

# The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 53

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Xandar was awakened by Lucianne's 4 a.m. alarm. She turned it off within seconds. And he saw her get out of bed in the darkness. His sleepy eyes watched her stretch her perfect body before she walked towards the bathroom. When she locked the door behind her, Xandar allowed himself a few more seconds before getting out of the couch he slept in. He then remembered they had a date this morning.

But after everything that happened the night before, he wasn't sure if Lucianne still wanted to go with their plans. He turned on the lights and stretched out his own body as he waited for Lucianne to come out from the bathroom.

The moment he heard the bathroom door unlocking and saw Lucianne emerge in changed clothes, Xandar took large strides towards her, and held her in his arms as he pecked a kiss on her cheek and forehead before whispering, "Good morning, beautiful."

She offered a shy smile, "Good morning, Xandar."

He then asked in concern, "How are you feeling?"

She replied, "I'm okay. That phase was over after I cried it out last night. I'm back to normal now. Thank you."

He smiled and pecked a kiss on her nose before taking a step back to take in the black tracksuit she was wearing before he asked nervously, "Can I join you for your run this morning?"

She looked at him in confusion, "Weren't you already going to do that?"

He chuckled as relief washed over him before he explained, "I just thought after what happened last night, you would want to go run alone."

She then asked quizzically, "So...you expected me to go on our date by myself?"

His eyes widened as he frantically denied, "No! I just..." He stopped his explanation when he caught the cheeky glint in her eye, and he went straight for the flesh on her waist as she giggled and he muttered, "You little rascal."

His animal was absolutely jubilant to hear her giggles so early in the morning. It could not think of a better way to start the day, and neither could Xandar. After Xandar had cleaned himself up, they went to the ground floor and exited through

the back, greeting Ethan who was standing guard before they jogged towards the forest.

Lucianne went behind a tree to strip and shift. She held her bag of clothes between her canines as she came out from where she was. And that was when she came face-to-face with a nine-foot Lycan. 1

Xandar's animal had black fur, and unlike werewolves which could only stand and run on all

fours, Lycans only stand on two feet. Their hands are free to grab their prey and attack their foes. Their height itself was already an advantage. Most wolves are either equal in height as their human form, or slightly taller in the case of Alphas and Lunas.

Lucianne knew that Xandar's animal would be larger than his human form but she was still surprised by what she saw, and had to take two steps back to get a fuller view. Xandar's animal whimpered when its mate stepped back, thinking that she was avoiding him.

'Baby, what's wrong?' His lilac eyes showed concern as he mind-linked her.

'I think I'm still not used to seeing Lycans.' She said as she looked at Xandar in awe. His brawny build exuded strength, confidence and power. His large hands looked like they could easily uproot a fully-grown tree. His lilac eyes shone strikingly against his thick black colored fur. Every part of Xandar's majestic animal screamed dominance and perfection.

Seeing that Lucianne didn't say anything further as she continued to stare, Xandar misread her awe for fear so he linked sincerely, 'I can shift back if you want.' He, especially his animal, was worried that it may have upsetted her, or worse, scared her.

Cheekiness sparked in Lucianne for the second time that morning when she linked, 'Now why would I want that? Seeing you like this now gives me more time to strategize on how I'm going to beat your animal in combat later on.'

His worry vanished as he linked in mock realization, 'Ah, so that's why you suggested we had an animal date. And here I thought you just wanted our animals to meet. This is quite embarrassing, my Queen.'

'Looks like I've misled you.' Lucianne smirked as she and Xandar continued to replay their conversation at the refreshments table before Xandar's arousal spiraled out of control the other day, with their roles now reversed.

'Hm..that, you did.' Xandar linked in his husky voice as he took a step towards her. His arousal was beginning to fill the space around them as he recalled the first time they spoke like that to each other.

Lucianne then improvised from their conversation at the refreshments table, 'You're not going to consider punishing your mate now, are you, your Highness? This is hardly a fair game. You know I can't outrun you.'

He took another step towards her and said flirtatiously, 'So why bother running? Just let me catch you, mate.'

If Lucianne were in her human form, she would have blushed from the alluring way Xandar said the word '

mate'. Not wanting to be the one to drop their harmless act first, she linked, 'M m...no. I came for a run and I am going to run. You can't stop me just because you're a Lycan and a King.' With that, she took-off and could not help but chuckle when she saw Xandar's shocked expression as soon as she sprinted.

'Babe, I honestly don't know which one of us is going to regret this more once it ends.' Xandar

said, repeating Lucianne's exact words to him when he challenged her to spar right after she took down the General. His words elicited a chuckle from Lucianne through their link, making his Lycan gain speed to catch up to her.

Her adrenaline was pumping as she ran through the trees against the cool morning air. Within seconds, she felt Xandar's animal catching up to her so she tried to get creative. She ran in zigzags and narrowly dodged trees with her agility and small size. The trick was to slow Xandar down, even if it was just by a little bit. The unexpected turns she was taking would make catching up to her slightly more difficult than if she were just running in a straight line.

When the river she came to every morning was in view, she took a huge leap toward it when Xandar appeared from behind one of the trees and caught her in his arms before his body slumped to the ground with Lucianne safely wrapped up in his chest.

With their bodies lying on the ground, Xandar's concerned eyes bore into her sapphire orbs as he asked, 'You okay, Lucy?'

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She snorted before asking, 'You caught up to me within sixty seconds from when I took off, didn't you? You just let me think that I was winning.'

He smirked as turned their bodies gently so that Lucy's wolf had its back against the ground and his Lycan's body hovered above hers, his hands on either side of

her head. There was a glint in his eye when he said, 'No. I never said anything. You came up with that thought yourself.'

His nose nuzzled hers and she giggled through their link before he continued, 'And if I said that I caught up to you within thirty seconds from the moment you left me behind, do I get a reward?' His arousal continued to fill the air.

The reward your animal is implicitly asking for is quite a demanding one, your Highness.'

'Hm...I wasn't going to ask for that.'

'Well, what a gentleman you are.'

