

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 11

Chapter 11

To Xandar's and Christian's relief, Greg didn't show up for tea or dinner. Lucianne continued to introduce pack members to the King and his second-in-command as they both took note of what each pack was asking for. The wolves were surprised and grateful for the chance to be heard. Whenever Lucianne stood to take some food or drink alone, pack members she had never met would walk up to her with a problem that their pack is facing. They felt more at ease to meet her alone first before being introduced to the King himself.

She felt honored to bridge the packs with their King. The part she minded was having to risk meeting conceited pack leaders. In these situations, she will ask them a simple 'so, can you tell me the kind of aid that your pack requires?' before deciding whether she wanted to continue the conversation. Some Alphas and Gammas whom she had never met introduced themselves simply because they wanted to meet her. The conversations were appropriate so she took an interest in getting to know those she had yet to meet.

Somewhere in the middle of dinner, Xandar and Christian were discussing the aid the Moonhowl Pack was asking for after rogues destroyed their borders. Seeing that the pack members no longer needed encouragement to speak to Xandar, Lucianne got up for a second refill of wine. After filling her glass, she leaned against the refreshments table for a moment to take a sip, taking a quiet moment to herself.

Suddenly, a warm breath graced her ear with a hushed, "Hey."

She jumped to the side because she recognized that voice. Some of the wine from her glass splashed on the floor but thankfully the floor was dark-colored carpet so it didn't make much of a mess.

"I'm so sorry. Are you okay, Lucianne?" Sebastian asked guiltily.

"Excuse me, there are people I need to speak to." Lucianne said flatly, and tried to turn to leave.

Sebastian dashed to block her way. "I just want to talk."

"You have no right to make demands." Lucianne spat.

Sebastian looked uncomfortably at the floor as he muttered, "I know. There's not a day that goes by that I wish I did differently, that I wish I did better by you. You were a gift, and I was a fool not to see that."

Lucianne listened and said indifferently, "Noted, thank you."

She tried to walk around him but he stopped her again. He said, "I know that I don't deserve your forgiveness. I was a scum." He chuckled sadly, "I'm a Lycan but what I did was low for any species, and I'm going to keep apologizing until you forgive me. I don't care how long it'll take."

She rolled her eyes and said, "Save your breath, Cummings. I've already forgiven you. I forgave you for myself so that I could move on. If you think I did it for you or that I would ever do it for you, you're dead wrong."

She only took one step to her side when he blocked her again, hurt evident in his eyes when he said, "Just... here." He lifted up a book she didn't see him holding and continued, "I got you this. I remember you mentioning your interest in learning about the psychology behind becoming a better warrior. I thought of you when I saw this. Just think of it as a gift from a friend."

She looked at the book. If they were still mates, and if he hadn't cheated on her or lied to her, this gift would've made her heart melt. Now, she didn't feel anything. She took note of the title and the author's name so that she could order it by herself later on and said, "We're not friends. Now, step aside."

"Just take it, Lucianne. You don't even have to think that it was from me, please." Sebastian pleaded.

From her peripheral vision, she saw Xandar's figure approaching in quick steps. From the way he was pacing, it was clear that he was angry. Lucianne spoke in a low voice, "Sebastian Cummings, if you have the slightest shred of intelligence and wisdom left, you will step aside now. You don't want to get hurt."

He clearly didn't know that Xandar was coming, which made him say, "I was already hurt when you rejected me, Lucianne."

"Interesting choice of words." Xandar's voice came from the side as he slid an arm around Lucianne's waist and held her close to his body. "Given that you were the one who gave Lucianne more than enough reason to do what she did."

Sebastian was gritting his teeth after hearing Xandar's words. Before either of them could say anything to each other, Lucianne prompted Sebastian, "You should go."

Sebastian smiled meekly and longingly at Lucianne as he nodded before walking away. Xandar kissed her temple and asked in concern, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be? So, is the Moonhowl Pack going to be alright?" Lucianne asked.

Xandar smiled. "They'll be fine, sweetheart. I'm more concerned about you. You don't have to shove your troubles aside just to take care of people all the time, you know."

She rolled her eyes and said, "I have seen and felt pack problems. Compared to what they have to go through, my troubles are nothing."

"No. I will not let you think that. It's my job to make sure that you don't have to bear with your troubles alone." Xandar said firmly as he held her by her arms.

