

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 35

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When Dr Yeil asked if she herself knew about her own peculiarity, Xandar asked Lucianne to tell him about the childhood game she played with Juan and a few others. The doctor noted it and asked whether she had any other peculiarities, apart from her abnormal resistance to silver.

"I have a striped tail, does that count?" Lucianne asked curiously.

"I'm sorry, my Queen. A what?" The doctor asked in total confusion.

Lucianne explained how her white wolf had grey stripes only on her tail. Xandar listened attentively but embarrassment soon crept into his being. How can he proudly declare that he loved her when he didn't even know that distinct part of Lucianne's wolf? (This novel will be daily updated at)He knew that it had white fur with blue eyes because he saw her like that in the Jewel Pack the other day. But he must have missed her tail because he was focused on the blood from the wound. 1

As if to make himself feel better, he started caressing Lucianne's shoulders in soothing strokes while she explained to Dr Yeil that she had gone through every book she could find on irregular wolf features but nothing came up.

"I must say that I've never heard of such a thing either, your Highnesses. But uh, my Queen, perhaps consider that the striped tail may not be a peculiarity exhibited only by wolves."

Lucianne pondered before responding, "So, you're saying that I may have a peculiarity of another species, like a human, a vampire, or..."

"Or a Lycan." The doctor suggested. "Lycans are known to be generally more resistant to silver."

Lucianne thought for a moment, and shook her head as she said, "That's not possible. There are no Lycans in my bloodline. And if there were, I'd be a Lycan right now, not a werewolf."

Dr Yeil then offered his opinion, "I wouldn't say that you have Lycan blood per se. But perhaps the Moon Goddess gave you different peculiarities from different species. You're not a hybrid, more like...a werewolf with a few bonus attributes."

"So...my tail is supposed to be able to do something?"

"Maybe, maybe not. And until you've tested the limits of your peculiarities, I doubt you'd know the full extent of them."

Lucianne was confused, "What does that mean?"

"Well," the doctor began explaining, (This novel will be daily updated at) "You told me that you swallowed merely drops of silver as a child but the silver on the knife that was in your body would be more than a few drops, don't you think?" .

"Yes."

"And silver harms werewolf children just as they would adults. An adult werewolf can be killed by the same amount of silver as the amount given to a child. They don't become more resistant to silver, even with age."

"That's true."

"Well, then. That would mean that not only are you more resistant to silver, your resistance strengthens with each encounter your body has with that substance."

"I become more resistant to silver each time it enters my body. That... might be true." The doctor waited in anticipation so Lucianne explained, "In a few battles I fought in before the one in the Jewel Pack, there were rogues and hunters who scratched my skin or stabbed me with a silver blade. It hurt very badly the first few times but, even then, I was never hospitalized like the others. Later, bearing with the pain just got...more doable, as long as I took the blade out quickly. I thought I was just getting used to the pain."

The doctor then looked at her and asked, "I need to ask, my Queen, do you smell silver before you see it?"

"Of course, doesn't everyone?" Lucianne said without hesitation.

The doctor and Xandar glanced at one another before Xandar said, "Lucy, I don't get any scent from silver. Neither does Christian or any other Lycan I know."

The doctor explained, "That's because silver is scientifically proven to have no distinct scent."

Lucianne furrowed her eyebrows, "That doesn't sound right. Silver smells like the grass after the rain combined with mercury and a faint whiff of tar. Nothing metallic."

The doctor frowned, "My Queen, mercury has no distinct smell either." 1

She looked at the doctor, and then at Xandar who looked like he was thinking hard. She then dove into her own thoughts. Why was she the only one smelling these things? What was wrong with her? If there was nothing wrong, then what were these peculiarities going to do? Why was she never taught how to harness what she was given by the Moon Goddess? It felt like their Goddess treated her

like an experiment, throwing in random things and sending her into the world to see how she'll fare.

'Five mate bond severances and now this? Seriously? Moon Goddess, what have I ever done to you?' (This novel will be daily updated at) Lucianne thought to herself.

She then asked in despair, "Why me? Why did the Moon Goddess choose me to test this... peculiarity combination? I'm just... a wolf, a normal wolf."

The doctor scoffed, "Are you really just that, my Queen?" The emphasis on her future title made Lucianne drop silent. The doctor smiled, "I wouldn't worry about any of it. It's just interesting to know. I personally can't wait to see what your tail is capable of doing."

Lucianne then asked, "Are there Lycans with stripes on their bodies?"

The doctor then shook his head, "Not that I've heard of. But who knows? You may be the first."

When they got back into the car, Xandar pecked a kiss on Lucianne's cheek and said, "Another first. And just to be clear, babe, you're anything but a normal wolf."