His Lycan's nose made contact with her neck as it greedily took in her scent. He then linked, 'Careful, my love. I'm in control now. But if you keep talking to me like that, I'll have to wrestle with my animal for dominance. And we don't want that now, do we?'

Lucianne made herself hold back a moan from the hungry manner Xandar's animal was taking in her scent before she asked, 'So, wh-what were you going to ask for, dearest?'

His Lycan's tail was wagging in happiness as he asked excitedly, 'Can I take a good look at your tail?'

'Oh, that. Be my guest. If you can tell me if you've heard any myths or legends about what it's supposed to be able to do.'

Now who's the demanding one?' Xandar linked rhetorically with a chuckle as he released his cage on her. She got up and sat on the ground near the riverbank and lifted her tail upwards for Xandar to have a look.

He studied the white and grey part of his mate. Instinctively, he looked at her body and her paws but noticed that they were all white. She seemed to have read his mind, 'It's just the tail. There isn't a trace of grey anywhere else on my body. I don't know why. No one does.'

After a short moment, Xandar anxiously linked, 'D-Do you mind if ...t-touched it?'

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Lucianne was surprised but she shyly whispered, 'Okay.' 1 His large Lycan hands fell cautiously on the white and grey fur of her tail, gauging his mate's reaction. He then gently stroked the entire length, which made Lucianne purr softly. 'Adorable', Xandar thought to himself. As he continued stroking in slow motions, he linked, 'I wonder why the thickness of each grey stripe is subtly different.'

'Wait, what? Is it?' She lifted her tail off the ground and right out of Xandar's hand, and Xandar was surprised by how much strength he felt from her tail. His mate was using the reflection from the water in the river to study the stripes.

As he was recollecting what he felt, she linked, 'I guess I never noticed it because I've only used water reflections to see what my wolf looks like. I've never used a mirror. And with the

ripples and the coursing of streams, I never took a hard enough look at them to notice the difference in the thickness of each stripe. Hmm...the number of stripes are still the same though. It has only ever been five.'

'Sweetheart,' Xandar began, 'How strong is your tail?'

'What do you mean?' She asked, cocking her head to one side as she looked at him.

Xandar tried not to get distracted by how adorable her wolf looked when it did that as he explained, 'When you took your tail from my hand, it felt like it had more strength than it should

She looked surprised and bewildered. She dove into her thoughts before she asked, 'Do

- normal tails have less strength?'  
'I don't know about wolves but when I catch Christian's tail or any other Lycan's tail in combat, I don't normally feel that high degree of force when they pull their tails away from my grip.'

'Huh.' She responded meekly as she continued to ponder.

He came to sit with her and started stroking her back lovingly with his Lycan paws as he asked gently, 'Have you ever used your tail when you fight?'

'Yeah, all the time. It's easier to trip our opponents with it.'

'Do the others do that, too?'

She thought hard before she linked, 'Yes, but...not many of us can. Very few Alphas and Lunas can do it. Juan himself can't. Neither can Zeke nor Zelena. Tate can but it took him a few years of practice. Gammas...Hmm...I tried to teach Toby, Raden, Sylvia and a few others but they aren't able to trip larger rogues yet. The smaller rogues also have to be unstable before they can actually trip them that way.'

Xandar continued stroking her as he helped her ponder deeper on the matter, 'Have you ever had problems tripping the larger rogues?'

After Lucianne recalled the times she fought with her tail, she uttered, 'No, I guess not.' Her head turned to the back to study the mysterious part of her wolf

as she said, 'I always thought it was because I trained it longer. Since there are others who could do it, I didn't think the strength was anything special.' Xandar scoffed, 'Darling, every part of you is special. The Moon Goddess is probably

scratching her face in madness and frustration right now with what you're saying. She's already given you so many gifts for you to stand out from your species and mine yet you still think that you're less than extraordinary.'

Lucianne rolled her bright blue eyes and linked sarcastically, 'Oh yes, I'm very extraordinary. Who else have you heard went through five mate-bond snaps?'

He pulled her body closer to his as he linked gently and sincerely, 'Exactly. No one else could have survived them. The pain would have been too much for a normal creature. The fact that you're alive and well now is only further proof that you are anything but normal, Lucy. Christian was shocked when he heard it. Many of us were. Not the fact that you were rejected but the fact that you're still living and thriving after the five snaps.' 1

Xandar lowered his head to meet hers, and his nose nuzzled against hers, making her giggle at the ticklish contact before he looked deeply into her sapphire eyes and linked, 'You keep telling me that I'm more than what I think of myself, Lucy. I'm telling you right now, you're so much more than what you think of yourself. He nuzzled her forehead like he was pecking a kiss there before staring back into her eyes as he uttered, 'You're amazing, Lucy. Don't let anyone tell you differently, not even yourself.' She purred at his words, and got up to move into his chest before she snuggled in his core. It was his animal's turn to purr in bliss.

For the first time, Lucianne didn't dash back to the hotel when dawn broke. She sat in her mate's arms and his paws gently stroked her back as he held her close to his chest. After a long moment of quietly enjoying each other's company, Lucianne linked, 'Xandar, can you tell me more about your family? Who you're close to, who you love, that kind of thing? I mean, I already know about Christian and Annie but I'd like to know more.'

Xandar chuckled, 'I'm close to you. And I love you!

Lucianne argued in an irritated tone, 'Xandar, I'm serious!'

He responded firmly, 'So am I, Lucy!' Lucianne groaned, and was about to leave his arms before he strengthened his grip around her body, 'Aw, sweetheart, don't get mad. It's not like I wasn't going to tell you. But since we don't have any training today, how about I tell you over breakfast at a nice café?

Lucianne looked into his lilac eyes gleaming with anticipation. She smirked, 'Well played, my King. Well-played.'

He held her closer to his chest and pouted, 'Oh, come on, baby. Just say yes.'

'Why do I get the feeling that this date is going to stretch over lunch and dinner as well?

He gleefully admitted, 'Maybe it's because I was hoping you'd say yes to those, too.'

