

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 50

Chapter 50

Back in the dining hall, Lucianne continued putting on a smile to ensure those around her that she was okay. But only Xandar and Juan could see that she was merely putting up a brave front.

Juan didn't bring up what he knew. Neither he nor Lucianne were comfortable breaking down in public. He hoped to mind-link her later that night, away from the crowd, just to make sure that she was okay. Lucianne was well aware that her brother-like figure saw right through her. And why wouldn't he? He had known her forever.

Xandar noticed that his mate was avoiding his gaze, and when he held her hand, her fingers didn't respond as how they normally would. His consistently-whimpering animal wanted his human part to hold her and speak to her, to keep assuring her of his love for her. But his human part felt that his uncontrolled outbursts tonight had put Lucianne through enough, and he decided against mentioning the matter until Xandar had walked her back to her room. 4

They walked back to the hotel in silence. Xandar was stroking Lucianne's waist with his thumb in slow motions, watching his mate's tired face as she got lost in her own thoughts. When they reached her door, he pulled her into a passionate kiss. Then, he looked deep into her black orbs and asked, "Can I sleep on your couch tonight?"

The doubt she tried to mask all night surfaced. She averted her eyes from his as she said in a soft and exhausted voice, "Xandar, I'm really tired. I just want to be alone tonight."

His animal whimpered even louder as Xandar felt a pang in his heart, and he abruptly pulled her into his chest. He kissed her hair before whispering firmly but sorrowfully, "I knew you didn't believe me. But I'm not leaving. We can both stay here right outside your door all night, or you can let me in. I'm not letting you go through this alone, Lucy. I'll kick down the door if I have to."

Lucianne pushed him back with the little strength she had left, and wiped away her stray tears before Xandar could. Without another word, she unlocked her door with her keycard and Xandar followed her in. She still didn't look at him when she took some clothes from her cupboard and headed for the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

As tempting as it was to cry in the shower, she restrained herself from doing so, knowing full well that Xandar's Lycan hearing would catch her sobs and sniffles. After cleaning herself up, she opened the door and Xandar, who was right

outside, pulled her into another hug. He kissed her forehead before lifting her body off the floor, carrying her to the bed.

The fact that she was still avoiding his gaze even when he held her in his arms made Xandar's heart flare in agonizing anguish, so much so that he would have given in to his weakened legs if he weren't carrying his beautiful mate.

He placed Lucianne in a sitting position, her back against the headrest and her legs

underneath the covers. Then, he sat cautiously by her side. His fingers reached for her chin to gently lift up her face, making their eyes lock as he uttered, "Lucy, I have never loved anyone the way I love you. There's no need to be jealous, please. I've never seen their daughter that way, ever. I swear. The...engagement never materialized because Christian, my maternal grandfather and I myself fought against it. The only time she and I...went out was because my parents and hers set it up. I was told that I was going to meet my aunt, only to have Kylton's daughter walk through the door. I left the restaurant as soon as I found out what was happening. Nothing ever happened between us, Lucy. Please, you have to believe me. You have to know that. There really is nothing to be jealous about, baby, please."

"I'm not jealous." Lucianne snapped in a whisper. "Jealousy requires rage. After five mate bonds, I've practically given up on getting enraged over something like this. I wasn't lying to the Kyltons back there. Jealousy doesn't affect me anymore. Mate number four was good practice for me. I won't fight someone just to keep someone else, Xandar. I've grown tired of doing that a long time ago."

Her tears were already threatening to flow out. She then pressed her lips together before she sighed heavily to steady herself. Only then she continued to speak, "But somehow, I never got used to feeling...unworthy, and feeling...the insecurity that comes with it. When the Kyltons mentioned how you were almost ...engaged, it just...triggered those emotions again."

Xandar kissed her forehead and held her close as he uttered, "The purported engagement was devoid of any consent from my part, Lucy. It never happened. I made sure that it didn't happen." He kissed her hair and held her tighter, "And you're anything but unworthy, Lucy. Through your words and actions, you show everyone over and over again how special and priceless you are. You do so much for everyone. You touch lives like no one we've ever seen. You defend the vulnerable, call out the incompetents and restrain the reckless. And you do these things with so much grace and composure. Lucy, you're a living, breathing masterpiece of our Goddess. We can't lose you. I can't lose you."

