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# The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 125 - 126

## Chapter 125

Xandar's smile turned into a frown as he leaned into her to hold her in his arms. "That's what you've been worrying about? Lucy, if kids really mean that much to you, we could always consider adoption."

"You mean...you don't mind...not having your own kids?" Lucianne asked in a coarse and broken voice.

He held her tighter as he whispered, "I only mind not having you, Lucy. I don't even care if we didn't have any kids."

"But you wanted...a daughter."

Xandar sighed, already regretting the way he expressed so much enthusiasm in having a little girl with Lucianne that she now felt like having a daughter was a must when it wasn't. He kissed her forehead before declaring firmly, "Baby, a daughter with your genes would have been magical but my life isn't any less magical without one. I meant what I said the other day, I just want to be with you. That's all I need."

"What about an heir to the throne?" Lucianne asked in a small voice.

Xandar answered matter-of-factly, "Well, if we do adopt, then that child would be next in line. Otherwise, it would be one of Juan's kids, hierarchically-speaking."

Lucianne's saddened expression turned contemplative as she asked in surprise, "Juan's kids?"

Xandar then explained, "Yes. When the King and Dukes have no successors, the next in line would be the next closest family member. In our case, it'll be Juan's family since he's like a

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brother to the Queen. Greg is already disqualified from all those corruption charges against him. So, after us, Christian and Annie, Juan's children are technically next in line."

"They're wolves though." Lucianne noted the obvious.

Xandar chuckled lightly at his mate's worried look. "Well then, my love. We have a lot to do in our years as King and Queen to make sure that there is little to no disparity between our species for a harmonious succession of your niece or nephew." 1

Lucianne's eyebrows furrowed in disbelief as she asked, "You're not joking? That's really what would happen?"

Xandar shrugged like it was just another logical reasoning for him, "Yeah. That's just how it goes in royal succession."

"Huh." Lucianne noted to herself and internalized whatever she was just told.

Xandar kissed her forehead to smoothen the creases there before he whispered, "Now that that's out of the way, can you please just sleep, Lucy? When you wake up, I'd like to know the inside joke between you and Annie. I don't like being left out."

"What inside joke?" Lucianne asked.

Xandar narrowed his eyes at his mate as he said, "Don't play dumb, sweetheart. Annie was never as fierce as she was today. You two must have said or done something between yourselves to get her to speak the way she did."

"Oh, that." Lucianne responded in realization before snuggling her head deeper into the pillow and slowly letting her eyelids fall.

"Wait, you're really not going to tell me, babe?" Xandar asked in mock annoyance.

Lucianne's eyes opened slightly as she muttered sleepily, "You said you wanted to know after I wake up.",

Xandar chuckled at Lucianne's clever retort and kissed her temple before he whispered into her ear, "I love you."

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He only left her side after she muttered, "I know. I love you, too." After flipping off the light switches, he crawled under the bedsheets next to her and, like the last time, Lucianne snuggled into his chest before they both dozed off.

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When they woke up a few hours later, Xandar got the devastating confirmation from Dr Yeil that the

poison was indeed one that suppressed pregnancy indefinitely. On the couch, Lucianne was numb as she sat on Xandar's lap. He stroked her arm in soothing motions while he asked Dr Yeil, "Any possible cure?" 3

"We could have the Queen take hormonal medication in the course of her pregnancy but I must caution you, my King, that a healthy fetus would be unlikely." Dr Yeil said. There was a pause when Xandar became distracted with Lucianne turning away from him to wipe away her tears.

Xandar held her closer to his chest and pecked a kiss on her tear stain before Dr Yeil's voice came through the line, "What happened to the Queen was unjust and wrong, my King. I wish I could be of more help. I have sent her blood to our largest research centre in hopes that they'll manufacture a cure but I must admit that...I'm not sure if a solution would present itself in the near future."

"I see. Thank you, Dr Yeil." Xandar uttered.

"It's a pleasure to be of service, your Highness. Do give my best to the Queen. She's a gem that the Kingdom cannot afford to lose." Dr Yeil responded, knowing fully well that Lucianne's situation was the result of fighting off rogues and saving countless lives.