She shook her head slightly with a smile, 'Like I said, Xandar. That was well-played.' She managed to wriggle out from his grip and leaped out from his arms. But he caught hold of her body again and lifted her off the ground with ease. He looked deep into her eyes as he linked excitedly, 'Is that a yes?'

'Put me down, Xandar.'

'Not until you say yes.'

Lucianne rolled her eyes and she said, 'I was already going to say yes when you first asked anyway.'

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Xandar walked Lucianne to her room before he drove home for a shower and a change of clothes. He picked out a maroon shirt and black jeans before putting on a leather jacket. After double-checking his appearance in the mirror in the living room, Xandar drove back to pick Lucianne up. She emerged from the entrance of the hotel in a bright red blouse and a black knee-length skirt and moderately-high black heels. Wedges, to be precise. Her hair fell over her shoulders and on her back. Coincidentally, a gentle morning breeze graced their surroundings, causing Lucianne's hair to be blown ever so slightly to highlight her gorgeous face and luscious curls.

Xandar had never been struck by anything more flawless. He got out of the car to greet her, pecking a kiss on her lips as he whispered with a grin, "You're so beautiful."

She smirked as the blushes reddened her cheeks, "You look good, too. It's the first time I'm seeing you in casual wear."

"Mm...disappointed?" He asked coyly as he took her hands in his.

"No. Just envious." Lucianne replied. His eyebrows furrowed in confusion so she explained, "I didn't think I would be going out for anything but the collaboration, so I didn't pack anything suitable for a date. This..." she gestured at the outfit she had on before declaring, "...is actually one of the clothings I packed for the collaboration. It's too formal for a date."

He snorted and kissed her on her forehead before he said, "I think you look perfect."

"Of course you do." Lucianne muttered under her breath before saying, "C'mon, let's go." He kissed her hand before they got into the car.

The café was a fifteen-minute from the hotel. When they arrived and entered, the chatter of the place died down and all eyes were fixed on Xandar, who had a hand around Lucianne's small waist. As they stood, bowed and uttered 'My King', they studied Lucianne from the corner of their eye with great interest. Most of them already had glazed-over eyes, mind linking their coffee companion about what they were seeing.

Who was this woman?

Xandar and Lucianne bowed in return. The King explained the new formality and credited Lucianne for the idea, introducing her as the Queen. There were surprised gasps, oohs and ahhs as everyone bowed a second time and addressed her as that. Lucianne, too, offered a second bow and smiled graciously at everyone before the waiter showed them both to their seats in a corner. They sat facing each other at the small, round table, and the customers who were seated slightly closer to the King and Queen squealed softly in excitement before

quieting themselves, hoping that their Lycan hearing could pick up a thing or two from the royal love-birds' conversation. 1

After the waiter took their orders, Xandar's large hands reached across the table to take

Lucianne's small ones before she could place them on her lap. He looked at her with overflowing love and affection, so much so that Lucianne's cheeks were starting to feel warm just by meeting his alluring gaze.

She then cleared her throat before averting her eyes and saying in a small voice, "Xandar, you really don't have to look at me like that for too long."

He chuckled and then lifted her hands up to kiss her fingers, "You're so cute when you're shy." That made Lucianne even more flustered.

Lucianne wanted to retract her hands to cover her even warmer face but Xandar's grip tightened as he enjoyed the sight of his stunning mate blushing before him. Even his animal was looking at her in pure bliss. Xandar was filled with so much happiness when he saw her trying but failing to suppress an upward curl of her soft, delicate pink lips.

After taking a steady breath, Lucianne then suggested, "If you want to keep looking at me like that to keep me flustered, Xandar, can you at least talk about your family while you do it?"

He chuckled lightly before he asked while stroking the back of her hand, "What do you want to know?"

She shrugged and said, "Everything. Who's your favorite? Who's your least favorite? Why? Who did you look up to? Who do you miss? You know, everything. I



don't keep up with the gossip about celebrities or royals, so I can tell you that I know close to nothing about the royal family before I met you."

Xandar smiled wider and he started, "If those questions are for the time before we met, then my favorite was definitely Aunt Reida, Christian's mother. My least favorite has always been Greg. That should come as no surprise. Who do I miss? Hmm... Granpa Brock and Aunt Reida from my mother's side, Uncle Conrad from my father's side, and my own mother, of course. My father...he's kind of a gray area. I miss the father-and-son outings we went on when I was younger but in the years he trained me to ascend the throne...I saw a different side of him."

Lucianne held his gaze as Xandar continued, "It was only when I helped out with his duties did I realize not everyone had what we had, or lived the way we did. I knew we were the most powerful family but I didn't know the disparity between us and everyone else was so large. Lycans were handling it well. But when I asked about the wolves, my father just gave me a thin folder with a list of pack names and their incomes. Nothing else. There was no record of welfare, financial support or even the general size and population of each pack."

Lucianne suddenly muttered to herself, "So that explains the sudden annual headcount in packs since eighteen years ago."

Xandar showed an embarrassed smile, "I didn't want to remain as ignorant as how we always were, how I always was myself. I can't claim to be King when I don't even know these foundational aspects about my people."

He averted his eyes and a look of discomfort graced his features before he uttered, "My father..."

didn't see a need to give anything of value to the werewolves. The first time he told me that wolves should be grateful that we let them live, my whole perception of the man changed. He used to be this strong, reliable and caring father. When he was around the ministers and subjects, he exuded this air of leadership and confidence. I always tried to emulate him, to be him."

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He scoffed darkly. Lucianne's own thumb started stroking his hand as Xandar continued his tale, "You're probably going to judge me really harshly for this, sweetheart but..." his grip on her hands tightened as he muttered, "I have never understood the need for combat practice... because I've never even heard of a rogue attack until I was training to ascend the throne."

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He took in his mate's unperturbed expression and asked, "Why is it that you don't look surprised?"

Lucianne shrugged and said, "Because it's not surprising. Rogue Lycans didn't exist at that time. So how would you know about rogue wolves?"

He stroked her hand and smiled sadly, "We should've known."

