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The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 109 - 110

Chapter 109

Sasha's mouth opened, and her voice was compelled to come out. "I-I shall live the rest of my life r regretting what I did to you, my Q-Queen. I beg that you'll allow me to be tortu-"

"That should do it, darling." Lucianne said, cutting off his Authority.

Xandar's expression was still hard as he faced his beautiful mate. His hand was still pressing her healing arm on his chest as he said, "She could have killed you, Lucy. What I'm doing to her now is nothing compared to what she just did." Growls of approval came from her friends and Christian.

She tried to put their anger aside, and pulled herself up to her mate's face. Lucianne then pecked a kiss at the corner of Xandar's lips to send the pleasurable stream of sparks into his being to calm him down.

Her soft gaze locked on his hard one, and her free hand stroked his cheek as she said, "Just send her to the Chief. Let the police handle it. You've done your part, dearest." She pecked a kiss on his cheek before looking at him with her doe-eyes as she said softly, "Please?"

His animal, which was as infuriated as his human was, slammed its own head against the imaginary wall in his mind, already surrendering without even trying to fight against the urge to give in to its mate. Wasn't his animal supposed to be on his side?

Xandar sighed in frustration, and planted a deep, long kiss on Lucianne's forehead before muttering, "Fine."

Lucianne smiled with sparkling eyes and pecked another kiss on his cheek before whispering, "Thank you, my love." As dissatisfied as he was with how Lucianne stopped him,

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he couldn't deny his heart melting in tenderness whenever Lucianne said those words to him. His animal purred, its anger from before vaporized in an instant.

Xandar got Phelton and two female Lycan Warriors to get Sasha dressed, and to send her straight to Chief Dalloway after that. When Sasha was removed from the training ground, Lucianne tried to pull her arm out of Xandar's chest to examine the condition. She didn't feel any pain anymore so she should be healed.

When Xandar realized what she was trying to do, he gently lifted up her arm to examine the wounded area. The whole training ground was silent as they waited to see if Lucianne was really okay. Xandar's predator eyes scanned every inch of her skin, and when he was satisfied that there were nothing but blood stains, he started licking her arm lovingly to get the stains off.

Not wanting to be the centre of attention while her indecent beast licked her arm, Lucianne shouted out, "Everyone else, back to training."

Although she tried to sound firm, most of them heard the tinge of embarrassment in her voice with the level of affection that Xandar was shamelessly showing her in front of everyone. And it didn't help that her cheeks were getting redder by the second.

There were cheeky grins, smirks and chuckles before they muttered 'As you wish, my Queen' in a non-synchronized way and got back on their sparring mats. When Xandar was finally satisfied

with his work, the alliance had a look at her injury, and Juan was slightly surprised that her skin looked good as new.

Lucianne read her Alpha's mind, "Yeah, I thought that was going to leave a scar, too. Crazy how mate-bond magic works."

Juan narrowed his eyes and shook his head in disbelief at how his sister called the 'mate-bond' magic'. The Alpha then threw Xandar a grateful smile and patted him on his shoulder twice before turning to leave for his sparring mat.

When the alliance left, Christian wanted a go at sparring with Toby. So, the King and Queen were left alone. Xandar took Lucianne's hands and said with furrowed brows, "I'm not sure if

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letting Cummings go just like that was right, Lucy. What she did was grave at its highest degree. She attacked and challenged her rulers.”

Lucianne’s hands went to his broad shoulders as she asked, “Were you going to kill her if I didn’t stop you?”

“No. That’ll be giving her the easy way out. Life torture seems fairer.”

“She’s going to be tortured when the police and judges deal with her, isn’t she?”

“Yes.” Xandar grudgingly replied, fully aware that he was losing this argument with his mate.

“Then, don’t you think I was giving you what you wanted for her?” Lucianne said while blinking her black orbs with a look of innocence as her thumb stroked his shoulder.

Her demeanor pulled Xandar’s heartstrings, making him close the distance between them, and he uttered, “I suppose you did. I wanted life-torture for her but what did you want for Cummings, my love?”

Lucianne’s eyes suddenly had a surge of anger as she asked rhetorically in a murderous tone, “After the wounds she inflicted on your back?”