Her cheeks blushed at his kiss and his praise. That flustered sight of Lucianne never fails to make Xandar and his animal happy.

After giving his plan some thought, Xandar glanced at Lucianne as he drove and said, "Hey, baby?"

"Hm?"

"Can I take you out? Like on an actual date? I feel like I don't really know you yet."

She was in a mood to be cheeky again, "I'm not sure if that's a good idea, my King. You may not like me if you get too close. I'm too blunt. I may say something that you won't like. Plus, you've seen my acting. How would you know that I'm not just going after whoever sits on the throne?"

Xandar scoffed. Then, he took one hand off the steering wheel and reached for her hand before lacing his fingers with hers. "My darling, you wanted to get rid of me the first moment we met despite knowing that I am King. I highly doubt you care about the throne."

"Shoot! You're no fun." She complained in a teasing manner.

He smiled wider and then continued, "And if you think that being blunt is going to drive me away, you would be very wrong. If you haven't noticed, your words do two things to me: make me look at you like you're the Goddess herself, or get me aroused." She bit her lip before she said softly, "There's a third thing, too. I hurt

you with my words. I hurt you that first night and also in the Jewel Pack with what I said." She then sighed, "I may have gone a little overboard with what I said at the Jewel Pack and that first night was... uncalled for. I'm sorry."

Xandar kept stroking her hand as he said, "That first night. You had a reason. I don't blame you. I didn't understand it at that time but after you told me about your past, I understood why you said the things you did. And uh... the Jewel Pack."

He sighed before saying, "It really was my fault. I didn't realize until after I'd finished...yelling at you that I actually really wanted to yell at myself. I made a promise to our Goddess the night before that I would protect you and make you happy. When I saw you there, wounded, drained and exhausted after the battle, I just... I felt like I had let you down."

Lucianne insisted firmly, "You didn't, Xandar! Why would you even think that? It was all the rogues doing. You saved me. If you and Christian didn't come, everyone in that space that day wouldn't have survived. I thought you knew this. You said so yourself in your speech."

His voice exuded regret, "I know but..." he sighed, "I can't help but feel that I should have done

more, that I should've just...been better." Lucianne didn't know he was still blaming himself for what happened the other day. But she understood where he was coming from. When she had to watch her friends die on the battlefield, she felt helpless. (This novel will be daily updaed at)She would mourn their deaths and wonder why she couldn't be there for them, why she couldn't...be better.

None of them spoke for a moment, then Lucianne lifted his hand up to her lips before pecking a kiss at the back of Xandar's hand like he always did for her. Xandar thanked Goddess that he had just parked the car outside the dining hall when she did that. His shock at her initiative would have taken all his attention away from the road. Then again, knowing his mate, she would've taken their situation into account before she decided to kiss his hand.

His shocked lilac eyes locked with her affectionate black ones as she said clearly and firmly, "You're more than what you think of yourself, Alexandar, believe me." Xandar felt his eyes glistening and his heart melting. Her voice was so beautiful, so sincere. Her words reached the deepest parts of his heart, giving birth to a sense of warmth that he thought he wouldn't experience again after the passing of his mother and aunt.

"You're more, really." She repeated sincerely, firmly and convincingly.

He kissed her deeply with all the love he could channel from his lips to hers, and whispered, "Thank you, baby." Xandar then buried his face in her neck and took in her scent. For once, she didn't stop him. Her scent soothed the anxiety he had. After a while, Lucianne whispered softly, "Xandar, we should go in now."

"Mmm...okay." He took in another deep breath from her neck and kissed it deeply, making Lucianne let out an audible moan, which in turn got Xandar aroused. 'That is the sexiest thing I have ever heard,' he thought to himself. Apart from his own arousal, he caught another scent.

The new scent was mixed with Lucianne's normal scent of jasmine and butterfly pea. Xandar had a guess but he had to do something to confirm his suspicions. Without warning, he pressed his lips against hers and licked them in lust to seek access to her mouth. (This novel will be daily updated at)When Lucianne let out a second moan, the new scent got stronger, confirming Xandar's suspicions that it was the scent of her arousal. His self-control was vanishing with her moans and the new scent. His tongue plunged into the depths of her mouth as he savored her taste. His animal was ecstatic that they finally got their mate aroused. 2 Lucianne pushed his shoulders away gently and said with dazed eyes, "W-We should g-go in... w-while we're still in control."

"Mmm...losing control isn't all bad, baby." He started kissing her jaw as the smell of his arousal continued to fill the space in the car.

