

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina' s Pen Chapter 75

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When Lucianne was done dressing up, she came out of her spot and took her time to walk back to the largest acacia tree, captivated by the number of freesias between her feet and in front of her. She leaned against the largest tree trunk and was rooted to the ground even when Xandar's tall figure approached her from behind.

One of his hands reached for her abdomen and the other for her arm. He took in her scent from her neck before he whispered into her ear, "I come here when I need to get away for a while. From everything."

She turned her head and her eyes met his as she asked, "Since when?"

He smiled at the memory, "Since forever. Whenever I need a break from what I am, what I have to do and who I have to be, I come here for some quiet time... and to just be by myself. Away from all pressure and expectations. I did come here more often after my parents and I stopped seeing eye to eye. There's something about this place that just makes it welcoming.. and soothing."

"I feel it too." She took a breath of air filled with the scent of the freesias before she asked, "Does Christian come here with you sometimes?"

Xandar shook his head and rested his chin on her shoulder before looking up into her eyes, "He doesn't know about this place. I never told him or anyone else. It's my escape from everything and everyone so I keep it a secret."

Lucianne felt a tug in her heart, a tug towards him. He brought her to a place where no one else in his life knew about. She was so touched and surprised that she didn't know what to

say.

Xandar saw the surprise in her eyes, and he chuckled lightly before he held on to her hand and sat himself on the ground, his back leaning against the tree. He then patted on his lap, motioning his mate to sit there as he looked up at her in hopefulness and anticipation. Lucianne returned his smile as she sat sideways on his lap. Xandar held her close to his chest and pecked a kiss on her temple before he started stroking her arm in slow motions.

Lucianne returned her sights to the field before them. That was when Xandar said, "I don't believe that it's a coincidence, you know?" She looked at him in confusion so he continued to explain as his beguiling eyes fix on her black orbs. "What are the odds that the place I seek refuge from all these years is filled with

nothing but freesia, and then I'm bonded to a mate named Lucianne Freesia Paw?" 2

Lucianne was surprised by this revelation. She didn't make the connection to her name. These were always her favorite flower because of the colors and scents but she didn't connect the field before her to herself. When she continued to look in her mate's way, her attention suddenly went to the tree they were under.

She smiled to herself and muttered rhetorically, "And what are the odds that all these freesia are surrounded by a forest of acacia trees?"

Xandar's smile fell as jealousy and insecurity swam in his eyes, making him hold her closer as she asked, "What do you mean? You know someone who's named after these trees?"

"No, but I do know someone who smells like them."

"Who?" Xandar asked in a homicidal tone, eyes already filled with insecurity and jealousy.

When Xandar's lilac eyes started to develop onyx shades, Lucianne chuckled and said, "It's you, Xandar. You smell like these trees. How can you not know that? It's your scent."

The onyx disappeared from his eyes, and he tickled her waist as he muttered, "Little rascal." After being satisfied with her blushes and giggles, he stopped his assault and held her closer to take in her scent again. He never noticed the trees surrounding the flowers. He only saw the colorful field, nothing else, which made sense. Whenever Lucianne was around, he only saw her, nothing and no one else.

He then said, "You know, if these freesias can let these acacias surround them and protect them, you can too. You can let me protect you. You don't have to be so strong for everyone all the time."

Lucianne smiled shyly as she leaned into his warm, hard chest, "I'm not a flower in the field, Xandar."

He pecked a kiss on her hair before declaring, "That's right. You're my flower." She looked up at him before he continued, "And I'm your acacia forest, my little freesia."

She reached for his cheek and her thumb caressed it as she whispered, "Thank you, Xandar."

His hand went for her nape, supporting it as he inched his head to one side before closing his eyes and pressing his lips on hers. Her lips responded instantly. When Xandar got her lips to part, he deepened the kiss and his tongue stroked the walls inside her mouth.

Xandar moaned in approval as the scent of his arousal started filling the air around them. His free hand ran along Lucianne's arm, giving slow, gentle squeezes down its entire length.

When Lucianne was out of breath, Xandar continued pecking kisses on her cheek, jawline and neck. She let out a soft moan, and the scent of her arousal was beginning to get noticeable. Xandar's hands traced the side of her upper body before moving on to her thighs. Lucianne tilted her head to one side, giving her mate more access to her neck to continue his assault there. His free hand traced her ankle to her knee, stopping at the end of her thigh.

When she moaned again, he continued kissing her deeply at her neck as he mind-linked his mate, 'Oh, baby. I love hearing you moan like that.' His coquettish link made Lucianne moan yet again.

He gave her thigh slow, gentle squeezes to intensify her arousal as he linked, 'Mmm...

keep'em coming, baby. Moan for me.' He began sucking her skin all around her neck.

"Xandar... Oh... Xandar." Lucianne gasped his name like she was in need of air. She already felt his manhood hardened against her bottom, and she herself was feeling a painful tug at her lower abdomen.

He smirked at her neck before pulling away to look at his dazed mate, "Babe, if you keep saying my name like that, I can't promise that I won't lose control. Your moans are already powerful enough to drive me and my animal insane." Before giving her a chance to respond, he pressed his lips on hers again, with more lust than passion.

His hand continued squeezing her thighs in desperate need, moving up her skirt until he reached her underwear where he felt something that got him and his animal ecstatic and even more aroused.

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Xandar broke their kiss and looked teasingly into his mate's eyes as he noted in a husky voice, "You're wet, my love."

Lucianne blushed and bit her lower lip before retorting meekly, "Can you blame me, my King?"

"Hmm. Wouldn't be fair if I did that, my Queen. I was already hard long before you got wet."

"Yeah, I know." She teased him back. "At least I was decent enough to not mention it. You probably instigated your own arousal with your tendency to conjure up inappropriate thoughts, darling."

"Oh, so I'm the indecent beast now, my dear?"

"No," she pecked him on his lips before declaring softly, "You're MY indecent beast."