Her fiery eyes locked on his lilac orbs as she said in a low-volume, homicidal voice, “I want the public to have access to today’s incident, to her arrest and to her hearing. I want every creature to know her name to the point that she would plead to change it. I want everyone to remember her face to the point that she would crave plastic surgery to alter it. I want her to be harassed by so many condescending questions and comments that she’ll beg to go deaf. I want her prison cell to have a speaker playing anything and everything that makes her feel like an insignificant speck of dust that no one gives a damn about. Physical torture is very last-century. I want to destroy her mind. If it were me, I’d drive her insane enough to commit her to a mental asylum for the rest of her living days. I want her to wake up everyday wishing that she was never born.” 10

Xandar and his animal were shocked at every word coming out of Lucianne’s beautiful mouth.

There was also another feeling. It wasn’t fear. On the contrary, they found Lucianne to be hot! Her ferocity was so sexy that it made his Lycan growl coquettishly in his mind.

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With a flirtatious smile, Xandar held her waist and pinned her to his body, and his other hand traced her cheek as he muttered in a husky voice, "My, my. Who knew that my adorable little freesia could conjure up something more brutal than whatever I had in mind." He traced her

bottom lip with his thumb before asking in an alluring voice, "What else do you have under your sleeve to turn me on, my arousing flower?"

Lucianne's eyes turned from being angered to being stern, "I better not smell your arousal, my King."

With much difficulty holding in his arousal, Xandar smirked and kissed her nose before he obeyed, "As you wish, my Queen. Though I must say, you make it very difficult for this beast of yours, especially when you can look and sound so attractive even when you're talking about punishing a criminal."

Lucianne narrowed her eyes as she said, "What I said was supposed to make you disagree in contempt, shake your head in disgust or shudder in fear, Xandar. It was not supposed to turn you o

D."

"Hm...and yet it did."

"And for clarification purposes, dearest, I was speaking from an angry and irrational state of mind. Do not tell the justice system to do those things to Ms Cummings."

Her merciful and rational request put Xandar's arousing thoughts to a sudden stop. With furrowed brows, he complained, "But why?! It's perfect!" Even his animal was protesting with him.

"No, my King. We live in the 21st century. Creatures have rights."

"Creatures who have challenged their rulers and hurt you have no rights!" Xandar said a little louder than expected, and a few pairs around them even flinched at this remark.

Lucianne spoke in a softer, calmer voice, "Her punishment for hurting the both of us today is already going to be the highest one in history. It's enough."

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“Let me get this straight: you just shared your perfect plan with me with no intention of executing it, and you’re now tossing it into the wind for something that’s just ‘enough?’” Xandar asked in disbelief, looking like a child who didn’t get an ice-cream when everyone else had one.

Lucianne’s eyes softened, and her arms went around his neck before she pecked a kiss on his cheek and uttered, “Yes, my love. That’s exactly what I just did.”

Although Xandar’s entire being was in bliss, he shook his head in mock disapproval as he muttered to himself, “What a waste of good ideas. Too merciful for a Queen. Need to get her a teacher for this problem.”

Lucianne chuckled lightly at her mate’s reaction, and Xandar pecked a kiss on her forehead before letting her jog away from him to a pair of fighters she had to mentor. ‘Unbelievably amazing’, he thought to himself as he watched her from afar.

In the police station, a man tucked his cap in his coat when he appeared with a fake identification card, asking to speak to Sasha who had been there for almost an hour already.

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Chapter 110

“Ms Cummings, your uncle is here.” Sasha glowered at the policewoman who came to get her. She had no uncle. Was this a joke? When the policewoman’s face remained stern and looked like there was no room for questioning or arguments, Sasha reluctantly got out of her cell.

She was taken to an interrogation room, and when the door opened, she saw a man who looked as old as her father seated with a glass of water on one side of the table, offering her a small smile when she came in.

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The policewoman left her and her “uncle” with a younger policeman in the interrogation room. Sasha had never seen the old man in a grey T-shirt and black pants before in her life. As soon as the door closed behind them, the man started, “Do you want to get out of here, Cummings?”

