

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 6

Chapter 6

At tea, Lucianne, with Xandar by her side, introduced Luna Lyssa to Alpha Zeke from the Blood Eclipse Pack, and subsequently Luna Lovelace from the Midnight Pack. When Xandar left the room to answer a phone call, Lucianne chatted comically with Gamma I-laden before

she moved on to the refreshments table to get a drink.

Just as she was about to take a sip, Sasha appeared with a cocky smirk right in front of her. "8 o, you're the King's mate." She spat with immense distaste. Sasha made sure that the King was not in the room before she walked up to the plain, irksome-looking little Gamma.

Lucianne shrugged and said, "That seems to be the case."

Sasha's eyes scanned her from head to toe before she showed a disgusted expression. "A five-time rejected Gamma from a little wolf pack is bonded to the Lycan King. This clearly is the joke of the century, or millennia. I mean, look at you! You're not even a Lycan! I look more like a Queen than you do! You just look like a dying rogue picked from the streets and given some new clothes. You don't even know how to dress and put on make—up like a real female, let alone a Queen. How is it that you think that you are qualified to take on that position

anyway?" 1

Lucianne started laughing hysterically, and many were turning in her direction. Xandar heard everything from a distance, his hearing being the sharpest because he was the King of both species. He dashed to Lucianne's side, and held her protectively around her waist as his cold eyes glared at Sasha, his lilac orbs turning onyx. His animal demanded to be released to defend their mate. Around them, the noisy room was turning silent.

Lucianne was the only one who seemed unperturbed. When she stopped her hysterical laughter, a sarcastic smile spread wide across her face. Her voice radiated strength and confidence when she spoke, "Ms Cummings, you are absolutely hilarious. Uh..." she chuckled once before she continued, "First of all, I've never asked to be his mate. Ever." She pointed at Xandar on her right without looking at him. "After being rejected five times, I can tell you that a mate was the last thing I wanted. I would've rather spent the rest of my years alone than

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risk being rejected after falling in love again.

'Second, if I looked like a dying rogue who was just picked off the streets, then you look like a self-entitled doll on display who never had to work a day in her life. You may think that that's a good thing but I personally feel very, very sorry for you that you're living in your perfect little world, ignorant of what most of us have to fight through. And third,"

She lifted her forefinger, asking Sasha to wait as she sipped from her glass before continuing, "Third, I never said or even think that I am qualified to be a Queen. I am very well aware that I'm not. And frankly, neither are you. You may think you look like a Queen but holding that

position is not just about putting on make—up and looking pretty. It's about finding problems-

and solutions, something I don't think you're very familiar with. I'm not saying that I am but

scanned with Cams nnnn er just by hearing you speak, I know that you're not. Honestly, if you want him," she waved in Xandar's direction and continued, "I'm not the one stopping you. I don't want someone who

would want another anyway."

Xandar's pained eyes were wide as he looked at Lucianne's side profile and exclaimed in panic, "Lucianne, what are you saying? Don't be ridiculous! I don't want another! I only want

you!"

Avoiding his hurt expression, Lucianne glanced at the ground and hit her inner lip before she met Sasha's gaze and said numbly, "If you really listened to what he just said, Ms Cummings, the one stopping you is him, not me. My time and energy is focused on protecting the innocent, not throwing myself on powerful Lycans."

Xandar's yearning and desperate gaze fixed on Lucianne made Sasha even more infuriated. Her eyes glistened. She gritted her teeth and whispered in rage, "The Lycans will never accept you as their Queen."

Xandar growled furiously at her, sending fear throughout the room. By his side, Lucianne merely retorted, "Their acceptance was never my priority. I've long stopped trying to please

those who only want to bring me down anyway."

1!

Before Sasha could say anything further, Xandar growled at her and said in a homicidal tone, Get the hell out of this room. NEVER appear in front of Lucianne again. You're not even worthy to say her name." Xandar growled again. With

tears trickling down her cheeks, Sasha squirmed and left the room in hurried steps with her eyes fixed to the floor.

The room was still in pin—drop silence as everyone either looked in the direction in which Sasha had just left, or at their King who was still fuming like a boiling kettle. Gamma Tobias was the first to be able to physically move from his spot. He made slow, cautious steps to the refreshments table before looking at Lucianne in concern. But then he smirked and

exclaimed in excitement, “Lucy, that was epic!”

The atmosphere relaxed considerably among the werewolves after he said that, and Gamma Baden came over and high-fived Gamma Tobias as the former shouted, “Yeah! That’s our girl right there!” And he pointed at Lucianne. Lucianne managed a wide grin and a short laugh. Xandar seemed to have relaxed a little, and his animal calmed down when they saw her smile. Xandar pecked a kiss on Lucianne’s temple, sending a visible red tinge to appear on her cheeks. 2

Many older Lycans were not pleased because they knew that Sasha was Alfred Cummings’s daughter, and they had been friends with Alfred from before Xandar ascended the throne eighteen years ago. This older generation was of the view that no matter how terrible a mistake is, a Lycan should never be punished over a wolf. To them, the worst Lycan should still always be treated better than even the best werewolf. All of this changed when Xandar

rose as King. He was equally critical of Lycans and werewolves alike, not seeing why one species should be favored over the other.