

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina' s Pen Chapter 27

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Chapter 27

The next morning, Lucianne walked in with Juan and Hale for breakfast. As soon as she stepped into the dining hall, the Lycans and werewolves in the room bent their knees by a few inches and lowered their heads in their direction. Juan, Hale and Lucianne stopped in their tracks and turned around. They looked at each other in confusion when Xandar was nowhere to be seen. Xandar was the only person who could make the whole room bow like that but he wasn't in the room yet so why was everyone bowing?

"Uhh...I think it's for you, Lucy." Juan whispered. His suggestion made Lucianne flinch internally. Some of the people were already looking her way from the corner of their eyes, wondering if she was going to allow them to stand anytime soon.

She bowed at the crowd in return before resuming her standing position, and said in the same powerful voice she used the previous night, "Please, stand when I stand, to signify that we stand through every prosperity and hardship together." Everyone lifted their heads and stood upright in admiration of what they had just heard. (This novel will be daily updaed at)There were surprised oohs and aahs at Lucianne's words that breathed humility and regality. No one they bowed to had ever offered a bow in return. Lucianne was the first.

"Wow!" Christian's voice came from behind Lucianne. "If my cousin weren't bonded to you, I would've been the first to suggest he abdicated the throne for you to take it." She turned around to see him approach her with a cheeky smile. And Christian, with an arm stretched diagonally across his chest, tilted his head slightly as he greeted her, "My Queen."

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Lucianne smirked, "Good morning to you too, Christian."

She got back to talking to the wolves, and was relieved that they still spoke like they normally would as allies and friends. Zeke, Tate and Juan then asked her if there were any updates on the rogue that was being held captive. They were less worried knowing that he was still unconscious until later in the afternoon.

Suddenly, everyone in the hall bowed a second time. Lucianne turned to see Xandar taking large strides towards her with smiling eyes and a visible upward curl of his lips. He slid his hand into hers before he faced the room and...bowed in return?? When he stood, his loud voice rang loud in the hall, "As our Queen has said, stand when we stand because we all stand together, through everything." There was admiration when Lucianne said those words. But there was only shock and confusion when Xandar replicated them. Still, they obliged while throwing each other doubtful glances. Did the King really say that?

He gazed at his mate lovingly before uttering in his husky voice, "Good morning, beautiful."

"In a good mood this morning, I see." She teased.

"Mm." He kissed her on her forehead before stating, "It got better when I heard about the new formality you've started. Another first."

It was clear that he was talking about her idea of bowing back to the people. Seemingly unperturbed, Lucianne narrowed her eyes and asked, "Christian told you, didn't he?"

"Yes, my Queen. I definitely did." Christian then joined their conversation, (This novel will be daily updated at) "As much as I love and respect you, my Queen, I didn't trust you to tell the King. Knowing your level of humility, you would downplay what really happened. And uh cuz..." he looked at Xandar, "I meant it when I said you should consider abdicating your throne to her."

"Christian," Lucianne started, "Why do I get the feeling you've exaggerated what really happened?"

Before his cousin could respond, Xandar chuckled and said, "I don't think so, babe. After I said what you did earlier, I could've sworn I heard at least twenty different voices in this room asking each other whether I just copied my Queen."

Lucianne then asked in discomfort, "Xandar, is it even appropriate to ask everyone to address me as that? I'm technically not a Queen."

Christian then told Xandar, "I can have her coronation arranged by tomorrow, cuz. Just say the word."

"No! That's not what I meant!" Lucianne frantically exclaimed.

Christian then chuckled, "Relax, my Queen. I was only joking. There really is no hurry."

Xandar took Lucianne's hands and his lilac eyes looked affectionately into her worried black orbs, "Lucy, the title doesn't indicate that we have to rush into anything. We're taking this slow. Before wanting to refuse being called our Queen, at least consider the fact that you've already spoken and commanded like a Queen last night and this morning. So you backing out is going to disappoint a lot of people, not just me and Christian."

Lucianne narrowed her eyes, "You two set me up. That was the plan. You two are devious! You put me in a position where I couldn't refuse."

Xandar then kissed her forehead, finding her look of realization absolutely adorable, "You could have refused. You could have run away or broken down in fear. But you didn't, you spoke like a true leader, and commanded like a noble ruler."

Lucianne then retorted, "First of all, you know me well enough to know that I wouldn't run or cry in front of everyone. And if I wanted to run, your tight grip on my hand last night would've destroyed my plans in doing so. Two, we got lucky that I was able to speak like that last night. For a whole minute, (This novel will be daily updaed at)I couldn't move or speak. I was petrified."

