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The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 131 - 132

Chapter 131

After training, back in the hotel, Xandar and Lucianne just came out of the shower when Chief Dalloway's emails came through. With a towel wrapped around her body, Lucianne buttoned-up her mate's dark blue shirt while he blew dry her hair. After Xandar zipped up her black skirt and planted a deep kiss on her neck through her dark blue, high-neck lace blouse, they still had two hours to spare before dinner. 1

Xandar opened up his laptop on the armrest of the couch and started reading the email. He was presented with two documents, one is the transcript of Sebastian's interrogation, the other was the report from interrogating the rogue Lycan before he escaped.

He forwarded the document on the rogue Lycan to the alliance members before opening up the transcript from the interrogation with Sebastian. Lucianne got out her own laptop, and she sat sideways on Xandar's lap, her back facing his laptop before she turned on her device on her own lap.

Without taking his eyes off the screen, Xandar's arm circled her waist like it was the most natural thing for him to do. And Lucianne's head instinctively leaned against his warm chest as she started reading the 70-page report on the rogue Lycan.

Xandar decided to start with the document on Cummings first because it was a much shorter document... and also because Sebastian was his mate's ex-mate. —

'Question: For the record, what is your relationship with the suspect?

Answer: I'm her brother.

Q: Have you been in contact with your sister?

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A: Not since the day she was arrested. The last time I saw her was in the evening the day before last, when I visited her here in prison.

Q: So, after you left that evening, there were no phone calls, text messages, emails, notes or correspondence of any kind?

A: No.

Q: And have you been in contact with your father lately?

A: ...

Q: Mr Cummings, should I repeat my question?

A: No, no. It's just. No, I haven't been in touch with him either.

Q: When did you last see him?

A: I paid him a visit late in the morning today after he called to tell me that Sasha disappeared. You can check the visitation records. My name should be there.

Q: Do you believe that your father aided in your sister's escape?

A: What? How does that make any sense? If he could get her out, why wouldn't my father get himself out? He is resourceful as a minister but with the current charges against him and with his assets frozen, it doesn't take a genius to come to the conclusion that there is no way he could've helped anyone escape. My sister is no exception.

Q: So, you're saying that your father couldn't have been the one to break Sasha Cummings out of our

facility because the minister is in police custody and his assets are frozen?

A: That's what I said.

Q: Then, could it be you who has helped Sasha Cummings escape, Mr Cummings? Seeing that you are not in police custody and your assets are not frozen, you would have every opportunity to...

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A: I didn't break her out.

Q: But you have the means to do it.

A: That doesn't mean I did it! After what she did to Lucia- the Queen, I was relieved that Sasha was imprisoned.

Q: You were happy that your own sister was imprisoned?

A: Happiness may be taking it too far, officer. I was relieved, I'll admit that much. I was relieved knowing that she could hurt...anyone anymore.

Q: When you visited her yesterday, what did you talk about?

A: Don't you have the transcripts to answer that question?

Q: I ask the questions here, Cummings. What did you both talk about?

A: It really wasn't anything important. I asked her why she did it, why she hurt the Queen.

Q: And were you surprised by her answer?

A: Hardly. It's all that she's been saying since the King...found his mate.

Q: So, you've known about her intentions to injure the future Queen but you did nothing to notify anyone?

A: I knew about her intentions to break-up the King and Queen by seducing the King, not by hurting the Queen.

Q: Are you saying that you're unaware of the fact that Sasha Cummings insulted the Queen on the very first day of the collaboration?

A: I am very well-aware of that incident but I didn't see her ability to exacerbate verbal attacks to physical ones. Officer, if you listened to the recording of my visit with Sasha, you'd know that I did not agree with anything she did.

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Q: I have listened to it, Mr Cummings. And in that very same conversation, Sasha Cummings said that you both were accomplices when it came to separating the King from the Queen last year.

A: That was Sasha's accusation. What happened last year was not planned.

Q: So, is it true? That you made sure that the Queen-to-be never met the King last year?

A: She wasn't his mate last year. She was mine. I had every right to do what I did. And how is this relevant to my sister's disappearance?

