

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 10

Chapter 10

After showering and cleaning up, everyone made their way to the dining hall for lunch. Lucianne wore the same purple top and black skirt she wore in the morning. For once, she entered the dining hall after Xandar. When she saw him speaking to someone she didn't know, she decided against interrupting and went up to Christian, who was speaking to Juan and Hale.

'Ah! My Queen.' Christian beamed and bowed. 'Please, don't do that.' Lucianne said as she covered her eyes, embarrassed. 'It's just etiquette, my Queen. You don't have to be so shy about it.' Christian chuckled.

Juan then uttered to himself, "Queen Lucianne Freesia Paw does sound nice. Very regal."

'Juan, stop it!' Lucianne whisper-yelled as more people were looking their way.

Christian's forefinger and thumb were at his chin, like he was thinking. He then turned to Juan and said, "We'll have to keep calling her that until she gets used to it, I'm afraid."

Not wanting to hang around and garner more stares from the people already eavesdropping on their conversation, Lucianne then said, "I think I should just go over there to speak to the other Gammas."

'Too late.' Christian said and chuckled again.

Lucianne looked confused when she asked, "What do you m—" she gasped when a warm hand pressed her abdomen before it slid to the side of her waist. Sparks erupted in those areas as Juan, Hale and Christian bowed and greeted in unison, "My King."

He smiled at them, and gave them the cue to lift their heads. Xandar's eyes locked with Lucianne's as he asked in his husky voice, "How did it go with Juan?"

Lucianne shot Juan a cheeky grin and said, "It went well."

Hale then added enthusiastically, "So well that he came back with bruises that were still healing."

Juan slid an arm around his mate's waist and uttered in embarrassment, "Baby, you're supposed to be on my side. And the bruises were supposed to be a secret."

Hale then turned to Juan and smirked. "I'm sorry, my dear. I thought I was promised the

fiercest fighter in the pack but since Lucy beat you today, I'm choosing her now." The Lycan cousins and Lucianne laughed at Hale's response and Juan's fake pouting.

As Lucianne looked back at Xandar, she asked, "So, did you kick your cousin's ass or did he kick yours?"

Christian was already chuckling. Xandar then said, "A 2-1. I almost lost because you didn't

scanned with Cams nnnn er wish me luck when you left me." "Luck was never going to save you." Lucianne retorted.

"But you wished him luck." He complained like a toddler as he gestured at Christian.

"And did it save him?" She asked rhetorically.

Knowing that he had lost the argument, Xandar resorted to squeezing the flesh at her waist playfully before kissing her briefly on her temple. They then moved to the buffet table and got

their food before sitting down.

"So uh...cuz." Christian sat next to Xandar. His expression grew worried as he asked, "What brings Greg here? I didn't think he was interested in these things." Their eyes went to where Christian motioned with his gaze. Lucianne recognized that that was the very person Xandar was speaking to when she walked in. Greg was now mingling with the female Lycans, who

were all daughters of ministers.

Lucianne looked up at Xandar, who was worried as well. Lucianne then asked, "Do you two need a moment?" She didn't want them to feel like they couldn't speak freely.

Xandar said, "No, no." He took her hand on the table and started stroking it, "You're bound to find out sooner or later." He then addressed the pack leaders, "Juan. Hale. Christian and I

won't mind you both listening to this. It's not really a secret to begin with. It's just a..." Xandar groped for the right form of description and settled with, "An embarrassing part of the royal

family history."

Christian's carefree expression turned serious as he started explaining, "Greg is Xandar's cousin, from his father's side. When King Lucas died, Greg tried to get ministerial support to have Xandar abdicate the throne to him. Greg's reason was simple: he was older and had more experience in state affairs." Christian then chose his next words carefully, "He was not

exactly wrong but the thing about him is that he has a very questionable character."

"Meaning?" Lucianne asked.