Lucianne's grip tightened and their eyes locked, she said assuringly, (This novel will be daily updated at ) "You do, now. You were young, Xandar. And you had no access to that information during King Lucas's reign. But the fact is you chose to notice us as soon as you could. That's more than enough. You and Christian have changed so much for all of us.",

Xandar scoffed before he said, "Wolves are still terrified of us though." He recalled how the werewolves in the collaboration didn't feel safe speaking to him and Christian unless Lucianne was there, bridging their species. He wondered if he could ever be half as good as her in terms of connecting with them.

Lucianne stroked his hand lovingly as she said with an encouraging smile, "Give it time, darling. They'll come around. Besides, many of the wolves here are already warming up to you and Christian, and also to Weaver and Yarrington. Word will spread when they return to their packs, and our species will begin to see that not all Lycans are menacing."

Xandar's eyes widened with Lucianne's choice of words as he said, "Menacing. Wow. My dear," Xandar chuckled. "If I remember correctly, I've only ever killed hunters who breach our inter-species agreements and Lycan criminals who deserve the death penalty. And also a few rogue wolves who we found trying to trespass for illegal intentions. That's probably around ten kills in the last eighteen years. You and your friends, on the other hand, my love, have probably lost count of the number of rogues you had to eliminate to save your packs. And we're the menacing species?"

The waiter came with their food and Xandar reluctantly let go of Lucianne's hands as the plates were placed on the table. His mate thanked the waiter with a polite smile before she turned back to Xandar and said, "Menacing in intention was what I meant, my darling. (This novel will be daily updated at ) It's like you said, the Lycans never did anything for us but every year they would take fifty percent of our pack's revenue...well, until eighteen years ago, that is. Thank you for lowering it to ten percent, by the way."

He sighed in dismay, "Oh dear, Goddess."

"I just spoiled your appetite, didn't I? Maybe we should have talked about your mother or Aunt Reida first."

A wide smile graced his features again and he reached for her hand before he said, "I would say that looking at you only increases my appetite but I'm not sure how well I can control my

arousal if we trailed along that line of conversation so let's just leave that there." He caught the stern look she was throwing his way and he chuckled.

After his humour subsided, gratefulness replaced it when Xandar said, "You have no idea how thankful I am to be bonded to you, Lucy. I've seen more than past Kings after my father died but I still wasn't seeing enough, feeling enough or doing enough. The Moon Goddess practically gave me a walking encyclopedia and gateway to discover the truth behind how wolves are really faring when she bonded us."

Lucianne was trying to press back a cheeky smile. He narrowed his eyes playfully and asked, "What is it?" She shook her adorable head and continued trying to press back her smile which was getting wider by the second.

He then resorted to mind-linking her, 'Baby, if you're not going to share the joke, I'm going to go over there and tickle it out of you in front of all these people.'

Her smile faltered and her eyes grew wide with horror, 'You wouldn't.'

He smirked, 'Wanna bet? You know I'm not against pouring out my affection for you in public. I've done it countless times in the dining hall and on the training ground.'

"Don't you dare do it here.'

"Then tell me.'

Her smile of amusement graced her features once more as she linked, 'I was just going to tweak our little act at the refreshments table, this time with the mock realization of you just wanting me as an encyclopedia and an information-gateway for your very taxing job as King.' 1

He was looking tenderly at her small hand before he linked, 'You, my dear, have a tendency to venture into dangerous waters.'

'And you, my King, have a tendency to conjure up inappropriate thoughts.'

He smirked and kissed her hand once before releasing it and saying aloud, "Only when I'm with you, sweetheart. But I'm controlling it, Lucy. I promise."

She offered a grateful smile as she uttered, "I know. Thank you."

He scoffed, "This is definitely not something you should be thanking me for. (This novel will be daily updated at )Goddess, I have to get someone to teach you to be more self-entitled."

After swallowing the food in her mouth, Lucianne said, "Greg's a good choice, I suppose."

Xandar's eyes turned dark for only a second before he returned to his light mood when he saw his mate's cheeky grin so he decided to just play along, "He can't teach you, Lucy. He already failed the test when you made him shut that annoying mouth of his. He's no longer qualified." 1

She nodded in agreement and took a sip from her cup before she asked, "So who do you suggest?"

Xandar sighed, "I don't know, sweetheart. You're really stubborn when it comes to not claiming your own worth. I don't think the Moon Goddess herself would be able to teach you." She chuckled at his comment and the mock look of exhaustion on his face as he chewed the toast in his mouth.

After a few silent moments of eating, Lucianne started to link her mate as she chewed, (This novel will be daily updaed at )'So, your mother, what was she like?'

A soft smile grew on Xandar's face as he reminisced about the woman who brought him up before he linked, 'She was my source of comfort. Whenever I'm upset, she somehow manages to make everything...better. She and her sister, Aunt Reida.'

'But you mentioned your favorite person was your aunt, not your mother. Why is that? The late Queen didn't give you as many sweets as you would like as a kid?' Lucianne teased through their link. 1 His smile turned sad as he muttered under his breath, "I wish it were that simple."

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Lucianne immediately regretted teasing and said, "I'm so sorry, Xandar. I shouldn't have..."

He assured her hastily, "No, baby, don't apologize."

She still felt bad, "I think I should just let us finish breakfast before I ask any further

questions."

He chuckled lightly before he said, "It doesn't affect my appetite, Lucy. I just..." he ran his hand over his hair in frustration before saying, "I love my mother but sometimes I just wish she wasn't so blindly loyal to my father."

Lucianne cocked her head to one side, bewildered.

Xandar then explained, "My mother, for as long as she was alive, never went against my father's wishes. What's worse was that she would support everything he did. It felt like she never had an opinion. She was well-educated. Surely, she could have contributed in some way. But my father never believed in sharing power with his mate so he never let her touch anything concerning the affairs of the Kingdom. Aunt Reida would go on for hours about how my mother should insist on doing something as Queen. But my mother would just brush off her own sister's concerns and advice, saying that my aunt didn't understand her position. As a Queen, I don't recall her doing anything besides standing next to my father and waiting to be greeted and bowed down to. It's just..." he sighed again, "I love her, truly. She was a good mother. But...honestly, why didn't she do anything with the power she had? Why didn't she

question my father from time to time? I mean, not everything he did was good."