Despite being moved by his words, Lucianne was in the mood to be cheeky. She cocked her head to one side and asked with a small smile, "That's in the King's job description along with

his long list of royal duties? Wow. Sounds very taxing." Xandar smiled and played along, "It is taxing. Why do you think I need you as my Queen?" Lucianne showed a mock look of realization and went on, "Ah, so you just needed another helper to do the work. And to think I was something special to you. Gosh, this is quite embarrassing, your Highness."

"Mmm..." Xandar was still in a mood to play. "Looks like I've misled you."

"That, you did."

He smirked and uttered in his husky voice by her ear, "Maybe you should consider punishing me, my love. What will you have me do?" His warm breath tickled her ear, and that was when she smelled his arousal. Her cheeky mood was gone.

She gasped in shock at how far they went with their charade. Xandar's lips were still by her ear, where she felt him smirk as he asked cockily, "What's wrong, my dear? Still embarrassed?" He started inhaling deeply, taking her scent from her neck.

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Not wanting to allow this to go any further in the eyes of so many people in the hall, she took his head into her hands, and gently pushed it back as she took a step back herself. His eyes were still looking at her coyly. The smell of his arousal was getting stronger, and Lucianne knew she had to do something before everyone in the dining hall looked their way.

Lucianne smirked and said, "Embarrassed? Oh please, your Highness. I was just thinking about your punishment." She let go of his head after saying that and crossed her arms. Perhaps the lack of skin contact between them would stop his arousing thoughts, she thought

"Mm.. Is that so?" He reached for both sides of her waist and pulled her closer to him, still smirking as he was doing it. "And what have you decided, my Queen?"

Lucianne tried to ignore her discomfort in being called a Queen when she clearly wasn't one, then said, "Perhaps staying away from each other for a day would do us some good."

All humor was drained from his eyes. His arousal was put to a sudden stop. He looked like a child who had a toy snatched away from him as he abruptly pressed her body into his, and pleaded desperately into her ear, "No, don't go. I'll be good, I promise. Don't keep us apart, Lucianne, please."

She pulled away and didn't say another word as she led him in the direction of their table by his hand. He asked in worry, "You're not really going to stay away from me tomorrow, are

you?"

She snorted at how seriously he took her. "No, Xandar. But you really need to control your arousal. We're around your subjects, for goodness sake. I just hope that I was the only one who smelled it."

Xandar glanced behind them before he said apologetically, "From the grins the werewolves

are throwing our way, I would say they smelled it too."

"Oh, Goddess." Lucianne covered her face with both hands in embarrassment.

"To be fair, this was your fault. You were the one who started to play ignorant." Xandar

accused.

"Me?!" Lucianne stopped in her steps and whisper-yelled, "I wasn't the one who couldn't control my arousal."

Xandar, with both hands raised to chest-level like he was shielding himself, then said, "In my defense, it's very hard to not be aroused by you."

"How is that even a defense?!" Lucianne asked, eyebrows furrowed in confusion and disbelief,

"When you looked at me like that and spoke like that, it just... turned me on." Xandar explained innocently.

Lucianne narrowed her eyes. "I was speaking to you in direct language. You were the one who twisted the conversation when you started having inappropriate thoughts. How I spoke to you was perfectly normal"

Xandar couldn't stop his lips from curling upwards. He kissed Lucianne on her forehead briefly before he whispered with a slight shake of his head, "No, it wasn't" He took her hand and said sweetly, "I'll control it. I can't make any promises but I'll try to control it."

Lucianne groaned in frustration, and shook her head in disapproval before moving towards the table to take her seat. The members of *Moonhowl* had already left, so it was just Xandar, Christian and Lucianne.

Before Xandar sat, Christian looked at Lucianne and explained, "Don't blame him, my Queen Just as Alphas have a heightened level of sexual drive compared to the ordinary wolf, a Lycan King experiences the same thing compared to the

ordinary Lycan. It's common knowledge. I'm sure you know it. I don't even know why I'm explaining it to you. And uh, cuz ..." he looked at Xandar who had just sat and said, "It was your fault. Unlike Alphas, Lycan Kings are supposed to be able to exercise better control over their arousal."

Xandar glared playfully at Christian. "Did you even want to be on my side when you asked the Queen not to blame me?"

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Dramatically, Christian placed a hand on Xandar's shoulder and said, "I am on the side of truth and justice, your Highness." And ended his act with a bow.

