

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 23

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Chapter 23

Xandar's lilac eyes were turning onyx, furious that he was being disobeyed.

Sasha Cummings's head remained low as she said, "Your Highness, I apologize for whatever I've said to the wolf. I promise that it won't happen again. It was a slip of the tongue, and I am deeply sorry for the distress that I've caused you."

Xandar was holding back a growl as he said in a low voice, "You insulted my mate and your future Queen. After showing you mercy by letting you train, you're now trying to push your boundaries by entering this hall?"

Sasha's head tilted lower as she explained, "If memory serves me well, your Highness, which I'm sure it does, (This novel will be daily updated at) I was told not to appear in front of the Gamma. She's not here, so I'm technically not disobeying your order."

"Hey, Xandar." Lucianne appeared by his side all of a sudden in a dark blue dress with a high ponytail. Sasha flinched visibly when she heard Lucianne's voice. Lucianne noticed Sasha with her head held low, so she addressed her monotonously, "Oh. Hello again, Ms Cummings. Xandar, I'll be right over there with Juan and the others when you're done—"

"Baby, don't be ridiculous. You're not the one who has to leave." Xandar pulled Lucianne to his side, and planted a kiss on her forehead in front of everyone before insisting affectionately, "Stay, Lucy."

He then turned back to Sasha and said, "I'm sure you know what to do if you know what's good for you."

The moment he finished saying that, Sasha scurried out of the room with her head down. The other female Lycans in the room exhibited two types of emotions. The first was being cynically happy that Sasha was kicked out by the very person she had been trying to seduce for years; the second was being jealous of how the King was completely smitten with the tiny, dull-looking werewolf. The younger male Lycans were throwing flirtatious smirks in Lucianne's way, taking in her whole figure with lustful gazes. But they averted their eyes when they inadvertently met Xandar's death glare. 2

Xandar looked at his mate and asked, "Lucy, I thought you would come with Juan and Hale. Did you walk here alone?"

She explained simply, "I did come with them but there was a strong breeze on our way here, and my hair flew out of place so I stopped at the restroom to fix it before I came in. That's why I came in a little later."

He smiled and nodded in understanding before looking in Juan's direction and motioning him to come over with the rest of the alliance. Before Lucianne could ask what he was doing, Christian appeared next to her and asked his cousin, "I'm not late, am I?"

Lucianne looked puzzled. "What do you mean 'late'? Dinner lasts for the next five hours."

Ignoring her, Xandar said, "No. You're right on time, in fact."

Christian caught Lucianne's confused look, and he grinned cheekily as he explained, "You'll know soon, my Queen. And it's great to see you up and energized again."

Lucy looked at Juan, who was walking over with the rest of the alliance, and she asked in confusion through their mind-link, 'What is going on?'

He shrugged his shoulders and linked back, 'Your guess is as good as mine, Lucy. I have no

idea.'

Seeing their eyes glaze over and Juan's shoulders shrugged as he looked at Lucy, Xandar caressed his mate's shoulders before whispering, "Relax, beautiful. It'll be fun."

caress

Her eyebrows furrowed as she looked up at her mate and questioned in disbelief, "Fun?"

Christian then chimed in with a mischievous smile, "Yes, fun."

The Duke moved to his cousin's side, and the alliance took their place beside Lucianne. (This novel will be daily updated at)
Xandar then took one more look at his confused mate before he smiled at his subjects and started speaking, "My loyal subjects, may I have your attention please?"

The room fell silent and all eyes were on them.

"Many of you may have heard, but some of you have yet to know, that the Jewel Pack had to face two rounds of rogue attacks earlier today. The first started after midnight, which cost the pack eleven warriors. Needless to say, their sacrifice to protect their people will not be forgotten." All the werewolves had distressed looks as they empathized with one of their own. Lucianne's gaze met the floor as she too mourned for the loss.

Catching Lucianne's expression, Xandar laced their fingers together before he continued, "The second attack came at dawn. Eleven rogues invaded, three of

whom...were Lycans." There were audible gasps from everyone in attendance, particularly the Lycans who hadn't had to face a single threat in their lives.