"Do you think she would've lived that long if she questioned King Lucas?" Lucianne asked.

Xandar responded in amusement, "You're actually defending a Queen who did close to nothing, my love?"

Lucianne pushed her empty plate to the side and said, "I'm not defending her. I'm just trying to understand her. She definitely loved him, maybe more than he loved her. You see, Xandar ....." She gathered her thoughts before uttering, "Some women would

please the person they fancy. Some are more than happy to lose it all if it meant that the person they are after would choose them."

Xandar's eyebrows furrowed, "Is it even worth it? Losing yourself for the sake of going after someone else?"

Lucianne scoffed, "You're asking the wrong person, darling. I was this close to rejecting you to keep my life. These questions aren't meant to be answered by a cold-blooded creature like myself."

He wasn't satisfied with her response so he continued to press, "But how would you know how these women think and what they're willing to give up? You're definitely not like that."

She bit her bottom lip, her uneasy gaze fixed on the table between them as she uttered, "I wasn't always like how I am now, Xandar. I'm not the perfect Queen you keep telling me that I am. There was...a time in my life when I was one of those women, especially when it came to my first mate."

She sighed in despair and shook her head in disapproval before continuing, "Looking back, I still can't help but see how naïve and stupid I was to think that I should try to change myself for him or for anyone else. And how I would get upset when I couldn't be what he wanted me to be." Lucianne then leaned towards Xandar and met his gaze before she explained, "The thing is, Xandar, when you're bonded, you want to feel wanted, special and adored. When we

don't get those things, we'll try to change something to get our counterpart's attention. Your mother probably just wanted your father to be happy. And he was happy with her saying and doing nothing so that was what she did."

Xandar's expression was hard when he stroked her hand lovingly and asked in concern, "What did you make yourself change for your first mate?"

She chuckled lightly, and a smile graced her features as she said, "Well, it was a problem of my size so I really couldn't change anything, darling. I wanted to, desperately. But I couldn't. I then start looking in mirrors and cry myself to sleep more and more often because of my size. Juan's mother, Luna Janice, practically took Juan and I on a one-week vacation away from all the mirrors just to calm me down. When we got home, they even removed the full-body mirror I had in my room."

She chuckled again at the memory but Xandar's face remained hard as he continued to stroke her small, smooth hand in slow motions. So that was why her eyes never sparked with happiness when he complimented her beauty.

Seeing that Xandar was silent and serious, Lucianne added, "That was a long time ago, Xandar. It was one of the earlier chapters of my life. I've come a long way since then."

He planted a deep kiss on her hand before his sincere lilac eyes bore into her black orbs as he said, "Lucy, you are beautiful. And I love you. All of you. You may not see it yet but you are a perfect Queen. Your past doesn't have to be flawless, baby. You are flawless just by being able to make peace with it and grow from it."

She smiled politely at the compliment, and Xandar knew that it would take some time before she believed him. Lucianne was touched by the sincerity oozing from Xandar's words but she figured it was the mate-bond messing with his head, like she was told by mate number two from the past.

Not wanting to keep the silence between them any longer, she then said casually, "Okay, enough about me. Your mother, is that all? Surely, there are some happy experiences you had with her that you still hold close to your heart."

He got lost in thought, wondering which memory to pick. "Well, my favorite memories of her are when she brought me along to visit Aunt Reida and Christian. They even played with us

until we were five or six. We'd spend hours there, and I remember Christian and I throwing tantrums when we had to leave." Lucianne chuckled as she pictured the cousins in the manner he described.

Xandar then said, "But the best memory I have of her is probably when she assured me that everything was going to be okay no matter what. Her smile, her voice. It always calmed the storm in me." He then looked at his beautiful mate across the table and said, "Like how you calm the storm in me." He pecked a kiss on her hand again before adding matter-of-factly, "But you're better, sweetheart."

Lucianne looked at him in discomfort and disapproval as she whispered, "Don't say that, Xandar. You shouldn't even be comparing the both of us, we..."

"No, baby, just hear me out." He leaned towards her and explained, "She calmed the storm in me by always trying to shield me from the truth. She told me that things would eventually work out in my favor. Basically, she told me that I would get what I want even if I remained passive. But you..." he looked at her in awe, "You tell me that everything will be okay by assuring me that there's a way to solve a problem. You remind me that even if things are bad now it doesn't have to stay that way, telling me and showing me that I can do something about it."

Lucianne looked even more uncomfortable, "Xandar, it's natural for mothers to shield their children from dangers and negativities. You really don't have to talk about your mother like that to make me feel good about myself. I can tell you that I'm feeling very uncomfortable right now."

He pecked another kiss on her hand before explaining, "I'm not saying it to make you feel better about yourself, sweetheart. I'm telling you that because I wanted to explain how the late Queen's passivity almost cost me my chance with you." Lucianne looked at him and she knew that the subject of the Kyltons was coming up. Xandar had to tell her. After last night, he had to make sure everything was laid on the table so Lucianne wouldn't be caught off guard again.

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 58

[/ The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 58](#)

Xandar made sure he held his mate's hand tighter to intensify the sparks for this next phase. He cleared his throat and began, "The Kyltons are a distinguished family. And they have been a close friend of the royal family for generations. But for the longest time, their heir was a male. When the most recent Kylton was an heiress, my father had this insane plan to...pair u

Lucianne shifted in her seat and averted her gaze. Xandar kissed her fingers while still holding on to her hand as he continued, "My mother, being the doting wife that she was, supported it without question. When I went up to my father about the...issue, he told me that I'll grow to understand why he was doing what he was doing. It was all about saturating as much power as possible for him. When I went up to my mother and begged her to persuade my father to change his mind, she just...told me that everything was going to be okay. That the... engagement was not going to be a bad thing, that things would eventually work itself out."

Lucianne was biting her bottom lip at this point to cope with the feelings of unworthiness, and Xandar stroked her hand tenderly, trying to assure her that his heart had only ever been given to her. "Baby, hey." She still couldn't bring herself to look at him.