Xandar tried to speak as steadily as he could, "Will do. Thank you." It was so unfair that Lucianne had to bear the brunt of ruthless attacks when she had done so much for everyone.

After Xandar hung up, he kissed Lucianne's temple and she muttered in a choppy voice, "I just th-thought that...since I could heal from silver and Oleander...I could somehow heal from this."

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Xandar pressed her into his chest as he responded in a whisper, "I know, baby. I know."

They sat in silence. Since it was time for dinner, they called room service, and not long later, the hotel staff walked in with Xandar's lobster and Lucianne's salmon. Lucianne didn't fight Xandar this time when he placed her on his lap and caged her between his arms when he sliced the salmon into small parts before feeding it to her.

Suddenly, Xandar's phone on the armrest started to ring, showing 'Yarrington' on the screen. Lucianne's hand went underneath her mate's arm to reach for his phone before Xandar uttered, "Put him on speaker, sweetheart."

After swiping to answer, Lucianne put Yarrington on speaker and held his phone near him as Xandar put another piece of salmon into her mouth.

"Yarrington?" Xandar's firm voice rang through the line.

"Your Highness, Weaver and I have just heard about the Queen at the doctor's from the news. May I ask...is she alright?"

Lucianne nodded her head while chewing the food in her mouth. Xandar's voice was softer when he responded, "She's holding up better than anyone can expect."

There was a sigh of relief from the minister's end before he said, "Well, I suppose I shouldn't be too shocked. She is stronger than most Lycans we heard of, men and women alike. But there's another reason why I called, my King. The uh...the sexual harassment complaints have been curated but..." he sighed, before he said, "There appears to be a hiccup."

"What hiccup?"

Yarrington was visibly nervous when he said, "W-Well, your Highness. Ten complaints have been made against the Duke."

It was zero surprise for Xandar that Greg would be one of the perpetrators of this kind of offence. The King continued slicing through his mate's food while responding to the minister like it was no big deal, "That's hardly a hiccup, Yarrington. That cousin of mine doesn't have a reputation of being respectful, much less to women."

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“No, my King. I wasn’t talking about the Duke from your father’s side.” Xandar’s hands on the knife and fork halted, and Lucianne’s chewing paused as their eyes converged on Xandar’s phone.

With the sudden silence, Yarrington assumed that the King wanted him to continue speaking so he did,” Ten complaints have been made accusing the other Duke, the second-in-command, Christian Blackfur.”

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Lucianne coughed profusely after choking on the broccoli she was chewing in her mouth when they were told that Christian was one of the people they’d have to investigate for sexual harassment.

Her choking made Xandar’s eyes snapped wider in worry as he took his phone from her hand and placed it on the couch while he rubbed comforting circles on her back, holding a glass of water near her.

“My Queen! Are you alright?!” Weaver’s panicked voice came through the line.

After a few more coughs, Lucianne took a few sips of water before she managed to say, “F-Fine, Sir Weaver. Thank -” Cough. “Thank you. Sorry about that, Lord Yarrington. Please continue.”

Weaver spoke before his mate could, “My Queen, this is entirely our fault. You shouldn’t have to apologize.”

Lord Yarrington sounded guilty when he said, “Apologies, my Queen. I didn’t mean to startle you.”

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“No no. I’m fine. Please continue the uh...complaints made against Christian. Who are they?” Lucianne insisted as she took sips from the glass of water Xandar placed into her hands, prompting her to drink it to clear her throat.

Yarrington proceeded to explain, “The ten complainants are all wolves from different packs, my Queen. And the range of the complaints goes back ten years, one in each year. But there’s also a possibility that this may be a false complaint lodged for...slanderous intentions.”

Xandar then asked, “What makes you say that?”

