

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 8

Chapter 8

In the car, Xandar suddenly had a question. "Hey, Lucianne?"

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"You mentioned that the third and fourth were Alphas." He asked uneasily, "Are they here? In

this collaboration?"

"The third, yes. Alpha Brandon from Red Night. The fourth, no. He and his Luna were killed in one of the rogue attacks last year. Alpha Zeke from Blood Eclipse took half of his pack, and the other half went to Luna Lovelace from Midnight." She answered simply.

Xandar looked even more uneasy. "Wouldn't it get awkward with Alpha Brandon?"

Lucianne then laughed. "No. Like I said, our severance was consensual and amicable. It was awkward at first but then we warmed up to each other as allies and as friends. His Luna did take a little more time to offer me a smile. But we eventually hit on, mainly because we both had an interest in burning down the patriarchy." She chuckled and continued, "I mean, it would've been awkward if the fourth mate survived. He uh...he's very pinned on the fact that he rejected me because I wasn't good enough so he may have caused a scene at the

collaboration. But I would've stayed away if I saw him there anyway." "Did he cause a scene last year?" Xandar asked in concern.

"He almost did, on the very first night too. But Alpha Juan threatened to challenge him for his pack if he ever bothered me again so he never tried to do anything after that."

Xandar's heart was heavy with guilt. Why didn't he know this? If he had paid more attention at the meet-and-greet last year, he could've defended Lucianne. He uttered in remorse, "I can't believe that happened and I wasn't there to defend you. No one should even think of causing

a scene at this collaboration." She shrugged. "If it makes you feel any better, you weren't my mate yet."

"That," one hand stayed on the steering wheel as the other reached for Lucianne's hand, lifting it to his lips to plant a kiss before he continued, "Does NOT make me feel any better. Knowing that someone else was more deserving of

you than I was is just a stab in the heart." He parked his car in his reserved lot before he locked eyes with Lucianne. 1

"Nothing like that should've happened on my watch. Not to you or to anyone else. I'll be better. I'll pay more attention, I promise." He pecked another kiss on her hand.

Lucianne tried to ignore the sparks as she said, "Don't be so hard on yourself, Xandar. You were on the other side of the room, occupied with Lycan ministers. It would've been

impossible for you to know what was happening at our end."

Xandar was almost too afraid to ask but he had to, "Did we- Did we meet last year?"

'No, we didn't." She shook her head. 'After you spoke to the ministers, you left the room. We didn't meet for the rest of the month either. As a Gamma, I only had business with the

Defense Ministers so I never saw the point to come up to you. You did seem rather busy, and no wolf in their right mind would think of interrupting." 1

Xandar slammed his head onto the headrest, frustrated. 'I am beyond incompetent." 'What?" Lucianne asked in confusion. What did she say that made him feel like that?

He took both of Lucianne's hands, and with guilt and embarrassment in his eyes, he said, "Sweetheart, I'm going to be honest with you. Up until I met you, I hated the annual meet—and-greets."

She pressed her lips together and nodded as she recalled his demeanor the previous year before she said, "That much was clear." Xandar closed his eyes tightly in embarrassment for a second before Lucianne said apologetically, "I think I'll just let you finish talking first."

He then smiled at her sincerity, and kissed her cheek before he said, "You don't have to hold back. I deserved it. You only gave me the facts. So uh... I've long hated the meet-and-greets, and I always found a way to leave as early as possible. I'm not my father. He would've happily stayed and socialized with his ministers late into the night. Personally, I find it to be a complete waste of time. I would've rather locked myself in my office and gone through a few files. At least then, I'll be able to be at ease when I go to bed, knowing that I've done...

something." 1

Lucianne was listening attentively in silence. Xandar then stroked her hand as he prompted, "

Lucianne, say something."

“Uh... I’m not following.” She admitted. “How are you ‘beyond incompetent’?”

He began, “If I had taken an initiative to speak to anyone other than the ministers, I would’ve been more aware of how the werewolves had been faring. After hearing yours and Gamma Tobias’s speeches, I can’t help but feel that I’m no better than Alfred Cummings.” He stared deep into her eyes. “As officials, we had the power to send help but we didn’t. And I didn’t even seem approachable enough for Gammas to come up to me with their concerns.” He shook his head, and scoffed as he stared blankly ahead, “What have I even accomplished

these years as King?”

