

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 151

### Chapter 151

With Lucianne's check-up after the infertility poison, the false sexual harassment allegations and the need to fill up the ministerial positions, Xandar had completely forgot to tell Christian about how he couldn't emit the King's Authority back in Forest Gloom.

Lucianne gave his hand a gentle squeeze to encourage him as he began, "For some reason, when we stood face-to-face with the rogues the other night, I couldn't...channel the Authority onto them. It felt like there was a block."

Zeke then muttered, "That means it's like if we try to use the Alpha Authority on non-pack members. There'd be a block."

Christian asked in dismay, "How is that even possible? The King's Authority works on all werewolves and Lycans, netizens and rogues alike."

Lucianne uttered in a sudden whisper, "Unless they have something that's neither found in a werewolf nor a Lycan."

Juan then asked, "What do you mean, Lucy?"

She looked at her brother as she thought aloud, "Rogues definitely have access to black markets, which would undoubtedly have a lot of things taken from any and every species. What if Jake's shield is from another species like, I don't know, humans or vampires?"

Raden showed a disgusted expression as he asked, "You're saying Jake drank vampire blood?"

Lucianne was the only one who chuckled before she said, “No, Raden. It doesn’t work that way. The King’s Authority doesn’t target our bloodstream to make us obey, it targets our nervous system – our motor neurons, to be more precise.”

“English, please, Lucy. Peasant in the room here.” Toby complained as he waved his hand in the air.

Lucianne then explained, “Basically, it means that the Authority only affects the nerve cells controlling how we choose to respond to a given stimulus, like how we would choose to run away from a forest fire instead of towards it; or how we choose to ignore an insult, accept a praise, fight off threats.”

Toby got to thinking. “So, what you’re saying is Jake got something to shield his nerve cells from responding to how our King wants them to respond?” Lucianne nodded ominously.

“What could do that though?” Christian asked.

Xandar offered a suggestion, “Vampires are immune to the Authority. Maybe it’s something from them.”

“Cuz, tell me you’re not suggesting that they did a full nervous system operation to transfer a vampire’s into a rogue’s’.” Christian’s suggestion made many of them nauseate, including his own Duchess.

Xandar looked at his mate as he asked, “Is that possible, baby?”

Lucianne pondered and shook her head slowly as she said, “Not that I know of. But there really isn’t a need for such a major operation if they played simple.”

The whole room was silent and she continued, “All you need is to find the difference between the motor neuron of our species and the one found in vampires. The chemical compositions between each will differ, and scientists just have to come up with a...drug to stimulate the motor neurons of rogue wolves and Lycans to kind of...temporarily block the King’s Authority.”

“Did you say ‘temporarily’?” Xandar exclaimed as he held her hand in both of his.

Lucianne shrugged, “Yeah, I mean, our nervous system is still a result of our DNA, and our DNA produces a biology that heeds to the command of the King’s Authority. Seeing that Jake is still a wolf and not a vampire, he still has wolf genes. If he has wolf genes, then...” Lucianne cocked her head to one side as she thought to herself, “Then it’s kind of hard to see how he can shield himself permanently.”

Toby slumped back into his seat and muttered, “Thank Goddess.” Relief washed over everyone, especially Xandar, who needed the archaic power to keep his mate safe.

Annie then asked, “Lucy, if such a drug exists, why isn’t it used more often? I mean, if they have that, rogues could’ve overthrown the government when it was created.”

“That could be for a whole litany of reasons, Annie. The chemicals they need may be rare, hence expensive or hard to find. The suppliers may find it difficult to trust any buyer beyond their regulars for fear of new buyers being an undercover agent working for the government. You know, those kinds of things.”

As the facts sank in, everyone looked at Lucianne in awe, and Xandar couldn’t help but kiss her hand as he asked in admiration, “How did you even know those things, Lucy?”

She shrugged like it was no big deal as she said, “The black market theory is just a wild guess from watching some documentaries, darling. The science? Just...books.”

Juan scoffed and muttered, “More like a library.” He knew about the number of books in his sister’s room back in the pack house. When Juan asked his parents for a car on his seventeenth birthday, Lucianne asked for another bookshelf on her birthday.

Christian then spoke in a much more cheerful voice as he concluded, “So, it’s safe to say that they can’t shield themselves forever. They were prepared last time because they asked for a battle. We just have to catch them off guard, and we’ll win.”

Lucianne narrowed her eyes at the Duke as she said, “You make it sound like hunting down and defeating an entire rogue corporation is going to be really easy, Christian.”

“I’m being optimistic, my Queen. We just have to leverage the element of surprise. If we attack when they least expect, they won’t be ready to defend themselves. We’ll eliminate them like flies.”

“Slight problem.” Xandar pointed out before he elaborated, “The locations that the rogue Lycan gave us were all a bust. Dalloway and his people could find nothing but deserted ruins and empty sites. We don’t know where Wu Bi Corporation is at the moment.”

Christian nodded and scratched his nape lightly as he said, “Ah, yeah. That’s definitely a...a small problem.”

Juan then spoke, “Lucy. Hale and I were thinking...” When all eyes were on him, including his sister’s, he uttered, “If you could somehow enter Jake’s mind-link with any of his associates to locate him.”

No one was as surprised as Lucianne was. She blinked before she asked, “Wait, I can do that?”

Juan groped for the right words before he asked doubtfully, “Worth a shot, don’t you think?”

Lucianne exclaimed, “No! It is definitely NOT worth the shot! If I screw up and give myself away, they’ll start another battle on another vulnerable pack as payback.”

Juan said in a more relaxed tone, “You don’t know that. Besides, he might not even feel your presence in

the link if you stayed quiet.” This was news to Lucianne. “Juan, are you saying you didn’t know I crashed into the pack leaders’ group link last time?”

“Not until you growled at me.” Juan confirmed in confidence. Around the table, the other pack leaders nodded to affirm what Juan just said.

“Huh.” Lucianne uttered. She always thought, like any normal mind-link, her presence in the link she had no ties with would be known to the rest of its members as soon as she entered, before she said anything.

Christian’s eyes sparkled in excitement as he asked his cousin, “The Queen can hack into mind-links and you didn’t tell me?! Am I even still your favorite cousin, cuz? How could you forget to share something this cool!”

Lucianne tried to ignore Xandar’s fingers running down her hair as she thought for a moment and said, “I’m not sure if I can do it to a person who I share no prior link to though. I mean, I could do it to you guys because I have a valid link with Juan, so I used him as a bridge to get to the group link...but how do I get to Jake?”

“Maybe you don’t need a bridge, my Queen.” Christian suggested with a smile, the smile that looked like he was onto something.

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The Duke suggested, “I’ll mind-link Annie, and we’ll see if you can find your way in.”

Lucianne seemed uncomfortable when she asked the Duke and Duchess, “Are you sure?”

Annie scoffed as she said, “Lucy, what’s there to be unsure about? You’ve only ever looked out for us. We’ll give it a go if you want to.”

Lucianne still felt it to be wrong as she took a breath and muttered a reluctant ‘okay’. Their eyes started to glaze over, and Lucianne tried her best to enter their link. After a whole minute of failed attempts, she gave up. Everyone was a little disappointed but they couldn’t blame Lucianne for not being able to do it. She could already do more than every single one of them.

“I can’t. I couldn’t find a way in. I’m sorry.” Lucianne said guiltily.

Xandar stroked her hand as he said gently, “Maybe it’s because you can’t find it in your heart to find a way in, Lucy.” His comforting lilac eyes peered into her sad, black orbs as he explained, “You told me that you feel this ability you have is invasive and wrong. And you told me that you’ve only hacked into the pack leaders’ group link twice. Both times, you had a dire need to stop Juan, to defend those he was yelling at.”

After pecking an assuring kiss on her hand, he continued, “Maybe you have to see a need to hack into the link between Christian and Annie, sweetheart. A dire need, where you feel like you need to do this to protect or defend someone.”

Lucianne internalized her mate’s words, and she felt like a mental block was removed from her mind. When she came up with a reason she hoped would be good enough, she turned to Christian and Annie and asked, “Can we try it again?”

They smiled and nodded, their eyes glazed over again. Lucianne took another deep breath as she stared at the notepad in front of her and focused on her reason to hack. In less than ten seconds, her eyes glazed over, and the alliance started to get excited as Toby wowed in awe and Zelena squealed in delight.

Xandar smiled in pride as he watched his mate’s glazed-over eyes. ‘Unbelievably amazing’, he thought to himself.

When the Duke and Duchess’s eyes cleared, so did Lucianne’s. She narrowed her eyes and smirked in Christian’s way as she said, “No, Christian. I cannot hack computers with my mind like how I’m trying to hack mind-links.”

The Duke laughed in response, as did some of the others. When the laughter died down, Lucianne asked more seriously, “Did either of you feel me when I entered?”

Christian’s smile faltered a little when he said, “Unfortunately, we could, my Queen. Not that we knew it’s you per se but we knew that there was someone in our link with us. The feeling is similar to being watched. You came in when I was talking about the wine, did you, my Queen?”

Lucianne's eyebrows raised in surprise as she said, "No, I entered before that, when you and Annie were talking about how much to tip the delivery guy who's coming in ten minutes with the surprise birthday cake that we agreed to split. And I'm good with sixty dollars. The guy is working on a holiday after all."

To say that the Duke was shocked would be an understatement. Xandar was the first to scoff and laugh at his cousin's widened eyes and gawked mouth.