She felt uneasiness tingling in her chest and subconsciously placed her free hand over her heart, like she was shielding it from getting hurt. The sight made Xandar's animal whimper. It felt like she was shielding her heart from him. He felt the helplessness from the previous night all over again.

Cautiously, he kissed her fingers deeply as he linked, 'Lucy, I don't agree with what they did. I never have. It felt wrong from the very start. I've never loved anyone the way I love you. Please, baby, look at me.'

Lucianne took a moment, and swallowed the lump in her throat before meeting his pained gaze as she whispered, "So what happened next?"

He managed a sad smile when he saw how strong his mate was trying to be. "Grandpa Brock threatened to cut all Blackfur ties with the Claws if my parents kept insisting that I was to marry someone I didn't want. The Blackfurs dominate many industries, mainly shipping and

transportation. So to keep the amount of power and influence that my father already accumulated, the late King grudgingly gave in."

Xandar's eyebrows furrowed as he looked at their hands. "But things were never the same between my father and I after that. He never masked his anger and disappointment when we were in the same room. Christian and Aunt Reida were the only people I turned to at that time. I even stayed over at their place for a while because my own home became too... hostile. The Blackfurs supported me and looked out for me when even my own mother couldn't see, or I didn't want to see, that what I wanted wasn't what they wanted for me."

He watched Lucianne and gave her a moment to take it all in before she asked in a small,

doubtful voice, "So, after that, the Kyltons just... left?" She recalled Christian saying that the family hadn't been in contact for over two decades.

Xandar nodded ominously, "But not without throwing a lot of curses at the Blackfurs, especially at Granpa Brock, saying how much they were going to regret destroying their

plans."

Lucianne nodded in response before she whispered in worry, "Did anything bad happen to Granpa Brock or Aunt Reida after that?"

Xandar chuckled at how Lucianne was more concerned with the well-being of his cousin's family than her own state. Humour filled his eyes when he said, "Nah. It was an empty threat from the start. Granpa Brock died a peaceful death from old age. Aunt Reida passed on from cancer. On Granpa's most boastful days, he would even flaunt how his threat to my father was the best thing he had ever used his power for."

Lucianne managed a smile, "That's good."



He returned her smile and said, "He would've loved you. Aunt Reida was his favorite daughter because she always spoke her mind, exactly what you do. Well, you do it with more poise and grace. Aunt Reida couldn't care less if she threw remarks like a madwoman." Lucianne chuckled, making Xandar's animal wag its tail in glee. He then added, "Granpa Brock himself was very merciless with his words when he was moody, calling my mother 'mindless Vera' even after she became Queen."

Lucianne's smile faltered and her back shot upright in shock at what she just heard. Xandar chuckled lightly and said, "Like I said, babe. He would've loved you. I can imagine the grin on his face if he had the chance to watch you take down Greg, the Cummings, Whitlaw, Caunterberg, Langford and even the Kyltons, all three of them at once. You would probably be the next thing he'd boast about to the people around him."

Lucianne's posture relaxed and her lips curled upwards. She gave a slight shake of her head as she said, "Well, it's comforting to know that I would've been accepted by one of the late elders of the family."

Xandar knew exactly what she meant so he firmly insisted, "You really don't have to think about my late parents, Lucy. If you saw what everyone sees in you, you'd realize that the late King and Queen are not worthy of your acceptance. You're too good for them. You've done more in your years than they have done in both their lifetimes combined. I'm rather relieved that you don't have to meet them, to be honest. They wouldn't have respected you or treated you well. You might have rejected me after you've met them, and I don't think I could blame you for that."

Lucianne chuckled. "It's impressive how well you know me when it comes to that." She teased as she emptied her cup.

He grinned, and got up to lean across the table to peck a kiss on her cheek before declaring in a deep voice, "I love you."

She looked at him shyly and said, "Thank you."

"Don't thank me, baby. Tell me you know that I love you." He insisted as he pressed their foreheads together.

Lucianne blushed under his stare as she uttered, "I know."

His smile widened as he pecked a kiss on her forehead and said, "Good." He then went around the table to her side before holding out a hand for her to take. "Come, we should move on to our next stop."

When he was helping Lucianne up, she asked, "Where's that?"

There was a glint in his eye and he whispered into her ear, "It's a surprise."

At the opposite end of the café, a man wearing a cap and sunshades looked up from the newspaper he was pretending to read. He watched Xandar and Lucianne

as they left through the doors. When they were out of sight, he sent out a text message to his comrade, and finished up his coffee before leaving five minutes later.

## The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 59

[/ The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 59](#)

After a twenty minute drive, a large skyscraper came into view. Xandar parked on the lower ground floor and they took the elevator up. Xandar's hand never left Lucianne's waist as he led her out through the elevator doors, and as soon as they turned around the corner, Lucianne halted in her steps at the sight before her.

"Woah." She muttered as her black orbs sparkled at the sight of the large space filled with endless shelves of books. As she adjusted to her surroundings, she took small steps forward to look around. The carpeted floor absorbed any sounds of footsteps, making the place quiet enough to read. The lights lit up the place enough to give it a sophisticated look. The music playing subtly in the background puts one in a mood to relax and dive into whichever book held their interest

Lucianne's eyes snapped back to Xandar's elated lilac ones as she exclaimed in a whisper, "This is La Librairie, isn't it? The largest bookstore in the Kingdom!" 1

Xandar's eyes were also shining at the sight of Lucianne's excitement, "It is. You've clearly heard of it."

Her eyes continued to scan the place while she explained, "I've read about it and seen pictures of it in the news. But the sight is still breathtaking." She looked at the ceiling which was said to contain engravings of reputable authors of the past. She then looked at the pillars which had the most famous quotes of each century. She then uttered, "The twenty-eight-floor building which holds every book known to Lycans, werewolves, vampires and humans. All in one place. This is amazing!" 1

"Yes, you are." Xandar said from her side. Lucianne turned back to find his sincere and affectionate gaze fixed on her. She was moved. She heard about this place for years but never got to come because it was in Lycan territory so she didn't think it would be wise to enter as a wolf. She didn't want to be kicked out and appear in the news for it. But Xandar brought her here without her having to ask.

