

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 38

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Chapter 38

The minister's voice was nervous and apologetic, "I apologize for bothering you right now, your Highness. But a lot of wolves are asking me whether the complaint can be made against the sons of government officials who've attended the collaboration with their parents. Should I tell them that those would be a separate complaint since the sons are technically not government officials, or can we just include them with what we're doing now?"

"Include them." Xandar said without hesitation but he was pinching the bridge of his nose. Those good-for-nothing idiots actually used their collaborations to hit on females?! This is a government function, not a nightclub for goodness sake!

"Alright. Thank you, your Highness. I'll let them know. Have a goodnight."

'You too, Yarrington. Thank you for your assistance in this matter.'

The minister was undoubtedly shocked that the King was expressing his gratitude when he literally exploded less than thirty minutes ago. So Yarrington uttered, "Well, it's always a pleasure to serve, my King. And give my best to the Queen."

'Will do. Goodnight, Yarrington.' He hung up.

Lucianne had stopped typing but her eyes were still focused on the screen. Xandar got up and walked to her. He stood behind her and started caressing her shoulders as she scrutinized her written work with a serious look.

Xandar then bent down and kissed her cheek from the side before whispering into her ear, "Yarrington sends his regards. We're now expanding the net to include the sons of ministers."

Her focused eyes suddenly blinked, and she looked at Xandar and exclaimed, "Really? That's great!" She then turned back to her screen and muttered, "Let me just add those in."

Xandar's hands stopped moving on her shoulders and his grip tightened as his body stiffened. His mate was harassed by more than one male Lycan?! Goddess, no wonder the wolves hated them! Even he hated his own species after knowing about this.

As he continued thinking about it, his grip on Lucianne's shoulders tightened more and more. Lucianne had to stop typing, and her hands reached out to stroke his hands as she said, "Xandar, darling, breathe. Just breathe, okay? Breathe."

It was only when Xandar loosened his hold on her did he realize he was applying too much pressure on her shoulders. When Lucianne began typing again, he bent down to peck a kiss on both her shoulders before returning to the couch to wait. It felt like an eternity later when she said, "Here, have a read. You can submit it after you're done."

He was at her side even before Lucianne got out of her chair completely. She stood next to him, and Xandar held her close to his body as he read the words on the screen. Lucianne stroked his shoulder gently, trying to keep him as calm as possible.

When he read until the end, he asked, "You sure that's everyone? Is there anyone else?"

"No. It's just three of them. I'm sure." She then pecked a kiss on his cheek, and Xandar swiftly put her on his lap before skimming through the document one more time and clicking 'Submit'. Lucianne then turned off her laptop and snuggled into Xandar's chest. She listened to his heartbeat, and was relieved that it wasn't as rapid as how it was when he lost control in the dining hall.

She then asked, "Have Ellia and the others settled in yet? Did Christian say anything?"

Xandar's eyes widened. He completely forgot about that! He kissed her forehead before saying, "Hold on, baby. Just give me a minute. Let me ask him."

He then mind-linked his cousin, 'Christian, how are the families? Have they moved in yet?'

'Cuz...h-how did you do that?! The car literally just entered through the gates! Seriously, how did you time that?'

Xandar sheepishly said, 'I actually...forgot. Lucy got me to ask.'

There was a pause at Christian's end before his voice of disbelief came through the mind link, 'You forgot? How is that possible? Did something happen over dinner?'

'You have no idea.'

'Wait, seriously? How is the Queen? Is she okay? Are you?'

'She's handling it way better than I am, as she always does, despite being the one subjected to another round of injustice.'

Christian sighed in despair, 'Why do these things keep finding their way to her? What is it this time?'

Xandar's pissed-off voice was loud and clear, 'Did you know we have ministers and their sons using these collaborations to hit on females like it was a brothel? I

almost exploded...no, scratch that. I completely exploded in the dining hall when I found out!

“WHAT?! WHO ARE THEY?!”