She parted their bodies and forced a meek smile, which made Xandar feel more wounded. She still didn't believe him.

In her soft voice, she said, "I know I play a role to a certain extent but...on my worst days, I just feel that...I'm not doing enough, that I am not enough. Sometimes, the feelings are self triggered and other times something around me happens and I just...feel lack again. Tonight is just one of those days."

She continued to fight her tears as she said incoherently, "I'm...not doubting you...Xandar. How I...behaved with you after...what happened tonight...had nothing to do...with you. This is just...an emotional phase that I have to...get through....I've done it before. I just need time. I just need to be...sad...by myself...for a while. I'll be fine after that, I promise."

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Xandar's heart cracked at the words 'sad by myself'. When she started pulling up her covers and was about to slip the rest of her body under the sheets, he lifted her body up and placed her on his lap. After guiding her head to his chest, he muttered, "You don't have to be sad by yourself, Lucy. You can be sad with me. We'll get through this together. I love you, baby. It's okay for you to break down in front of me. Please stop trying to hold everything back. Let it all out. Let it all out with me."

Lucianne couldn't hold back any longer. She broke down with an anguished cry, and sobbed and sniffled in Xandar's chest as she let the feelings of lack and unworthiness flow through her. Without allowing these emotions to pass through her being, she would never be free. The sensations would just build up and make her uncomfortable and drained.

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Xandar stroked her hand and shoulder as he continued letting her cry into his chest, drenching a part of his shirt. His heart ached at the increasing wetness. Every sniffle and sob felt like a stab to his heart. His animal was not helping when it broke down in tears at the scene as well. 1

Unworthy and insecure. Xandar thought about what she said. After knowing about her past, it was not surprising to learn that she felt that way. And he wasn't sure whether to be grateful or devastated by the fact that she no longer had a tendency to be jealous.

Life has thrown so many instances her way to trigger that rage within her that she was now able to ignore that feeling altogether. She would rather walk away in hurt than allow jealousy to make her fight against someone to get someone else. This thought pained Xandar. His beautiful and selfless mate had been through so much. Yet it seems that such things never

stop happening to her. 1

Even when she had stopped crying, he continued to hold her and stroke her lovingly. None of them said a word to each other. Suddenly, Lucianne sat upright on his lap. He was about to ask how she was feeling but when he saw her reddened eyes glaze over, he fell silent and continued holding her as he waited.

Juan was mind-linking his sister, 'Lucy, how are you, really?'

'I'm fine now. Xandar's here. He made me cry everything out with him. I'm okay now. Don't worry.'

There was a pause before Juan linked a response, 'He's good to you, Lucy. There's no reason to question his loyalty. There's no need to feel insecure.'

He knew her so well. She was quiet for a moment before she linked, 'I guess that's true. I just... get so frustrated that I'm never able to not feel this, to not feel... unworthy'

'You are worthy, Lucy. We all see it. You have no idea the impact you have on the lives of everyone you meet. So much so that we would kill for you. You saw everyone tonight. We

were ready to murder three people just to keep you. All of us would've done it without hesitation, especially your mate. Those three wouldn't have left the room alive tonight had you not stopped us, had you not stopped him.'

'What happened tonight with everyone growling was definitely...unexpected.'

Juan scoffed, 'For you, maybe. But not for the rest of us. You're worth more than you know, Lucy.'

'Why do I still feel like this sometimes? Why doesn't it ever go away?'

"Give yourself time, Lucy. You've been through more than anyone we know. Let him be there for you.'

'It's not like he's going to let me shut him out anyway. He practically forced me to let him

sleep on my couch tonight when he saw through the front I was putting up.'

Juan chuckled, "That's good. I'll bring some clothes over for him in a few minutes.'

'And Juan...thank you for not mentioning anything at dinner. You saw through me, too. But you didn't say anything. Thank you.'