Christian looked at Lucianne in annoyance and complained, "Seriously, my Queen? Couldn't you at least

use a codeword for 'surprise birthday cake'? The term was self-explanatory. It was meant to be a surprise!"

All the wolves were already chuckling at the Duke's reaction. He was more annoyed with the spoiled surprise than he was impressed with her ability to hack mind-links without being detected in the early stages of his link with Annie.

Lucianne tried to press back a smile as she said, "Well, I really thought you didn't mind me being privy to that information since you and Annie kind of invited me in."

"That's because we didn't feel you there at that time!" Christian defended, which even made Annie laugh with the others. Lucianne couldn't help it anymore, and she burst out laughing with everyone else with the Duke's demeanor that only showed upset betrayal.

Christian's sights moved to his cousin, and he said in annoyance, "Cuz, you've gotta admit, this is getting out of hand. It was supposed to be a surprise!"

Xandar laughed a little more before he pecked a kiss on Lucianne's temple and looked deeply into her eyes as he declared, "I love you."

Lucianne blushed as she uttered in a shy voice, "I know. I love you, too."

Christian threw his hands in the air and muttered in mock irritation, "And this love is going to be the death of all birthday surprises."

After another stream of laughter followed, they concluded that Lucianne could hack into links for a little while before being detected. The next question was: how long could she eavesdrop on a link before raising suspicions? To test this, they put Toby's plan into action.

Basically, they would watch Lucianne as she tried to hack into the link. The moment her eyes glaze over, Toby will start the timer on his phone and only stop when either Christian or Annie tap on the table to indicate that they feel an external presence in their link.

In the first round with Christian and Annie, Lucianne lasted thirty-one seconds before Annie tapped on the table when she felt Lucianne's presence. In the second one with Zeke and Zelena, Lucianne lasted thirty-five seconds. In the third one with Zeke and Raden, she lasted thirty-seven seconds.

But in the fourth one between Zelena and Raden, she lasted only nine seconds before she left the link, and her hands supported her head with her elbows anchored on the table.

"Baby, are you okay?" Xandar asked in worry as he moved closer to her and started stroking her shoulders.

"Mm-mm." She moaned in fatigue.

“She’s exhausted. That’s the downside of the gift.” Juan said in dismay as he strode to his sister’s side.

Xandar rubbed comforting circles on her shoulders as he watched her helplessly. Only after three minutes was Lucianne able to open her eyes. Her head still felt heavy when she looked at Toby and asked, “Round four was the worst, wasn’t it?”

Xandar sighed in relief when he heard her voice again. Toby then said, “Cut yourself some slack, Lucy. You were just worn out.

“How are you feeling, sweetheart?” Xandar asked.

“A little nauseous and...dizzy.” Lucianne muttered.

Xandar gave her his glass of water, and he helped her hold it as she took a few sips but she didn’t feel any better.

Christian’s phone beeped, and he uttered softly, “I’m going to go get the cake.”

After he left the room, Lucianne had to close her eyes again because the dizziness seemed to be worsening. Very carefully, Xandar lifted her off her chair and placed her on his lap, holding her body close to his chest like how he held her on his jet. As Lucianne felt his warmth and took in his scent, her dizziness subsided and the feelings of nausea dissipated. The mate-bond helped her recover from her fatigue quicker than if she did it on her own.

Her eyelids lifted slowly and she was immediately met with her mate’s worried lilac orbs. Lucianne smiled as she reached for his cheek and uttered, “Thank you.”

“Are you feeling a little better, baby?” Xandar asked.

Lucianne nodded and explained, “The mate-bond helped me recover faster.”

Xandar, Juan and everyone else felt their tension eased when they heard that. Christian came in just in time to witness Lucianne trying to get up, and the Duke said, “Thank Goddess you’re okay, my Queen, or this would’ve been a sad surprise-spoiled birthday party. At least now it’s just surprise-spoiled.”

With her regained strength, Lucianne argued, “No, it isn’t. There’s still mmph...” Juan’s hand came quickly to cover his sister’s mouth before anything else came out of it. It was then Xandar noticed that more than half of the alliance members had disappeared, maybe about the time Christian left the room when Xandar was focusing on Lucianne in his arms. Even Annie wasn’t there. 1

When the wolves and the Duchess re-entered his office with large containers of fragrant food, Xandar gaped in surprise. The wolves who stayed back in the office went forward to help them. It was clear that the alliance planned a surprise potluck lunch for Xandar’s birthday.

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The King was touched. His late parents would throw an unnecessary birthday party where he had to mingle with people he didn’t even want to meet, let alone speak to. And when he reached a marital age, his mother had the annoying habit of introducing him to every eligible and ‘acceptable’ bachelorette at these parties.

When his parents both passed, Xandar immediately did away with the parties, and celebrated it with Christian and Annie instead. Although it

was a much smaller celebration compared to what his parents did for him, he preferred spending the day with the people he loved and was close to as opposed to guests he had to constantly watch his tongue, attitude and temper around.

Lucianne wanted to help the wolves set up the food but everyone just pushed her away, asking her to ‘sit and wait while the rest of them did it. Frustrated, Lucianne muttered, “Stupid large-sized werewolves.”.

Literally no one took that as an offence because largeness in body size is actually a compliment for a wolf and a Lycan. They simply smiled and chuckled like Lucianne wasn’t fuming right next to them. Juan pressed back a smile at her remark and her reaction. Unless it was combat or sneaking around, his sister’s size had always been a disadvantage. Always.

While Toby was arranging the paper plates, cups and plastic cutlery, he decided to entertain his friend so he said, “We could do worse, Lucy. We could ask your mate to carry you and put you in your seat right there instead of letting you stand around us here.”

“Do NOT give him any ideas, Toby!” Lucianne’s eyes burned into his.

Xandar was helping out Luna Lovelace with the punch and soft drinks on the side when he heard that. With a glint in his eye, he muttered, “And that’s my cue.” Before Lucianne had the chance to argue, he scooped her up and placed her into her seat, pushing the chair deep in to make it more difficult for her to get out.

“I’ll get you the food, sweetheart.”

“Xandar, I can walk. I’m fine! I’m not a baby!” Lucianne whined.

He pecked a kiss on her temple and uttered, “Don’t say that, my love. Everyone knows you’re my baby.” Seeing that she went speechless and was starting to blush, Xandar smiled wider and pecked another kiss on her cheek before he whispered, “Just let me, Lucy. Okay? I won’t take long. I’ll be right back.”

After the food and chat, everyone cleaned up (they let Lucianne help this time), and the birthday cake and song followed. Xandar popped open the bottle of wine Christian brought, and poured it into everyone’s glasses.

With a hand around his mate’s waist, Xandar raised his glass to make a birthday toast that everyone was demanding from him. “I was never big on birthdays, and I’ve always found it uncomfortable despite my late parents’ best intentions. I’ve never looked forward to this day because it’d be a night where I had to be around guests who were unfamiliar, superficial and downright boring.” This sent a round of laughter, especially from Christian, who remembered their mutual hate for the parties. 1

“I’ve done away with those shallow events long ago, and I was fortunate enough to have my best friend and his mate accompany me on this day for the past eighteen years.” He nodded gratefully in Christian and Annie’s way, who nodded with wide grins and glistening eyes in response.

He then continued, “But this year has been extraordinary. I got the best gift exactly fourteen days ago,

thanks to our Goddess.” Lucianne was already blushing and averting everyone’s eyes as Xandar continued, “Never have I had someone try to shut me out even before an introduction, so imagine what I felt when the first person who did it was my bonded mate.” Another found of laughter ensued, and Toby almost choked from his loud chuckles.

“Fortunately for this beast, she gave me a chance, and for that I am eternally grateful.” When their eyes met, Lucianne’s black orbs were already watering. He pecked a sweet kiss on her forehead before he faced the alliance, “And along with her came the fiercest, strongest and noblest leaders and warriors, whom I only wished I met sooner. I would’ve invited you all to those birthday parties Christian and I wanted to skip so badly. Some of you may have been just teenagers but I gather we would have had a better conversation than the ones I had to hold on those nights. At least in your presence, Christian and I might have actually had a good time...or we could all complain in misery throughout the entire night about the other Lycans.”

Next to him, Juan, who was laughing, even patted him on the shoulder at that remark. Xandar then said, more seriously, “In your own ways, you’ve all taught me so much about combat, rogues, and even leadership. A leader should always fight with its people, defending them at all costs. Having met all of you, and being bonded to this over-responsible mate of mine, I’m determined to join you in any battles to come.”

“I’ve never said this but I do look up to each and every one of you, and I hope to have your guidance even after this collaboration. After the corruption scandal among four of our ministers and an ethical problem of one, if not more, the government needs help. I need help. Annie and Lucy are great additions but I’m afraid we need more hands on deck. Capable hands, those which we can trust to lead with the best interest of the people at heart.”

Lucianne, Christian and Annie were already waiting to see the wolves reaction with what Xandar was about to say next. With a gracious smile, the King announced, “It would be an honour, if those of you named would help us on a temporary basis, and it’d be even better if we can turn that help into a permanent one, with Gamma Tobias as our Defence

Minister; Luna Lovelace as Finance Minister; Alpha Tate as Deputy Finance Minister; and Luna Hale as Minister of Health and Welfare.”

The shock looks of the werewolves in the room were absolutely precious! Lucianne held back her laughter as she got out her phone to take a photo of their stunned expressions before starting to chuckle hard. She then muttered to herself with a wide grin, “This is going to make one great pack-to-pack Christmas card.”