Lucianne chuckled from the side. Xandar gazed at her profile, and gently pushed her hair over her shoulder to the back to see her full face as he asked, "Nothing to say, my dear?"

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She smirked, "I'm not taking that risk again, my King." He smiled in a daze as his fingers traced her hair down her back lovingly.

"That's probably the wise thing to do for tonight, my Queen." He smirked.

"Xandar, please stop calling me that. I'm not your Queen. I'm a Gamma. If you don't stop, the others are going to think that they're obligated to follow." She pleaded in annoyance as she checked her phone, failing to see how her words hurt Xandar to his core. His animal was whimpering, and it wanted him to put their mate on his lap, hold her close, and keep telling her what an amazing Queen she would make until she believed him. After his uncontrolled arousal tonight, he didn't dare try anything funny to upset her further. So, he continued to run his fingers through her hair while enduring the pain in his heart.

Lucianne sat upright all of a sudden. She looked up from her phone and turned to the back of the dining hall, where Tobias was waving her over. She gave him a hand-signal to wait, and turned back to the cousins as she said, "Some wolves want to speak to me. I have to go."

Without waiting for their response, she got up and took quick steps to where Tobias was with the other wolves. Xandar looked at her retreating figure in longing. The thought that she didn't see herself as his Queen still pained him.

"Am I allowed to ask why she's like that?" Christian whispered in Xandar's direction.

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Xandar raised his eyebrows, asking for an explanation. Christian rolled his eyes and said, "Cuz, you know what I'm talking about. Why does she think she can't be our Queen? I mean, look at her." They both looked at where Lucianne was. She

was nodding and listening attentively to the pack members in front of her. Even from afar, they could see her focused eyes as she concentrated.

“No one else can do what she’s doing.” Christian emptied his wine glass and added, “Without her, I doubt we’ll know half of the werewolves’ hardships at the end of this collaboration.”

Xandar smiled blissfully as he watched his mate, until Christian prompted, “I take it that I’m not allowed to know?”

Xandar then looked back at his cousin and childhood friend as he muttered, “I can’t give you the details. That’s for her to share. But I can tell you what is already general knowledge: she went through five rejections before we met. I’m her sixth-chance mate.”

Christian’s eyes widened in surprise. “I’m sorry. I’m a Lycan but I’m currently questioning my hearing. You said she went through five rejections?”

Xandar nodded ominously. Christian still couldn’t believe it. “Five?”

Xandar then narrowed his eyes. “Really?”

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. It’s just...wow.” He composed himself before questioning aloud, “How is she still alive, let alone helping her people survive? From her energy and grace, I didn’t think she was bonded to anyone before you. But I guess it explains her strong sense of self-control.”

- Xandar was confused. “What do you mean? What self-control?”
“I probably shouldn’t have said that.” Christian muttered in regret.

“Well, it’s too late now. What did you mean?” Xandar pressed.

Christian’s eyebrows were furrowed when he asked, “Have you touched or smelled her

“Yes.” Xandar nodded as he recalled smelling her neck when they were in his villa, and he tried to do it again in the car and back at the refreshments table before she stopped him.

“Were you aroused when you did?”

“Yes.” The incident near the refreshments table just minutes ago proved it.

“When you pinned her body to the ground at training this morning, were you aroused?”

“Yes.” He recalled his erection between his and Lucianne’s bodies.

Christian inhaled before he asked, "Did you smell her arousal in any of these situations?"

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Then it hit Xandar. Christian got his answer from his cousin's distraught expression, but it wasn't the answer they both wanted. She wasn't as attracted to him as he was to her. Her body was not responding at the intensity that his body already was just by smelling her. The thought pained Xandar. Would she always be out of his reach? What could he do to be more sexually desirable to his mate?

Christian then cautiously said, "Cuz, it's not that she will never be aroused by you. But given her past, it may take time."

Xandar inhaled deeply and nodded in agreement, "Yeah, I know." He ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. "She's been through a lot. It's understandable that she'll take more time to warm up to me."

Christian cocked his head slightly and said, "She seems quite warmed up to you though. And you've only met when? Two nights ago?" Xandar smiled at the memory of the first time he caught her scent and laid eyes on her. It was like living in a dream but he had never felt more alive before that night.