Lucianne was biting her bottom lip, stopping herself from speaking. Xandar caught this, and

his thumb reached out to smoothen her lip as he whispered, “What is it? Tell me.”
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Lucianne hesitated before she said, “I don’t know if what I’m about to say is going to make

you feel any better.” “I don’t care. I want to know.” Xandar stubbornly insisted.

She took a deep breath. “You are doing better than your father.” She gauged his reaction before continuing, “King Lucas, he... he never thought about us when it came to legislation.

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Hunters could kill us as they pleased. Packs were not allowed to apply for financial relief after a rogue attack. We never had medical help beyond our ally packs during his reign.”

Lucianne was looking nervously at Xandar, whose eyes showed that she had his undivided attention as he waited for her to continue, so she did. “It almost felt like we didn’t exist. There was even a time when I wondered why we called him our King. Of course, I later learned that i

t was purely fear that forced wolves to obey without question. But when you ascended the throne, things started changing.”

She looked at him gratefully. “When we first received word that wolves were entitled to seek relief after an attack, we thought it was a joke or a scam. It took a lot of discussion among pack leaders before one Alpha was appointed to ask about the validity of the relief offered.” She chuckled at the memory. “We just didn’t think that it was possible for there to be a Lycan who would bother to take care of us wolves, let alone the Lycan King. For as long as my kind can remember, we were just happy to not get killed.”
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She chuckled again before she continued, "Then the laws started to change, bit by bit. A few years later, Alphas were invited to meet and submit their concerns at conferences for the first time in history. Then three years ago, these meetings started to include Gammas. Gammas are even given the chance to share the stage with Lycans this year, which has never been

done."

Lucianne reached for Xandar's face, and started tracing his eyebrows. His expression softened under her touch as he purred and leaned into her small hand. She uttered, "You don't know how grateful we are to have an opportunity to be included in discussions, a chance to speak, and a way to seek help. The systems aren't perfect yet but at least it was

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better than what we had during King Lucas's reign.

He reached for her hand on his face, placing it over his mouth as he planted a deep kiss on her palm. Xandar inched closer to Lucianne and pecked a second kiss on her forehead before

whispering, "That did make me feel better. Thank you." He was leaning into her neck but

Lucianne held his face and said, "We should go in. We've been in here long enough."

He pouted and muttered, "This won't take very long."

She smirked. "Well then, I guess I'll meet you inside." After saying that, she unbuckled her

seatbelt, and Xandar groaned playfully. She ignored his protest and got out of the car. He followed quickly behind. His arm went around her waist as soon as he caught up to her.

"Decided to come down so soon?" She teased.

Xandar complained, "Don't even start." And she giggled in response. His animal was wagging

its tail in his head, unable to control how happy it was to hear Lucianne laugh.

They entered the hall, and everyone present bowed in their presence. Lucy froze on the spot, feeling discomfort with the scene. Xandar's voice rang through the hall, "Good evening, everyone. I hope this day has gone well for all of you so far. If you have any suggestions on

how we can improve, be it the ceremony this morning or the food being served, do not

hesitate to let me know. Please enjoy the rest of the day.”

then everyone stopped looking their way, Lucianne’s discomfort eased. As they were talking to the buffet table, Xandar asked casually, “Do you think you can get some pack

leaders to open up to me about their problems? I’ve spoken to a few of them but they seem reluctant to tell me the full extent of what they need.”

here was a cheeky glint in Lucianne’s eyes when she said, “That’s because you’re the big, zary Lycan King.”

he smirked, and gently squeezed the flesh on her waist. She giggled and asked, “So, who do you want to meet first? Those who need help in terms of finances, pack training, or something else?”

he froze in his spot. He didn’t think the problems could be categorized so clearly. It was as if so many packs had these problems that the categories existed. Sensing that Xandar could not decide, she smiled and asked, “Which do you prioritize more, Xandar? Safety, or expansion and development?”

he smiled in return, appreciating that she understood his predicament, and responded without hesitation, “Safety.”