‘Lucy named three: Caunterberg, and the twin sons of Marie Martin from Finance. That’s only Lucy! Imagine who we’ll be getting when we receive complaints from all the other werewolves and Lycans.’

Christian groaned through the mind-link, ‘WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THESE PEOPLE?! Wait, Caunterberg... welfare...uh cuz, if she named him...who’s in charge now?’

‘I put Yarrington on it. I was hoping to rope you in as well. We haven’t received all the complaints yet so I honestly don’t know who else to trust with the job other than the three of u s. Weaver has enough on his plate so I didn’t include him.’

‘Yeah, yeah. I’ll do it. You didn’t even have to ask, cuz. So, uh...the Queen, has she submitted

her complaint yet?’

‘Yeah, just did. So I take it that the families all arrived safely?’

‘I did a headcount. It seems everyone’s here. And they looked fine. A little shaken but safe. My men are still unloading the audits from the car. And Annie is settling them in now so I better g o help her.’

‘Okay, thanks, Christian. Thank Annie for me as well.’

Will do. Night, cuz.’

When Xandar ended the mind-link, Lucianne was looking at him in anticipation. He smiled and pecked her on her lips as he said, “They’re all there. They’re safe.”

She let out a sigh of relief before muttering, “Thank Goddess.” Then she reached out to grab her purse from the table and looked for the folded note of names Ellia gave her before handing it over to Xandar. This was another thing he forgot. Lucianne leaned back into Xandar’s chest as he unfolded the paper with his other hand to read the contents.

Marie Martin

Alfred Cummings.

Piere Whitlaw.

Patrick Dupont

Helena Tanner. 1

"Helena Tanner." Xandar muttered. He didn't know anyone by that name in his government.

Lucianne suggested in a whisper, "She's probably Ellia's boss."

Xandar took his phone and looked her up online and Lucianne was right. As he looked at the woman's face on the screen to imprint it into his memory, he asked his mate, "How did you know?"

She answered in an equal whisper, "Well, you'll have to collude with a person who has the most power in the place you are targeting. And besides, Ellia said 'five names' not 'five ministers'. One of those names had to be her boss, the one who blackmailed her and her

assistants."

He smiled. Beautiful. Smart Composed in the midst of anger. His anger. His eyebrows furrowed in guilt as he said, "Lucy, I'm sorry for exploding like that tonight. I didn't mean to cause so much fear."

She was getting drowsy in his warm chest, "Hm, it happened with a good reason. Besides, it ended with hope, not fear. You gave us a way to do this. It doesn't matter if you exploded. What matters is you've found a good way to go about the.." she let out a cute yawn before she continued, "...the problem."

Xandar chuckled at the sound. 'Adorable', he thought to himself as he watched his mate snuggled comfortably in his arms.

"Let's get you into bed." he whispered.

She got out from his lap before he could carry her, and stretched a little before saying sleepily, "No. I have to change first. Let Christian know about the names, and..." Another yawn. "...and remember to tell Ben's boss about his absence." The third thing Xandar forgot. Thank goddess he had already arranged bodyguards for the families while they were waiting to see the doctor earlier, or he would have forgotten that as well.

He pecked a kiss on her forehead and said, "You're amazing, you know that?"

"I know you keep telling me that does that count?"

He chuckled, "I don't care how long it takes. I will make you believe it one day. Goodnight, baby. I'll go see the hotel manager about Ben's issue now. Mind-link me if you need anything, okay?"

She nodded with a smile. Her eyelids were getting heavy as she closed the door after he left. After speaking to the manager, Xandar mind-linked Christian the five names, and went home to sleep with no difficulty.

Somewhere in the city, there was a mansion with three sports cars, two limousines and two other luxury cars, and a family of four lived in comfort without a care in the world, until tonight.