Tears of joy filled Xandar's eyes at her finally accepting him as hers. He pecked a kiss on her forehead before promising, "Always and forever, my little freesia. Always and forever."

Xandar removed his hand from under her skirt and pulled it back down to cover her thighs. He then held her in his chest and they enjoyed the silence and the freesia scent in each other's company. Xandar still pecked kisses on her hair from time to time because his animal kept demanding that his human part showered her with affection, not that his human part didn't enjoy doing it.

Across the field where they entered from, a man in his Lycan form could only rely on his binoculars to watch the King and Queen under the tree without getting caught. The field was so vast that his own Lycan vision wasn't enough to see what was going on at the far edge. He sat there for hours until he saw Lucianne and Xandar shifted into their animals, followed by Xandar carrying her across the field in large strides.

The spy was up on his feet, and he quickly retraced his steps, hastily spraying a scent removing chemical to mask his scent. Not his best work in covering his tracks but that would have to do. He didn't have time.

When he got out of the forest and reached his car, he stepped on the accelerator and let out a sigh of relief until he realized he forgot one detail of covering his tracks. He slapped his forehead in despair and only hoped that the scent-removing spray was enough to not raise any suspicions. The wolf wouldn't be able to smell it, he was sure of that. So, he prayed that the King would be too distracted by his mate to pick up his uncovered tracks.

When Xandar's Lycan placed Lucianne's wolf on the ground where they first entered the field, Lucianne was immediately on her guard. She sniffed the grass beneath her feet and found a scent that didn't match with the rest of the trees or flowers.

'Baby, what is it?' He noticed her stiffened as soon as he placed her on the ground.

'Do you smell that? A foreign scent?'

Xandar's eyes widened in alarm as he started sniffing the air around him until Lucianne linked, 'No, Xandar. There's nothing in the air. Try the ground. Whatever it was, it seemed to have been down here somewhere.'

Both their noses inched close to the grass and they followed the trail until it led them behind one of the trees in the forest. It was just a pile of dried leaves but the odd thing was that the scent seemed to have just disappeared at that pile.

Lucianne's unwavering eyes studied the area around the leaves and she saw it. Xandar's eyes locked at the same spot at about the same time. The footprints were as large as an average Lycan's, and it was clear that it tried to run on as little ground as possible, landing on the protruding roots and dried leaves. But why didn't he cover his tracks on the soil if he didn't want to be found?

Lucianne then linked, 'It doesn't smell like a rogue, and it couldn't be them either. Rogues wouldn't have left us untouched.'

Xandar's eyes were already angered. His animal's hand reached for his mate's white wolf protectively as he linked, 'Whoever it was, he's going to be very sorry for doing this.'

'You have to admit, this person has been sloppy.'

He wasn't in the mood to assess the situation. He needed Lucianne to be safe. 'Come now, Lucy. We should head back. Let me carry you. We'll get there faster.'

He lifted her off the ground again before she could answer. She then muttered in mock annoyance, 'Show off.'

His mood eased a little as he scoffed, 'Says the wolf who keeps reminding me that she'll soon take down the largest Lycan.'

Xandar wasn't kidding about getting back faster. He sped through the trees and skipped over the river like it was second nature to him. He then dashed through the forest before emerging from the thick of it, with his villa coming into view. He placed Lucianne behind her tree and handed her her clothes before disappearing behind the opposite tree himself.

When they shifted back to their human form, Lucianne's sight instinctively looked back at the way they came from. She noticed that the footprints ended at the exact spot they just came out of. They were followed.

But the tracks stopped around a nearby tree, probably where the intruder shifted back to its human form. Lucianne's eyes followed the human prints on the short grass of the clearing between the forest and Xandar's house. It seemed to lead to the neighbouring forest, where she went for a run every morning.

As she continued to think, Xandar's arm went protectively around her waist as he kissed her forehead. "I won't let anything happen to you, Lucy."

Lucianne was brought out from her thoughts, and met his worried and angered onyx orbs. With the intention to calm her mate, Lucianne smiled and pulled herself up to kiss him before whispering, "I know, Xandar. Thank you."

The lilac shades were returning as he kissed her nose and whispered, "I love you."

He looked deep into her eyes, waiting for her to say that she knows. She smiled wider and blushed as she said, "I know, Xandar. Thank you." Just when he was going to avert his gaze, thinking that his mate was done answering, she continued, "I love you, too."

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"I love you too." Lucianne said.

Xandar's onyx eyes returned to its original lilac shade, welling up in tears of happiness as he pulled her into a deep, passionate kiss with more love than lust. When their lips parted, he whispered, "Thank you, baby. I love you so, so much."

He held her for a moment before he remembered that they were headed for safety. Reluctantly, he loosened his arms around Lucianne before holding her hand and leading her to his villa where he parked his car.

Before Lucianne could get in, thinking that Xandar was going to drive them back to the hotel, he trapped her body and turned her around in one swift motion. Her mate smiled widely as he said, "Have dinner with me?"

Lucianne narrowed her eyes, "Why do you sound like you're confident that I'll say yes?"

He moved impossibly closer to her as he said, "Hmm, I don't know. Maybe it's because you just got wet under my touch, and if I remember correctly, my Queen, you told me that you love me less than five minutes ago. But I don't mind seducing a yes out of you if that's what you want. In fact, I would prefer it if you didn't say yes right away. It gives me a chance to do this." His head inched towards her neck and he kissed her deeply there, eliciting a moan from his mate.

Lucianne gave up, "Al-Alright, yes."

She felt his smirk at her neck as he teased, "So soon, babe? I was just warming up." As he was about to plant a second kiss, Lucianne's hands held his face and pulled it away from her neck. He groaned in annoyance, and after getting herself out of her daze, Lucianne said firmly, "We should go now, my King."