Christian hesitated, and glanced at Xandar, who nodded before Christian continued, "He doesn't always have the people's best interest at heart. He goes where the profits are. Xandar told me about how you described King Lucas, how he didn't care about werewolves. Just take

Greg as a younger King Lucas, only worse."

"Worse how?" Juan asked in concern.

Xandar explained in a low, serious tone, "There were rumours circulating that when he held office, funds went missing. They never found the culprit but we suspected he took it because

he could suddenly afford a new car and a woman every night."

Hale then said, "Forgive me for suggesting this but wouldn't a person like him get women for free given that he is technically a Duke?"

Christian explained, "Yeah but he can make more demands, and more inappropriate

scanned with Cams nnnn er demands, when it comes to paid intercourse than free ones." "Disgusting!" Juan hissed. "Does he have no mate?" Hale asked.

"No." Christian shook his head, and Xandar added, "It's a good thing, too. Imagine the pain she'd have to endure every night."

Lucianne muttered to herself, "A younger King Lucas." She then asked Xandar, "Were they close? and your father?"

"Extremely." Xandar and Christian said in unison.

She nodded in understanding and uttered, "That explains a lot. So after he didn't get ministerial support, he just left?" \

Christian nodded and said, "Yeah, pretty much. They took their supporters with them and that was it. He then founded his own company, doing some kind of export business. And his

supporters became his employees. I don't know what the hell he is exporting but it seems to be keeping him and them afloat. We haven't seen him in years. How long has it been, cuz? Fifteen, sixteen years?" !

"Sixteen." Xandar nodded ominously. "So, he's back." Lucianne digested and said, "He came back for something. What is it?"

All eyes were on Xandar, who said, "He told me that he realised his mistakes, and he wants to reunite with the family, making it clear that he didn't come back for the throne which he has accepted was mine to take."

"Do you believe him?" Lucianne asked doubtfully.

Xandar shook his head. "Nah. You can never believe Greg. There's always something up his sleeve."

"Cuz, why do I get the feeling he came back because you found our Queen?" Christian asked a

s he motioned at Lucianne.

Xandar sighed as his hand protectively slipped across Lucianne's shoulders before he said, "If you're asking me whether you're being paranoid, Christian, I wouldn't say that you are. I thought the same thing. The timing is too coincidental."

"Did he mention her?" Christian whispered, his eyebrows furrowed with worry.

Xandar said, "Not explicitly, no. But he was trying to get me to admit that I've found her."

"What's so bad about him knowing that I exist?" Lucianne asked innocently.

Christian then explained, "He will do everything in his power to make you feel uncomfortable and unworthy, manipulating you to reject your mate, just like he did with my mate, Annie. Thankfully, I found out what was happening before Annie did anything rash."

"Huh." Lucianne frowned. Christian then added, "I would keep my guard up with him if I were you." "After hearing everything the two of you just said, I definitely will." Lucianne agreed.

Xandar eyebrows furrowed with concern, not knowing what Greg's ulterior motive was for returning. Lucianne tried to use the mate bond to ease his anxiety by stroking his hand but the crease on his forehead didn't smoothen all the way. She got up and left the table to refill her drink. Just as her cup was full, someone abruptly stood before her and blocked her way. She took a step back to see that it was Greg, who had a cocky smirk as his lustful eyes scanned her from head to toe.

Lucianne was unperturbed. She tried to leave from the side but Greg moved to block her way. What's the rush?" He asked.

Xandar saw this from the other end of the hall, and he was striding over in quick paces. Lucianne kept her composure as she said, "I didn't think you wanted to speak to me. Can I

help you?" He scoffed. "So you're the King's mate."

Xandar reached Lucianne's side, and his face was hard when his arm went protectively

around her waist. Lucianne then asked Greg, 'Did you come to me with an actual question,

sir?" "Sir?" Greg said in surprise as he spoke to Xandar, "I can see you haven't told your mate much about your cousin." Greg gestured at himself.