“What do you mean there’s no one there?!” Helena Tanner yelled through the receiver from the landline telephone on her desk. After listening to the caller on the other end from her home office, she barked, “Of course this is the right address! If you think I’m an idiot then you’re the idiot! There are three of them and you can’t even find a single one? WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I’M PAYIN-”

Her iPhone screen on her desk lit up, and she froze when she saw the caller ID. She then told her first caller, “I have to call you back.” After putting down the receiver, she took a deep breath before swiping across the screen, and muster as much calmness as she could when she said “Your Grace?”

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“Were you even going to tell me?” The menacing voice rang into Helena’s ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

Still, she tried to remain calm, “W-Well, your Grace. The audits have already been...adjusted to what we want it to reflect so I didn’t see a need to worry you about something like this.”

“Hm...” Greg contemplated, “Your people are sure that my cousins bought it? That the figures are real?”

Helena frantically answered, “Yes! I spoke to the three of them in charge when I got to the office. They practically knelt and pleaded, swearing that they did what we asked them to do. And the receptionists said one stack went with the King and one with the Duke...the other Duke. I mean, if they didn’t believe it, why bother splitting the documents between themselves?”

There was a pause before Greg asked, “And the Queen?” He tried to sound normal and not soft.

“The Queen? The woman with them? She just seemed like an accessory from what I gathered from my people. Just nodded and greeted and you know...followed them around.”

“An accessory? Hmph. Oh, Goddess. I wonder whether your people are idiots or you’re the idiot leading them.” Greg taunted mercilessly.

Helena was stunned. From whatever she was told, the Queen was just some wolf following the two men around. She gave no orders or instructions. She didn't even make any requests. The only common detail everyone seemed to have mentioned was that the Queen was 'nice'. What did that even mean?! "My people did mention that she was nice."

Greg chuckled darkly, "Yeah. Until you piss her off."

"So you know her."

"I've met her. Twice."

"And you think she may be a threat?"

"She could be if she wanted to. This one's smart. And very dauntless. Doesn't give a sh*t about hierarchy. As beautiful as the creature is, she is definitely not an accessory." He smiled to himself at his end in his own dark home office while picturing Lucianne in his head.

"So...we have to eliminate her, is that what you're trying to say?" Helena was already in panic. If the real audits still existed, even if it was only from the past two months, her career, life and reputation would be done for. Her mate would never forgive her.

"I tried that. Didn't exactly go as planned. That was the first time my plan actually didn't work out." He furrowed his eyebrows at what happened to Lucianne, what he did to her. He felt uncomfortable, maybe even guilty.

Greg swallowed a lump in his throat before he said, "Like I said, this one's smart." He didn't trust himself to use the word 'different' without sounding smitten and soft.

It was Helena's turn to sound menacing, "Your Grace, intelligence will never save one from being poisoned. All we need is..."

Greg growled, "If you think poisoning is going to kill her and save us, you've been out of this game for too long, Tanner. That is, by far, the most stupid way to eliminate a person. In our world, with our sense of smell and tracking abilities, poison is too traceable."

However, the truth was that Greg could never do that to Lucianne. Not again. Even if it were risk-free for them. Some part of him was relieved that his men didn't manage to stab her with the silver blade. What he didn't know was that the blade had been plunged into her body. She just didn't die. Greg didn't know this because Xandar didn't mention it in his speech.

'We can't just do nothing!' Helena cried out.

"Why not? You told me they believed the figures your people gave them, didn't you?" Greg questioned.

"Yes, but if the Queen is a threat, don't you think she'll find out what we've been doing? What we are still doing?" Helena said.

"Until we know her next move, we won't know ours. It's better to do nothing for now. Recklessness won't get us anywhere with her."

"So we're supposed to just live the rest of our lives in fear while she lives on fine?" Helena asked sarcastically.

"Watch your tone, Tanner." Greg warned. "The more you provoke the Queen, the quicker she will catch on. She sees through ulterior motives and hidden intentions, and then uses them against you to kill your plan at its inception. Do nothing. That's our safest option. And if I *were* you, I would cut back on the spending spree for the next few months." Greg hung up before Helena could respond.

In his chair, he thought about what could have really happened in the audit department. It did seem like his cousins believed the audits for now, seeing that they bothered waiting for the hard copies and then taking it with them. But something still seemed off.

