicating with only the manager of the rogue corporation this whole time, not its founders. Greg nodded as he internalized this fact, and released Lord Kylton's hand as he muttered, "A very successful business you have."

Lord Kylton patted Greg on the shoulder like a friend, and Greg tried to mask his discomfort and urge to tear the man to shreds. Unless he was having sex, no one had the right to touch Greg Claw.

"Well, your Grace. You must take some credit for our success. We had the idea of taking government funds after the King wrongfully refused

our daughter's hand but we didn't have a link, someone who could provide us with the necessary access and individuals who could be our patsies. You were that link, your Grace. You gave us the ministers' names and told us who to target, asking nothing but a small commission in return. For that, we cannot thank you enough."

His wife added, "It would've been difficult to get those ministers and Helena here to help us in our plan if we didn't have you to encourage them to join us, your Grace, seeing that we wished to remain anonymous."

Greg admitted, "To be very honest, I thought I was helping someone less..." he looked around the sophisticated interior design of the dining room before he continued, "wealthy."

The Kyltons chuckled at Greg's remark, seeing it as a compliment. Lord Kylton explained, "Well, I suppose we hid it well, since someone as experienced as you in this line of work didn't suspect that we were the ones you've been doing business with this whole time."

"I have to agree." Greg readily confessed "How did you know I would help you though?"

Lady Kylton explained, "When we heard that you were angered with your cousins, both of them, as were we, no doubt for different reasons, we saw an opportunity to work together. But we also wanted to be careful seeing that you share blood relations with the King, who we wanted to...take something from, just as how he took our daughter's heart and broke it with no remorse."

"So, for the broken heart, you just wanted money from the government?" Greg asked, somewhat disappointed that the founder of the successful rogue corporation was instituted based on nothing but a broken heart, and

continued to blossom with nothing more than wanting more money which the founders clearly DID NOT NEED.

Greg used to think that Wu Bi Corp's mission and ultimate goal was something more stellar and jaw-dropping, like to recruit enough rogues to overthrow the Kingdom, or to expand its business and join forces with vampires to start another war against the law-abiding Lycans and werewolves. Well, now that Lucianne was in the picture Greg didn't want those things anymore but still, siphoning money to establish a rogue corporation only to siphon more money seemed...lame.

The Kyltons were actually telling him that their rogue business was to 'take something from' his cousin just because their creature-repelling daughter was heartbroken?

First, the Moon Goddess made him fall in love with a phenomenal woman that he couldn't get. Now, he was told that his anti government hero was this lame family? Greg was even beginning to question whether he was awake, lucid and sober. It felt like a long, bad dream after too many hours of over-drinking. 1

"Money was never the goal for my heartbreak, your Grace." Kelissa noted with discontent. "I love Xandar but he hurt me. So, the goal was to hurt him back. You see, when we were close..."

"Kylton, get real. You two were never close." Greg retorted mercilessly, and heard Sasha snort at his remark.

Kelissa threw her a glare, making Sasha fall silent. The minister's daughter knew better than to anger the heiress who promised to throw her back into prison if she broke the terms of their agreement.

After taking a deep breath, Kelissa's partially-onyx eyes fixed on the Duke as she spoke in suppressed rage, "I hope you know that I'm

tolerating your impertinence because you've helped build my parents' business, your Grace."

"And I hope you know that believing in an illusion instead of the truth would put you further away from your goal, not nearer to it, Kylton."

don't have to make him believe that you and Xandar were close. Y

**'WE WERE CLOSE! I WAS THE CLOSEST THING HE HAD TO A GIRLFRIEND, A SIGNIFICANT OTHER!**

Her father then linked, "We know that, sweetheart. But remember, the goal is Xandar, not this Duke. Just let him think he's right. We need his cooperation." 1

"He's such a pain in the ass" Kelissa complained.

Lord Kylton then made an interesting and viable suggestion, "If you are still unhappy with how he's behaving when all this ends,

Realization dawned on the two women, and Lady Kylton stroked her husband's hand as she linked, "What a clever idea, my love." Kelissa linked as she smirked, "Killing the wolf will definitely teach this Duke to never mess with the Kyltons, especially when it comes to ME! Alright, I'll just play along for now. When the dust settles, he's going to regret speaking to me like how he just did."

When their eyes cleared, almost everyone sat still as they waited for one of the Kyltons to speak. Greg was the only one munching on his toast as he asked casually, "Emergency family conference?" 1

Bearing in mind what her parents had just told her, Kelissa forced a smile, the one Greg found to be sinister, before she said, "Let's just say I'm being asked to be nice to my guest."

Greg nodded as he said, "Good advice." It really humored his animal when he noticed Kelissa's agitation, which only lasted for a brief second

The heiress replayed the end goal and took a deep breath, then she continued her tale, "Anyway, as I was saying, Xandar had always talked about how much he wanted to make a difference as a King, and work all those hours just to make it happen. So, I just knew that if I did something to hurt the Kingdom, it'd hurt him, too. Our family's plan was to take government funds until the government went bankrupt." 2

Greg nodded in understanding and prompted, "I'm hoping that's not the end goal?"

He said that because it was clear from the Kyltons smug faces that there was more they hadn't told him yet. And it was evident