Alright.”

After taking their food and placing it on a random table, Lucianne said, “I’ll be back in a bit. Don’t wait for me to start.” She motioned to his plate.

It wasn’t like Xandar’s animal would allow him to eat when their mate hadn’t started yet so he merely waited. After a short moment, Lucianne returned with three people walking closely behind her. Xandar was already up on his feet, ready to greet his guests.

Xandar, let me introduce you to Alpha Wainwright, Luna Willa and Gamma Sylvia of the Ironson Pack.” As soon as she said that, the three of them bowed and greeted Xandar in

unison, “Your Highness.”

It’s a pleasure to meet you, members of the Crimson Pack. Please have a seat. I would love to

hear from you.” Xandar said amicably.

hey all took their seats nearer to Lucianne. The empty seats next to Xandar made him feel that he had a lot of work to do before the werewolves were willing to open up to him.

Lucianne then looked to her left at Alpha Wainwright and said, "Alpha, please tell our King about the rogue attack last month, the way you told me at tea earlier." 2

He nodded encouragingly at the hesitant Alpha, who cleared his throat before he looked at Xandar and said, "Your Highness, it's an honor to speak to you. As Gamma Lucianne

mentioned, the Crimson Pack was attacked last month. Although we managed to eradicate the threat, our borders have been destroyed when the rogues tried to tear their way through. Our finances have dried up when we used it to rebuild a quarter of pack homes after a fire

three months ago. And we had to resort to placing more warriors to protect our borders now.

The uh..." he looked at Lucianne, who smiled and nodded, encouraging him to go on.

"The problem, your Highness, is that we wanted to submit a claim for financial relief after the fire but since there wasn't a designated category for this, we couldn't proceed with the application. We submitted an enquiry regarding the matter to the Defense Ministry but we haven't heard from them. And after the rogue attack last month, we applied to Minister

Cummings but it seems that our application hasn't been reviewed as of yet."

Luna Willa then spoke in a calm and careful voice, "We were hoping, your Highness, that we could have a small loan to speed up rebuilding the border. Our warriors are strained from having to stand guard daily instead of taking shifts. And perhaps we could discuss the terms of repayment. If possible, we hope that you'll give us time to return the funds."

Lucianne looked at Xandar, who was holding her hand the whole time. His expression was hard, and he contemplated in silence before he asked, "What's the cost of rebuilding the

border without compromising the quality of the materials?" –

The Alpha said, "Uh, well..." he looked at Lucianne again, who nodded with a small smile yet again, prompting him to continue. He then met Xandar's eye and said affirmatively, "My

contractor has quoted the price at \$100,000, your Highness. But we'd appreciate even a loan that covers 10% of the amount. We've already borrowed \$70,000 from all our allies combined s

0 we'd be very grateful if..."

Before he could finish, Xandar said, "You can return the borrowed funds to your allies. I'll speak to the Finance Minister, and get her to have the \$100,000 transferred to your pack account by the end of the week. This isn't a loan so there's no need for a discussion on

repayment."

The three of them gasped in shock. Luna Willa was the first to recover when she said, "Your Highness, that's a very generous gesture b-but we can't just accept that. It's a lofty amount. We insist on repaying with interest."

Xandar smiled and waved his hand in refusal. "No, Luna Willa. As the governing body, it's our

job to ensure that the welfare of our people is being looked after. This is not a generous gesture, it's a duty that we must fulfill. I hope you understand, and will accept the money."

The pack leaders were still lost for words, clearly in shock. Lucianne then prompted Alpha

Wainwright, "Alpha?"

He seemed to have finally snapped out of it as he tilted his head to bow to the King and said, "Thank you, your Highness. On behalf of my people, I thank you for the aid. It will help us to

recover quickly from the mishaps of the past few months." 1

Xandar smiled in response, and asked in curiosity and concern, "May I know what caused the

fire?"

Alpha Wainwright sighed sadly, "There was a wiring defect in one of the older electric generators. After that incident, we've gotten foremen and electricians to check on the

scanned with Cams nnnn er remaining generators. Thank goddess we did! There were three more at risk of

malfunctioning."