She then asked in curiosity, "How did you even know that I'm crazy about books?"

He chuckled softly before he took her hands in his, "Well, you were reading some very heavy material while I slept after the Jewel Pack incident. And if I recall correctly, Cummings once tried to give you a book in the dining hall. In your room,

there were three 300-page books on the couch, all heavy material. I've never known a person to pack books for a trip."

Lucianne rolled her eyes and said, "Behavioral science is not heavy material."

Xandar held her close and retorted, "Babe, the name itself feels heavy. Light ones normally have only one word for their genre like mystery, romance, humour, adventure..."

"What about biographies, history, literature..." Before Lucianne could list out the one-worded book genres which could arguably be considered heavy material, Xandar squeezed the flesh o

n her waist and made her giggle.

When he was satisfied with the wide smile and red tinge on his mate's face, he kissed her forehead and said, "Go on, pick your spot to start. We can stay here the whole day if you want. There's a restaurant on the twenty-eighth floor. We'll just stop for lunch up there, and you can come back down here to continue your book hunt." 2

Lucianne squealed softly in excitement before dashing to a display rack nearby. 'Adorable', Xandar thought to himself. His animal was howling in happiness inside him.

From the display rack, Lucianne took out a copy of the map showing the outline of the entire place. 'Wow. She even knew that existed.' Xandar thought to himself in awe. It was then he realized that she must have wanted to come here for years, probably ever since she heard about the place. But due to the friction between their species, and the store being in Lycan territory, she never could. His heart hurt at the thought of how little the werewolves had access to the things that Lycans always took for granted. 1

His tension eased when he saw her serious look as she studied the map in her hands. Without looking back his way, she walked towards the north wing. Xandar chuckled to himself before following her. He made a point to glare at any male scanning his mate's body with lustful eyes.

Those who didn't know who he was quickly looked away from his murderous scowl. Those who found him familiar were furrowing their brows as they tried to recall where they had seen him before. And those who realized who he was flinched in fear before offering an apologetic bow. He nodded curtly in return but his eyes remained stern, a warning to never look at his mate like how he caught them to have been looking.

Lucianne finally stopped at the second-last row of shelves. She checked the map in her hands and turned right. Xandar read the label at the top of the shelf. 'Species Biology'. He chuckled as he thought about their conversation on heavy materials just a moment ago.

Lucianne ignored him as she skimmed the titles. She then extracted a brown hard-covered book before flipping it over to check the contents. Her finger ran down the chapter titles, and then she turned the book over to check the price. Xandar then said, "Baby, you can take whatever you want. You don't have to worry about the cost. I'll take care of it."

She smirked, "You already brought me here, Xandar. I have enough savings to pay for my purchases." He then pulled her by her forearms to get her full attention, "No. This is a date. Let me pay for them, Lucy. That was the point of bringing you here in the first place." He then pecked a kiss on her forehead as he uttered, "Let me buy them for you, Lucy. Just let me."

She looked hesitant as she muttered, "Okay." He pecked a kiss on her cheek. And she uttered a shy 'thank you', which made him smile wider. When she continued to hold the brown book, Xandar understood that she wanted it so he held it for her. He had a look at the title: 'Lycans in Human and Animal Forms: Strengths, Weaknesses, Peculiarities and Blind Spots.'

Xandar chuckled before he asked as he lifted up the book in one hand, "Sweetheart, should I be worried about this?"

Her perplexed eyes met his amusing ones. When she saw what he was referring to her cheeky smile showed. "Well, now that I know what the largest and strongest Lycan looks like, I have to start planning my wolf's best forms of attack and defence. Thank you for bringing me to the largest source of reference to help in my venture to take your animal down."

It was the first time in a long time Xandar heard his animal laughing in joy as it rolled over in pure happiness. His Lycan was utterly ecstatic that Lucianne was not only unafraid of it but that she also wanted to train and interact with it with her wolf. And she was even confident that she could beat it when everyone else would ultimately give up!

Xandar failed to suppress his radiant smile as he said, "You are..." he sighed in pure admiration and amusement, "... absolutely amazing."

Lucianne narrowed her eyes and said, "That's not something a sane person would say to someone who just threatened to beat you up, darling."

He kissed her temple as he uttered, "You're right, I'm not a sane person when it comes to you. I'm undeniably and shamelessly insane about you." She started blushing again, and she pecked a sweet kiss on his jawline before returning her sights to the shelf.

After four hours, Xandar had to make Lucianne stop the book hunt so that they could have lunch. They left her books at a 'Keep Here and Collect Later' locker, and made their way to the twenty-eighth floor.

# The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina' s Pen Chapter 60

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina' s Pen  
Chapter 60

The floor-to-ceiling walls in the dining area exuded simplicity and class. The waiter led them to a table by the window and Lucianne remained standing to take in the view of the city. Xandar's hand then came from behind her, resting on her abdomen as he whispered into her ear, "Lucy, how about we order first, then take in the view?"

"Okay." Lucianne whispered back but she didn't move until Xandar gently tugged her hand towards her chair.

After they had ordered, Lucianne continued taking in the scenery. Xandar was taking in another scenery – his mate across the table. She looked absolutely picturesque as her starry eyes absorbed the sight before her eyes.

When she was done, she told Xandar, "I never imagined coming here this year or even in this lifetime." (This novel will be daily updated at ) She reached for his hand across the table, and placed hers over it as she uttered a grateful 'thank you'.

He lifted her hand up to kiss it and said, "Anything for you, Lucy." Her flustered look was gorgeous. With a shy but affectionate smile, she began their conversation, "So, you've already told me about your parents and Granpa Brock. I'd like to know more about Aunt Reida. She sounds like a person I would've liked as a friend, being opinionated and all."

Xandar snorted, "If she were alive, you'd probably be spending more time with her than you do with me." Lucianne smiled wider in response. Xandar then continued, "Aunt Reida was the complete opposite of my mother. She was different from most women. She makes herself heard. And unlike my mother, Aunt Reida married her bonded mate."