With both her hands, Lucianne held on the sides of his head to push it away from her face," Xandar, please."

"Say yes." He said in a husky voice as he took her hand from the side of his face to press it over his lips, kissing her small palm.

Still trying to come out of a daze, Lucianne stuttered, "T-To what?"

"A date, Lucy." 1

After averting gaze and blinking her eyes a few times to bring herself out of the daze, she scoffed and her lips curled into a smile before she said, "I was already going to say yes when you first asked anyway."

Lucianne let go of his face and opened the door to get out, leaving Xandar in the car smiling like he had just won the lottery, and maybe he did. Her arousal AND her saying yes to a date, that was two lotteries in one day.

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In the dining hall, after having dinner, Lucianne and Xandar were speaking to Juan and the others when Xandar got confirmation that the rogue Lycan was up but rather light-headed because of lack of food and water. He wouldn't be fit enough to be interrogated yet so they had to wait for the medical team to give the okay.

Lord Yarrington came up to Lucianne, and asked if there were anymore werewolves who had an opinion in education because he found his previous discussion with the three wolves she introduced to him very useful. 1

Lucianne knew of two more, and she told the education minister that there are many who would want a say in the matter but are, sadly, not Alphas, Lunas or Gammas so they weren't a t that particular collaboration. She got him to take down the contact details of a few others she knew of, and promised to get in touch with them first to give them a heads-up on the minister's call. (This novel will be daily updaed at)Xandar later told Lucianne that he had never seen Yarrington so excited about

government affairs. 1

"Excuse me, your Highness." Pierre Whitlaw's voice came from the side when Lucianne had just finished speaking to Yarrington.

Xandar and Lucianne turned to see him with another minister, who looked about the same age as him. Xandar's voice was stern as he addressed the deputy minister, "Yes, Whitlaw?"

The old man looked at Xandar and said, "Oh, I was referring to the Queen, my King. Apologies for the miscommunication."

Lucianne put on an emotionless face, "What is it, minister?"

He faked a smile, "I wanted to apologize. If the Queen is willing, I'll do my best to make amends."

Lucianne started pressing him, "For what?"

Whitlaw's fake smile fell, replaced by genuine surprise, "Pardon?"

Lucianne explained simply, "You mentioned you would make amends, but for what in particular, minister? Is it for not doing your job, for what you said to me as a Gamma for the past few years, or merely for what you said to me as the King's mate this morning?"

Whitlaw began to feel uneasy, "Uhh..well..."

Lucianne was not backing down, "So the apology is for the King. It's not really for me, is it? Or i s it not for the King either. It's just for whoever sits on the throne?"
1

Whitlaw was still lost for words. Lucianne faked a small smile and said, "You seem a bit

confused, minister. Tell you what, I'll tell you the same thing I told Greg Claw – I will believe i t when I see it. Until you act like an actual minister and look after the people you're supposed

to, don't expect me to believe that you are making amends."

His confidante, the other old man suddenly bowed and spoke cautiously, "Forgive my intrusion, your Highnesses. But the deputy minister was going to express his concern for you, my Queen." He then smiled and said, "My Queen, allow me to introduce myself, I am..."

"You're Lord Caunterberg, the Minister of Health and Welfare, I know." Lucianne responded nonchalantly.

He seemed encouraged, "Well, it's an honour to be known by the Queen herself before an introduction."

Lucianne remained unperturbed, "I wouldn't call it an honour if I were you, minister. (This novel will be daily updated at)I will explain how I came about knowing you. But seeing that you were so supportive of Whitlaw expressing his concern, I shall let you speak first."

The two ministers glanced at one another before Lord Caunterberg spoke, "We didn't see your Highnesses at tea. Was anything the matter?"

Xandar wondered if the two ministers knew something about their visit to the audit department but when he saw his unperturbed mate, he decided to appear equally emotionless.

Lucianne gave a faint nod and said, "Yes, there was. I had to attend a doctor's appointment to have my condition checked after the incident at the Jewel Pack. Thankfully, everything is fine."

The two of them glanced at each other. Both tried to hide their surprise with her answer but were too slow to mask their true expressions. Lucianne smirked and asked, "Ministers, is there a problem? You two seem like I've just said something unexpected, though I can't fathom why. Everyone knows that I was in the alliance, and that I was the most injured. A doctor's appointment would be anything but unexpected."

"N-No, my Queen. We...we just expected you to say that you were spending time with the King, perhaps." Lord Caunterberg tried to make up a viable excuse but even Xandar could see through his terrible attempt to act.

Lucianne gave a small smile, "Well then, I'm sorry to have disappointed you. But the King was with me during the check-up so I suppose you're not completely wrong. Now, let me tell you how I know you, Lord Caunterberg."