Christian then muttered to himself, "Hm... didn't seem like that though."

Xandar continued to smile as he persuaded, "Come on, sweetheart. You were great! You did it this morning, too. I'm sorry I missed it but I'm sure it was equally, if not more, phenomenal."

Before Lucianne could speak, Christian butted in, "It was definitely more phenomenal. And it

was better than any speech you gave in the last eighteen years, cuz." 1

Xandar then exclaimed enthusiastically, "See! Christian thinks so!" Lucianne was about to retort again but Xandar pouted, "Baby, it's not that bad. Just think of it as someone calling your name."

Lucianne said sarcastically, "Right, why didn't I think of it? The title of a Queen sounds just like my name."

Christian deliberately ignored her sarcasm, "Exactly! That's the spirit, my Queen!"

Lucianne threw him a frustrated glare but Xandar brought her attention back to him as he said seriously, "Lucy, you are more than worthy to be our Queen. Didn't you see how many people you inspired last night? How many spirits were lit up? Forget about the Lycans if you want to for now but didn't you feel the renewed sense of hope from the wolves when you spoke the way you did?"

Lucianne silently recalled the audience the previous night. The wolves definitely looked thrilled and happy when she spoke, and the cheers from them were deafening after she finished. As she reminisced about the many happy and excited faces in the crowd the previous night, a smile subconsciously graced her features.

Xandar then said softly and sincerely, "You're giving us hope, Lucy. More importantly, you're giving them hope, the werewolves. You don't need me to tell you that your kind has been overlooked for far too long, so much so that many had given up hoping for any help from us. (This novel will be daily updaed at)But you're changing that for them. Don't think of being called a Queen as being addressed by a royal title. Just think of it as being a beacon of hope and symbol of change for all of us, but more so for them. How about that?"

Lucianne took a moment to look at the wolves in the room before she looked back at Xandar

and uttered, "Okay." Xandar smiled radiantly and pecked a kiss on her lips as he said assuringly, "You'll do great, Lucy. You'll see."

Despite being moved by his words of encouragement, Lucianne looked at the cousins in mock sternness before she declared, "But this does not mean I'm letting you two off the hook

for what you both did to me last night."

Christian then raised his hands in front of his chest and said in mock fear, "It was all Xandar's idea, my Queen. I had no choice but to oblige."

Xandar put on his mock look of hurt, "Really? We get caught and you throw me under the bus? Where's your sense of loyalty to your best friend, cousin?"

Christian responded without hesitation, "Did you even hear her last night? She will not stop until every last threat is neutralized. I don't want to be on the receiving end of her wrath with you, cuz. You're on your own." 3

Lucianne couldn't help but chuckle at the cousins' harmless bickering. The atmosphere between the three of them eased considerably. Suddenly, her eyes glazed over as she received

a mind-link from Juan, 'Lucy, could you ask the King and the Duke to spare five minutes with us? It's about the rogue Lycan from the Jewel pack.'

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At training, Lucianne had just finished demonstrating a technique to dodge the opponent's punch from the side without losing balance. When she and Toby were moving on to the next pair of fighters. Someone yelled out, "My Queen."

"Oh, wow." Toby said in surprise when he saw two Lycans approaching them. Both young. One dark-haired and one light-haired.

Lucianne turned to face them as they bowed and their heads lifted when Lucianne's head was lifted after bowing in return. "Good morning, ministers. Toby, this is Sir Weaver, the Minister of Environment. And this is his mate, Lord Yarrington, the Minister of Education. Ministers, this is one of my closest brothers on the battlefield, Gamma Tobias Tristan."

*Pleasure." The Ministers took turns thrusting out their hands to shake Toby's who managed to stutter a surprise "L-Likewise."

"What can I do for you both?" Lucianne asked the ministers.

They looked at each other before the light-haired Lycan, Sir Weaver, spoke, "My Queen, we were wondering if you have any time in your schedule to watch us fight? The Lycan warriors have been showing us the same moves every year, and we feel like we've hit a plateau. (This novel will be daily updated at) And, to be fair, those guys never fought in a real battle before. So, we were hoping to get some pointers from you since you have fought, and won, on a battleground. And maybe you could teach us some new techniques?"

Toby held back a smile and muttered, "Oh, wow."

Lucianne smiled, "We will be happy to help but uh..." she looked around and was mentally counting the number of pairs that she and Toby would have to watch before she could slot the ministers in, "Give us an hour?"

"That'll be great! Thank you, my Queen." They bowed and left.