Toby was the first to recover when he said, “As the new Defence Minister, my Queen, I must ask that you delete that photo for national security reasons.” 1

“Hah! Never!” Lucianne exclaimed.

As his excited mate forwarded the picture to the alliance members and a few friends back in Blue Crescent, Xandar thrust a hand in the Gamma’s way as he nodded gratefully, “Thank you, Toby.”

Luna Lovelace had a teasing smirk when she shook the King’s hand next and uttered, “About damn time, my King. Thank you. On behalf of my people, I thank you.”

Luna Hale was so touched that her eyes glistened when she shook Xandar’s hand, “You have no idea what this means to us, your Highness. Thank you, from the very bottom of our hearts.”

All eyes were on Tate now, who seemed hesitant. He glanced at Lucianne, who was still busy on her phone, before the Alpha locked eyes with Xandar and asked doubtfully, “Are you sure, your Highness?”

Everyone knew what he meant, except for Lucianne, whose head snapped up from her phone in

bewilderment when she heard what he said. Tate avoided looking at her as he waited for the King to respond

Xandar's thumb was stroking Lucianne's waist as he said, "If you wanted to do something, you would have done it by now." He then thrust out his free hand in Tate's way and said with a smile, "I trust you."

Tate was surprised to hear that Xandar knew he wouldn't do anything to jeopardize the King's relationship with Lucianne. Tate knew that Lucianne was happy with Xandar, and he already promised Juan that he wouldn't do something to tear them apart. With a grateful smile, Tate shook Xandar's hand and said, "Thank you for the appointment, your Highness."

"I think it's only fitting for me to be thanking all of you for accepting my offer on such a short notice. And it's just 'Xandar' from now on." He said as he looked at each and every alliance member before adding, "If we could also do away with the bowing when we're not around the other ministers, that'd be better."

Zelena placed the back of her hand over her forehead, and leaned into Zeke in a dramatic pose as she said, "Ah, I feel like a royal."

Zeke was getting embarrassed with everyone laughing so he said, "Zel, seriously. Stand straight, will ya?"

After the laughter died down, Xandar raised his glass and made a toast, "Here's to a better future, where our species rule as one."

"As one." Everyone chimed with enthusiasm and drank from their glasses.

When that small party was over, everyone got back to work. The theory they have was that Jake and Greg could've been business partners, and

Greg surrendering evidence to Lucianne could be the result of a falling out between the Duke and the former Alpha. That was their best guess at the moment.

They kept an open mind for a third player in the game they might not know about yet but seeing that none of the clues and evidence they have could point them to this anonymous person, if there was one at all, they decided to move on to the next thing on the agenda: locating the corporation.

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Toby was deep in thought before he suddenly looked up at Xandar and asked, "Do you have a super large map, my K-. Scratch that. Xandar. Xandar, do you have a huge map with no sentimental value that we can scribble on?"

Xandar rose from his seat and headed for his office storage room while uttering, "I'm not sure. Let me have a look."

Christian got up as well and headed for the door while saying, "I'll check your basement, cuz." Upon hearing that, Tate, Zeke and Zelena followed the Duke to help him look.

Xandar found one rolled up but it was very faded. Christian and the others came back with three. His cousin then helped Toby pin the best map on the flip side of the whiteboard.

When the map was up, Lucianne caught up to where her best friend was going with things. Toby saw the knowing glint in her eye, and tossed her a marker with a smile and said, "Give me a hand, Lucy. This will be

done faster. Hey, Raden! Heads-up!” Toby then threw another marker in Raden’s way, and the latter caught it with ease before getting up from his seat to join his friends at the board.

Toby then explained to everyone else, “Basically, what we’re going to do is cross out all the locations that the rogue Lycan gave the police. Since the task force found nothing but demolished sites, it is likely that the rogues would not return to those locations, at least not in the near future. Then, we’ll analyse the remaining locations on the map. Having to keep such a large corporation alive, it would be somewhere with water supply for survival, good reception for communication but discreet enough to keep themselves off the radar.”

“Damn, they’re good.” Christian muttered in awe.

The three Gammas divided the map into three parts. One of their hands held the 70-page report, and the other held a marker. One by one, they crossed out the locations given by the rogue. After that, they stood aside and everyone studied the unmarked spaces.

“Time to narrow it down.” Raden muttered.

Lucianne began, “This one has no rivers or any nearby water supply. It’s out.” She marked a cross over the location.

And that was how it went for the next few minutes. Everyone gave a reason for why they think a particular spot on the map would not be strategic to set up the rogue’s headquarters. With more crosses on the map, their line of vision converged easily on the portions which were still spared from the markers. What they found was that those probable locations were not very far from numerous wolf packs.

Tate spoke, “We should ask the Alphas and Lunas of those packs to send trackers to scout those sites.” He then started memorizing the cleared sites on the map.

Christian offered an alternative, “Or we could share this with Dalloway and get his people on it.” 1

“That may not be wise, your Grace.” Toby said, and proceeded to explain what many wolves already understood, “Lycans are very...noticeable, both in scent and presence. If you send the task force there, it may alert the rogues. It’s worse because we now know that they have hackers, meaning that security communications in the police force can very well be compromised. Your very own instructions to them may be accessible by the rogues themselves. It’d be better if the wolves scouted these sites since requests and instructions are sent through mind-links, and I doubt they have someone like Lucy with them to hack into those.”

Xandar asked in concern, “Will the wolves be safe when they do it alone though?”

Juan smiled in assurance as he said, “They’ll be fine, Xandar. We’ll notify the leaders and trackers to keep a safe distance.”

Xandar still seemed unsure. Lucianne went to his side to caress his right shoulder as she pecked a kiss on his cheek before she said, “It’ll be okay, darling. Our trackers are trained to be stealthy. They’ll be fine. Let them do it.”

Xandar managed a small smile before pecking a kiss on her nose and saying, “As you wish, my Queen.”

He turned back to the leaders and asked, “I gather that I cannot tell Dalloway about this?”

Tate clarified, “Well, that’s not exactly what we’re saying, your H-Xandar. Just try to tell him without calling or emailing him. Telling him face-to-face would be the ideal option but maybe don’t do it in the police station. We don’t know if that place has been bugged.”

“Oh, Goddess.” Christian muttered in dismay as his fingers pressed the bridge of his nose.

Xandar nodded, and held Lucianne close to his body, using their mate-bond to ease his tension as he said, “Understood.”

Lucianne’s hands were still massaging Xandar’s shoulder as her eyes studied the map on the board. Suddenly, something caught her attention. “They have a tendency to set up on islands, don’t they?”

Everyone started leaning closer to the map with furrowed brows, looking at the crossed-off locations as opposed to the ones which were unmarked. Although many crosses were made on mainlands across continents, many more were made on islands.

When Xandar pulled Lucianne down to sit on his lap and secured an arm around her abdomen to hold her there, he muttered, “It appears so.”

Lovelace then said, “Toby. Raden. Circle the remaining islands please.”

After they did so, Zelena cocked her head to one side and said, “Well, that’s workable. Our allies should be able to report within the next two or three days.”

Only ten islands were left so everyone could see that it wasn't long before they eliminated the likelihood of the rogue corporation being located on an island.

Xandar then asked, "Are the wolves able to scout those sites without getting caught?"

Lucianne shrugged and said, "Of course."

"How?" Xandar asked, his grip around her tightening because he was not entirely convinced by what he was hearing. There was a large part of him that was worried about the trackers who were going to investigate on their own.

Lucianne explained simply, "Well, assuming that the corporation requires a regular supply of weapons, poisons, medical equipment and basic necessities, there will be people who will enter and leave the island."

Toby built on her explanation, "The wolves from nearby packs will keep a distance and watch if anyone makes trips to and from the island. We have enough allies around these places to have them watch both land and air."

"Please get them to be careful." Annie said, matching Xandar's and Christian's worried expressions.

Toby smiled and spoke in a casual tone, "Relax, your Grace. It's not the first time our species is doing spy work. It's like Lucy said, the wolves we're sending are trained to sneak around without getting caught. They'll be fine."

When that was settled, there was nothing more they could do. After Juan, Tate, Zeke and Lovelace linked a few allies, requesting them to scout the

islands they just narrowed down, Lucianne insisted on practicing her hacking abilities again, much to Xandar's dismay.

They worked differently this time. Juan and Xandar got Lucianne to agree that she would take a break between each hack. Lucianne admitted that she felt a little drained after each try, so Toby was to time how long she needed to fully recover before executing the next hack.

After a few tries, it was found that she needed a fifteen-minute break between hacks to avoid experiencing any adverse side-effects. At her best, she could last anywhere between a minute to a minute and a half before being caught. Many of them suggested that she may be able to last longer if she kept practising. But there came a point when Xandar said that she should stop for the day.

As everyone was chatting about Sasha's escape, Greg's disappearance and Livia's connection to the two, Lucianne, without anyone's knowledge, tried to subtly hack into Jake's link. Her efforts proved to be futile in her first two attempts but when she tried a third time, she instinctively held her breath as she listened to what was being said.

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 155

### Chapter 155

Jake was linking someone, When will it arrive ?'

meo

'In a week or so.' A woman's voice linked in response.

'And if I need it earlier ? What's the price ?'

That's not possible. You know how long it takes to synthesize Oleander.'

'Can't you speed up the process?!'

We could. But the quality would be sub-par. Would you accept a product of inferior quality?'

Jake groaned. 'Fine. And the other one? The shell?'

The ingredients for that are harder to collect. It will take more time. We need a month, at least. You've run out of that already?'

'No. But supply is running low.'

What did you do? Ingest it just for fun?'