Lucianne normally took a proactive role in anything she was involved in. There was no way she would just show up to look pretty next to his cousin. That wasn't her. 'Nice'. Greg chuckled to himself. She was definitely sweet and charming. Her presence in the department must have been for something. He just didn't know what it was yet.

There was a double knock and the door opened, letting in the light from the corridor into his dark room. A female Lycan dressed in some very revealing lingerie stood seductively by his doorframe. She threw the Duke a coquettish smile and asked, "You coming, your Grace?"

"Not tonight, Livia. Get out." He snapped, annoyed that Livia interrupted him when he was

thinking about Lucianne.

Livia faked a pout, "But I didn't see anyone else here to keep you company tonight. Won't you feel lonely?"

"That's my business. Now get out before I throw you out myself." Greg warned.

Unperturbed, Livia kept her smile on and sashayed to his desk before standing in front of him. Her arousal filled the air in his room. She was in heat and wanted Greg to be the vessel for her release. Greg was getting angrier by the second, "Last chance, Livia. Get. Out."

She sat on his desk and whispered, "Seven minutes. How about that? After seven minutes of... fun, I'll leave."

Greg chuckled darkly, "Like you were ever capable of that."

He was getting out of his seat and leaving Livia behind when her voice stopped him, "Sebastian Cummings was having the best seven minutes of his life with me before his mate came to spoil the fun."

Greg stiffened. He turned to Livia, who had a smug look on her face before he asked in

disbelief, "Seb gave up a lifetime with Lucianne for seven minutes...with you?" He looked at her in disgust from head to toe before muttering, "He must've been drugged blind that night."

She disregarded his insults and proudly declared, "I can give quite the experience."

Greg still looked disgusted when he declared, "No. That guy is just dumb, like his sister. Maybe worse, in fact. Get out now, Livia. Don't make me tell you again."

He turned to leave again. Just when he stepped out of the door, Livia pounced on his back and he would've lost his balance had it not been for the cabinet he held on for support by the side. His eyes turned onyx. He flicked her off his back and she fell on the floor.

Disregarding her seductive gaze, he carried her over his shoulder and she laughed hysterically. But when Livia realized that Greg wasn't heading for his bedroom, it was too late. He opened the front door and dumped Livia on his lawn in the cold night. He then threw her purse and coat that was left on the front door cabinet right next to her on the lawn.

Before disappearing into his home, Greg uttered, "The night air ought to cool you off." Livia was so stunned at what just happened that she only came back to her senses after hearing Greg slam the door behind him.

She was never rejected by any male before, not even by Greg the last two times. What happened?

Livia called Sasha to come get her. Embarrassed. Unwanted. But most of all, FURIOUS! How dare he reject her advances?! And what was that look he gave her when she told him about Sebastian Cummings? What the hell did that even mean?!

Sasha snapped, "You've wasted your time going there to get him to scratch your itch. I think he is starting to have a soft spot for Seb's ex-mate."

Livia was enraged and bewildered, "That's not possible! The Duke doesn't have a soft spot for anyone! And if he did, where is the wolf now?! Why isn't she with him?!"

Sasha's eyes turned dark, "For some stupid reason, the Moon Goddess decided to bond the wolf with the King."

Livia exclaimed, "So the King is accepting second-hand goods?"

Sasha smirked, "Sixth-hand actually."

Livia blinked in surprise and spat, "But she isn't even that good-looking. From the back, she just looks like a child! She doesn't deserve to have men flock around her like that! We do!" 1

Sasha's lips curled upward. Looks like she just found herself an accomplice. If the useless rake of a Duke wouldn't help her get what she wanted, she would just do it with someone else. And who better to recruit than Livia right now?

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"Weaver, watch your left foot. And remember to keep your core in." Lucianne reminded him as she and Toby watched Weaver spar with Yarrington.

Toby was as serious as Lucianne was when he said, "Yarrington, don't overdo those punches. Get to his nose, there have been two openings already. Don't miss a third."