"Oh, wow." Toby said for the third time.

Lucianne narrowed her eyes, "Really, Toby?"

His cheeky smile appeared as they strolled towards Wainwright and Lyssa, "I apologize for not living up to the Queen's expectations." Lucianne smacked him mercilessly on his arm and he chuckled. Wainwright and Lyssa were both improving. Their sparring lasted longer but Lyssa came out victorious again.

"Lucy," Wainwright started, "It really isn't easy to show no mercy to a woman fighter. I mean, I love my daughter and I see someone else's daughter when my opponent is a female."

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"Then the solution is simple, Alpha Wainwright." Lucy said, "Imagine that the woman you are fighting wants to harm your daughter. (This novel will be daily updated at)" The Alpha's eyes turned dark for a moment before he

nodded in understanding and said, "That would work very well. Painful, but it works."

Lucianne then offered an alternative, "A less painful method would be to imagine protecting your daughter from your opponent. But in my experience, it still makes one hesitate."

"I agree." Wainwright said with a smile.

"LUCY! LOOK OUT!" Juan's voice came from a short distance away. Zeke dashed from his mat near where they were, and pulled Lucy and Toby out of the way. Lyssa and Wainwright managed to take a few steps back from a Lycan which was punched from a few mats away and onto the mat where Lovelace and Wainwright were sparring.

'What the hell!' Zeke spat in the Lycan's direction.

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The Lycan which lay on the mat was partially-shifted, its light brown fur on his arms and face showing but not to its full length and thickness. There was a growl, and his opponent, also partially-shifted with dark brown fur, ran through the crowd and pounced on the lying Lycan before extending its sharp claws.

Lucianne recognised the scent of the Lycan who was attacking, and she yelled, "SEBASTIAN CUMMINGS, STOP!"

The attacking Lycan halted in its position. His claws hanging in the air. (This novel will be daily updaed at) Juan, Zelena and a few others were quickly by Lucianne's side. Xandar and Christian were running as fast as they could towards them. The cousins' adrenaline for sparring was put to a sudden halt when they heard Juan scream Lucianne's name.

Lucianne took a step towards the partially-shifted Lycans, her voice still strong as she demanded, "RETRACT YOUR CLAWS, NOW!" Slowly, Sebastian retracted his claws.

Lucianne then ordered in a slow, stern voice, "Get off your opponent, and take five steps back." And Sebastian did just that.

Xandar reached where they were when Lucianne was approaching the Lycan lying on the ground. He pulled her by her hand and asked in panic, "Baby, what happened? Are you hurt?" He started lifting her arms to look for wounds and bruises.

"Xandar, I'm fine. Zeke pulled me out of the way." Lucianne said, and took back her arms to continue walking towards the mat. She gave Sebastian a hard look and said slowly and clearly, "Shift back. Now." He bowed and obeyed, shifting back.

She then looked at the Lycan on the mat and said, "You too, your Grace. Shift back." There were surprised and judgmental looks being thrown at Greg Claw and Sebastian Cummings

from both the werewolf and Lycan communities.

Greg shifted back but remained flat on the mat as he continued panting. (This novel will be daily updaed at) His chest rose and fell. Lucianne squatted next to his head to examine his features. His face and lips were not pale so he had enough air. His eyes looked normal so he wasn't injured there either. Any internal damage to his body caused by a punch of the fist would have been recovered already

since Lycans recover faster from minor injuries compared to werewolves. There was nothing wrong with him. He could have gotten up even before Sebastian

pounced on him. Lucianne suddenly regretted stopping Sebastian from plunging his claws into Greg's hypocritical being.

She then stood up emotionlessly and declared, "You can stop pretending now, your Grace. Get up."

He smirked coyly, "How do you know that I'm not really injured?"

Her eyes burned down at his without a trace of humour, and she warned, "Don't test me."

"O-kay." He stood up with ease.

Xandar started, "Greg, I warned you." Greg retorted, "Your Highness, that was in the dining hall about an issue of courtesy. This was a fight that went out of control."

Alfred Cummings and Pierre Whitlaw arrived by their side. And Alfred was stunned when he saw his son's remorseful face a few steps away from the incident.

Xandar then said, "If you want to train, Greg, you're welcome to join. But stop causing trouble."

"If you haven't noticed, your Highness, I was the one who got flung all the way from over there." Greg complained.

Xandar studied Sebastian for a moment before looking back at Greg, "I doubt this was all Cummings's doing."

Greg then challenged with a smirk, "And what proof do you have of that, cousin?"

Alfred then asked his son, "Seb, what happened? Why did you hit him like that?"