Q: Well, I'm trying to gauge the proximity of your relationship with your sister, to understand how likely or unlikely it is for you both to help each other when one is in trouble. Seeing that she kept the King away from the Queen, and you kept the Queen away from the King, there seems to be a consensus of goals, don't you think?

A: I see you're marked, officer. How would you react if some other male's eyes kept finding their way to your mate? Would you have introduced her to this creature, or would you have kept her away like I did?

Q: You went against the Crown, Cummings. I didn't. And...

A: For the last time, she was my mate! The King was nothing to her. I did not go against the Crown because there was nothing between them. Nothing. She was bonded to me. Questioning what I did is questioning our Goddess.

Q: So, after the severance, would you say that there was never an occasion where you and your sister both went against the Crown?

"Xandar, darling. Is everything alright?" Lucianne's voice of concern pulled Xandar's attention away from his screen. It was only then he realized that his arm around his mate's waist was tightening.

He loosened his grip around her immediately but the worry in Lucianne's black orbs did not fade as she waited for him to speak. A warm smile graced his features before his fingers ran down her hair as he said, "I've fallen in love with you from the first moment I laid my eyes on you, my little freesia." After pecking a kiss between her eyebrows, he uttered, "I love you."

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Lucianne was still confused. How did reading about a rogue Lycan raise any thoughts of his feelings for her? "I love you, too, Xandar. Which part of the document are you reading by the way? I don't see anything that..."

Xandar silenced her with a deep kiss before he uttered, "It's not the report on the rogue, my love. I'm reading the transcript from Cummings's interrogation. He mentioned that I couldn't take my eyes off you in the collaboration last year, which pissed him off quite a bit. It seems this beast has been under your spell even before we met, before we were bonded."

Lucianne blinked, trying to keep up with her mate's train of thought before she uttered in confusion, "As romantic as that is, dearest, why was it in the transcript? How does that connect to Sasha's disappearance?"

He brushed his nose against the bridge of her nose as he explained, "The police suspect that the brother may have helped the sister escape."

"Did he?"

"It doesn't seem likely for now. But I haven't reached the end yet. I'll let you know when I'm done, sweetheart." Another kiss on her temple, and his eyes returned to his screen but that was when a small hand reached for his cheek.

Lucianne turned his face towards hers. With a shy smile and her doe-eyes, she said in a soft voice, "For what's worth, I've always thought you're the most handsome creature I've ever seen, even before we met."

"Is that so?" Xandar asked flirtatiously as he tucked a loose strand behind her ear. He even felt his animal's ears perk up at Lucianne's confession.

Lucianne started blushing when his thumb stroked the warmth on her cheek as she admitted, "It is. From afar, you've always looked...brooding and maybe a little scary but I don't know why, I just never felt intimidated by you. I'm not sure if the others felt the same way but to me, there's always this...confidence and...assurance that you bring into a room which makes your people feel...looked after in some way. It's kind of hard to explain. Even when you don't smile and look...menacing on most occasions back then, there was never a time I felt...unsafe in your presence."

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Xandar felt a gentle warmth embracing his heart, making him peck a kiss on her lips before he declared, "Not feeling unsafe is not enough, Lucy. I want you to feel safe when you're with me, completely safe."

"I do. That was last year, before we met. I do feel safe with you now, Xandar. More than safe, actually."

"That's good." Xandar uttered before his animal had the sudden urge to tease their flustering mate so he said, "And, my dear, maybe you've never been intimidated by this menacing beast because of your unusual tendency to venture into dangerous waters."

"So, you're saying that I shouldn't have such tendencies, my King?" Lucianne challenged with a coquettish smirk in return

"It's far too late for that, my Queen." He pecked a kiss on her palm before he pouted, "You wouldn't want to break this poor beast's heart by staying away now, do you, my love?"

Lucianne continued tracing his eyebrows as she muttered, "I don't think I could even if I wanted to. Staying away from you would hurt too much, Xandar."

Xandar's Lycan cooed when Lucianne's words showered it with a blissful waterfall of love, affection and devotion. Their lips collided until they became breathless, and they reluctantly tore their eyes away from each other to return their attention to the documents on their screens.

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Chapter 132

Xandar picked up from where he left off:

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Q: So, after the severance, would you say that there was never an occasion where you and your sister both went against the Crown?