"The people standing by my side here are members of the alliance who have put an end to the threat at the Jewel Pack. It is because of their own initiative that there were, thankfully, no further casualties. It is because of their nobility that the Jewel Pack can now honour their fallen warriors in peace. It is because of their bravery and sacrifice that the pack remains in existence. But their victory came with a price."

Xandar's expression turned hard, and his grip around Lucianne's hand tightened as he said, "The leader of the alliance came out badly injured. In efforts to follow a runaway rogue wolf, she came head-to-head with three rogue Lycans." Juan's eyebrows furrowed as he recalled the incident, and he placed his hand on Lucianne's shoulder in remorse. She gave him an encouraging smile, signifying that it was okay, not that it made her brother-like figure feel any better.

Xandar continued, "She was alone and surrounded. Even so, she managed to kill one of them before help arrived." The werewolves' claps and cheers obliged Xandar to pause. Some, if not most of them, already knew who he was talking about. Lucianne wondered how Xandar knew what happened in such detail, and gathered that Juan must have told him somehow.

When the applause died down, Xandar proceeded with his speech, "Sadly, that was where things took a turn. They attacked her. She was wounded so badly that she bled. She was weakened so much that she couldn't even stand. And later, her energy was so drained that she couldn't even speak. Three members of the alliance came to help her but the rogue Lycans were not faltering. Thankfully, the Duke and I managed to get there on time to help out before the unthinkable happened." He patted his cousin on the shoulder and threw him a grateful glance.

"The people before you knew the likelihood of losing their lives. They were fully aware of the risks. Even when a new threat arose, none of them showed signs of wavering. They stood to protect, to fight and to be ready to die trying. Never in my years as Prince and as King have I witnessed what I saw this morning. Lycans, we have been living in the dark for far too long. Our cousin species have been facing this all on their own. It's time that changed. I doubt that the three rogue Lycans we met today are the only ones in existence. The stakes have never been higher. It's time to take training seriously, regardless of whether you were ever taught to fight."

"That being said, I expressed my highest gratitude to the members of the alliance for what they did. But, it would be arrogant of me to think that they protected the pack for their ruler. Their intention was clearly to protect their ally. As King, I feel ashamed," then he looked at Cummings and Whitlaw, and said condescendingly, "that my own governing body could not handle what my people had so willingly taken into their own hands." All eyes fell on the minister and his deputy, whose heads faced the ground.

Lucianne started stroking Xandar's hand to calm him down before he continued,(This novel will be daily updaed at)

“Members of the alliance, it was an utmost pleasure to have fought alongside you but the Duke and I apologize for arriving late on the battlefield.” The alliance and the other werewolves in the hall started laughing at this point.

Xandar’s eyes then met Lucianne’s, and his loud voice continued to ring loud and clear through the hall, “And it is my greatest honor to be bonded by our Goddess to the noble leader of the alliance, Lucianne Freesia Paw.” Lucianne’s smile fell, and shock replaced her features. Christian was grinning at her cheekily from the side as she waited for what was about to happen next.

Xandar’s smile broadened as he went on, “Lucy is known to put the lives of others before her own. And today, I personally witnessed her doing so. She held off the Lycans alone until help arrived. She suffered the highest degree of anguish from the attack yet she forced herself to stay awake until she was certain that the threat had been neutralized. (This novel will be daily updated at)
And throughout the entire ordeal, never did she resort to complaining or blaming. Her actions have been far more

selfless than any ruler I’ve heard of. Her contribution as a warrior, a friend and an ally are far more significant than anyone I know. Her grace and humility is something one can only wish to replicate. But her noblest act didn’t come from the battlefield.” Everyone in the room was left in suspense, even Lucianne herself.

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Xandar’s smile increased in its radiance as he continued, “In our history, no Queen was known to have fought alongside her people. It’s because of that that Lucianne was ready to sever our mate bond to continue to fight for those who couldn’t.” There were gasps of shock and despair that didn’t even bother to be subtle, mostly from the werewolf community. Juan, Tate and Toby started feeling uneasy. 2

Xandar smiled as he continued to speak, “And to be honest, she would have been doing the right thing.” This garnered no laughter or support, only silence and confusion. “I don’t see why she must give up protecting our people when the whole point of being a Queen is to protect the people. (This novel will be daily updated at)
Her name will go down in history for many great things. But arguably, the most significant thing that Lucy will be known for is being the first Queen to grace the battlefields with her presence, and fight alongside our people. I would be an idiot of a King if I forbade her from continuing what she does. Werewolves, you will not lose her. Lycans, you have no idea how fortunate we are to have her.” 1

Lucianne’s eyes were already glistening, touched by Xandar’s words. He kissed the back of her hand before saying, “Our Goddess could not have blessed our

Kingdom with a more qualified Queen. And I can only hope to be a King worthy enough to rule alongside you, my dear.”