He sighed and kissed the back of her hand before opening the car door for her and reluctantly uttering, "As you wish, my Queen." She chuckled at his dissatisfied look.

Xandar drove them to a nearby restaurant with an impressive ambiance. "Table for two, please." He told the maître d'hôtel who bowed slightly and responded with a polite smile, "Just a moment, your Highnesses. I'll be right back."

Lucianne's eyes roamed the place: the marble floor, the decorated pillars, the chandeliers. What caught her attention most was the long aquarium along the side, partitioning the kitchen from the dining area. A few customers started looking up from their plates when they saw the two of them waiting to be seated.

Xandar noticed the not-so-subtle stares and whispers. Some who haven't seen Lucianne's photograph in the news were wondering whether this woman was a business associate or the future Queen they had been hearing about. They couldn't see that Xandar and Lucianne

were holding hands because the desk at the restaurant entrance blocked their view.

Thanks to his Lycan hearing, Xandar caught all of the murmurs of his people. But his beautiful mate seemed oblivious to the attention that she was garnering. To put his subjects' guesses to a halt and their minds to rest, Xandar smiled broadly as he let go of Lucianne's hand. His arm then stretched over her shoulder, and his hand rested there, stroking it lovingly with his thumb as he pecked a kiss on her temple.

The King was very satisfied with the shocked gasps and excited squeals he heard from the dining area. Lucianne's hearing didn't catch any of those things. She thought Xandar was just showing her affection like he always did, so she matched his smile before pecking him on his jawline, then returning her sights to the fish swimming around the corals in the aquarium. Xandar was chuckling on the inside when Lucianne's kiss only made his subjects even more excited than before.

"Apologies for keeping you waiting, your Highnesses. Right this way, please."

They followed the head waiter in, and the chatters seemed to die down when they walked past their tables. Lucianne was still clueless so she just kept following the waiter with Xandar's hand still glued on her shoulder. Suddenly, she felt something fall on her foot with a thud.

Lucianne halted in her steps, and looked down before gasping in shock. Xandar's gaze was pulled to where his mate was as she squatted before the little girl who felt right on over her feet.

"I am so sorry, sweetheart. Are you alright?" Lucianne asked in a hushed, worried voice as she helped the three or four-year-old to stand back up. Her mother came instantly, face reddened in embarrassment as she stuttered, "Oh Goddess, I a-am so sorry about that, your Highnesses."

Lucianne remained squatting as she looked up at the nervous woman, and said with a gracious smile, "Oh no, don't be, ma'am. I wasn't exactly looking where I was going. I should be apologizing." Instinctively, Lucianne reached for the little girl's arms to check for any scratches and bruises, before looking at her legs. She then locked eyes with the girl before she asked with a smile, "What's your name, dear?"

"E-Evie." She said shyly, holding a sketchbook close to her chest.

Lucianne continued to smile as she asked in concern, "Are you hurt anywhere, Evie? Do you feel any pain?"

She blinked those large adorable lilac eyes as she shook her head before saying, "Thank you, pwetty lady."

Lucianne tugged her stray blonde hair behind her ear before she said, "It's just Lucy, dear. I'm glad you're okay. You probably should get back to dinner now, hm?"

Evie glanced up at her mother before she asked Lucianne, "Are you really our Queen, pwetty Lucy?"

Lucianne blinked in surprise at the question but Xandar, who remained standing, was smiling broadly. Lucianne knew that this girl's mother was waiting for her answer as well so she decided to say, "Well, Evie. Not at the momen-"

"But she will be one day." Xandar gave a gentle squeeze on his mate's shoulder before he squatted next to her and asked Evie, "Would you like pretty Lucy to be our Queen, Evie?"

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Evie grinned broadly to show her half-grown teeth, and she hopped a little in excitement before nodding her head and throwing her arms around Lucianne's neck. Lucianne's heart melted just like when Russell hugged her.

Evie let her mother pull her out from the embrace but the little girl stubbornly took back her hand with force before telling Lucianne out loud, "When I grow up, I want to be brave and pwetty. Just like you, pwetty Lucy!" 1

The restaurant went silent, and Xandar was the proudest and happiest person in the room. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)Lucianne looked a bit embarrassed but she pecked a kiss on Evie's cheek as she said in all certainty, "Evie, when you grow up, you'll be brave and pretty. Just like you." Lucianne's index finger tapped lightly on Evie's nose, and the little girl giggled in excitement. Her mother made

another apology and pulled away her excited daughter before little Evie prolonged the conversation.

Mummers of affection soon filled the room at how Lucianne interacted with little Evie. Everyone was throwing warm smiles in hers and Xandar's way. But Lucianne was blind to all of this because her attention was on Evie the whole time.

When Evie was dragged away by her mother, Xandar stood up and held out a hand to his mate as he said, "Come, my love."

Lucianne took it without hesitation, letting Xandar support her as she stood back up next to him. Her eyes followed Evie and her mother until they reached their table. Xandar and Lucianne exchanged smiles with Evie's family before taking a seat at the table that the waiter led them to. Xandar pecked a kiss on her cheek before letting her sit as he whispered, "You're amazing."

She blushed as she sat and said, "So are you, Xandar." Lucianne then smirked as she commented, "I can see you prefer little girls to little boys." 1

"Of course. Little girls are no competition." Xandar said.

Lucianne shook her head with a smile, still finding Xandar's jealousy for Russell unbelievable. After placing their order and the waiter disappeared, Xandar took her hand before teasing, "Brave and pretty."

That got Lucianne thinking, "Brave how though? I mean, she's not Russell or Rita(This novel will be daily updtaed at). She doesn't know me, so why did it feel like she knew that I'm a warrior? How did her family know?"

Xandar chuckled at her seriousness, "My darling, haven't you read the news?"

Lucianne's eyes widened, "What news?What did you do?" She got out her phone and started scrolling through a news site.