A: I would never work with anyone to hurt the Queen, not even if it's with my sister.

Q: That wasn't the question, Cummings. Did you or did you not try to come between the King and Queen in the past two weeks?

A: No.

Q: Not even with what could seem to be an innocent act?

A: Officer, if you already have an occasion in mind, just lay it on the table so I can explain myself.

Q: It is rumored that you attempted to gift a book to the Queen early last week.

A: That was just a friendly gesture. I remember she loved to read. She didn't accept it, by the way.

Q: And did that make you upset?

A: Upset enough to regret I didn't do well by her? Yes. Upset enough to join forces with my sister to break the mate-bond she now shares with the King? No.

Q: Very well... there was also something else you and your sister both said when you visited her. You asked Sasha Cummings if she knew something you didn't know about your father. What did you mean by that?

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A: Well, when Sasha asked me whether I would continue supporting my father even if he is later found guilty, there was this...glint in her eye, like she was challenging me. I just asked her that question on a hunch. She looked like she knew more than she was letting on.

Q: Do you think she knew more than she let on?

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A: I don't know. It's hard to say. Sometimes, she would have threats up her sleeve but most of the time, she just wants to look like she has the upper hand to make you lose faith in yourself.

Q: Would you regard your relationship with your sister as being strained?

A: Yes.

Q: Would you say that your relationship is strained enough to perhaps....get rid of her?

A: What are you suggesting? That I break her out of prison, transport her somewhere and then kill her myself? Seriously? She was already removed from society when she was in police custody. I didn't abduct her, neither did I help her escape.

Q: Where were you between 11:30 pm to 1a.m. the night before last?

A: At home. In my bed. Sleeping.

Q: Is there anyone to confirm your whereabouts?

A: No.

Q: Not even your neighbors?

A: I moved out of the family home a day before my father was arrested. I'm now living in the penthouse apartment on the twenty-sixth floor of my office building. I'll gladly have my people send over the security footage of the office floors to verify what I just said.

1. Yes, that would be helpful. As for leaving the family home, why?

A Let's just say it was getting suffocating there.

Q.Please elaborate, Cummings.

A Well since last year, I haven't been able to tolerate my sister the way I always could.

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Q: And why is that? Is it because she has a tendency to gravitate towards the darker parts of society?

A: What? No! Sasha's just crazy. She's not evil. Just...crazy.

Q: Crazy enough to make the suitable connections to escape prison?

A: No, her craziness isn't the type that attracts that form of resources. It's just the type that drives everyone around her crazy. If I were to be honest, escaping prison seems to exceed her own skill set and expertise. I mean, she can't even sneak out of our family home in the middle of the night without waking my dad or me, or even us both sometimes. Escaping prison, with guards on all entrances and exits... it's just not possible for her.

1. When you think of a possible person who may help her escape, who comes to mind?

A: (pause) No one I can think of.

Q: Not even an uncle?

A: What uncle?

1. On our record, a certain Mr Richard Morland visited your sister a few hours before your visit. Morland is your late mother's family name, isn't it?

A: Yes, but my mother had no brothers. Only a sister who remains a spinster, living in Iceland. We haven't been in touch in decades. I doubt she ever married this person who came yesterday.

Q: Is your aunt not the type to wed?

A: No, it's not that. Aunt Carol is a homosexual, and she eloped with her bonded mate after my grandparents objected to their union.

1. I see. Could it be one of Sasha Cummings's friends, perhaps?

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A It couldn't have been. They were more or less like her. You know, they'd just spend their time squandering their parents' money on material items and drinking.

Q It would seem like you've met her friends. Are you familiar with a close associate of your sister's, a Ms Livia Aphael?

A: Y-Yes.

Q: Care to explain your familiarity with this woman?

A: Sh-She was my sister's closest friend. They're still very close, if I'm not mistaken.

Q: And what about you? How close are you to her?

A: I'm not

Q: Are you sure?

A: Yes. She was just my sister's friend. That's it.

Q: So, apart from the fact that she was your sister's friend, she was nothing more to you?

A:...

Q: Answer the question, Cummings.

A: I just don't see how this is relevant.