"Well, if the Queen insists." Caunterberg smiled graciously but Whitlaw was already having a bad feeling about what was about to happen next.

Lucianne smiled with a murderous glint in her eye and said, "You came up to me last year when I attended this very collaboration as a Gamma. Do you remember what you asked me at that time?"

Caunterberg's eyes widened in shock, his face turned white but his feet couldn't move.

Whitlaw observed his friend freeze in fear, and could only pray that he himself would be spared from Lucianne's wrath.

Lucianne observed the old man and said, "Your silence is quite worrying, Lord Caunterberg. Let me refresh your memory. You asked me how much I charged for, in your words, 'a night of action'." Xandar's lilac eyes turned onyx almost immediately, glaring straight at Caunterberg. Lucianne pressed her hand over his that was secured at her waist, hoping to calm him down for a few more moments.
1

She then continued, "And, I just want your Lordship to know that I don't take it personally." She waited for that glimmer of hope to appear in the old man's eyes before she crushed that hope by saying, "Because you've said it to more werewolves than I can count. There were even numerous times where you asked a Luna! But despite the sexual harassment complaints we submitted, you're still here, alive and well, standing as our Minister of Health and Welfare. Well, (This novel will be daily updated at) I guess you can't really expect welfare complaints made against the Welfare Minister to be taken seriously by the Welfare Minister himself." 7

Caunterberg looked like he was going to faint, while Whitlaw had already gone to the side to seek refuge with Cummings, leaving Caunterberg all by himself.

Lucianne felt Xandar's radiating anger. He was about to lose it. As that thought came to her, Xandar growled louder and fiercer than he ever had before. The room fell silent. Some of those in attendance dropped their glasses that they were holding, shuddering from fear and shock at the sight of their King starting to shift. The wolves were especially petrified, knowing full well that once a Lycan shifts, their species have little chance of surviving an attack.

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Lucianne moved to position her small body right in front of Xandar's large frame as soon as he growled. His black fur was starting to show on the visible parts of his skin, and he was still throwing a murderous glare at Caunterberg.

Lucianne then took Xandar's slightly furry face in her hands, and she stroked his face slowly and soothingly. "Xandar. Xandar, look at me, please." His fists were clenched tightly by his sides, both covered in black fur.

Lucianne then pulled his face towards her to make his angered eyes lock with her soft ones, (This novel will be daily updated at)" Xandar, darling. Listen to me,

okay? It's just you and me. Nothing else is important. Okay? Breathe. It's okay. We're both okay. Breathe. We're okay. We're okay. Breathe. Breathe."

The rapid rise and fall of his chest was slowing down. Lucianne continued to stroke his cheeks and cooed, "Shh...I'm here, Xandar. I'm here. It's just you and me. Shh..."

The fur on his face and hands were starting to shorten bit by bit. As Lucianne's soothing voice and gentle touch continued to enter Xandar's being. His fur shortened until it disappeared from sight. But his eyes were still onyx as they looked into her black orbs.

His fists loosened from the tight clenches. And a few moments later, his hands found their way to Lucianne's waist. Xandar held on to Lucianne's small waist a little too tightly but Lucianne knew that this was not the time to comment on his grip. She uttered softly, slowly and clearly, "Xandar, it's okay. There is hope. We can still fix it, okay?"

When she started seeing the faint traces of lilac shades returning to his eyes, she was internally relieved. She then whispered to him in a hushed tone, "There is a right way of doing this. You are better, Alexandar. You are more. Let's resolve this the right way. What do you say?"

Xandar was silent for a moment as he continued to stare into her eyes. Lucianne let him take his time to process her words as she continued to look into his onyx orbs with a soft gaze. Then, one of his hands left her waist and reached for one of her hands on his face.

He gently took her hand by her wrist and moved it over his mouth. He closed his eyes and planted a deep kiss on her palm before placing it back on his cheek as he uttered, "Okay."

Lucianne smiled, and pulled herself up to peck a kiss on his jaw, (This novel will be daily updated at)and half his eyes had returned to their original lilac colour. The onyx shades were still very much visible but Lucianne knew this would be enough for Xandar to restrain himself from shifting.

He pulled her into an embrace which was a bit too tight but Lucianne decided to bear with it for this time. He needed this. He needed the mate bond to calm himself. He held her for a moment in the silent dining hall before pecking a kiss on her forehead and whispering,"

Thank you, baby."

Lucianne smiled wider and pecked another kiss on his jaw before saying, "Xandar, I'm your mate. You don't have to thank me for this."