Xandar played with her fingers as she read through the headlines. Lucianne was shocked by

the photos they managed to get of her when she and Xandar had breakfast at the cafe on their first date the previous day.

She tapped into one article and started reading it. Her head snapped up and she asked, "Did they call you for an interview that I had no idea about? This article explains the new bowing formality in a lot of detail. And how did they know that I'm a warrior of Blue Crescent? And this line, 'Gamma of the Gammas' sounds exactly like Christian. You two did this, didn't you?"

Xandar scoffed as he stroked her hands to calm her, "Babe, Christian and I are both busy with work, the collaboration and our mates. It can't be us. Probably should have been. But no, my love. I'm sorry to disappoint you."

“But then how did they-”

“Does it matter?” Xandar asked with those charming eyes of his as he cupped Lucianne’s hand in both of his. “Lucy, the collaboration involves a lot of people. Any one of them could’ve been the source. In fact, the journalists may have gotten more than fifty sources. Lycans aren’t exactly against gossiping. And the wolves would’ve been more than happy to show you off. Let’s not forget the number of people who greeted us at the cafe yesterday.”

She furrowed her eyebrows as she asked, “You knew this was all over the news and you didn’t think of telling me?”

He defended immediately, “I honestly thought you knew. And I only read one article. One. Christian sent it to me, and I read through it before I left the house this morning. He said it was the best one so I didn’t see the point in reading the rest. Besides,” he lifted her hand up to peck a kiss on her fingers before saying, “Why talk about what’s in the news about you when I can talk to you about you?”

“You’re trying to sweet-talk your way out of this, darling?”

He asked hopefully, “Is it working?”

“Fortunately for you, it is.” Lucianne smirked, and Xandar grinned as he continued playing with her fingers.

Their food arrived shortly after that. After thanking the waiter, they began eating. About halfway through their meal, a small voice came next to Lucianne, “Pwetty Lucy?”

Lucianne’s eyes snapped to her side and she saw a shy Evie. She put down her knife and fork before turning her body to face the little girl with a smile as she spoke softly, “Hello, Evie. Did you have a good dinner?”

Evie became less shy as she nodded and smiled with those half-grown teeth again. She then took out a loose page from her sketchbook before handing it to Lucianne, “I drew this for you.”

Lucianne’s eyes widened in curiosity. When she looked at the drawing, her mouth gaped at the pencil sketch in her hand. It was her upper body profile from the side, angled from the table where Evie’s family sat. It was so lifelike and drawn with such detail that no one would

think a person her age could’ve done it. She even drew her scar! “Do you like it, pwetty Lucy?” Lucianne pulled the little girl into a gentle embrace before letting her go as she held back her tears, “I love it, Evie. Thank you. I’ll keep this forever.”

She did that cute little hop before her smile faltered as she looked at Lucianne’s scar. She poked at it while asking, “Does it hurt, pwetty Lucy?(This novel will be daily updtaed at)” Lucianne felt touched. “No, dear. It’s all healed. It doesn’t hurt

anymore. You're so sweet to ask, Evie." Her fingers brushed gently across Evie's cheek and she hopped excitedly again before she hugged Lucianne briefly.

Her sad eyes met Lucianne's grateful ones when she pulled away and she said, "Mommy's waiting for me outside, pwetty Lucy." She then waved her with her little hand and Lucianne waved back, watching her run to the entrance where her mother was waiting.

After making sure Evie was by her mother's side, Lucianne turned back to her seat and continued looking at the sketch in astonishment.

Xandar was smiling radiantly throughout the whole exchange, and so were many of the other customers in the restaurant, not that Lucianne noticed. Xandar couldn't be more proud of his mate. After putting down his wine glass, he reached for her hand to get her attention. Lucianne still had a look of disbelief when she flipped the paper over to show Xandar what Evie did with a pencil in less than an hour as she exclaimed, "She drew this! Can you believe it?!"

Xandar almost choked on the wine in his mouth. He wiped off the stains from his lips before reaching out to take the sketch from her hands. His eyebrows furrowed as he studied the sketch in detail. He then looked at his mate and asked, "Can I have it?"

Lucianne's eyes turn fierce as she whisper-yelled, "No! It's mine! Give it back, Xandar!"

Ignoring her attempts to reach for the piece of artwork, Xandar gave the sketch another good look before he uttered, "What are kids made of nowadays? One knows how to build a remote controlled car from scraps. Now this one can draw like an artist at the age of four."

"She's four?"

"Just a guess, babe. It's remarkable." He took one more look and asked Lucianne again, "You can always look at yourself in the mirror. Can I really not have this?"

"No, Xandar! Evie gave it to me! Go ask her for another copy if you want one."

He chuckled at his ferocious-looking mate who looked more adorable than anything to him as she got out his phone to take a photo of the sketch before handing the picture back to Lucianne. She snatched it from him, and placed it carefully on her lap, under the napkin.

Xandar started stroking her hand as he said, "My dear, aren't you overreacting over a little drawing?"

Lucianne challenged, "How would you react if someone tried to take something that was yours?(This novel will be daily updtaed at)" She only realised how her question could be interpreted two ways when the words were out. Her free hand covered her mouth, already regretting the way her words were framed.

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In both the Lycans and werewolf communities, the words 'mine' and 'yours' have strong connotations, signifying that one is the other's mate, bonded by the Moon Goddess. So, when Lucianne used the word 'yours', loosely interpreted, meant her. Her question may be asking how Xandar would react if someone took her away from him. That was not a good thing to ask, especially when he almost lost control with the rogue Lycan that morning during the interrogation

Onyx shades came and left Xandar's eyes. He smirked and kissed the back of her hand that he was holding onto before declaring, "If they tried to take something that was mine, I'd take it back. If they tried to take someone I'm trying to make mine, I'd kill them or torture them, depending on what you'll let me do."

Lucianne then sighed in regret and said apologetically, "It wasn't supposed to come out like that, Xandar. I'm so," he stood and leaned over the table to silent her with a kiss before pressing his forehead against hers as he whispered, "Don't apologize, baby. I love you."