“Well, my King. There have been three complaints made against Weaver, alleging that, on separate occasions, Weaver coerced the complainants into performing sexual intercourse at a nightclub in the neighboring town. I checked the times and dates the purported intercourses took place, and I found that it can’t be true. Weaver and I were together on all three occasions. The first one was when we were both at a gender-reveal party at my sister’s place; the second was when we were at the movies on our anniversary; and the third was the night when Weaver had food poisoning, and I was by his side all day as he made frequent trips to the washroom. It couldn’t be Weaver.” 1

“Maybe it was just someone who looked like Weaver and the women were confused?” Xandar suggested.

Weaver spoke next, “That was what we thought at first, too, my King. But we think that it’s too much of a coincidence that three people from the collaboration can mistake me for someone else. Your Highnesses, we think that someone may be trying to...have this swept under the mat. Seeing as how close you both are to the Duke, implanting fake complaints may be a way to defeat the progress of the investigation.” 1

“Well, we can’t let that happen.” Xandar muttered.

Lucianne then asked, “Are Sir Weaver’s complainants wolves as well, Lord Yarrington?”

“Yes, my Queen.”

“Which packs are they from?”

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“Uh...just a moment, my Queen.” There were a few clicking sounds before Yarrington responded, “Black River, Fleet Woods and Night Pine.”

Lucianne scoffed, “Fleet Woods hasn’t existed since a rogue massacre four years ago. No one survived. I’ll check with the Alphas of Black River and...”

“That’s actually a brilliant idea!” Weaver was so excited that he accidentally cut Lucianne off. She didn’t mind but Xandar did. To calm her beast, she stroked his arm as she mouthed, ‘It’s okay.’

Weaver’s enthusiastic voice continued to ring through, “We’ll just cross-check the complainants’ names from every pack to see if they exist!”.

Yarrington then built up on his mate’s efforts, “Yes, I probably should have thought of doing that.”

Xandar then said, “In the meantime, there needs to be a change in who gets involved in this investigation.” Everyone was silent as they waited for their King to continue. “I now see why you both suspect that whoever made these false complaints either have slanderous intentions or intentions of forcing us to close this matter without following through what we promised to our people.”

He held onto his mate’s small hand before he uttered, “They must have known that the ones involved in this investigation are Christian, you and me, Yarrington. So, they accused Weaver to get you off the investigation because of the conspicuous conflict of interest seeing that he’s your mate. And they lodged

plaints against my cousin and second-in-command to remove his right to investigate, and to remove my right because of the conflict of interest I have seeing that he’s my confidant.”

Lucianne stroked his hand to comfort him as he continued, “Since Weaver is in the clear now, he can help you with the investigation but I’m afraid the Duke and I have to step aside for now, in the name of fairness and transparency. Yarrington, the reins are yours. Appoint whoever you deem necessary. Find out who’s playing with us. They’re going to wish they made a complaint against me instead of my best friend.”

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There was a moment of silence, and Xandar had to take a whiff of Lucianne's scent from her hair just to cool his radiating anger. Lucianne was getting uncomfortable with the ensuing silence so she asked, "Sir Weaver, Lord Yarrington, is that okay?"

"Y-Yes, of course, my Queen." Weaver said.

Yarrington then spoke seriously, "We'll look into it and try to get to the bottom of things as soon as possible, your Highnesses. And, my King, for the Duke's...issue, would you like me to tell him?"

"That won't be necessary, Yarrington. I'll do it." Xandar responded immediately.

"Yes, that would be better. Weaver and I will get to it now. Have a good night, my King, my Queen." Yarrington said.

"Good night." Xandar and Lucianne uttered in unison.

As soon as he hung up on Yarrington and Weaver, Xandar mind-linked his cousin, 'Hey, Christian.'

'What's with the ominous tone, cuz? Is the Queen alright?'

'She's fine. This is about the sexual harassment complaints.'

'Oh, right! It's been one week already. Okay, where do we start? What do we do?'

'Nothing'

'What?'

'Yarrington is taking the lead. We both can't be privy to the investigation in any way for now because...ten complaints have been made against you, Christian' There was a moment of silence before Christian's angered voice linked back, 'WHAT THE F\*CK!!!'

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