"I didn't really see the point in telling." Xandar lied.

"And I see you didn't tell me that you've already found your mate." Greg stated, still holding onto the fake smile. "I've had to ask those Duchess wannabes over there to get the news." He

motioned to the ministers' daughters whom he was seen mingling with earlier.

"Well, if you have nothing to ask, I shall take my leave now." Lucianne said, and took only one

step before Greg stopped her again.

He then asked unnecessarily loudly in a taunting tone, "I heard that you were rejected five

times before him?" "Shut up, Greg." Xandar growled.

Lucianne remained composed. He wasn't the first to use this against her. She smiled flatly, and responded in an equally loud voice to match his, "I was, yes. I handled five mate bond snaps, and here I stand before you, alive and well. What about you, your Grace? How many have you handled?" 1

He seemed to have been taken off guard, and tried to divert the attack back to Lucianne by asking, "Five, huh?"

"Avoiding the question, huh?" Lucianne retorted. Some of the wolves were already forcing

back their smiles when they heard Lucianne's retort.

Greg seemed to be losing his stamina as he tried desperately to defend himself by announcing, "Wolf, I can get a different woman every night. Why would I want a mate?"

She took a step forward as she said, "It's not a matter of wanting. It's a well-known fact that mates are given to anyone who is even slightly deserving of one. So I simply want to know, since you're still mateless at your age, how many mates have you had in your past?" The strength and eloquence in her voice demanded respect.

"That's a personal question." Greg muttered, already squirming on the inside.

It was Lucianne's turn to smirk cockily. "Funny how you found it appropriate to ask me, isn't it?" He was gritting his teeth until Lucianne asked in a clear voice, "Why are you here?"

He smiled flatly and said, "I'm here to meet my future cousin-in-law." "Suddenly interested in who joins the family, I see." Lucianne noted.

His eyes widened for a moment before he chuckled depressingly and said, "So, you have heard about me."

Lucianne looked him dead in the eye and dropped her fake smile as she said, "You've clearly not heard about me." She took another step forward and spoke in a low, homicidal tone, "If you think you can waltz in here and break me, then you clearly don't know who you're dealing with, your Grace. I would suggest that you drop the attitude before I MAKE you drop it."

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Lucianne was walking away with Xandar before they heard Greg commented, "Bold words from the smallest wolf in the room to one of the strongest Lycans." He spoke louder to garner the attention of all the Lycans and werewolves in the room.

Xandar growled angrily at Greg, and some Lycans flinched at his ferocity. By his side, Lucianne merely turned to face Greg with another fake smile as she uttered, "Ignorance is blissful, your Grace, until it gets you killed." Greg seemed taken aback again.

Xandar then warned in a low voice, "Greg, if you want to stay, behave. Don't make me kick

you out for being disrespectful, too."

"Hmph!" Greg walked the other way, clearly unhappy with how things played out. Sasha was right, this one was different from the other cousin's mate. She mentioned that this pesky wolf beat the King in combat this morning but Sasha was certain that he let her win. 'Ignorance is blissful', he thought about what she said. He wasn't ignorant that she beat the King but was Sasha even right that the King held back? 1

The distasteful looks that the werewolves were shooting his way despite his esteem position among the Lycans was making him doubt the pesky wolf's position among her community. She was a Gamma, so she was the best warrior in her pack. Her pack. Why were the other

scanned with Cams nnnner packs so agitated? Now that he had pissed-off all the werewolves, they wouldn't give him anything more than a fake smile and a one—sentence answer. Some of them even faked ignorance. Did they have any idea who he was?! He was one of the only two Dukes in the Kingdom! How dare they behave like that around him!

As he left the room in humiliation, he thought about his cousin's mate. This small she—wolf was the first creature to be able to direct his verbal attack back to himself. Oddly enough, he

started developing an interest for this creature.

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ll Greg: a regular pain in the as* or something more dangerous?

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