Relief washed over Lucianne as she smiled shyly and said, "I love you, too."

"Tell me you know that I love you, my little freesia." Xandar demanded in a soft voice as he stroked her cheek.

Lucianne's blushes got redder, and she bit her bottom lip before meeting his alluring gaze. "I know. Thank you." Xandar smiled and pecked a kiss on her forehead before resuming his seat.

After eavesdropping on many of his subjects' conversations, Xandar beamed at his mate. She met his stare and asked in bewilderment, "What?"

He kissed her hand and sighed in adoration as he said, "You are so perfect." Before Lucianne could ask what he meant, he said, "They love you, Lucy. Our people love you."

Lucianne met his gaze in confusion before she gaped at what Xandar just said and muttered quizzically, "Our people?"

Xandar smiled teasingly, "My Queen, you just told this King that he is your indecent beast, and that you love him. My people also became yours from the moment you said those things to me, don't you think?"

"Huh. I guess that's true." She uttered in agreement as she processed the direct consequence of being the Lycan King's mate.

Xandar chuckled at her pondering expression which he also found to be cute. He kissed her hand again, and continued, "Everyone in here has been talking about us. But mostly about you. They like how you were with Evie, and also how you smile and thank the waiters and waitresses who came to our table. They like that you're real and down to earth. Everyone has nothing but respect and admiration for you, Lucy. Most of the mothers and mothers-to-be have already fallen in love with you." 1

Xandar deliberately left out the businessmen stealing glances at his mate from time to time. And

there were three younger Lycans a few tables away who had the gall to scan Lucianne's body with lustful eyes while she was looking through the menu. But when the three of them inadvertently glanced at Xandar and were compelled to meet his death glare, their eyes wandered elsewhere in the restaurant.

Xandar also didn't mention what some older Lycans were saying, which were the petty things like his mate was too small to be a Queen; did not appear to come from a distinguished family, and that she wasn't a Lycan. When he threw them a glare, they grudgingly spoke well about Lucianne for a moment, then changed the subject before leaving the restaurant in haste.

Lucianne was lost for words for a moment before the corner of her lips curled up into a smile, "That's really sweet of them." She gave his hand a squeeze before smirking, "I guess it pays to have the best hearing in the Kingdom."

"Babe, the eavesdropping wasn't deliberate. Some of them didn't even bother being subtle." of course, Xandar also didn't mention a table of young, female Lycans who were being louder than they should be when they sneered at his mate and spoke lustfully about him.

Thank goddess wolf hearing couldn't catch what they were saying. When Lucianne's attention was on the steak, Xandar took the opportunity to throw them a death glare that even made one of them flinch in fear, before all six of them bowed as a sign of apology. They finished their drinks and left soon after too.

Not knowing about what her mate had been doing to anyone who spoke poorly about her, Lucianne chuckled at Xandar's defence for eavesdropping before returning to her food. After a moment, she felt a stare from her side, and she traced it to the source. Her eyes met a female Lycan's, who was sitting alone at a corner table.

When Lucianne looked her way, she immediately averted her eyes and pinned her sights to her phone on the table. Lucianne couldn't help but find this woman in a red dress very familiar. Lucianne couldn't take her eyes off of her as she continued to think. She then noticed that the chair facing the woman was pulled out, and there was a plate with unfinished food at that empty seat. Maybe she wasn't alone?

"Babe, are you okay? What is it?" Xandar followed her gaze to the red dress woman.

The woman then stood without looking up and held her head low as she pretended to be talking on her phone. She settled the bill and left.

Xandar reached for Lucianne's hand to get her attention, "Lucy, what is it?"

Lucianne's eyebrows were still furrowed as she said, "She looked very familiar."

"Maybe it's someone from the collaboration?"

She shook her head, "She doesn't fit into that setting. Where have I seen her before?"

"Hey," he stroked her hand affectionately and suggested, "How about you eat while you think, sweetheart? Don't let your food get too cold."

She smiled and uttered, "Okay."

After talking Xandar into letting her pay for dinner since he'd already paid for breakfast and lunch, he walked them out of the restaurant and to his car in frustration. When he held the door open for her, she pecked him on his cheek as she whispered, "Thank you. You're so sweet."

His mood lightened as he asked, "You're trying to sweet-talk your way out of this, my love?"

.

It was Lucianne's turn to look at him hopefully with those large doe eyes as she copied his line, "Is it working?"

He sighed at the effect his mate had on him before he repeated her words from earlier, "Fortunately for you, it is."

Internally, he was ranting to the Moon Goddess, saying how unfair it was that he was powerless whenever Lucianne looked at him with those large doe eyes that he didn't have. He continued ranting in his head as he drove, 'Couldn't you make her a little less irresistible? I want to spoil her but every time she looks at me like that, I can do nothing but give in to my mate. And she doesn't seem to be letting me spoil her to the extent that I want to. Seriously, Moon Goddess, what have you created?'

When they reached the hotel and were outside her room, Lucianne stiffened. Xandar panicked as he whispered, "What's wrong? Is someone in the room?" He then pressed his ear against the door but heard nothing.

"What? No! I just..." she took a breath, "I remember who that woman is."

"Oh, okay. Who is she?" Xandar didn't think she was still trying to crack the identity of someone who was clearly avoiding their presence. He didn't mind not

knowing who she was but this seemed important to Lucianne so he wanted to know.

Lucianne shrugged, "Sebastian Cummings's bed warmer. It's no wonder she didn't fit into the collaboration setting or any familiar setting. I found her naked, not dressed."

Xandar stiffened at Sebastian's name but he replayed the times when Lucianne showed nothing but disdain for the minister's son, and he managed to keep a cool head. When he was rummaging through his thoughts, Lucianne kissed the corner of his lips before she whispered, "Thank you for today. I love you." 1

His lips curled upward, and he kissed her deeply on her lips before whispering back, "Thank you for saying yes, Lucy. I love you too."