As Xandar held onto her hand, he knelt on one knee and tilted his head down to bow in her direction before addressing Lucianne in a thunderous voice, “My Queen.” 1

Lucianne’s posture straightened in shock. Behind Xandar, Christian knelt and bowed in the same manner as his cousin, and addressed her equally loudly, “My Queen.”

One by one, everyone in the hall, including the members of the alliance, knelt, bowed and uttered ‘My Queen’ in the way that their King and Duke were doing. Lucianne was so stunned that, for a moment, she could not find her voice.

When she found it, she took a deep breath and said, “Rise. All of you.” Even she was surprised by the power which exuded from her vocal chords. It was so different from how she normally spoke that she wondered whether it was really her who said it.

Xandar and Christian were the first to stand, their grins wide. She turned to face everyone, and when the last person stood up, her voice rang through the hall in a way she had never heard before, “Long ago, I made a promise to myself that as long as I live, I will do everything in my power to protect the innocent and defend the vulnerable. Tonight, I am making that same promise to everyone in this Kingdom. It is an honor to have fought alongside so many brave and noble warriors and leaders over the years, all of whom I’m proud to call my brothers and sisters. And it is with esteemed pleasure that I continue to serve to the best of my abilities.”

She bent her knees slightly, and her head tilted to bow back to the crowd before she regained

her standing position and continued, “You can be assured that I will not stop until every last threat has been neutralized. I will not give up even when I’m weakened. I will fight alongside you, and together, we will win.”

A deafening round of applause and cheers filled the air in the dining hall. Her voice radiated

authority and nobility. Everyone who wasn’t jealous of her looked at her in awe. Even some of the Lycans started looking at her with some form of respect and

admiration. Xandar was the proudest man in the room and the happiest Lycan alive. (This novel will be daily updated at)

Between the cheers, Lucianne brought herself to his ear and said, “You and your cousin have a strange definition for the word ‘fun’, dearest.”

She felt his lips curled into a smirk by her ear when he said, “Ah, yes. Thank you for reminding me, my love. Here comes the fun part.”

He pulled back from her only to lift her chin up before smashing his lips onto hers. Lucianne was caught off guard. She didn't think Xandar would kiss her on her lips in front of his subjects. When she regained her senses and pulled away, she pecked Xandar on his lips before shaking her head slightly in disapproval with a shy smile.

Xandar noted his mate's beautifully-blushed cheeks, and kissed her sweetly on her forehead before they turned back to the even more enthusiastic crowd. Christian was patting his cousin on the shoulder like he was congratulating him.

'That's a very huge progress since last night, cuz. Look at this room. There's no way she can't rule as our Queen.'

Xandar smiled as he gazed at Lucianne, 'I have no doubt she'll do better than any of the Queens from the past.'

Juan pulled Lucianne into a hug and linked, 'We're so happy for you, Lucy. Hale and I. You've deserved this for years now. It's about time you got it.'

'The mate or the praise?'

Juan chuckled through the mind link. 'Both, Lucy. Both.' 1

'Thank you, Juan. For everything.'

They pulled apart, and he looked at the Gamma whom he had been calling his sister for as long as they both could remember. "Lucy, it's more appropriate for me to thank you. For everything you've done for us."

Tate's voice came from the side, "Why are you guys getting so sentimental?(This novel will be daily updated at)
The King just said that we are not going to lose her!" He held Lucianne for only a short moment and patted her on the back. "Glad that's cleared up eh, Lucy?"

"You have no idea. Thanks, Tate. For making me talk." Lucianne smirked.