Lucianne was brought out of the link by Xandar shaking her shoulders and calling out her name. The room was silent. Xandar's eyes were partially onyx, worried and angered, as he asked in a low voice, "What were you doing, Lucy?" 1

Lucianne swallowed a lump in her throat, and said in a small voice, "I may have...hacked into Jake's link with his supplier."

"COOL!" Christian exclaimed.

Xandar glanced briefly at his cousin and said, "Christian, don't encourage this." He turned back to his mate and spoke as gently as he could, "Sweetheart, we agreed that we were done for the day."

With her doe-eyes, she justified meekly, "It was kind of tempting to do. I couldn't help myself."

Xandar sighed in frustration before pecking a kiss between her eyebrows and saying, “Promise me, Lucy. Promise me you won’t do that again for the rest of today.”

“But why? I can help!” Lucianne said.

Xandar’s thumb traced her slightly pale cheeks and chapped lips. Even with her breaks between hacking, it was conspicuous that it was taking a toll on her energy.

The King thought hard about what to tell his stubborn Queen before he uttered, “You should rest because you can hack longer after you’ve given yourself a longer break.” He knew that asking her to rest for her own sake would never convince her to listen, so he gave this reason instead.

Lucianne blinked and muttered, “Huh. That’s actually true.”

Xandar and his animal were internally relieved that Lucianne didn’t argue. “Promise me, sweetheart. No more for today, okay?”

“Okay.” Lucianne responded in an affectionate whisper before pecking a kiss on his nose.

She then told everyone about what she learned. Although no location was mentioned for them to pinpoint where Jake or his supplier was at the moment, whatever she gathered from eavesdropping was enough to

worry everyone present

“So, they call the King’s Authority shield a ‘shell’.” Raden thought aloud.

Lucianne immediately clarified. That’s just what I think, Ray. They didn’t say it was the shield from the Authority so

“We doubt it’s anything else, Lucy.” Tate cut her off like he always did whenever she doubted her good guesses.

Juan muttered, “Jake asked his supplier to speed up, meaning the next attack is just around the corner.” He looked at his Gamma and asked, “A week or so for the Oleander, was it?” Lucianne nodded in confirmation

She then added, “Also, Juan, we shouldn’t think that they have zero amount of Oleander left in their hideout. It’s more likely that whatever they have left is not enough to execute whatever their client has asked them to do. As for the shell. I don’t know if whatever they have will be enough for them to survive another battle.”

Then our next step is simple.” Zeke said, and everyone turned their attention to him. As he held onto his Luna’s hand, he declared with a ferocious glint in his eye, “We need to find them and destroy them before next week, before they get the Oleander and the shell.”

There were firm nods of agreement around the room, and everyone stared at the map on the board one more time before calling it a day.

###

After seeing them off, Xandar kissed Lucianne’s hands before he asked with starry eyes, “Let me show you something.”

When she smiled and nodded gently, he led her to the part of the house where the contractor had just completed the renovation the evening before. When they were in the hallway leading to the room, Xandar covered her eyes with one hand and guided her by her waist with his other hand. When they reached the door, he dropped his hand and Lucianne’s closed eyes fluttered open.

Her eyes widened and her mouth hung open in shock when she read the sign next to the closed door that said ‘Lucianne’s Reading Wonderland’ with a painted border of freesias. As Xandar held her small hand, he twisted open the door knob and gently pushed the door open to reveal a large space.

Lucianne gasped as she looked around the double-storey room with golden oak walls and a floor-to ceiling window right in the middle, with three-layered curtains pushed to the sides. The grey sofas formed a circle in the middle, and the colored cushions made the sitting area comforting and welcoming. Around the sofas were empty bookshelves made of acacia wood.

On both the far left and right ends, there were spiral staircases leading to even more empty bookshelves resembling those below. The wall and floor lamps gave the place a soft feeling, but most of the work of lighting up the large room was actually done by the flush lights mounted directly against the ceiling in half-spheres.

“What do you think, baby?” Xandar asked. He actually looked nervous.

Lucianne opened her mouth and was groping for the right words. The only thing that came out was, “How? When?”

Xandar took her hands and said, “About a week ago. I got someone to fix this up. Is it okay?”

“Okay?! Are you insane, Xandar?! Look at this place! I never thought a reading wonderland could look this amazing!” Lucianne’s eyes started scanning the room again in excitement.

Xandar sighed with relief, and pecked a kiss on her temple before he uttered, “I’m glad you like it, Lucy.”

She kissed him on his cheek and said, “Thank you, Xandar. You really didn’t have to...”

He silenced her with a kiss before whispering a reminder, “Know this, my love: if it makes you happy, I’ll do it.”

With glistening eyes, she smiled and uttered, “Thank you.”

As they walked around the room to look at the space in more detail, Xandar mentioned that the work started when he moved into her hotel room.

Lucianne’s cheeky switch turned on. “Ah, so you just needed a place to stay to be rid of all the noise and dust from the renovation. And to think you wanted to share a room together because I was something special to you. Gosh, this is quite embarrassing, your Highness.”

Xandar smiled broadly as he continued their act from the refreshments table in the earlier stages of their relationship. “Mmm...” he pulled her waist closer to himself as he said, “Looks like I’ve misled you.”

“That, you did.”

After tucking her hair behind her ear and stroking her cheek, he leaned in and whispered into her ear, “Maybe you should consider punishing me, my love. What will you have me do?”

Like the last two times they did this, his arousal started filling the room, and he took a deep breath from Lucianne’s neck, where she had already tilted her head to one side to offer him more access. His hands moved from her waist to her bum, and she emitted the cute moan. At her neck, Xandar smirked as he asked, “What’s wrong, my dear? Still embarrassed?”

With reasonable difficulty, Lucianne tried to stay focused as she said in a much softer voice, "Embarrassed? Oh, please, your Highness. I was just thinking about your punishment."

Xandar's lips grazed her collarbone as he asked, "Mm...is that so?" He then planted a slow, deep kiss on her neck, making her moan the sexy way before he added, "And what have you decided, my Queen?"

Her arousal was rivaling his. And when Xandar felt his mate's lips at his ear, she whispered, "Make me scream, my King."

His Lycan howled in his head, and Xandar lifted up her small body with ease before dashing to his bedroom that was just on the opposite side of the hallway. After kicking the door shut, he placed her on the middle of his large bed, where they continued rounds five and six, moaning and screaming much louder than they did at the hotel in the morning since they were the only two in the house, and the bedroom walls were soundproof.

When they were done, Lucianne lay naked on Xandar's hard chest as he ran his fingers through her hair and stroked her bare arm, pecking kisses on her forehead every once in a while. "Thank you, Moon Goddess", he thought in gratitude.

**Buzz**

Xandar's phone vibrated, so he reluctantly stopped stroking his mate's smooth arm and reached for his device on the nightstand. It was a message from Dalloway. The tech company confirmed that the evidence Greg sent to Lucianne had not been tampered with, thus the information was reliable evidence

o prove the ministers' guilt.

Lucianne noticed that her mate had stopped playing with her hair, and his arm went protectively around her body so she asked, “Darling, what is it?”

His blissful lilac eyes met her shiny black orbs, and he said, “Looks like we’re skipping training and the rest of the events tomorrow, sweetheart. The evidence against Cummings and the others have been authenticated. The trial is scheduled to start tomorrow. They’ll start with witness testimonies so it would be nice to see how those four parasites are going to argue their way out of the charges against them.” “Oh. That’s good news.” She said and lay back down on his chest as he stroked her bare back.

After a moment, Xandar pecked a kiss on her forehead before he said, “We should head back, baby. It’s getting late.”

“Already?” Lucianne asked sadly.

Xandar then hinted in his alluring voice, “Unless you have something else in mind?” His hand trailed the side of her body, teasing her breast when his fingers grazed the area before moving further down to squeeze her butt.

She moaned and whimpered, and it didn’t help that Xandar’s erection was teasing her bum. He then asked with a cocky smirk, “Is there anything in particular that you want, my love?”

Breathlessly, she muttered, “You.”

“As you wish, my Queen.” As soon as he said that, he flipped them over and started round seven for the day. Only after that did they head back to the hotel, soaking in the bathtub together while waiting for their dinner from room service. 1

The next morning, they dressed up and met Christian and Annie in the High Court trying the corruption case against the four ministers.

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 156

### Chapter 156

Before the High Court building, journalists and reporters from every news corporation gathered at the court entrance with their cameras and recorders in hand.

A woman in a blue and black pantsuit, along with a pale blue beret tested the microphone pinned to her black coat before she looked into her colleague's cameras. At the end of their countdown signal, she smiled and began speaking, "Good morning from all of us at the Latest News Network. I am Tasha Louise, here to report on the corruption charges against four long-serving ministers of the Kingdom. This concerns the Minister of Defense, Alfred Cummings; the Deputy Minister of Defense, Pierre Whitlaw; the Minister of Finance, Marie Martin; and the Deputy Minister of Finance, Patrick Dupont."

"Last Tuesday, exactly six days ago, the police arrested the ministers for alleged corruption. The hearing held just two days ago confirmed that a trial was necessary to determine whether the ministers are guilty of the crimes alleged. Their lawyers have previously argued that certain evidence relied upon by the prosecution was unreliable. Today, we shall see if that proves to be true."