Q: Until I have my answer, I can't see the relevance either. And avoiding the question would just prompt me to put a red flag on this particular issue.

A: We had sex. Once. That's it.

Q: So, during the course of your intimate relationship with...

A: There was no intimacy. It was just sex. My heart had always belonged to another.

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Q: During that short stint with Livia Aphael, did she mention anything about being able to do things that a normal creature couldn't do?

A: Like what?

Q: Break someone out of prison, perhaps?

A: No. Nothing came close to that. The only thing she'd go on and on about in the bars was how sexually attractive the Duke is to her...

Q: The Duke, Christian Blackfur?

A: No. The other Duke, Greg Claw.

Q: I see. Anything else?

A: Well, she also loved bragging about being a relative of the Kyltons but I honestly don't see why she does it. They've been gone for years since the King refused the heiress's hand.

Q: Did she ramble about anything else?

A: With me? No. With my sister...do you really want to know, officer? They'd just gossip about the daughters of the other ministers. Like how one is too tall, one has no taste, one would scare any man away. I wouldn't be of much help here. I can't even remember what they said about which one of them.

Q: I see. So, from your understanding. Livia Aphael and Greg Claw share a close relationship?

A: No, that would be misleading. From the way it looked, Livia may be intimately interested with the Duke but the Duke didn't seem to reciprocate.

Q: A one-sided interest, you mean?

A: Yes, that's about right.

Q: So, seeing that she liked him. It's possible that she helped him disappear?

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A: Disappear? Greg Claw disappeared? Why aren't you questioning Livia about all of this?

Q: Because she has disappeared as well, Mr Cummings.

A: When?

Q: That's what we were hoping you could tell us.

A: How would I tell you? I mean, I would if I knew but how would I know? I haven't spoken to Livia for over a year! Whenever she visited Sasha, I'd leave the house! I am far from being privy of her whereabouts, officer

Q: When was the last time you saw Livia Aphael?

A: Uh. I don't know. Last month, I think. She came over for a gossip session with Sasha. I don't know how long she stayed. I was out of the house within two minutes of hearing her voice.

Q: I see. Is there anything else you feel the need to mention, Cummings?

A: (a pause) Yesterday when I visited Sasha, she was...unusually calm. Normally, when something happens to her, something that takes away her freedom, she'd go crazy and throw a fit. But yesterday, she was calm when we talked about the severity of her situation. It was odd.

Q: And what do you gather from that?

A: I don't know. It's still a puzzle to me. My best guess is that she was calm because she already knew she wasn't going to be in here for long. Maybe she thought I would eventually bail her out, not that it would happen seeing that she attacked the King and...Queen. I don't know, officer. My sister can hardly maintain a level head throughout anything, let alone something that curtails her liberty.

Q: I see. Anything else?

A: (a pause) Nothing I can think of at the moment.

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Q: Alright, then. Thank you for your time, Mr Cummings. We'll contact you should we need any further information.

When Xandar clicked open the document on the rogue Lycan, he felt Lucianne trying to remove his arm on her waist so he held her tighter and asked, "Where are you going?"

She placed her phone on his lap, and said bathroom' before breaking loose and heading for the toilet. Xandar lifted up her phone, and saw that it was a reminder to be ready for dinner. After smiling to himself, he skimmed through the first three pages of the report before they left for the dining hall together.

Everyone was surprised to see the Duchess making an appearance after all these years. Seeing how welcoming Lucianne was with Annie, the wolves welcomed her into their circle with utmost respect and courtesy. Many of them warmed up to her almost instantly. The Lycans, however, were a completely different story.

Some were courteous but those who remembered her from almost two decades ago forced smiles and formal gestures as the gears in their heads turned, thinking of a subtle way to make the Duchess feel small the same way Lucianne had made so many of their friends feel inferior in the past couple of weeks.

Lucianne was speaking to General Langford and a few Lycan warriors with Xandar by her side. Christian left the dining hall to have a change of clothes after one of Marie Martin's sons accidentally spilled red wine over his white shirt. After Annie spoke to a few wolves with Luna Hale's help, she decided that she wanted a drink and headed for the refreshments table. Annie was taking a sip of white wine when she suddenly felt a presence drawing near.

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