Dinner carried on after that. Lucianne introduced Xandar and Christian to a few more pack members who had concerns regarding rogue attacks and financial hardship. Many

werewolves walked up to Lucianne to express their concern before thanking her for her contribution and her sacrifices. She was flustered, and kept emphasizing that she couldn't have done it without the warriors and leaders who fought with her. 1

Every time someone thanked Lucianne, Xandar's heart swelled with pride. Even some Lycans walked up to her to introduce themselves. They were proper and polite, clearly not used to speaking to a werewolf. Lucianne didn't press for their conversation to be natural. She knew that it would take time. It was astonishing enough that they were trying.

After Xandar walked her to her room, he pulled her into a deep, passionate kiss before letting her go. He looked at her dreamily with a smile plastered on his face until she closed the door behind her. His animal was not whimpering as loudly as it normally would. That night, he had no trouble falling asleep.

In a luxurious bar at the far end of the city, Sasha Cummings was on her eighth glass of wine in her private lounge but she was nowhere near being calm or drunk. She emptied the wine glass, threw it at the wall and the broken pieces of glass joined the previously broken wine glasses. (This novel will be daily updated at)

The minister's daughter scorned her guest seated in front of her, who had a serious expression on his face.

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"You said you could get rid of her." Sasha glowered.

"As I have already explained the past five times, there were complications. Who knew that the King and that pesky other-cousin of his would get there in time?" Greg retorted.

"Hmph! After getting rid of almost all the warriors to draw that little Gamma there, she still couldn't die." Sasha barked, "How is it that not even one of the three of them could stick a simple knife into the body of a wolf who, from what I've been hearing from the people who heard the King's speech, COULDN'T EVEN STAND?!! Are these people you got for the job even qualified?!" 1

Greg glared at her and challenged, "Do you have any alternative resources to do it, besides mine?"

Sasha crossed her arms and averted her glare to the wall, remaining silent. Greg smug. "Yeah, didn't think so."

"Besides," Greg began, "Why want to kill her? Why not just feed her something to drive her insane?" He said emotionlessly but only he knew that he had an ulterior motive for keeping Lucianne alive.

Sasha's death glare came back to lock with his eyes. "If you think the King would leave her when we drive her insane, you've been living under a boulder for longer than any Lycan in existence." She slouched back into her armchair, and glared at the wall with glistening eyes of rage and jealousy (This novel will be daily updated at)

. "The way he looks at her is just sickening. That speech tonight to make her feel good about herself and her ugly-looking friends is all a joke..."

"If you think that was a joke, you clearly don't know what my contacts have always been capable of doing without a trace, until this morning. As much as I hate them, I'm not blind. Those friends of hers really did the impossible today before the two cousins showed up." Greg retorted. Unbeknownst to him, one of the people he hired remained alive, and was locked up in prison.

Sasha then sat back up and spat, "I want her dead. She does not deserve to be Queen. I DO!" She slammed the table between them with both hands to release part of her seething anger and in a murderous voice she uttered, "Get rid of her by all means necessary. She got lucky this time. Her friends were there to buy her time. Kill her friends if that's what it takes to get

rid of her." 1

Greg snorted. "Hah! You really think we can eliminate every last wolf willing to protect the

little Gamma before we get caught ourselves? Wow. You're definitely dumber than I remembered. Did you even feel the influence she has among her kind before you were kicked out?" He chuckled darkly at Sasha's naivety.

Greg pondered for a moment before suggesting, "We could always sedate and abduct her, sell

her on some underground black market."

"No. I want her DEAD! DEAD!" Sasha breathed heavily. Then, a waitress opened the door to place the ninth wine glass on the table and left. Sasha then hissed, "Why are you so pinned on keeping her alive?!" Greg tried his best to mask his discomfort but Sasha caught him before he could put on his emotionless mask.

"Oh, my goddess." Sasha's voice was the lightest and the most taunting for the first time that night. "You like her. You like the Gamma."

When Greg didn't deny her assertion and continued to avert his eyes as he sipped on his drink, (This novel will be daily updated at)
Sasha snorted in jealousy. Jealousy of so many people going after a dull-looking... thing. She sneered, "Even without the mate bond, that good-for-nothing brother of mine wants her so badly that he would humiliate himself to win her back."

"Seb lost his chance." Greg stated simply, and sipped from his glass again.