He looked at his father, then at Lucianne longingly for a mere second before he said, "It's private...and personal." 1

Xandar turned back to his cousin and said sternly, "Well, Greg. That was all the proof we needed. I'm warning you, this is your last chance. Next time, don't think of attending any meetings or collaborations concerning the countries' affairs. I don't care if you're a Duke."

Greg gritted his teeth to reign in his anger at how much control Xandar had over him and everything else. From the corner of his eye, Greg noticed Lucianne was walking away from Xandar's side so he yelled out, "I apologize, my Queen. I will do everything I can to ensure that it won't happen again."

Lucianne stopped in her tracks, turned, and her hardened look was still on when she said, (This novel will be daily updaed at)"I will believe it when I see it, your Grace."

"And how can I show it to you, my Queen?" Greg asked with a sincere smile that he had never thought of showing before. He was beginning to learn that being flirtatious with her would only piss her off even more, which was another thing that made her...different.

Lucianne snapped matter-of-factly, "Watch your words. Just because you don't feel worthy, it doesn't give you the right to question the worth of others. If you don't know what to say, then train with your mouth SHUT!"

Her words made Greg feel uncomfortable, which was strange. No one had ever made him feel like that before. He bowed and uttered with a guilty smile, "As you wish, my Queen." Lucianne turned to Sebastian, whose eyes were on the ground, "Sebastian Cummings." He looked up at her in an instant, and she said, "If your partner offends you, request for a partner swap. Don't shift when you're not supposed to." "Yes, my Queen." He uttered guiltily.

"Excuse me, Gamma Lucianne." Pierre Whitlaw came over to her, "Procedurally speaking, you should've sought mine or Minister Cummings's permission before you decided to resolve the sparring dispute...." Xandar growled, "How dare you speak to her like that?"

Whitlaw was one of those from his father's reign, so he was one of the few who were less afraid of Xandar, "Well, your Highness. I'm merely doing your job. You see..."

"I needed to seek your permission?" Lucianne snorted with a murderous glint in her eye. Xandar knew that this minister was going to be dead soon. Christian was already waiting in anticipation a few steps away. So were the other wolves who knew her.

Pierre Whitlaw was still unfamiliar with Lucianne's ways, so he said, (This novel will be daily updated at) "Why, yes! What would a minister exist if it weren't for that, then?" A few steps behind Whitlaw, Alfred Cummings was already hiding his face in his hands at what his deputy just did. They were both going to get it, he just knew

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Lucianne took a step forward and look dead in Whitlaw's eye as she said, "I know why a minister should exist. But I cannot fathom why you and Alfred Cummings exist, Minister Whitlaw. You both don't even know the packs which need help in rogue attacks. You both couldn't even tell me why we had to pay a 'to-be-confirmed' amount for Lycan warriors to help in a rogue attack. And, I distinctly remember that it was you Pierre Whitlaw, who told me to give up being a Gamma because I was asking too many questions."

Pierre's face was turning white but Lucianne didn't waver. "You want to talk about procedure? It was your procedures that made packs resort to borrowing funds from each other to support their pack members. It is because of procedures that relief applications almost never reach the final stage for monies to be disbursed. And you want to speak about permission?" Lucianne scoffed, "I didn't see you complaining about a lack of permission when we fought off the rogues in the Jewel Pack, or any of the battles we fought before that. Why are you complaining about a lack of permission to resolve a sparring dispute? Is your job scope only here, on this training ground?"

He opened his mouth but nothing came out. He was already shaking. Lucianne's face burned into his eyes as she said, (This novel will be daily updaed at)"Be grateful that we are doing your job while you hold your position, Whitlaw. Otherwise, give up being a Minister because you've been answering too few questions." 4

'I-I apologize, my Queen. Excuse me.'" Whitlaw said and scurried away and Alfred followed suit.

Lucianne finally took in the scene around her. Everyone had stopped fighting to watch the incident. They were all looking at her. Some smiled while others resisted laughing at the retreating ministers. Lucianne took a breath to calm down. She then clapped her hands once before yelling out, "Alright, everyone. Show's over. Get back to training."

She expected only retreating figures and turned-away heads after she said that. To her surprise, there were slight bows and muffled voices uttering, "Yes, my Queen." And everyone returned to their respective mats to continue training.

Xandar was looking at her in pure awe and admiration. "You're just...amazing."

She smirked. "Flattery is not going to get you out of training, dearest. Go on now, my King."