His eyes showed that he was waiting, and Lucianne chuckled at his anticipation before saying, "I know. Thank you." Xandar left the hotel and went home. He made a phone call to his contractor, and had a 30-minute discussion with him about renovating a part of his villa, a gift to Lucianne that he hoped she would accept when it was completed.

After that, he went through two rogue files before receiving an email from Chief Dalloway, which he forwarded to the rest of the alliance before skimming through the report himself.

After the eye-straining fifty-page report, he let the hot water in his shower calm his body before he slumped into bed. Maybe reading the report on the rogue Lycan this late at night was a mistake. He was having trouble sleeping. He then replayed the time he spent with his mate earlier that day

before finally falling into deep sleep with a smile. 1

In the same town, Livia was in her room where she was telling Sasha about what she saw at dinner.

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Sasha's doubtful voice rang through Livia's phone call, "You sure she didn't know who you were? You were straddling on her ex-mate for Goddess sake!"

Like Livia needed reminding. And for the third time Sasha's asking, Livia was running low on patience as she said, "It didn't look like she knew. She looked lost but she was also trying to figure it out."

Livia sighed before peeping through her curtains to see if anyone was outside her house. She then uttered in a worried tone, "Nothing would happen to me, right? I mean, Greg only said he'll come for me if I tried to hurt her. I didn't do anything. It was a coincidence! An unfortunate coincidence!"

Sasha scoffed, "Honey, are you hearing yourself right now? You're saying you're afraid of the wolf?"

Livia sighed. It was as if her best friend wasn't listening to a word she had been saying, "Sasha, I'm more afraid of the Duke. You know he has those underground connections! I don't! I'm practically defenseless against him! And I can't tell mom and dad. They don't know about my... experience with him so they'd ask how I came about knowing that he had such connections."

"Hmph. Useless rake of a Duke. A disappointment. A traitor." Sasha then got to the part which she really wanted to talk about, "Is the King disgusted by the wolf yet? Did his eyes wander somewhere else because he was bored of her?"

Livia snapped, "Sasha! We haven't solved my problem yet! Focus!"

Sasha was taken aback but said, "Liv, you said it yourself. He won't come for you as long as you leave the wolf alone. Since that was what you did, he won't act on his threat. The only reason he'll come to see you would probably be for... something else."

Livia knew she meant sex, and she got excited as she exclaimed, "You think he'll come back?"

"Don't get too excited, honey. Until the wolf is out of the picture, our men can't see us yet. They're still blinded by that irksome thing. Now," Sasha slumped into her posh couch in her bedroom as she asked, "If we're done with your problem, let's get to mine. Did the King seem bored with the wolf?"

Livia hesitated before saying, "I don't think you want to know, Sash."

Sasha stubbornly insisted, "If I didn't, I wouldn't have asked, Liv."

Livia sighed. She already knew how this was going to go but she didn't want to lose a person whom she could talk to about these things so she said, "The King is still looking at her like she's beautiful or something. And his eyes only wandered to me for a few seconds when he noticed the wolf was looking right at me."

Sasha pressed, "That's impossible. He must have looked somewhere else."

"If he did, I didn't see it."

There was a moment of silence as Sasha breathed heavily in jealousy as she hissed, "The Lycans

will never accept her as Queen. Sooner or later, she'd have to go. Our species is superior to theirs. There's no way in hell we'll accept a wolf." 1

Livia remained silent until Sasha prompted her to respond. Livia tried to be as delicate as possible when she said, 'I don't know about that, Sash. The murmurs and chatters about her in the restaurant were... kinda good. There was even a child who liked her so much that she gave her a drawing. I couldn't see it though so I can't tell if it was any good but the wolf seemed happy with i

"NO! THEY CAN'T LOVE HER LIKE THAT! SHE'S NOT THE QUEEN!"

"She mentioned that when the little girl asked."

"She did?" Sasha wondered if the filthy wolf finally came to her senses and would leave the King, making her job of breaking them up so much easier.

"Yeah. I mean, everyone knows there's technically no Queen yet."

Sasha smirked and concluded, 'And a wolf like that will never be one.'

"Uh, no. You're misunderstanding, Sash. The people around me were saying that the wolf was just being humble when she said she wasn't our Queen. It looked more like she denied the title because she's not officially crowned yet."

"YET?! THE AUDACITY OF THAT THING! HOW DARE SHE DEMAND TO BE CR-"

"Sash, calm down. She didn't demand it. She just said she wasn't the Queen."

"Oh, so you're defending her now, too?"

"Girl, you asked me the story. Do you want me to lie about what I saw or tell you the truth?"

Sasha took a breath to calm herself before speaking in a voice still laced with jealousy and anger, "So, after she said she isn't the Queen, then what? Did everyone agree?"

"Most of them didn't believe her. Some of the others looked disappointed for a little while..."

"What do you mean 'for a little while?'"

"Well... after the wolf told the child that she wasn't the Queen, the King immediately assured the child that... she will be one. The wolf will be made Queen one day. And the little girl seemed happy about it."

"WHAT?! HE CAN'T DO THAT!!"

Livia rolled her eyes at her friend's reaction, "He's the King, Sasha. Whoever he mates gets the crown. Everyone knows that." Livia really couldn't see what Sasha and her Kylton cousin, Kelissa, saw in that man.

"NO!" Sasha shouted at the top of her lungs and there was an annoyed knock on her bedroom door before her brother's irritated voice rang through it, "Sasha, keep it down! The whole neighborhood can hear you screaming!"

She rolled her eyes at the closed door and continued speaking to Livia, "We need a plan, and we

need it fast!"