Juan chuckled again before he linked back, 'Anything for my little sister. I'll see you in a bit.'

Lucianne ended the mind-link. Xandar's concerned gaze fell on her when she explained in a much steadier voice, "That was just Juan checking up on me. I told him that you were staying the night so he's coming down in a moment with some clothes for you to change."

When she climbed out of his lap, he held her arms and asked frantically, "Where are you going?" Was she avoiding him again?

She simply said, "The bathroom. I want to wash off the tear stains before Juan gets here. I don't want him to worry about me any more than he already is."

Xandar still refused to release her as he said firmly, "You do know that I'm okay with *worrying* about you, don't you? You don't have to mask anything to stop me from worrying about you, Lucy. I hope you know that."

Her lips managed a slight upward curl and she nodded before saying, "I know. Thank you." Xandar was relieved to hear those words coming out of her mouth, and kissed the back of her hands before letting her go to the bathroom sink.

He watched as she splashed cold water on her face. Xandar was only brought out of daze when he heard a knock on the door. He got up to open it, and Juan was standing there with a folded set of shirt and pants.

As he was handing over the clothes, Juan asked Xandar in a hushed voice, "How is she?"

Xandar accepted the clothes, and pondered for a moment before he frowned and muttered, "Just because she's strong it doesn't mean she deserves to go through these emotional turmoils. Why does life give someone like her so much to deal with?"

Juan smiled sadly and whispered, not wanting Lucianne to hear them, "You have no idea how many of us want to know the answer to that question, your Highness."

Lucianne came to the door as soon as Juan finished saying that. He offered her a hug. They held each other for only a short moment before bidding each other goodnight.

Xandar changed in the bathroom, and tucked Lucianne into bed after that. He kissed her on her forehead before whispering a firm and clear 'I love you' into her ear. When she muttered a soft 'I know', he smiled and pecked a kiss on her cheek.

Relief washed over him and his Lycan. He went to the couch and fell asleep as soon as he saw Lucianne's own eyelids fall in the dark.

In a bar, Livia slammed her phone on the counter table after speaking to her aunt. On the high chair next to her, Sasha's hopeful eyes turned dark. Livia didn't have to say anything. Her reaction pretty much told Sasha the gist of what she wanted to know.

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Livia drowned down some liquor before she slammed the emptied shot glass on the counter table. She muttered under her breath lividly, "What the hell is that bitch made of?"

Sasha drank half of the contents from her wine glass before saying, "It doesn't matter. Everyone breaks over something. We just haven't found what breaks her yet." "How can Greg even like her?!" Livia whisper-yelled, still unable to accept that the Duke kicked her out the other night and showed affection for Lucianne by how gentle his tone was when he said Lucianne's name.

Sasha seemed to have already calmed down from her previous encounter with the Duke. (This novel will be daily updated at) "Men don't know what they want, Liv. He's just blinded for now, like the rest of them."

Livia continued to hiss, "Do you know that even the wolves were ready to attack my relatives? How dare they?! We are the superior species! They shouldn't even have the gall to think of doing something like that."

Sasha took a sip, "It's because of that wolf. They think that they are on par with us now because our King is bonded to one of them."

"We can't let her get away with this!" Livia exclaimed. "The wolves who did that should be punished! That bitch should be brought to her knees and apologize for what she's been doing to all of us!"

"I'm with you there, Liv. But we need a Plan B now." Sasha didn't like Kelissa Kylton, especially when she knew that the late King and Queen was trying to matchmake their son with the Lord and Lady's only daughter. Sasha's own father was not a Lord, so she felt inferior to Kelissa..that was until word spread that Xandar refused to marry the daughter of that esteemed family. The Kyltons were so humiliated and angry that they moved far away. No one had seen them or heard from them in years, until Livia made the call.

Livia was aware of Sasha's hate towards her cousin but she couldn't care less. She was after the Duke. There was something about his willful disregard for authority that turned on a

her being. Livia didn't tell her relatives that Sasha had a hand in deciding to tell Aunt Kylton about the King being bonded to a wolf. Kelissa expressed mutual hate for Sasha when she saw Sasha trying to seduce the very person she herself was seducing.