She was still in a very bad mood, and she instinctively thought that this man was working for Lucianne. But if he were, why would he lie about being her “uncle”? He could have just said he was here on behalf of the Crown.

Sasha chose to be more careful. This may be one of her father’s friends she never met, now coming to help her. So, with whatever calmness she could muster in her fuming being, she asked rhetorically, “What do you think?”

The old man scoffed darkly and said, “I have a proposition for you. If I get you out, you’ll do as my employers say, and you will not disobey them. Any of them. That is the only condition. If they tell you to shut up, you shut up. If they tell you not to do something, you will refrain from doing it. Think you can do that?”

Sasha grew contemplative. Never in her life was she told to do as she was told. She did whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted, even if it meant breaking the law. With her father’s influence and good relationship with the late King Lucas, Sasha never had to obey anything or anyone. She only had to start obeying Xandar when he ascended the throne but she didn’t really mind if it meant she would be Queen one day.

“Who are you?” Sasha asked, hoping that he would say that he was a friend or family member she’d never met.

The man smirked and said, “I’m the one people hire to get things done. That’s all you need to know.”

“You’ll bail me out?”

He scoffed darkly and muttered to himself, “Wow, they weren’t kidding when they said this one was stupid.” He then looked at the increasingly enraged Sasha and said, “You do know why you’re here in prison, don’t you, Cummings?”

She gritted her teeth and uttered, “Yes.”

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"Care to enlighten me?" He asked with a cocky smirk. Was he helping her or testing her patience?

"I hurt the King and the...wolf." Sasha clearly had difficulty acknowledging Lucianne as their Queen.

He scoffed again, "And the King's mate, you mean?"

Wait. Did he just say 'King's mate'? Was he also opposing Lucianne as Queen?

A glimmer of hope appeared in Sasha's eyes when she uttered in realization, "You're not on her side."

"I'm on the side of whoever pays me. So, you know you're here because of what you did. You should also know that there is no way that anyone will be authorised to bail you out unless the King or his mate gives the okay. And after what happened today, you don't need me to tell you that okay is never going to come."

"So, what? You're gonna break me out?"

He sighed exasperatingly and repeated her words from earlier, "What do you think?"

It was Sasha's turn to scoff. "You're not very clever, are you? You're telling me you can break me out of here with him just standing there." Sasha pointed at the young policeman at the corner watching them and listening to their conversation.

"Cummings, if you don't know who I am and what I'm capable of doing, you really shouldn't piss me off. I could end your life here and now if I wanted to. But since I'm being paid to retrieve you alive, I'll have to tolerate you and your slow mind. He," he gestured to the straight-faced policeman and continued, "is one of us. We're colleagues."

"How did you even know I would be sent here?"

"We weren't here for you. We were here for a friend. It just so happens that you were brought here while we were hatching a plan to break him out. When we received word, we informed our employers, who have graciously offered you a way out." 1

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This seemed too good to be true. A way out by a person who could hire people who went against the government? This had Greg's stains all over it. But Sasha then remembered how soft he was with Lucianne, so why would he hire someone now? Did something change? Why would Greg suddenly go against the wolf's wishes?

"Tick tock, Cummings. Yes or no?"

"Who do you work for?"

He smiled flatly and arrogantly, "I'm not authorised to disclose that information. All I can say is these are people who can get you out, and make sure you stay out of this place, as long as you don't do anything to anger them."

"Is it the Duke?"

"Another attempt to anger me, and you can forget about the offer I'm making you, Cummings. Yes or no?"

Subconsciously, her sights moved to the young policeman at the corner who was also glowering at her. She started weighing her options. Her father was in police custody for allegations of

corruption and treason. Her brother is too blindly in love with Lucianne to help his own sister get out, especially when Sebastian kept blaming her for Lucianne rejecting him. 1

She had no other relatives who had these sort of anti-government connections to get her out. After what she did, she doubted she'd even see the light of day if she stayed in prison, seeing that the King was also blinded by the irksome little wolf. There was only one way if she wanted her freedom back.

"When will it happen?" Sasha asked calmly, averting her eyes from both of them and stared at the grey table while she waited for her answer.

Both the old and young men smirked like they were saying 'Gotcha'. The old man then said, "Tonight. Be ready."

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