He pecked a kiss on her lips before he said in a husky voice, "I want to talk to you later about what you just told Whitlaw. But for now, I must obey my Queen's command." He pecked another kiss on her forehead before joining his cousin.

Christian didn't even wait to get back on their mat before he mind-linked,(This novel will be daily updaed at) 'Xandar, what was the Queen talking about? What 'to-be-confirmed' amount for Lycan warriors? And wasn't close to 80% of the relief applications approved last year?'

'I am as shocked as you are to hear what she said. We need to talk to her about this at lunch. For once, we'll not take any pack members. It's time we spoke to Lucy. She may know more than we do about what's really going on within our own ministries.'

'Cuz...I'm very embarrassed to not know this.'

'Yeah, me too. I feel like I've let them down somehow, the wolves that is.'

Well, it's definitely worse for you. I'm only second to you, after all.' 1

'I am so going to kick your ass for that!

'Bring it on, cuz!

At lunch, Lucianne was speaking to Sir Weaver and Lord Yarrington, both of whom she and Toby had given pointers to at training earlier. They were interested in hearing about how werewolves were faring in environmental issues and education.

Lucianne happily introduced Sir Weaver to pack members who had been having a water supply shortage for years. Weaver, although a Lycan, had a less daunting presence than Xandar. He was welcoming and attentive, allowing the werewolves to speak freely as they raised their concerns. So Lucianne only had to stay with them for the first few minutes.

She then got a few other wolves who always had strong opinions about changing the education system to Lord Yarrington. He looked more stern in his demeanor so Lucianne was not confident to leave the wolves alone with him. But as the minutes went by, she noticed that the wolves who were speaking to him were quite comfortable in the way they spoke. Perhaps all those bottled-up dissatisfactions are finally being released.

A hand from behind pressed gently on Lucianne's abdomen, and she gasped in surprise as the sparks confirmed that the person behind her was Xandar. "My King." The Lycan minister and the wolves bowed. Xandar bowed back and they stood when he did. He looked at Lucianne and asked softly, (This novel will be daily updaed at)"Can I borrow you for the rest of lunch hour?"

"Uh.." she looked at the wolves and asked, "Will you all be alright without me here?" One of them said, "Yes, of course, Lucy! Thank you for telling us about this!" Lucianne smiled graciously and said, "Oh, don't thank me, Benedict. Lord Yarrington himself wanted to know. The credit is his to take. Thank you, minister."

Lord Yarrington smiled graciously and said, "It is an honour to serve alongside you, my Queen." 2

She turned back to Xandar, who led her to the buffet table. They got their food and sat with Christian. Christian smiled but it was clear that he had something on his mind. Lucianne noticed that they were mind-linking with their eyes glazing over so she didn't interrupt them. They all ate in silence. Even after the cousins were done, they were still mind-linking each

other. This went on until Lucianne herself finished her food and started sipping on her water.

'So, Lucy." Xandar began.

"Mm. Yes?" She asked after swallowing the water in her mouth.

Xandar asked, "When you told Whitlaw about a 'to-be-confirmed amount for Lycan warriors', w-what did you mean?"

She looked at the two cousins who were both looking very serious as they waited for her answer. She then casually explained, "What do you mean what do I mean? It's exactly that. I didn't know why the amount packs had to pay for Lycan warriors to help in rogue attacks were a to-be-quantified amount. I still don't know, to be honest. Among ourselves, we *were*wolves just decided to rely on our own warriors and allies who do it for free. I asked Whitlaw about it after Cummings shooed me away. Whitlaw told me that the ministry had full discretion to quantify the charges. I asked what the factors in the calculation *were*. Was it the number of hours of the attack, or the number of hours they were in the pack itself, (This novel will be daily updtaed at)or whether there would be different rates depending on the level of skill of the Lycans they were sending, um...he just said I was a typical woman who overthought everything and shooed me off after that too. Juan was there. He almost lost his temper so I had to pull him away."

Lucianne chuckled at the last part but the cousins looked at each other uneasily before Christian prompted, "My Queen, you also mentioned most of the relief applications never make it to the stage of fund disbursement?"

After taking another sip from her cup and swallowing it hastily, she said, "Oh, that. Well..." she chuckled again but she looked at the confused cousins and she was thinking about her next best move, "Give me a minute. I need to make this as cordial as possible."

"No, Lucy. Don't water down anything. We don't care how badly it hurts." Xandar insisted.

"Are you sure?" Lucianne asked with uncertainty. Xandar looked at her encouragingly, and Christian offered a small smile and uttered, "Go on, my Queen, please." Lucianne then said, "This is going to hurt pretty badly."