Xandar nodded in understanding, and was contemplating on providing relief for that as well but he recalled Alpha Wainwright saying that a quarter of homes had to be rebuilt. He had to check the finances, and hear out the other packs before providing relief for the fire. He hoped that the money they had would be enough to cover everyone's losses but realistically

speaking, he might only be able to contribute a percentage of losses that didn't result from a

rogue attack.

From his side, he saw Lucianne's serious eyes light up, and he turned to see Alpha Juan and Luna Hale approaching them with plates in their hands. Xandar offered a smile and waved them over. "Your Highness, it's good to see you again." Alpha Juan said, then he and Luna

Hale bowed to Xandar.

"A handshake will do, Alpha Juan, Luna Hale. Please, join us." ~Xandar said as he patted Juan's shoulder like they were brothers.

The members of the Crimson Pack suffered another round of shock at how the King just greeted the pack leaders of the Blue Crescent Pack. Juan then thrust a hand in

Wainwright's direction with a smile and said, 'Always nice to see you, Wainwright.'

"Juan. Good to see you too, old friend." Wainwright snapped out of his shock before he shook

Juan's hand.

Luna Hale set her plate down before walking over to Willa, who had already gotten up as they embraced, "We didn't see you last night. We thought you both weren't attending this year."

"Oh no, we could never miss this." Willa said in all smiles. "Lucy has been lovely, as always."

She shot Lucy a grateful glance.

Wainwright snorted and said, "Yeah. Until you put her on the battlefield."

Gamma Sylvia then joined in with a giggle, "Then, she'll turn into a monster."

Seeing Lucianne embarrassed with her hands covering her eyes, Juan added, 'Let's give Lucy

more credit. She won't turn into a monster. Lucy has been a monster since we were kids.'

Laughter spread around the table, and Lucianne's fierce eyes bore into Juan's cheeky ones as

she warned, "I'm getting you for this, Juan."

"Oh yeah? When?" He challenged.

"Tomorrow. At training." Lucianne smirked.

His grin fell, and he looked terrified as his eyes went to his mate before he cursed, "Shit!"

Another round of laughter followed. When Xandar laughed with them, he came to realize that he had never felt more welcomed in his life. People always obliged him but there was never

any encouragement to speak freely, or for the people around him to be themselves. The

scanned with a nervous atmosphere with the werewolves felt different. He liked it. He didn't want it to end. I

In between the conversations and the jokes, Xandar unceremoniously kissed Lucianne on her ear lobe and whispered, "Thank you, for getting them to talk to me."

"You're welcome." she whispered with a shy smile. There was something about Xandar that made her question her preconceptions about mates. Whenever he spoke to her, she felt like she was free to say whatever she deemed fit. It was never like that with her previous mates. She had to watch her tongue to a certain extent around them just as she would anyone else.

Juan and Hale were, by far, the most understanding and open with her. They always made sure that she was heard. Even then, she never felt comfortable pouring out everything. She voiced out her thoughts, yes. But they were thoughts that have been filtered to be as inoffensive as possible. Sometimes, her response may still be offensive to the listener even after her thought—filtration processes.

Xandar was different though. He seemed to be encouraging her to be herself, her complete self. He wanted to know everything that bothered her and made her feel sad. Even after she told him about her past mates, she was moved when he showed her no sympathy, only anger at what she had to go through. His hardened expression in the living room only showed that he was working hard to understand the pain she had to endure. She hated being felt sorry for so when Xandar didn't, even without her asking, she felt a sense of belonging, so much so that

she even forgot that she was speaking to their King when they were alone in his villa.

"Your Highness?" A voice came from behind Xandar. Everyone at the table stopped speaking. Xandar stood grudgingly as he turned to meet Alfred Cummings. "Yes, Cummings?"

Sebastian, who was behind his father and also bowed, albeit very grudgingly Alfred continued to hold his head down as he explained, 'I wanted to apologize for Sasha's behavior

earlier. She got emotional, and meant no harm to the Gamma. She wishes to apologize for tier error if she's allowed back into the meeting. May she be given a chance to make amends,

your Highness?" 1 "No." Xandar responded firmly, his eyes dark.