After another few minutes of hitting and dodging, Weaver came out as the winner. (This novel will be daily updated at www.) He helped his mate up.

That was when General Langford of the Lycan warriors came to where they were, bringing along one of his own warriors. He bowed without a smile, and Lucianne returned the bow with an equally straight face. "How can I help you, General?"

He looked offended as he said, "As much as we acknowledge that you are one of the best of your kind, your Highness. I must tell you that you have no jurisdiction to train the Lycans. We would appreciate it if you do not overstep the authority that you've been given. If you want to train the wolves, then do so. But we can very well take care of our kind."

Lord Yarrington scowled at the General, "How dare you speak to our Queen in that manner! Weaver and I were the ones who asked her to train us."

Langford seemed even more offended, "And why would you both do that, my lord?"

Weaver responded on behalf of his mate, "We wanted to advance our skills.(This novel will be daily updaed at www.) This is what the collaboration is for anyway! What is your problem, Langford?"

Langford looked at Lucianne from head to toe and chuckled as he asked the ministers, "You think that a wolf's skills are superior to those of a Lycan?"

"You certainly don't think so." Lucianne's stern voice suddenly rang between everyone's ears. Some of those around them had already slowed down or pretended to be taking a short break, glancing in Lucianne's direction to see what was about to go down.

Langford said with zero sincerity, "I mean no disrespect, your Highness." It was conspicuously clear that the General had every intention to offend her. He just didn't do it directly.

Toby then countered, "Then why are you questioning us being here? We're just helping!"

Langford glared down at Toby but Toby stood his ground and matched his glare. Lucianne then came between them and pushed Toby away from Langford's view, taking his place in front of the General.

She smirked darkly and said, "Tell you what, General. You, me and your right-hand man over here spar. If I win, you keep your mouth shut about who I train. If you win, I'll keep my mouth shut, and when you ask me to leave, I'll leave."

Weaver panicked, "What?! My Queen, you can't just leave us."

Yarrington squeezed his shoulder as he uttered, "Have a little faith in her, dear."

"Well?" Lucianne asked Langford. The General smirked as he mind-linked his warrior behind him, and the warrior too smirked in response. They took their positions on the mat Weaver and Yarrington were using. Lucianne was at one end, and the General and his warrior was at the other end. (This novel will be daily updaed at www.) Many around them, mostly Lycans, had started taking their so-called breaks to watch.

Lucianne studied their build and waited for them to start. The warrior charged at her first. Throwing a punch with his entire arm. Lucianne dodged sideways and grabbed his arm before twisting it emotionlessly. She kicked his kneecaps to make him kneel. When his second punch came, she flipped her body over his neck and the punch went into the air. Her weight on his neck was too much, and the warrior fell on the ground with a loud thud. That was when Langford came from behind, as Lucianne expected. He attempted to pounce on her but she rolled away right before he did. So he ended up putting his weight on the warrior. Since Langford was heavier, the warrior howled in agony when the General's weight fell on him.

Lucianne didn't even give the General a chance to recover from his shock before she threw a punch at his throat and broke his nose with no remorse. Lycans heal quickly so that damage wasn't worrying.

One of Lucianne's hands reached for the back of his head and the other reached for his shoulder before she turned his head forcefully to the left. If Lucianne turned his neck a few inches more, his neck would have snapped, and the General would have been dead.

Lucianne cocked her head to one side to meet Langford's shocked and somewhat fearful eyes. She then pushed his body harshly to the back and turned the warrior's body over so that the latter could breathe.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Xandar appeared on the sidelines, where Toby and many of the Lycans had gathered to watch. He was looking at Lucianne with so much love and pride. By his side, Christian was already chuckling mercilessly at the men she defeated seconds ago. Toby smirked as he fist-bumped Lucianne. "That was awesome, Lucy." "Thanks, Toby."

Xandar walked over to her when Langford and his warrior were getting up. Lucianne asked the latter, "What's your name, warrior?"