Taking in Xandar's smile, Christian patted him on his shoulder and said, "Relax, cuz. You'll get her. The pace is already quicker than I can expect for a sixth mate bond."

Xandar's concerned eyes shot to Christian's, "You think we're going too fast? I don't want to make her uncomfortable."

Christian shrugged. "I don't know. She's your mate. You should know best."

"Hey." Lucianne just skipped back to the table and sat back down, "What are you guys talking about?"

The cousins looked at each other awkwardly, and Lucianne asked in concern, "What happened?"

Christian took his glass and got up. "I'm going to get a refill."

Lucianne watched Christian leave, and took in Xandar's conflicted look before asking, "What did I do?"

"What? Nothing. Why would you think that?" Xandar asked as he took her hands affectionately into his, afraid that she would leave his side again if he didn't hold onto her.

Unperturbed by the sparks, Lucianne said, "You two looked like you've been caught off guard talking about something that you didn't want me to hear. When I asked, Christian left the table like he wanted to give us some privacy. I assume that the topic was about me. If you both were talking about someone else, one of you would have told me, and Christian wouldn't have seen the need to leave. I could be wrong though." she shrugged.

When she stood and tried to retract her hands, Xandar's grip tightened, refusing to let her go. "Where are you going?" He asked, worried that he may have upsetted her.

"My room. I'm sleepy. And there's still training tomorrow so I should hit the hay. Say goodnight to Christian for me, okay?" She said casually, and tried to retract her hands again.

Still clinging firmly to her hands, Xandar then stood and pleaded, "Let me walk you back,

Lucianne looked confused and didn't understand his need to plead. "Uh...sure...Is everything alright? You look like you just witnessed an entire pack being burned to the ground."

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He chuckled softly and pulled her into an embrace, kissing her hair as he said, "Everything's fine. I just...love you, so much." 1

Lucianne stiffened when he said that, and he held her tighter, somehow hoping that the intensified sparks that they were feeling could convince her that what he just said was true. Her hands pressed on his chest, and she parted their bodies slightly before their eyes locked.

She looked uneasy as she whispered, "I'm n-not ready to say it back yet. We just met t-two nights ago."

Xandar smiled encouragingly. "I understand." He kissed her forehead and said, "We'll take this slow, I promise. I won't force you into doing anything, Lucianne, I hope you know that."

She smiled gratefully and uttered, "Thank you."

"Come on. Let's get you back." He kissed her hands before leading her out of the hall.

As they walked hand-in-hand under the night sky, Xandar recalled Lucianne meeting the people at the back of the dining hall. "So, uh...who were they, Lucianne? The ones Gamma Tobias asked you to speak to."

"Oh, them." Her voice returned to normal, sending a wave of relief through Xandar's body. "Those were members of the Jewel Pack. They were interested in

taking up on Alpha Juan's offer to train warriors. Basically, they wanted the details like when it could start, how many could we take at a time, those kinds of things. They told me about their neighboring packs'

attacks, and said that they were worried that their pack would be next. So their leaders thought it was wise to start training. Their Gamma was humble enough, and admitted that he had a lot to learn before the pack's safety could be secured."

Xandar's thumb started stroking the back of Lucianne's small hand, and he uttered, "You're s o amazing. I just hope that you can see it one day."

"I only do what I can, Xandar." She stubbornly insisted like she did the last time he praised her.

He shook his head gently as he smiled. "It's ironic how the only one who can't see the

She shrugged. "I guess it's because the magnitude was never my concern."

Xandar reminisced the first time he heard something like that from her. "Yeah, I remember. Your concern has always been protecting the ones who can't fight. You help anyone you can, whenever you can with whatever you have."

She then said sheepishly, "That's not entirely true. I'm merciless with anyone with ill intentions."

He chuckled. "Let's be fair. They don't deserve to be helped."

"Unless their vulnerabilities put the innocent at risk." Lucianne reminded him.

Xandar nodded dotingly by her side and repeated after her with a smile, "Unless their vulnerabilities put the innocent at risk."

After they reached her room and he kissed Lucianne on her hand before wishing her goodnight, he drove home and shifted to his Lycan before running into the forest behind his villa. He sat at the edge of the cliff and gazed at the full moon with love and gratitude as he thought, 'Thank you, Moon Goddess. She's more than I deserve. I won't let you down. I love her ...so much. And I swear on my life that I will protect her, take care of her and make her happy.'