The trial will start with the prosecution opening its case, and will move on to the presentation of evidence in efforts to prove the charges against the accused. Witnesses will be summoned, and they will be examined, cross-examined and re-examined in order for the esteemed Judge Cook to ascertain whether the ministers are innocent or guilty. More on that

when the court is in session. Once again, I am Tasha Louise. Thank you for joining us on the LNN.” 3

The other reporters made similar reports with their camera person before making their way to the courtroom where the case was scheduled to be tried. The journalists, reporters and camera crew mingled among themselves.

But the noisy room immediately turned into dead silence when the guards opened the doors to announce,” Their Royal Highnesses, and the Duke and Duchess.”

Everyone stood upright before lowering themselves into a bow. None of them dared take pictures without permission after what happened last time outside Dr Yeil’s medical centre. They didn’t want to be suspended or fired for angering the royal family. After the royal family bowed in return, everyone stood, and the clicking of shoes was the only sound in the courtroom as the four of them made their way to the front row.

Every representative from news corporations started taking their seats as well. Judge Cook entered, and everyone stood, including the royals, before they sat back down upon the judge’s affirmative nod. The judge peered through his thick, round glasses as he called upon the prosecution to open its case.

The beginning was just a repetition of facts. Who the accused persons were, their jobs, and the charges against them. After that, the real action began when the prosecutor said, “My Lord, the prosecution calls upon the first witness, Alfred Cummings.”

“Proceed.” The judge nodded the bailiff’s way. The bailiff then brought the minister to the stand, where he took an oath to speak the truth, only the truth, and nothing but the truth. Those who were used to seeing

Cummings noticed that he had lost considerable weight, and the bags under his eyes showed how exhausted he was.

Cummings's eyes somehow found their way to Lucianne, and he scowled without thinking. Xandar's arm went protectively around his mate's shoulder as he threw Cummings a death glare, compelling him to look the other way.

The prosecutor then began her line of questioning, "Mr Cummings, in your significantly long tenure as the Kingdom's Minister of Defence, have you ever had an issue with money?"

Cummings looked at her with hateful eyes as he spat, "Since you know that my tenure is long, you should know that I have enough to live a reasonably good life."

"Reasonably good', Mr Cummings? Let's see." She lifted up a sheet of paper and said, "In the course of your lifetime, you've managed to own seven apartments, five mansions, two limousines, five sports cars, twenty holiday homes and an art collection that was worth two million dollars when you acquired them, and is now worth five million."

Despite the surprising gasps in the room, Cummings merely responded, "Perks of serving the people."

"How do you serve the people?"

"I am the Minister of Defense, as you've told me so yourself."

"We've calculated your salary, Mr Cummings, and I can tell you that, even if you had spent every penny acquiring those properties, you'd still have to take a loan in the millions to own what you have. We've checked with your bankers. You have no outstanding loans."

The prosecutor then lifted up a sheet of paper and showed it to him before she said, “This is how you’ve been keeping your reasonably good life’, isn’t it, Mr Cummings? You’ve been siphoning money from the government.”

The journalists and reporters gasped in shock and murmurs soon filled the room. Judge Cook yelled, “Silence!”

The prosecutor proceeded, “Mr Cummings, have you or have you not been making illegal transactions of money from the government.”

“No.”

“Then, how do you explain this?”

“I was forced to do it.”

“By whom?”

“The Duke, Greg Claw.”

“According to the audits before your eyes, it says you’ve transferred a percentage to the company, Wu Bi Corporation. So, in effect, you were not transferring money to Greg Claw. Why would he coerce you when he has nothing to gain?”

Cummings snorted darkly and said, “According to this, Greg Claw received commissions from Wu Bi Corp, and you’re saying he has nothing to gain from forcing me to take the funds?”

“The Duke’s commission amounts to less than fifteen percent of what you have taken from the government, Mr Cummings. It doesn’t make sense for the Duke to coerce you to take more and for him to take less, significantly less.”

Cummings was controlling his anger as he spat, “How do you know he’s not running Wu Bi Corporation?”

“I don’t. Do you have any evidence saying that the Duke is the owner, Mr Cummings?”

Cummings averted his eyes, until Judge Cook prompted him to answer, so he muttered in dissatisfaction, “No. But he did coerce me to do what I did.”

“So, what you’re saying is the Duke forced you to siphon money from the government, and in doing so, he forced you to live your ‘reasonably good life’?”

Christian was pressing back a smile but Xandar was still enraged. Lucianne had to constantly stroke his hand to make sure he didn’t explode.

After a moment of silence, the judge prompted, “Answer the question, Mr Cummings.”

“The Duke forced me to take the money, and I was paid a small portion to shut up.”

“A small portion that ‘forced’ you to buy up quite a lot of valuables, I can see. Did the Duke force you to acquire the apartments, holiday homes, cars and art collection?”

The defence lawyer, Mr Clark, shot up from his seat and shouted, “Objection, my Lord! Irrelevance!”

The prosecutor calmly explained to the judge, “My Lord, my line of questioning is necessary to determine whether the coercion that Mr Cummings purports to be made by the Duke has reached the legal

standards required by the law. How would we know if the accused was coerced beyond his free will to channel funds illegally unless we assessed the full circumstances surrounding the purported coercion?"

Mr Clark argued, "That question goes beyond the circumstances. It is irrelevant to the charges. My client should not have to answer it."

Judge Cook waved his hand at the defence counsel and uttered, "The corruption concerns money alleged to be obtained illegally from the government. This money could have been used by the recipient in any way he deems fit. Any properties, real or personal, which may be acquired by monetary means must be assessed for they fall well within the ambit of the circumstances. Objection dismissed, Mr Clark. Mr Cummings is obliged to answer the question."

Cummings gritted his teeth, and threw a sharp glare at his useless lawyer for failing to object to such a simple question.

The prosecutor proceeded, "Mr Cummings, I shall repeat my question, Did the Duke, Greg Claw, coerce you to acquire the properties I've listed, which you did not deny owning at the beginning of my questioning?"

When silence ensued, the prosecutor went on to say, "Let me remind you, Mr Cummings, lying in the court of law amounts to an offence of perjury."

In a low voice, Cummings muttered, "The properties were not acquired with my money."

"Then, how did these properties end up being in your name?" She pressed mercilessly.

"It was a series of gifts from the good earnings of my son."

“Your son, Sebastian Cummings?”

“Yes.”

“And the money you were purportedly forced to take, where is it now?”

“I transferred it to the Head of the National Audit Department, Helena Tanner.”

“Your audits show a different transaction, Mr Cummings. What we have here shows that government funds had been transferred to twenty different bank accounts before being transferred to five accounts, one of it being yours. Our data has been authenticated so what explanation do you have for this?”

“The people you are looking for are Greg Claw and Helena Tanner, and whoever is running Wu Bi Corporation. I am not part of this.”

Xandar had to press Lucianne closer to his body and breathe in and out through her hair when he heard that, just to stop his animal from surfacing.

“Mr Cummings, let’s do this simply. Do you admit that government funds have been channeled into your personal bank account?”

“Yes, because I was fo—”

“And do yo-”

“Objection, my Lord! My client had not completed his answer to the prosecution’s question.”

Judge Cook held, “Sustained. Mr Cummings, you may proceed with your answer.”

“I was forced to take the money because the Duke threatened to harm my family if I didn’t comply with his wishes. It felt wrong to siphon money that way, so I had it transferred to Helena Tanner, asking her to find a way to return it to the government.”

“Do you also admit that you had knowledge of this transfer?”

“Yes, but as I—”

“And, do you admit?”

“Objection!”

“Sustained.”

Cummings smirked cockily at the prosecutor and said, “I had knowledge but as I said, I had no choice.”

“You argue that the data I have in my hands are inauthentic?”

“Yes, very much so.”

“You claim that your son funded the acquisition of your assets?”

“Yes.”

“Very well.” With a glint in her eye, the prosecutor faced the judge and said, “My Lord, in light of this, the prosecution urges the court to subpoena Sebastian Cummings.”

The judge nodded and uttered, “Granted.”

Cummings seemed happy about it but his lawyer didn't share this elation. Lucianne noticed this, and wondered if the lawyer felt that Cummings was taking a bad risk.

Judge Cook ordered a recess to secure Sebastian's attendance, and as soon as he left, Xandar noticed Chief Dalloway on the other side of the courtroom. He thought this would be a good opportunity to tell him about the wolves scouting the islands to locate Wu Bi Corp.

Before Xandar got up from his seat, Lucianne pecked a kiss on his cheek as she whispered, "Washroom." And she got up.

Lucianne only took one step before Xandar stood and spun her around by her waist to face him, kissing her deeply between her eyebrows before his gaze penetrated into her eyes as he muttered, "I'll wait for you in the front row. Don't take too long."

Lucianne had a shy smile as she averted her eyes and shook her head, recalling the first time he said those words to her, which was the second day of their meeting. Xandar's thumb traced her blushed

cheeks, prompting an answer. She chuckled lightly before repeating the same response she gave him the last time, "Okay."

Xandar approached Dalloway after Lucianne had left the room, and ushered him to a quiet corner for them to speak discreetly between themselves. After Lucianne exited the stall and checked her appearance in the mirror, she left the washroom and was walking back to the courtroom when she heard someone calling out, "PWETTY LUCY!"

**The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 157**

**Chapter 157**

Lucianne turned and found a little Evie in a light green dress running towards her with opened arms. Lucianne didn't have to think before bending down to scoop the little girl up.

"Hello, Evie. Where's your mommy?" Lucianne asked with a smile.

Evie looked behind her and pointed, and Lucianne saw a frantic mother running in her way. Lucianne then looked at Evie and asked, "Evie, did you tell your mommy where you were running to?"

"Mommy knows." Evie said with no worries or remorse.