"Ph-Phelton, my Queen" He bowed.

Xandar reached her side when Lucianne bowed in return and offered a genuine smile as she thrust out her hand, "Pleasure to meet you, Phelton. Hope to see you beat me next time."

He looked at her in confusion. But Lucianne continued to smile as she said, "I mean it,

Phelton. You have the built and the strength. You only need to work on your speed and agility. (This novel will be daily updated at www.) Those skills can be taught. You'll improve in no time."

His eyes began glistening. He took Lucianne's hand and shook it once before pecking a formal kiss on it and falling on one knee as he said, "Forgive me, my Queen. I have offended

you."

Lucianne said firmly, "Stand, Phelton." He stood, guilty as ever. She smiled graciously and said sincerely, "I hold no grudge against you. But I do hope that you will forgive yourself. This was just a mistake. Don't repeat it and you'll be fine."

"Yes, my Queen. Thank you for your graciousness. I won't let you down." He pledged. Lucianne nodded with a gentle smile.

Then, she moved around him to come face-to-face with General Langford. He stood still but his face emitted embarrassment. A General, a supposed best Lycan warrior after the King himself was beaten by a five-foot-one werewolf in such a short time. And it happened in front of so many people. That really did not look good.

Xandar was right behind Lucianne as she called out, "General Langford."

He looked up at her gaze hesitantly. But his mouth was sealed shut. Lucianne waited but nothing came out. Lucianne then said, "General, do you really have nothing to say?"

He opened his mouth and his teeth gritted as he said his next words in utmost difficulty, "I will not interfere with who you train, your Highness."

"Thank you." Lucianne said simply and was about to leave but Xandar stopped her tracks by holding her waist in place. The King glared at Langford before he asked, "Isn't there something else you would like to tell the Queen, General?"

Lucianne knew that Xandar was forcing the old man to ask for her forgiveness but she couldn't care less about whether Langford apologized so she turned herself around to face her mate and said, "Darling, I don't need an apology. I got what I wanted. Let's just get back to training now, okay?"

He looked her in the eye and firmly said, "No. No one can disrespect you and expect to get away with it." He turned her body back to face Langford in one swift movement but the old man remained reluctant to speak.

Lucianne then groaned, "Xandar, I don't want a fake apology. Just let me go. We have to train! *We're* wasting time!" She tried to wriggle her way out but Xandar's grip on her waist was too strong. 'Stupid Lycan strength', she thought to herself.

Xandar's tone was condescending when he spoke to Langford, "Stop wasting our Queen's time, Langford. You should be grateful that she and her comrade wanted to train the Lycans. After what she just did to you, you would be a fool to not beg her to train our army. It's a good thing none of the packs applied for our warriors.(This novel will be daily updaed at www.) Their chances of survival would've been too low. The wolves themselves may even have to carry our weight."

Toby was pressing back a smile at Xandar's compliment. On the inside, he couldn't wait to run back to tell all the werewolves he knew about what the King just said.

Christian then patted Toby on his shoulder and uttered, "It's okay, Gamma Tobias. You can laugh. I do it all the time." 3

Toby was surprised by the Duke's carefree demeanor in such a tense situation but Toby managed to say, "I don't think I've reached that level of comfort to do that yet, your Grace." Christian chuckled at his well-articulated, formal response.

"Well?!" Xandar yelled. The old man's will was definitely strong.

Lucianne had had it with having to stand where she was. She then addressed Xandar in a serious tone, "Dearest, if you don't let me go in the next ten seconds, I'm going to beat you up to break free."

Christian, without hesitation, declared excitedly, "Cuz, you're going to die!" Toby was finding it more and more difficult to hold in the laughter. They both knew she could beat him. Everyone else knew she did it once, but they weren't sure whether that was because Xandar let her win. 1

Weaver and Yarrington glanced at each other with worry, wondering if the Queen would really beat up the King just to break free.

When the ten seconds were up, Lucianne sighed as she muttered, "I am so sorry for this, darling."