Sasha cocked her head and asked sarcastically, "Oh, and you haven't? Is that what you're trying to say? What do you want with that thing anyway? Just because the King wants it?"

Greg's nostrils flared in anger as he declared, "I couldn't care less what my cousin wants."

"Hah!" Sasha was wiping away her tears from all the anger and continued, "Oh, Goddess. The infamous rake of a Duke wants to f*ck a wolf. Running out of Lycans to sleep with?"

Greg growled, making Sasha flinch. His low voice was menacing when he said, "Watch your mouth."

Sasha wasn't about to give up. "Funny how you couldn't say that to the piece of dirt when she made fun of you.":

"The only piece of dirt I see right now is you. And unlike you, the wolf made an indisputable point." He continued to speak in a low voice as he recalled how he tried to insult Lucianne without knowing what she was capable of saying in return. 'Ignorance is blissful, your Grace, until it gets you killed.(This novel will be daily updtaed at)

' He replayed her words in his head, and took another sip from his glass before muttering, "She's different."

Sasha emptied the wineglass at one-go, and threw it at the wall again. "Lycan men are going blind. Of so many beautiful creatures around them, they choose to have eyes for a stunted, bad -mouthed, disrespectful piece of sh*t. Hmph!" She then smiled schemingly and said, "The most selfless thing I've ever done was to get her to walk in on my brother with a friend after drugging him. A wolf has no place with the esteemed Cummings family."

Greg chuckled darkly, and made no comment until Sasha prompted, "Something to say, your Grace?"

"You said I've been living under a boulder. I'm thinking of an even bigger rock for you but I'm not getting anything. So, I'll just say that you're living in a cave." His stern eyes locked with Sasha's infuriated ones as he said, "Did you not notice that Alfred Cummings and Pierre

Whitlaw have been in deep sh*t since my cousins discovered the rogue Lycans we sent? And didn't I hear that your father had to beg the King for forgiveness after you humiliated the wolf? Also, if I recall correctly, you told me yourself that your father had to apologize to a Luna, a wolf, in front of everyone."Greg chuckled again and continued, "If anything, the Cummings are probably the worst name to be associated with this year."

Sasha was gritting her teeth and boiling in anger. How can that little wolf cause so many problems for her family even when she was no longer bonded to her brother?! Sasha made sure she got rid of Lucianne to be rid of anything dirty that would tarnish the family's name! How could this happen?!

"Killing her by fighting her won't do.", Greg said "She's too strong. She has too many allies. And she clearly won't break with any verbal assault, even if we were in a public setting. This isn't like my distant cousin's mate. That one was easy and useless. This one...she's different." His voice softened when he said the last part.

"So, what do you suggest? Poison her? Didn't you say that it would be too traceable from your experience?" Sasha got to thinking.

Greg then spoke in a business-like manner, "Yes, it's too risky. (This novel will be daily updaed at)

We won't be doing that. It's not worth it. I've only managed to get away with it once. Even then, I was almost caught. The man I sent was called in as a suspect. I had to eliminate him myself and make his death look like a suicide before they traced the trail back to me."

"Once? How? When?" Sasha asked.

Greg grinned in a despicable way. "Have you ever wondered why my distant cousin never had any children?"

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The arrogant Duke took in Sasha's look of anticipation as he continued to explain, "Those two never had any children because I got someone to pose as a barista, and got my distant cousin's mate to drink the coffee that was laced with some very powerful, very effective anti pregnancy drug."

Sasha narrowed her eyes as she asked in annoyance, "Contraceptives, you mean?"

Greg rolled his eyes, "Stop insulting me, Cummings. The effects of the ones I ordered for her are permanent, even in small doses. And it's illegal, so don't expect to find it in your regular drugstore. The best part? There is no remedy and no cure for anyone who ingests it."

Sasha was confused. "Why would you want to do that? I thought your beef was just with the King. What do you have against the Blackfurs?"

"The Blackfurs have been a pain in the as* since the late King Lucas married the late Queen Vera. That is probably the only thing I hated about my uncle.(This novel will be daily updaed at)

I loved the old man like a father but Vera Blackfur's family are...how do I put this...a clan of useless, empty-headed goody-two shoes. They never saw the benefits of profits and money. It was all about the people, the people and the people. Idiots." Greg shook his head in disgust and disapproval.