Lucianne pecked a light kiss on the little girl's forehead before she said, "Evie, next time, drag mommy along, okay? You don't want to worry her, and you don't want to be taken by bad guys, do you?"

"Bad guys?" Evie's eyes grew wide with horror.

Lucianne's soft but serious gaze peered into the little girl's lilac orbs as she whispered, "Your mommy and Lucy can protect you from bad guys, Evie. So, you need to have one of us with you when you're running next time, okay?"

"Mm-kay." Evie muttered as her little arms opened up to ask for a hug. When Lucianne held the girl close to her chest with Evie's small arms circling her neck, her mother came panting, "I am so sorry, your Highness. Sh—"

Lucianne spoke in her normal voice then, "Ma'am, this really isn't an issue. Evie is a sweet girl."

"She ran, and I couldn't stop her." The mother was still guilty.

Lucianne pulled Evie gently out from her embrace before looking at the girl with a smile and said, “Who knows? This one might be an accomplished artist and an athlete.”

The mother was shocked at the compliment. She took a moment to compose herself before a smile graced her features as she said, “That’s very kind of you to say, my Queen. Thank you.”

After putting Evie down, her mother explained that she was in court to pay off a parking ticket. After waving goodbye to a sad Evie, Lucianne watched the mother-daughter pair leave.

The future Queen was oblivious to the amount of attention she garnered with the way she interacted with Evie. The scene eased the tension of every lawyer and client who watched the exchange. There was something about Lucianne that could turn one’s mood around.

“Wow, I never knew you were this good with kids.”

Lucianne’s body stiffened at the familiar voice. How did he get here so soon? Wasn’t he just subpoenaed?

She composed herself, and turned to face Sebastian with a forced smile as she greeted him, “Mr Cummings, I can see the subpoena was executed quicker than one can expect.”

Her change of tone and demeanor got the people around her alert and defensive as well. Who was this man? Why was the Queen so cold to him?

Sebastian adjusted his light blue tie nervously before he explained, “Dad mentioned they might ask me to testify, so I just stuck around here.”

“I see. Well, good luck then.” Lucianne said curtly, and was about to leave when Sebastian’s voice stopped her, “Lucy, I won’t testify against the law. I hope you know that.”

Lucianne’s eyes were stern when they bore into his as she said, “No one should testify against the law, MI Cummings. Everyone knows that.”

Sebastian had a pained smile when he responded, “Yeah, that’s true.”

Lucianne was looking for an escape route so she said, “You need to be with the bailiff for the witness briefing, and I have to return to the courtroom. We should part here, Mr Cummings.”

In a whisper, he spoke in dismay, “It’s just ‘Seb’, Lucy.”

Lucianne was getting agitated before a large hand from behind rested on her abdomen and moved to her waist. She registered the sparks and her mate’s scent, allowing her to sigh with relief.

Xandar scowled at Sebastian and asked in a homicidal tone, “What did you just call my mate?”

Sebastian’s eyes glistened when he saw Lucianne melting in relief with Xandar but was so cold and distant with him. He cleared his throat before uttering, “A mistaken slip of the tongue, my King. I apologize. I should head for the bailiff’s office now.”

Xandar wamed, “If that ‘slip of the tongue’ happens again, Cummings, your career would be the next thing you want to worry about after your father.”

Sebastian’s fists clenched to cope with the feelings of powerlessness, and he stole one more glimpse of Lucianne before turning to leave. When he

was out of sight, Lucianne stood on her toes and kissed Xandar on his chin before she whispered, “Thank you, my love.”

The King’s hard face softened in an instant when he asked in concern, “You okay, baby?”

She nodded, then added with a smirk, “Perfect timing, my King. How did you do it?”

He matched her smirk as he replied, “Well, I told my Queen to not be gone for too long, and she left me alone for what felt like hours.”

Lucianne rolled her eyes, and they walked back to the courtroom together. Judge Cook entered and the trial resumed, calling Sebastian to the stand.

The prosecutor started the examination by asking, “Mr Cummings, what do you do for a living?”

“I’m the CEO of Shop For All.”

“The online retail company?”

“Yes.”

“How much do you earn?”

“It varies between half a billion to a billion dollars a year.” Some journalists were so shocked that their note-taking paused momentarily, others almost dropped their pens.

“Have you used that money to acquire properties for your father?”

“No, never.”

“Are you sure, Mr Cummings ? Not one ? A house, a mansion, a holiday home, artwork or profitable shares o f any kind ?”

“No.” Sebastian responded without hesitation,

“And did you know about these properties that are under your father’s name ?” She placed a sheet of paper

containing the list of properties owned by Alfred Cummings in front of Sebastian.

Sebastian skimmed through it before he said, “I know about them. But I didn’t buy any of them.”

“Who bought them then ?”

“Himself, I presume. It couldn’t have been my late mother. She didn’t earn as much as him. I don’t recall hearing about her chipping in either.”

“Your sister, did she chip in ?”

“Impossible. She never had a job and doesn’t have a habit of saving up to afford anything on her own, let alone buy something like this for our father.”

“So, what you’re suggesting is that your father’s properties were acquired by himself, with his own money.”

“Yes, that would be the only plausible way.”

“Thank you, Mr Cummings.” The prosecutor was very satisfied with the smooth examination.

The judge then called upon Mr Clark to cross-examine Sebastian, so he stood, buttoned-up his blazer and began, “Mr Cummings, would you say

that you share a good relationship with your father.” Sebastian stiffened visibly at the question.

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 158

### Chapter 158

Sebastian swallowed a lump in his throat before he uttered, “Not in recent years.”

“Hm. When did your relationship with him turn sour?”

The prosecution jumped out of her seat and exclaimed, “Objection, my Lord! The question is irrelevant!”

MI Clark explained, “My Lord, the proximity of the accused's relationship with his son will explain the likelihood of him helping in the acquisition of assets.”

The prosecutor argued, “Mr Cummings had already denied aiding the accused in those acquisitions!”

Mr Clark counter-argued, “My Lord, it is clear that the accused and the present witness's testimonies are in conflict. In light of this, we must assess the credibility of their statements. The whole purpose of a cross examination is to assess the truthfulness of their assertions. The truth can only be found if we assess whether the present witness has a motive for providing the conflicting evidence.”

Judge Cook uttered, “Objection dismissed. Mr Clark may proceed with his line of questioning.”

With an arrogant smirk, Mr Clark repeated his question to Sebastian, and Sebastian answered reluctantly.” About a year ago.”

“And what is the reason for the strain in the relationship with your father?”.

“We just...stopped seeing eye to eye.”

“On what in particular? Business?”

“No, just certain...life decisions.”

Mr Clark continued smirking as he pressed on with a louder voice, which echoed through the courtroom walls, “Perhaps asking ‘what’ reason isn’t accurate. Perhaps it’s a ‘who’.”

Sebastian and Xandar knew exactly where things were going. Xandar’s arm tightened on Lucianne’s shoulder as her thumb stroked his other hand that was on his lap.

Mr Clark then asked, “Did your relationship with your father turn sour after you met the Queen-to-be, Gamma Lucianne Freesia Paw?”

The murmurs and chatters in the room were cut off with the judge silencing everyone again.

“No.” Sebastian answered.

Mr Clark squinted his eyes and pressed on, “You’re saying that your meeting with Her Royal Highness did not in any way affect how your father saw you?”

“That’s a question you’d have to ask him, not me. I’m not privy to how he saw me after I met the Queen.”

“How close would you say you are to Her Royal Highness?”

“Objection!” The prosecutor shouted from her seat.

The judge responded in an angered voice, “Sustained! Mr Clark, leading questions to challenge the character of a member of the royal family are barred by law, unless they are on trial themselves!”

Mr Clark responded calmly, “I’m well-aware of that, my Lord. But given the history between the Queen and the witness, I felt the need to explore the likelihood of the witness providing false oral evidence to please her.”

Xandar, Christian and Annie growled in unison. Lucianne was glaring daggers at Mr Clark, who refused to look at any of them as he locked eyes with Judge Cook.

The judge pondered, his fingertips pressing his forehead before he sighed and asked, “What history?”

A radiant smile stretched across Mr Clark’s face as he explained, “The Queen and the witness were bonded mates a year ago, prior to a rejection shortly after. Even so, the witness was seen speaking to the Queen with intimate intentions on numerous occasions after the said rejection.”

The sound of fast-paced scribbles echoed through the courtroom walls. Lucianne already had to cupped her mate’s cheeks to stop him from shifting, cooing him to breathe.

The judge looked at Lucianne and hesitated before he spoke, “My Queen?”

Lucianne tore her gaze away from her mate and stood before the old man asked, “Are the assertions made by Mr Clark true?”

From her peripheral vision, Lucianne saw Mr Clark skimming her body from head-to-toe when Judge Cook asked his question. In a clear voice, she said, “Not everything is true, my Lord. It is true that Sebastian Cummings was my fifth-chance mate before I was bonded to the King. However, after the rejection, we have never been intimate with each other as Mr Clark is now suggesting. Neither are we ‘close’ as he sought to assert.”

Mr Clark smirked flirtatiously as he said, “Perhaps you’ve misunderstood me, your Highness. I merely said that the witness himself had intimate intentions, not you, my Queen. I know the law enough to know not to question a member of the royal family.”