After a few more drinks, Sasha sent Livia home. Livia walked into the dark house. Her parents were visiting some friends and her brother worked overseas so she was alone for now. She entered, and threw the keys with the other sets before sighing in exhaustion. She was making her way towards her room. But when she walked past the dark living room, her senses caught a presence. With her Lycan eyesight, she looked into the dark and saw a figure sitting crossed-legged on an

armchair at a dark corner. She squinted her eyes, and when her vision finally adjusted fully to the darkness, she saw that it was Greg.

She smirked coyly, "Well, your Grace. It's good to know you're comfortable letting yourself in. Finally in the mood to experience what I told you about the other night?"

Greg uncrossed his legs and stood from his seat. He took slow steps towards Livia without uttering a single word. Livia assumed that he was accepting her offer. Her parents weren't coming home anytime soon so they could very well do it in the living room if they wanted to. She, too, approached him in slow, seductive steps as she threw her purse and waited for him to make his move.

When he stood before her, his onyx eyes bore into hers and Livia misread them as being lust when, in fact, Greg was actually angered. Her arousal started filling the room. That was when Greg pushed her mercilessly against the wall. He pinned her neck with one hand and growled menacingly as he asked, (This novel will be daily updated at) "Why did you send the Kyltons this evening?"

She was shocked but tried to choke out her words, "G-Greg, what are you talking about? I didn

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Greg released her neck only to slam her head harder against the wall. A crack began to form where Livia's head made the impact. If she weren't a Lycan, the force would have resulted in a concussion or an internal hemorrhage. But because of her strength, the impact on her skull just made her feel slightly uncomfortable.

Greg uttered his next words slowly, one syllable at a time, "Don't. Lie. To. Me."

His grip was tightening around Livia's neck. She was losing air so Greg grudgingly released her neck. She fell on the floor with a loud thud at his feet. Livia coughed and took in large volumes of air to replenish her lungs. Greg squatted and lifted her chin up roughly as he repeated his question, "Why did you send them?"

Livia was still catching her breath as she furrowed her brows in annoyance, "Why is that so important to you? They weren't even there for you. They just went for the King."

"Hmph." Greg scoffed at Livia's amateur attempt to lie. He glowered at her as he said, "They weren't really just there for my cousin, were they? You sent them there to catch her off guard and to hurt her, to hurt Lucianne." Livia's shocked expression confirmed Greg's suspicions. At that moment, Livia regretted the many years she bragged to everyone about being the Kyltons

relative.

Greg threw her head towards the floor. Without giving her time to recover, he lifted up her body and pinned her against the wall by her shoulders as he said,

"Lucky for you, the Queen was neither hurt nor broken, or I wouldn't be leaving without breaking your neck myself tonight. Consider this a warning. If you even try to hurt her again, rest assured that I'll kill you painfully slowly. Is that understood, Livia?"

Livia's eyes were glistening with tears of rage and jealousy. He was protecting the wolf! How could that be?! What the hell did the wolf have that she didn't?! Livia spat in despair, "Why do you even care about her? You are nothing to her!"

Greg threw her body against the cabinet at the side before he firmly declared, (This novel will be daily updated at)"The Queen doesn't have to reciprocate my feelings for me to act on them. You stay away from her or, I promise you, your end will not come without an insane amount of anguish."

"You're a fool to choose her, your Grace." Livia spat in a whisper.

He cocked his head to one side, and watched Livia pushing herself off the floor before he said, "I'd be more worried about your own intelligence if I were you." He left her there and walked out the door.

Livia's angry tears were streaming down her face. 'The wolf had to die', she thought. But she had to be more careful this time. Greg cannot find out that she was behind whatever she was going to plan for the ugly, little thing. She and Sasha had to be more discreet with their Plan B. She only hoped that they could hatch a plan and execute it before the wolf turned into a Lycan. It was easier to kill their cousin species than it was to kill them so they had to act fast!