"Whatever it is, keep me as anonymous as possible. I want the Duke to hurt me but not in the way he meant when he broke into my house." Livia's phone vibrated, and she pulled it away from her ear to see that she had another incoming call so she took the opportunity to end her conversation with Sasha, "Hey, Sash. I got to take this other call. Talk to you next time, okay?" She hung up even before Sasha could respond.

After tapping on the answer button, Livia addressed the caller, "Hey, heiress, what's up?"

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The next morning, Lucianne thought of looking for clues about the intruder who followed her and Xandar to the freesia field. But when she recalled it rained for a few hours the previous night; she aborted her plan. Any tracks or trails left would've been washed away. She shifted and began running down the familiar path.

When Lucianne reached the river, she was a little disappointed that Xandar wasn't there. But when she started sniffing again, she caught a faint scent of acacia wood and forest trees so she turned to look around in anticipation. When she found nothing, she started sniffing the air before a large pair of arms lifted her off the ground.

'Moming, beautiful.' Xandar brought her face to face with him, his animal smiling in radiance.

Lucianne smirked, 'You were hiding somewhere, weren't you, Xandar?'

He nuzzled his nose with hers, 'Thought it'd be nice to surprise you. But you don't seem very surprised.'

'I caught your scent.'

'Ah, that explains it.' He leaned against the same tree and placed Lucianne on his lap as he started stroking her back. 'How did you sleep, Lucy?'

'Hm. After the 50-page report? With a slight headache.'

His hands stopped and he peered into her eyes in concern, 'Do you still have a headache? Maybe you should take the day off.'

'Xandar, I'm fine. I slept it off. I can't believe the fifty pages aren't even everything yet. Chief Dalloway will surely be busy for the next few days. So, how did you sleep, my darling?'

He sighed, 'Maybe asking Chief Dalloway to send me the report by last night wasn't such a good idea.'

Lucianne chuckled in amusement before tilting her head up to meet his gaze, 'Had trouble sleeping too, my King?'

'Yes,' he admitted before inching his head towards hers and continuing, 'But when I thought about you, I dozed right off.'

'I see. I guess it's good to be boring enough to help you sleep.'

Xandar didn't fall for Lucianne's trick this time because her wolf's sapphire eyes sparked with cheekiness so he started tickling his mate's body mercilessly, eliciting her wolf's chuckles and her human part's giggles through their link. 'Xandar, stop! It tickles!' She said between giggling.

'You started this, you little rascal.' He linked in a husky voice as he continued his assault.

'It was...Giggles, ...just a joke. Hey!' Giggles.

She rolled off his lap to get away, and Xandar linked, 'Oh no, you don't. You know you can't outrun

me yet, babe.'

Lucianne stood and smirked, 'Ye? Admitting that a wolf's speed can rival that of a Lycan's now?'

He matched her smirk and leaned into her and linked, 'That's not what I meant at all, mate.'

Lucianne felt herself blush at what Xandar meant. After a Lycan mates and marks a wolf, the wolf would turn into a Lycan overnight. Literally overnight. The

transformation from being marked by a Lycan takes place when the wolf is asleep. 'Are you saying that I might be faster than you in future, Xandar?'

'Mm. It's a possibility. And I hope that it's in the near future, my love.' He realised he made a mistake telling her that last part when he saw uneasiness swimming in those blue orbs his Lycan couldn't get enough of. He whimpered in regret, 'Baby, hey. We're not rushing into anything. What I meant was I hope it's not fifty or a hundred years away.'

'Okay.' She linked meekly, clearly not believing what he just said. Not that he believed himself either. They both knew he wanted to start a life together at that very moment if Lucianne let him. But they were also aware that Lucianne wanted time.

'Sweetheart, hey.' He tried again, 'I won't force you into anything. I could never. I don't want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable. I'm already happier than I've ever been in my life when I'm with you.' He nuzzled his nose gently on hers and she managed a soft giggle through their link at the ticklish sensation before Xandar continued, 'I just want to be with you. That's all I need.'

She pondered for a moment before she looked at the grass to hide the tears in her eyes as she linked in a soft and sad voice, 'Xandar, I don't know how much time I'll need. Are... Are you sure you want to wait? It really is okay if you'd rather

When Xandar realized what his mate was thinking, he scooped her up to stop her from finishing the link, and held her close to his chest as he begged, 'Baby, don't go there, please. It already hurts. My heart is not as strong as yours. I won't survive if you l-leave me. Please just don't go there. I'll never leave you for someone else. There isn't anyone else. Don't even dare suggest ending what we have just because we need time.'

She linked guiltily, 'We don't need time, Xandar. I need time.'

'Lucy, the only thing you're asking for is time. It's nothing compared to what I've been... implicitly demanding of you.'

'You didn't demand, Xandar. You just implicitly asked. It's different.'

He scoffed, "Now, you're making me feel worse by being understanding.'

'Demands are possessive and brutal, Xandar. I've heard countless stories of ruthless Alphas making demands to their Lunas and their pack members. I'm not the understanding one here. You

are.'

He held her tighter, and when he ran out of arguments and explanations, he linked meekly, 'I just want to be with you.'

'I want to be with you too.' Lucianne linked back equally meekly. She didn't want to leave him. But

she didn't want to leave Xandar hanging for Goddess knows how long. It was clear that he wanted a family, a child. Well, a daughter, to be precise. She wanted all those things with him too. But Lucianne wasn't sure if he wanted to wait as she took her time with their relationship.

'What are you thinking about?' He linked gently as he stroked the back of her head.

'You're the one making me feel worse by being understanding.'

He nuzzled his nose at her wolf's nape and linked, 'Don't be, baby. I never want you to feel bad. As long as we're together, I don't care how long it takes. I just want to be with you.' His nose traced her ear as he continued linking her, "Lucy, you deserve everything your heart desires. Anything and everything.' He then rubbed the side of his face against hers as he linked, 'And as your mate, I'm determined to give it to you. Everything and more.'