Lucianne’s eyes turned ferocious as it fixed on Mr Clark’s coy ones when she spoke again, “Perhaps you’ve misunderstood ME, Mr Clark. I am clarifying my position with the witness. Your line of questioning was implicitly suggesting that I may have reciprocated any form of intimacy that you’re saying he displayed. I know twisted speeches and hidden meanings behind words enough to know what you were trying to do. Before you even think about questioning my character, you should assess your own. You have no right to look at any woman like how you just looked at me. We’re not pieces of meat waiting to be devoured.”

Xandar rose from his seat, his eyes were onyx when he glared at the lawyer. His hand at Lucianne’s waist pressed her body closer to his. Clark was stunned. He had been looking at women like that throughout his career, and no one had told him off before. He even stole glimpses of the Queen just this morning and during recess, and nothing bad came out of it.

Judge Cook looked at the defense counsel and asked in amusement, “Something you wish to tell the Queen, Mr Clark?”

Mr Clark was brought out of his shock, and he offered a low bow as he said, “Apologies f-”

“Kneel.” Xandar demanded in a low voice, sending a shiver down everyone’s spines. Well, everyone’s except Lucianne’s. Before Lucianne could tell Xandar that kneeling wasn’t necessary, he silenced her with a sweet peck on her lips before he whispered, “Just let me, my love.”

Lucianne mouthed ‘okay’ when her heart melted from his words. When their sights returned to the lawyer, he was already down on one knee when he uttered, “Please accept my most sincere apologies, your Highness. I promise to exercise more caution with the way my questions are framed. I apologize for the distress I’ve caused you and the King.”

Lucianne’s expression was unperturbed before it softened when she kissed her mate on his cheek, and

whispered into his ear, “Let’s not waste any more of the court’s time, dearest. Let them proceed.”

“Mm.” Xandar muttered as he pecked a kiss on her forehead and lowered himself and his mate gently back into their seats.

The judge got the cue to proceed when they sat, and he cleared his throat before ordering Mr Clark to move on with the cross-examination. Being more cautious this time, he faced Sebastian and asked, “Despite the lack of reciprocity on the Queen’s part, have you ever had a disagreement with your father because you chose to take her side as opposed to his?”

Xandar, Lucianne and Sebastian immediately thought of the time when they sat together with Alfred and Sasha Cummings at the breakfast table. When Alfred was trying to convince everyone that he had never met Lucianne, Sebastian threw him under the bus by telling his father, in front of everyone, that Alfred had met her. He chose Lucianne over his father.

“I take whichever side is right in principle. I don’t choose based on the person.” Sebastian said.

“So, there was such a time then?”

“Yes, because my father isn’t always right. I exercise this choice with everyone, not just with the Queen.”

“And what about today?”

“Today?”

“You met her outside the courtroom shortly before entering the bailiff’s office, did you not?”

“I did. It was a coincidence.”

“Did you both converse?”

“Yes, but we didn’t conspire if that’s what you’re suggesting.”

“Oh, that’s not what I’m suggesting at all, Mr Cummings. I’m in no way asserting that Her Royal Highness may have known what you were doing. But what I want to know is whether you’ve somehow hinted that you’d take her side in this case?”

Sebastian’s response was steadfast, “No! I only said that,”

“That would do, Mr Cummings. Thank you.”

“Objection, my Lord. The witness hasn’t completed his answer.” The prosecutor said.

“Sustained. Mi Cummings, you may proceed.” Judge Cook said in a firm voice.

Sebastian immediately explained, “I met the Queen before entering the courtroom but in no way did I imply or say that I would help tip the balance in any party’s favor. What I promised to do was to never testify against the law when I take the stand.”

“Thank you, Mr Cummings.” Mr Clark uttered, somewhat less satisfied when Sebastian said that last part.

Judge Cook invited the prosecutor to move on to re-examine Sebastian.

The prosecutor began, “Mr Cummings, you mentioned that you promised to never testify against the law. Did the Queen suggest that you may do otherwise?”

He exclaimed, “No! She didn’t say a thing! She was leaving when I saw the need to mention that!”

“And why did you see a need to mention that?”

Sebastian glanced at the ground before looking back up and saying in a weak voice, “Because I was asked t o do otherwise just yesterday.”

“By whom?”

“My father.”

Mr Clark shot up from his seat between the chatters and said, “My Lord, I ask that the witness’s final assertion be excluded from evidence on the grounds of hearsay.”

Judge Cook looked at Mr Clark like an angered law professor as the old man said, “Mr Clark, if you’re familiar with the laws on hearsay, you’d know that it is inapplicable. We can very well question the accused regarding what the witness just said. Since Alfred Cummings is alive and in our custody, we have no problem getting primary evidence to determine this issue. Hearsay is inapplicable.” 1

When neither counsel had any questions left for Sebastian, Judge Cook dismissed him and recalled Alfred

Cummings.

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina’s Pen Chapter 159

### Chapter 159

The prosecutor got to the point with Alfred Cummings. “Mr Cummings, did your son visit you yesterday?”

“Yes.”

“Did you ask him to testify against the law?”

Alfred glanced briefly at Mr Clark before he uttered, “No.”

“Did you ask him to testify for your case?”

“Yes, but I didn’t tell my son to lie. I’m a father. Every father’s pride is to raise his children with the highest honor and integrity.”

“You insisted that your properties were acquired by your son as gifts. Do you have proof of these transactions?”

“I’m afraid that is something I do not have. I was decluttering my home a few years back, and I must have

cleaned out the documents recording the transactions.”

“And do you have evidence transferring government funds to Helena Tanner?”

“I’m afraid not. The transfer was done discreetly so there aren’t any documents to prove it.”

“Did you hand Helena Tanner the funds through bags of cash, Mr Cummings?”

“I—” he was about to answer when Mr Clark’s look seemed to be advising him to do otherwise, so he chose to say, “I don’t recall.”

“You don’t recall?” She took one step closer and asked again, “You don’t recall how you transferred money in the billions to Helena Tanner?”

“Yes.”

“But you recalled that your son acquired the line of properties for you when your son doesn’t recall that detail himself?”

Alfred Cummings looked enraged but he managed to say, “I don’t recall how I transferred the funds to Tanner, that’s all I’ll say about the matter.”

The prosecutor then concluded, “So, you have no proof of the transfer you purportedly made to Helena Tanner; no proof that your son bought the properties which are in your name; and no proof that you didn’t tell

your son to present a false oral testimony in court. Is my understanding correct, Mr Cummings ?”

The minister was boiling in rage. When Sebastian visited him the previous day, he gave that son of his very clear and simple instructions to say that Sebastian himself had purchased the properties since he eamed well as a CEO. Although they argued about it for a good twenty-five minutes, Alfred made sure he used the final five minutes to tell Sebastian how much his son owed him as a father, hence it was time to return the favor.

Sebastian didn't have a chance to respond before the police entered to take his father back to his cell. His parting words to Sebastian was: do me proud, my boy, which normally made the son give in without question. But it was clear that those words had lost their magic ever since Sebastian regretted letting go o f the wolf he didn't even recall meeting before she became the King's mate.

“Mr Cummings, do you need me to repeat the question ?” The prosecutor prompted.

“No.”

“No', you don't need me to repeat the question; or ‘No', my understanding of your lack of proof is incorrect ?”

“Both.” Cummings spat in hate.

The prosecutor matched his hard stare when she asked, “And how is my understanding incorrect ?”

“Just because I can't present evidence, it doesn't mean there wasn't any. They're just no longer available.”

The prosecutor smirked at his baseless argument as she said, “I see. Thank you, Mr Cummings.”

When Judge Cook invited Mr Clark to re-examine Alfred, it was clear that nothing the defense lawyer did could mask the glaring fact that the minister had no evidentiary support to prove his assertions.

Without such evidence, there was no way he could cast reasonable doubt in the prosecution’s case against him. Without reasonable doubt, Alfred Cummings would be found guilty and sentenced in accordance with the law. Mr Clark explained all of this to his client privately. 1

His advice? Plead guilty in hopes of a lighter sentence. And what did the minister have to say about this advice? “Let’s wait and see what the others say.”

Mr Clark then warned Cummings that the later he pleaded guilty, the less likely the court would grant him a lighter sentence.

Of course, Cummings would rather pray for that illusionary light at the end of the long, dark tunnel than to seal his own faith prematurely by being the first minister among the four, and the first minister in the Kingdom’s history, to plead guilty to corruption charges.

After lunch, the court resumed trial, calling Marie Martin to the stand. As soon as she sat, her fingers ran nervously through her light brown pixie hair, which she had already checked three times in the mirror when she was getting ready. Her back straightened to project as much confidence as she could. 1

However, the fear behind her lilac eyes couldn’t be covered by those long eyelashes, nor could it be overshadowed by the dark circles underneath her eyes. If she wasn’t horrified right now, there would have been something wrong with her. As the Finance Minister, as someone

who has direct access to government funds, she had so many bribery offers over the years that she lost count.

Her charges were a little different from her three other colleagues who were charged. For some reason, the prosecution decided to exercise some 'due diligence' and dug deeper into her affairs and... business deals'. They found that she received bribes from construction companies who wanted government projects.

Marie's most daring deal was with regards to the construction of low-cost apartments for the middle class Lycan community. This project cost the government six million dollars, of which twenty percent went into her own pockets. The prosecution, with the court's permission, added this to the charges against her.

Things clearly looked worse for Marie Martin than it did for the other three ministers. The only comfort she got before taking the stand was the fact that one of her two sons, Henry Martin, now seated at the front row on the other side of the aisle from the royals, told her that she looked 'presentable and responsible' in the pastel pink blouse and black coat and pants she chose to wear for the trial.