He returned her smile. But his expression turned hard again as he turned to the pale-looking minister who was still rooted to his spot. Lucianne thought to herself, 'Seriously? He's still here? He could've just fled from the hall when Xandar lost control.'

Xandar's hand remained on Lucianne's waist. He turned and looked hard at Caunterberg as he barked, "Yarrington!"

The education minister standing on the side flinched for a moment. After exchanging a fearful glance with his mate, Yarrington made his way over in quick steps. When he came before Xandar and Lucianne, he averted his eyes and fell on one knee as he greeted Xandar, "My King." Xandar's eyes were still fixed on Caunterberg when he sternly ordered, "Stand, Yarrington." The minister on the ground looked up in fear and hesitation. He didn't recall doing anything wrong. He looked at Lucianne, and she gave him a small smile and an encouraging nod. So, he slowly picked himself up from the ground and stood before them, trying not to show how daunted he was.

Xandar then made an announcement while still fixing his glare on Caunterberg, "With immediate effect, Lord Yarrington will temporarily stand in as Minister of Health and Welfare until a suitable replacement for the position can be found. No ministers or families of ministers are permitted to leave the country while we assess everyone's ethical behaviour. If any complaints are made against any one of you, we will investigate the matter *very, very* thoroughly." His emphasis on the words 'very' had a homicidal edge, (This novel will be daily updated at) sending a shiver down the spines of many. Caunterberg himself was already wobbling at his legs. 1

Xandar pecked a kiss on Lucianne's temple before he turned to face the rest of his subjects, "To any wolf or Lycan who has been mistreated or harassed by any government official in the past, I am urging you to submit a complaint to Lord Yarrington's office in the next seven days. Your King urges you to speak up. Our Queen..." he then looked at Lucianne with soft eyes and she mind-linked him with a small smile, 'I'll submit mine tonight, Xandar'. Xandar continued, "...will be submitting her own complaint tonight."

There were gasps and murmurs. Before Xandar said that, only a few werewolves knew about what Caunterberg said to Lucianne in the past because they were either her friends, or *were* victims to the same form of harassment. But after Xandar made the announcement, everyone knew.

'Can I say something?' Lucianne mind-linked Xandar as she looked up at him with a smile.

Xandar's lips curled upward just slightly, and kissed her temple before saying, "Of course." 1

She took a step forward and turned to face the room. Lucianne dropped her smile and put on a serious face. All eyes were on her when everyone fell silent.

She mustered her voice of authority and grace, and began, "For quite some time now, many of us have been subjected to the words and attitudes of some very powerful individuals in this room. The very people who were supposed to protect us have been the danger instead. Our King is now offering us a way to seek the justice that we deserve. If you have been mistreated or harassed, I urge you not to be afraid, ashamed or embarrassed. None of what happened was your fault. Be empowered. You are now given a voice and a route to punish your assailant for

what he said or did to you. Friends, urge the ones you know to submit a complaint. Mates, insist that a complaint is submitted if your mate fell victim to any form of mistreatment. *We're doing this properly, so we might as well do it together.*"

When Lucianne stood back and joined Xandar, he was smiling as he looked at her with love and admiration. Then, they both noticed that the wolves on the left side of the hall were all having glazed-over eyes. They were all mind-linking, but why? Xandar saw that Lucianne's eyes were clear and she looked confused herself, so she wouldn't know what they were saying among themselves. When the wolves' eyes cleared, Luna Hale touched Alpha Juan's arm affectionately before unclinging her arm from his and taking three steps out. She looked at Lucianne and Xandar with a grateful smile, and said a very loud and clear 'thank you, your Highnesses' as she offered a bow. Right after her, all the werewolves uttered the same words and bowed with Luna Hale. Xandar and Lucianne bowed in return before standing with the wolves. 2

The Lycans tried to copy their cousin species but because it was not properly planned among themselves, their thanks came out with a less-than-perfect synchronicity. 1

Xandar walked Lucianne out and back to the hotel right after. In her room, (This novel will be daily updtaed at)she got her laptop out and sat at the dressing table. Xandar placed a chair right next to her. That's when she said, "Xandar, it'll be easier for me to do this if I sat here alone. Could you wait on the couch? I'll show it to you before submitting."

He was hesitant. He wanted to see the complaint she was about to type, while she typed it. She then looked at him with those innocent doe-eyes of hers as she asked softly, "Please?"

He sighed in frustration, and kissed her on her forehead before dropping onto her couch. He just couldn't say no to her when she looked at him like that. For the next few minutes, the only sound in the room was the tapping of laptop keys. Then, Xandar received a phone call. He swiped to answer, "Yarrington, what is it?"