The sadness and pain Lucianne felt in her heart slowly diminished as he said those words. She then linked softly and gratefully, "Thank you, Xandar.'

He pressed his forehead on hers, gazing deeply into her eyes as he linked, 'I love you, my little freesia.'

His eyes only had faint traces of guilt as anticipation dominated them. Lucianne chuckled lightly through their link before uttering, 'I know. Thank you. I love you, too, my acacia.'

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When dawn broke, Xandar ran with Lucianne's wolf back to the clearing behind the hotel before returning home to shower and change for breakfast. After getting ready, he sped to the dining-hall and instantly spotted his mate's small back as soon as he entered. It was the first time she was standing so close to the entrance that he might be able to surprise her before everyone bowed to give away his presence.

He took quick but quiet steps towards her, taking advantage of the fact that his mate was concentrating on what seemed to be a very serious conversation with the alliance members. When he stood close enough, his hand went around her waist and rested on her abdomen as she gasped at his sudden touch. He made it to her just in time before everyone started bowing his way.

After pecking a kiss on her cheek from her side, he looked into her eyes and he grew concerned about the dark circles underneath his mate's beautiful black orbs. After exchanging bows with his subjects, he lifted up Lucianne's chin gently before his thumb traced under her eyes as he said, "You really need the day off, Lucy."

"It just looks bad, Xandar. I'm fine. At least I slept." Her sights then turned to Toby who looked absolutely exhausted with his bloodshot eyes as he uttered, (This novel will be daily updaed at)"Goddess, don't start, Lucy. I really tried to sleep. And we need to do a rain check on that no-mercy training session. I can't fight you today."

It was then Xandar realised the alliance members around him weren't their usual alert selves. Christian came from his side and patted him on his shoulder before he acknowledged the Queen and exchanged bows with the alliance. The Duke grew conspicuously worried when he witnessed the sight before him.

Xandar then said, "It really is okay to take the day off. You all look like you could use some rest. Scratch that. You all look like you need a lot of rest."

Lucianne then assured him, "We'll be fine, Xandar. We've gotten through with less sleep. Besides, we're needed on the training ground. We'll be okay. We'll just have to be careful..." she locked eyes with Juan before she continued, "...to not overexert ourselves."

Juan rolled his eyes, and Hale slapped him on the arm as she said sternly, "You heard her. And me. Don't overdo it this morning."

"Yes, ma'am." Juan answered dotingly before pecking a kiss on his mate's temple.

Lucianne then started, "So, uh, Xandar, Christian. Let's bring you guys up to speed. We were talking about the rogue Lycan saying that he's almost never involved in a rogue attack, that he did mostly transportation of illegal substances. Raden thinks that perhaps the corporation used the Lycans mostly to get supplies, and the rogue wolves to attack."

Christian agreed, "That's definitely a possibility. It would also explain why rogue Lycans have never been seen in rogue attacks until recently. But how did the rumours start circulating about their existence, if I may ask?"

Lucianne started explaining, "Well, it started about five years ago. Blue Crescent and White Blood were alerted about an attack in an ally pack, Night Forest. The problem was that Night Forest was very far from where we were. So, we sent a request to Zeke and Zelena, and they got their warriors from Blood Eclipse to get there first while we made our way there ourselves. But..." Lucianne's fist clenched by her side, and the alliance's eyes were pinned to the ground.

Xandar took her little fist and started stroking it soothingly as she continued with glistening eyes, "But we were too late. We all were. Raden found one warrior taking his last breaths. The only word that the warrior whispered was

'Lycans'. There was so little strength in his voice that Raden didn't even know if he heard him right."

Xandar kissed her clenched fist, and she loosened it to entwine her fingers with his. Lucianne cleared her throat, "Then, we started investigating. We found familiar paw prints of wolves everywhere, of course. But," she took a deep breath before her eyebrows furrowed, "We also found larger prints. Not many, but they were there. So we started suspecting that rogue Lycans existed."

Toby continued after Lucianne, "A few months after that attack, we lost another pack. Everyone was slaughtered there too. And when we looked into the prints. We found the same thing. Most of the ground was filled with smaller paw prints, and a few larger prints here and there."

Lucianne locked eyes with her best friend as she recalled the events with him, "And the pattern just kept repeating itself. Every few weeks, we'd lose an ally."

Lovelace then said ominously in the King's and Duke's way, "These attacks have been carefully planned. (This novel will be daily updated at) They made sure that stronger, more-equipped packs like ours would not have enough time to get to the packs that they were attacking."

Juan then said, "Which is why the smaller packs around Whiteblood, Blood Eclipse, Midnight and even Blue Crescent have not been attacked in the past three years. Not once. We have an ally that has only ten warriors and a population of a hundred and twenty, and they were never touched, probably because they are only a ten-minute run from Blue Crescent."

Raden then added, "But we should mention that the pattern started changing." He nodded to his Alpha, and all eyes were on Zeke, who said, "That's true. After a few months of pack massacres, the rogues...only went for the Alpha and Luna. They killed anyone who got in their way, mostly warriors. But the pack leaders were always the ones they were after."

"Why is that?" Xandar asked.

Lucianne explained, "We didn't know why at that time. But after the fifty-page report last night, we have a theory that,"

Toby butted in, "Lucy has a theory."

Lucianne rolled her eyes at her best friend before she continued, "It may be a way to siphon money from the government."

Xandar's and Christian's eyes widened, fixing to her black orbs as they waited for her to continue speaking. Lucianne then said, "The government's financial aid for rogue attacks are for packs that survive a rogue attack, which makes sense because you can't offer money to the dead. So, if you

slaughtered a whole pack, there's no reason to disburse government funds. But, if a pack has surviving members."

Xandar caught on, "Our system would allow fund disbursement according to the number of surviving pack members.(This novel will be daily updaed at)"
Lucianne nodded. "But why kill the pack leaders? The aid doesn't differ with who gets hurt." Xandar asked.