When Henry told his mother that his brother, Herbert, had been charged and arrested together with that

gold-digging, connections-dependent girlfriend of his, all because they played a little joke on the Duke and Sir Weaver, Marie was furious!

'As if the Duke and King themselves didn't pull harmless pranks when they were younger', she thought to herself. And then there was that wolf, who had been speaking to Lycans like she owned all of them, throwing insults and shaming anyone and everyone she wanted to. 3

All she had to do was gaze at the King with those fake innocent eyes, and even the King is rendered blind and useless. This never happened with the late King Lucas. He never allowed Queen Vera to speak as she pleased, and look how wonderful and prosperous their reign was!

None of the nonsense of having to provide aid for rogue attacks' or 'include them in government decisions !. It is disgraceful to see how low King Alexandar had chosen to stoop for a creature of the inferior species.

Thank Goddess the late King and Queen had passed, otherwise they'd be heartbroken. All their work and contributions were destroyed by an insignificant wolf and a spineless son, a son who failed to uphold and defend the superiority of Lycans!

Unknowingly, Marie Martin started throwing a death glare at Lucianne until Judge Cook prompted, "Is there an issue, Ms Martin?"

She averted her eyes from the future Queen immediately as she stuttered, "N-No, my Lord." So much for wanting to project confidence.

"Good. The prosecution may begin her questioning." Judge Cook ordered.

"Thank you, my Lord." The prosecutor walked up to the witness stand, and began, "Ms Martin, in your tenure as Finance Minister, have you ever channeled government funds to your personal bank account?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Just because I had the opportunity as Finance Minister, it doesn't mean I did it."

“Then, why does this document I have in my hand here say differently?”

“That could be fabricated for all we know. It took so long for i-”

“Perhaps Mi Clark had not informed you, Ms Martin, that this has been authenticated.”

“I can prove that it’s fake. I have the real one here.” Her words even made her own lawyer’s eyes widen in surprise. Mr Clark shot up from his seat when Martin handed a folded sheet of paper to Judge Cook, and Clark stood nervously next to the prosecutor, who was in front of the judge to await his decision.

As the judge skimmed through the paper, he asked, “Why wasn’t this presented earlier, Ms Martin?”

“I’m afraid it wasn’t available until very recently, my Lord. The Head of the National Audit Department, Helena Tanner, handles the auditing of my affairs, and with her disappearance, it was difficult to get someone to access the real audits until this morning.”

“This morning?” Judge Cook asked in suspicion.

Marie smiled like how she practiced in the mirror the previous day and in the morning as she said, “Yes, judge. The person who assisted me faced great difficulty in accessing the document. I apologize for the delay.”

“The person who assisted you, what’s the name?” Judge Cook asked.

Marie prepared this as well, so she answered with ease, “Belle Price, judge.”

**The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina’s Pen Chapter 160**

## Chapter 160

“Is she in court today?” Judge Cook asked.

“Yes, right over there.” Marie pointed at a young woman in a grey dress.

The prosecutor then argued, “My Lord, the prosecution did not receive prior notice of this evidence. I urge the court to adjourn the trial for Ms Martin while we authenticate the document.”

Judge Cook calmly replied, “Authentication goes without saying, prosecutor. But I won’t grant an adjournment. Since this document only questions the validity of the audits, the trial can move on to the corruption charges against Martin on government projects.”

Mr Clark argued, “Mr Lord, every earning and expenditure made by my client will be reflected by the audits. If that is put into question, shouldn’t the prosecution’s charges with regards to government projects be put on hold as well?”

Judge Cook’s face was unperturbed when he replied, “No, Mr Clark. You very well know the evidence for the government project bribery is not just in the form of audits but also written testimonies from multiple witnesses.”

“But those witnesses aren’t present in court today to be examined, my Lord.” Mr Clark made one last attempt to get his client off the stand.

“Looks like we only have your client to question on the matter for today, Mr Clark.” Judge Cook decided.

Mr Clark knew better than to argue further with the hard-headed and hot-tempered Judge Cook. He didn’t want to anger the old man for fear of a detrimental outcome for all his clients.

Marie was shocked that the judge wanted to skip right to the issue on government projects first. She did not prepare for this! She thought, if she were lucky, the court would believe the sheet of paper she handed to him, and that it would be admitted as valid evidence. In this best case scenario, Belle Price would be called to the stand to verify the audits they fabricated together in the past week.

Even if she got unlucky and the document had to be authenticated, Marie thought she'd get an adjournment. But she was denied even this!

Marie tried her best to mask her shock and fear, the fear that was matched by her own son. And Mr Clark was scribbling furiously on his notepad while the prosecutor and her deputy flipped through the bundle of documents in haste. The flutter of the turning pages rivaled the tapping of a pen in Judge Cook's hand as everyone waited.

When the prosecutor found what she was looking for in the thick ring file, she extracted it and approached Marie, apologizing to the judge for the delay before she cleared her throat and began her questioning, "Ms Martin, fifteen years ago, the government issued a tender for a project to construct a high-rise building in the east side of the Kingdom. The project was called 'Skyline'. Are you familiar with it?"

"Y-Yes."

"The company who successfully won the tender was Celestial Enterprise. Are you familiar with this company?"

"I-I don't recall the name of the company that won the tender all those years ago but I know about the project."

"Do you recall a man by the name of Joseph Rig?"

This was exactly what she and her lawyer were afraid of. “N-No.” Marie lied.

“Are you sure, Ms Martin?”

The prosecution had evidence, and neither Marie nor Clark liked it. It was almost irrefutable. But Marie still chose to deny the truth. “I don’t know anyone by that name.”

The prosecutor then asked, “Then why was he found going in and out of your home weeks before the government decided on the company which would be given the project?”

“Objection, my Lord! Personal life and relationships of the accused are not relevant to this trial.” Both Clark and Marie prayed that this reason would work.

Their prayers were denied when Judge Cook responded, “It would be relevant if those relationships are the cause of the charges against the accused, Mr Clark. Objection dismissed.”

Marie wiped the beads of sweat on her forehead before she said, “I used to get offers to...urge the

government to take on certain companies over others. But I have never entertained them. This man you mentioned was one of the more persistent ones, if I’m not mistaken. The pestering was constant.”

“So getting a restraining order against him has never crossed your mind, Ms Martin?”

“At that time, no. I’m afraid not.” At the same time, Marie chanted to herself, ‘Please, don’t pull out the picture. Please, don’t pull out the picture. Please, don’t pull out the picture.’

The prosecutor went on, “Perhaps you never thought of getting a restraining order because you didn’t want him gone, Ms Martin.” Marie knew where the prosecution was going, and she didn’t like it one bit. She threw a pleading look at Mi Clark to get her off the stand but he couldn’t find a good enough reason to do that.

This whole mess started because Marie’s ‘new’ audits made Judge Cook order for the government projects issue to be tried first. Mr Clark could not hide his frustration at how stupid his client had been to do that without consulting him. How was he going to save her now ?!

The prosecutor gave the judge and Mr Clark a copy of the document she was about to refer to, and she asked Marie, “Ms Martin, we received written testimonies from your neighbors of two decades, and they affirmed that Joseph Rig, who you claimed to not remember, stayed overnight in your home for at least a week. We’ve questioned Rig’s associates during the time of the Skyline project, and every one of them confirmed that Rig used to boast about securing the project for Celestial Enterprise by sleeping with the Finance Minister. Do you deny that’s what happened ?”

“Holy sh\*t.” Lucianne whispered, and her thumb stroking her mate’s hand paused at her shock.

Christian whispered her way, “Holy sh\*t, indeed, my Queen. But I find ‘mother f\*cker’ to be quite appropriate in this situation as well.” Despite his steady voice, his onyx eyes and internal fury prompted Annie to sit as closely to him as possible to calm him with their mate-bond.

Xandar’s grip on Lucianne’s shoulder tightened, and Lucianne was brought out of her shock when she got the cue to start stroking his hand again. Xandar loosened his hold on her as soon as he realized what he was doing without thinking. His animal groaned in guilt. After pecking a kiss on her temple, Xandar linked, ‘I’m sorry, baby.’”

She gave him an assuring smile and linked in response, ‘It’s alright, darling.’

“Ms Martin, did you or did you not have an intimate relationship with Joseph Rig?” The prosecutor pressed when silence ensued.

“I-I don’t remember.”

The prosecutor sighed in frustration and walked back to her deputy, who handed over a picture of Joseph Rig. ‘Oh, Goddess, just kill me now’, Marie thought. The prosecutor returned to the witness stand and asked, “You don’t know him, Ms Martin?”

“N-NO.”

The prosecutor then flipped the paper over to show another man before she asked, “And what about this man?”

Marie was getting paler by the second. “N-No.”

“Ms Martin, you’re just making things worse for yourself if you choose to lie. Perjury does not carry a light sentence. Isn’t this the man you had an affair with weeks before the government granted the hydroelectric project to Techno Builders?” The shocked gasps and disgusted looks everyone in the courtroom was throwing her way did nothing to ease her anxiety.

“I-I d-didn’t sleep with him.”

“Then why did his ex-wife allege that you did just that, using this in her divorce proceedings with her now ex-husband? She even had this picture to prove her case before the court.”

The prosecutor took another picture from her deputy, and just as she handed it to the judge, Marie Martin noticed her vision blurring before her head slumped on the stand with a loud thud that stunned the courtroom.

If the minister knew that all she needed to do to force the court to grant an adjournment was to faint on the stand, she would've done it much sooner. At least then she wouldn't have to explain her past affairs to her sons when she regained consciousness.