Alfred lifted his head in surprise as he said, 'I beg your pardon, my King? Your Highness, I

can assure you that she did not intend to upset the Gamma. She was simply..."

Xandar didn't even let the old man finish. "The Gamma she insulted is my mate. Tell Ms Cummings to count herself lucky that I didn't initiate court proceedings for her behavior

towards the future Queen. She was already warned last night when I was speaking to Luna

Lyssa. I will NOT have her around here again."

Alfred was lost for words. He glanced at Lucianne, who had an indifferent look as the minister played his last card. "Could she at least be present at the training sessions starting tomorrow, your Highness? We haven't found out the truth behind the rogue Lycans yet, and I

wouldn't want her to be defenseless should we ever have to face the threat."

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Xandar's eyes turned a darker shade of onyx, his voice was raised as he was close to exploding with Cummings's relentless pestering. "Cummings, I SAID N—..."

'Xandar, that would be fine." Lucianne was by his side in an instant. She held his arm affectionately, and took his hand in one of hers, using the mate bond to calm him as she said, 'Just training will be fine. Everyone will be fighting with a partner, so she won't have the chance to bother me or anyone else. It'll be fine."

Xandar's eyes softened as his eyebrows furrowed in concern when he asked, "Are you sure?" She gave him a small smile of assurance and nodded gently.

Hesitantly, Xandar looked back at Cummings and said, "You and your reckless daughter better realize how lucky she is right now. Training only. She's not welcomed in anything else."

'Yes, I understand, your Highness. Thank you.' Alfred said, and turned to Lucianne. 'Thank you, Gamma Lucianne. I'm most grateful. I'm sure my daughter will fully appreciate your kind

gesture as well.'

Lucianne scoffed before speaking bluntly, 'I wouldn't count on that, minister. But her appreciation is not my concern. I only persuaded our King to allow it to make sure no innocent Lycan or wolf would die having to protect Ms Cummings. I was considering the people tasked to protect her, not her. But thank you for expressing your gratitude.'

The minister was shocked at the manner he was being spoken to by probably the smallest

sheewolf he had ever seen, and she wasn't even a Luna!

Xandar's cold voice then rang through the air, 'If there isn't anything else, Cummings, you may close your mouth and go now.' It was only then Alfred realized his shock caused his mouth to hang open. He closed his mouth, bowed and excused himself without another word.

Next to him, Sebastian's angered eyes were fixed on Lucianne's hand around Xandar's arm. He looked at Lucianne longingly for a little while more before following his father.

Xandar was still contemplating on whether he should have allowed Sasha to train. He was still mad at how she spoke to Lucianne. As he thought about it, Lucianne stroked the back of

his hand as she asked, 'You okay?'

His anger evaporated, and he kissed the back of her hand as he uttered, 'I am now.'

She rolled her eyes but her pink cheeks showed that she wasn't immune to his romantic gesture. They returned to their seats at the table, and chatted some more with the other werewolves before deciding to turn in for the night. Xandar walked Lucianne back to her room. It was then he found out that Lucianne helped in the Crimson Pack's rogue attack not just in the previous month but also in the past few years. Her pack was their trusted ally, and

she was a trusted warrior and friend.

After kissing her goodnight, Xandar wrestled with his whimpering animal, which wanted to stay with Lucianne. When he had reached home, Xandar went through two rogue files before

scanned Wlih Cams nnnn er he turned in for the night.

In his bed, he started to wonder why he was going through the files in the first place. They were all reports from the first rogue attack in a pack. Procedure was so tedious and slow that by the time the file reaches him, the rogues would have either been eliminated or have destroyed the pack. It felt like these reports were just done for the sake of taking up a space in their archive. It didn't feel like he was helping to alleviate the risk of attacks. What was odd was the fact that none of the packs ever ask for Lycan warriors. Why was that? He wondered. They asked for medical aid, finances to rebuild but never protectors, even though it was a designated option.

Seeing that it was past midnight, he made himself stop thinking about the country's affairs before turning to the side to face the empty pillow. He imagined Lucianne sleeping next to him with her eyelids closed until he finally dozed off-

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H Letting Sasha train: yay or nay?)