"Wait, what?" Lucianne questioned in surprise, "King Lucas and Queen Vera were not bonded by the Moon Goddess?"

"I thought you knew that." Xandar's eyebrows furrowed as he said in confusion. Lucianne shook her head. So Xandar went on, "My father was all about power and influence so naturally he picked one of the Blackfur daughters to wed. And knowing how different the two sisters were, it wasn't a difficult choice to make on who he wanted. Not that Aunt Reida would have accepted him anyway. She and Granpa Blackfur never liked him."

"But if they didn't like him..." Lucianne processed what she'd just heard. "Why didn't they stop your mother?"

Xandar smiled sadly, "It's like you said. She loved him. It was so clear that he never loved her to the intensity that she did him. He was there for what she was. My mother was there for who he was." 1

Lucianne stared at the flowers on the table before she asked, "If my next question is too

invasive, just tell me that it's a private matter and I'll drop it." She took a breath before asking, "Were any of them bonded to someone else?"

Xandar smiled at how hard Lucianne was trying not to offend him. He stroked her hand as he said, "Yes. They both rejected their bonded mates. Aunt Reida told me that my mother found her mate two weeks before she met my father. But she rejected him as soon as the King asked for her hand within minutes of meeting her. Her bonded mate was devastated but accepted the rejection nonetheless because my father threatened to challenge him for my mother's hand if he didn't."

"So, her rejection came before the late King's threat to challenge her mate?" Lucianne asked. Xandar nodded simply. "Oh." Lucianne responded meekly and muttered to herself, "That definitely changes how I see things."

He asked, "What do you mean?"

Her mouth opened but no words were coming out so she closed it back as she groped for the right words. Understanding what she was doing, Xandar said gently, "Baby, you don't have to filter your words with me. I told you that, and I meant it. I still mean it. Just tell me."

She took another moment before she cautiously said, "I think that Queen Vera may have been after power, too." Lucianne paused to gauge Xandar's reaction.

There was no defensiveness or hurt in Xandar's eyes, just curiosity and a genuine want to hear her out, so Lucianne continued, "The mate bond...it would've only grown stronger by the second week. I mean look at us, our bond is only a week old and we already feel like this. The fact that the late Queen could just sever it within minutes of meeting the late King, without being threatened beforehand..." she shook her head sadly, "Either her bonded mate was abusive, or she was after your father's position and power. If her choice was driven by a want of power, it certainly explains why she didn't take your side when it came to the Kyltons and their daughter."

Xandar muttered, "He definitely wasn't abusive. Hm..." he proceeded to internalize her explanation. They were both quiet for a while before Lucianne said, "It's just a theory, Xandar. I don't know what really went on in her mind. I just..."

Xandar was brought out of his train of thought as he uttered, "But you might be right though. It does fit into something she always proudly told me since I was a child."

Lucianne waited for him to continue. He said, (This novel will be daily updated at )“Since I was a boy, she would remind me that our family is loved by all because we were the most powerful family in ex because we were great leaders, kind, respectable or anything like that. But because we were powerful.” Xandar shook his head disapprovingly as he muttered to himself, “What a disgrace.”

Lucianne was shocked by his choice of words. So she stroked his hand comfortingly before suggesting, “How about we stop with Queen Vera there, darling. Let’s just go back to Aunt Reida.”

Xandar furrowed his eyebrows, “Why are you even feeling bad about this? You’re not the one making these comments.”

“Well, I’m the one who led you there.” Lucianne admitted in guilt.

Xandar disagreed, “No, you just helped me see. You shouldn’t feel bad about giving me another perspective, Lucy, especially one that makes sense. If Aunt Reida were alive, she would’ve told you to own it.” Lucianne could not help the upward curl of her lips at what he said.

He then sighed in surrender and said, “Well then, I guess my parents’ marriage was more perfect than I thought. Both were after power and influence.”

Lucianne then began, “She may have really loved him in the end, Xandar.” He looked at her in confusion. Didn’t she just say his late mother accepted a royal proposal in pursuit of influence and power? What did she now mean that the late Queen really loved the late King in the end?

Lucianne proceeded to explain, “It’s not the most ideal form of love for most of us but some who...choose their own mate over one given by our Goddess do eventually learn to be okay with the person that they are with. It could be driven by a sense of duty, or in your mother’s case, power and status. It would start out...as a bit of a challenge but eventually, one will find little things to love about the other person. And with a child, they would have another thing to love and live for. The luckiest ones even fall in love as the years go by. It just takes time. Your father may have never loved your mother as deeply as it was ideal. But your mother...she may have liked the power but at the same time she may have fallen in love with your father, too.”

Xandar looked at the woman sitting right across from him. He smiled in awe before he asked, “I lost count of the number of times I’ve asked you this but I still want to know: how did you know that? I mean it makes sense, too. But how did you know without having to meet her?”

Lucianne offered a small smile, “I was rejected five times, Xandar. I have five sources of reference. The scenario I gave you was what I learnt from the rejection with Alpha Brandon. He had a duty as his pack’s leader to choose a Luna of an Alpha bloodline. It started out awkward for them but they eventually fell in love, and they’re really proud of the two kids they have together. Their love is so strong now that his Luna isn’t even worried when I’m around him. I would go so far as saying that she’s one of my favorite people to talk to as a friend.”

Xandar gazed at her with a soft smile before a waitress came with their food. After the waitress asked them to enjoy their meal and turned to leave the table, Xandar got up and leaned over the table to peck a kiss on Lucianne's cheek as he whispered, "You're amazing."

"You are too, Xandar. Now, sit so we can eat.(This novel will be daily updaed at )" Her hand gently pushed him back towards his seat as she started blushing again.

For the next few minutes, the only sound came from their forks and knives cutting at and poking on food. Xandar then said, "Oh, right. I almost forgot to mention about my father's bonded mate. Uncle Conrad told me that the woman had already been rejected once. After the second rejection from my father, she only lived for another month before taking her own life." Lucianne stopped chewing, and her widened eyes were fixed on Xandar's unperturbed ones.