"That's a problem because?" Sasha was not following.

was

Greg sighed audibly, like he was getting frustrated of having to explain something so simple and obvious. He sipped on his drink to calm himself before saying, "That's a problem because that King cousin of mine chose to be a goody-two-shoes with the Blackfurs, and made that Blackfur cousin of his second-in-command." Greg drowned his drink before slamming the glass back on the table with force. It was a miracle that the glass didn't break. 1

With onyx eyes and flared nostrils, the Duke then shouted, "I held office longer! That position should've been MINE! First, I can't be a King. Then, I can't even be SECOND to the King?! To hell with it! And that Blackfur had the gall to rub it in my face, saying that I was 'never fit' to hold office. Hmph." He chuckled darkly and shook his head before he muttered in all cockiness, "So, I got his mate sterilized. I guess that makes us even now."

"Hm. Makes sense." Sasha uttered in agreement as she digested what Greg did to the other Duke. Like him, she did not have a single shred of sympathy for the couple who fell victim to the Duke's actions.

Sasha pushed the Blackfur sterilisation issue aside, and cleared her throat before she locked a taunting glare at Greg as she said, "So, what do you suggest for our next step? I still want that piece of dirt dead. If you don't have it in you to give me the proper contacts I need to kill her, I'll ask someone else."

Greg's eyes darkened, and he growled ferociously at Sasha. His voice threw her back into her seat. The angered Duke then threw a warning in her way, "Recklessness... will get us nowhere

with Lucianne. *We* should observe her a little longer before *we* decide our next move."

Sasha's eyes widened in surprise before hatred replaced them as she scorned, "Did you just refer to her by her n-"

"So what if I did?" He challenged and leaned forward. His onyx eyes never left Sasha's as he warned her for the second time in a low voice, "In the name of our business relationship, let me offer you some advice, Cummings. Do NOT do anything before understanding the full extent of the consequences. It won't end well for you. I have to leave now. Enjoy your drink."

Greg then stood and left without sparing his host another glance. Two seconds after he closed the door behind him, Sasha threw the latest emptied wine glass at the wall as she screamed in infuriation.

Frustration, anger and jealousy consumed her being.

First, her brother didn't want to let the wolf go. Then, the King she wanted for herself became bonded to that thing. Now, the very person she asked to help get rid of the pest is having second-thoughts about cooperating with her. Sasha knew that she had to find a way to take matters into her own hands if she wanted the job to be done soon. 2 har

She ignored the messages sent by the daughters of the other ministers. These women were clearly more interested in gossiping about her than expressing their concern for her. Sasha left the bar and went home. As soon as she got out of her car, she saw Sebastian standing in their garden watching the flowerbed of Irrelises alone in silence, just like he did every night before he slept and every morning after he woke up.

Sasha rolled her eyes and didn't bother to acknowledge him, knowing that he was just reminiscing about his time with the very person she was trying to get rid of. It was such a bummer. He could have been her accomplice if he hated her too. Honestly, what did he see in that little thing?(This novel will be daily updaed at) He was a Cummings, a minister's son! With their father's position, wealth, influence and power, Sebastian could easily get any female he wanted so couldn't he at least develop better taste when choosing to fall in love? Sasha sighed when she didn't see the point in bringing up the subject with her brother again. 'He's a lost cause', she thought to herself while making her way to her room. 2

In the bathroom, she replayed the events with the Duke while brushing her teeth. When she recalled how Greg called Lucianne's name, in softness and gentleness, Sasha screamed out the wrath that had been bottling-up from the entire night. She threw her toothbrush with force at the mirror as she continued to scream. The toothbrush bounced off the mirror and fell onto the floor, causing no damage to the piece of glass reflecting Sasha's mascara smudged eyes and her angered-induced flustered face. 2

Her breathing was heavy and rapid as she continued to curse Lucianne in her head. When she was done, she blamed the Moon Goddess for the stupid mistake of bonding something like that to the King. The moment she could finally calm down, Sasha looked at her face in the mirror, and a wide, sinister grin reflected in the glass as she uttered to herself in all

confidence, "Sasha Sarafina Cummings, one way or another, you will be crowned Queen."