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The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 133 - 134

Chapter 133

"Your Grace, it's a pleasure to meet you." The young female Lycan said and offered an obligatory bow to Annie.

Annie returned the gesture and smiled warmly at the brown-haired beauty as she said, "It's a pleasure to meet you too. May I know your name?"

"I'm Dorothy Dawson, your Grace. I'm here as someone's plus-one. And if I may, your Grace, I have a burning question that I hope you don't mind me asking." Her green eyes sparked mischief as her pastel lips curled up into a grin, showing her braces holding the two rows of teeth together.

Annie continued smiling as she asked amicably, "What would you like to know, Dorothy?"

"How do you do it, your Grace? How do you be okay with...not being able to give the Duke a child?"

Annie's eyebrows raised in surprise before she asked in concern, "Dorothy, are you facing pregnancy problems? Because..." 1

"Oh, I'm not, your Grace. I doubt I would. I just wanted to know how you mustered the self-esteem to stand next to the second most powerful creature in the Kingdom with so little to offer." She blinked her green eyes like she was just asking an innocent question, when in fact, it was clearly an attempt to make Annie feel small and unworthy. 1

When Annie realized what Dorothy was doing, the Duchess put aside her sympathy she initially felt for this young woman before she said, "A woman is more than a baby-making machine, Dorothy. I'm here to support my husband as a wife and as Duchess."

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“But we’ve never seen you before in these things. Why the sudden need for support? Is the Duke facing a certain problem that requires your presence with him?” There was that glint in her eye again. She knew more than she was saying. Seeing that Annie was speechless, Dorothy continued, “Your Grace, you seem a little tongue-tied. I hope I didn’t make you uncomfortable. I was simply trying to understand the level of self-entitlement one requires to...”

“To join a government event and speak to anyone she pleases?” Lucianne’s stern voice came loud and strong from the side. The fast clicks of her heels itself exudes confidence.

Xandar mind-linked her that Annie needed help when his sharp hearing caught bits of the conversation between the Duchess and Dorothy. Lucianne abruptly paused her own conversation with Phelton and excused herself before making quick steps towards the Duchess.

“Your Highnesses.” Dorothy bowed in the King and Queen’s way. They both nodded curtly in acknowledgment.

When Dorothy’s head was raised, she let out a light chuckle before she said, “Well, this is quite a surprise. I didn’t expect to have the opportunity to speak to you so soon, my Queen.” She knew that pleasing Lucianne was more important than pleasing the King, so her efforts were solely to butter-up the wolf, as much as she was dreading it on the inside.

Lucianne smiled menacingly as she said, “Well, perhaps you didn’t expect to speak to a Queen-to-be but creature-to-creature, we’ve already spoken in last year’s collaboration, Dorothy Dawson.”

Her eyes widened in genuine surprise at Lucianne knowing her full name even without an introduction. Dorothy faked an apologetic look as she said, “Oh, this is embarrassing. I don’t seem to recall our

encounter, your Highness.” On the inside, she prayed that she didn’t do anything to insult her.

1

Her prayers were denied when Lucianne said, “Hm. That’s hardly surprising. I doubt you remember the number of wolves you insulted in the ladies room last year. When I was defending my Luna after you insulted her dressing, you told me to shut my mouth before you used your boyfriend’s influence to burn my pack to the ground.” Dorothy froze in fear as

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Xandar's eyes turned onyx. And as if the King's seething anger wasn't enough, Dorothy began to feel something else.

There was something radiating from Lucianne, an energy which was compelling Dorothy to avert her gaze and hold her head down. Even Xandar and Annie felt it. Dorothy's mouth quivered, and her mind suddenly felt like a vacant room. Hollow, cold and lonely. Her own animal was covering its eyes and curled into a ball in fear of what was going to happen next.

Just then, Christian returned and asked Annie cheerfully, "Hey, sorry I took so long. What did I miss?" Registering the daunting energy from the Queen, his cousin's onyx orbs, and his mate's discomfort, Christian's smile faltered as he studied the woman before them.

A young man appeared by Dorothy's side, and bowed without greeting the royals. He then tugged Dorothy's arm as he whispered, "Dory, what are you doing? Come on."

Lucianne's sights shifted to him as she asked, "Mr Martin, is this your girlfriend?"

"Uh...y-yes, my Queen." The young blonde responded carefully. The chatters in the hall were dying down.

"What an interesting creature you've chosen, one who has the audacity to question the presence of a Duchess." Lucianne noted, making Christian's own eyes turn onyx.

Herbert Martin immediately fell on one knee before he apologized, "I am deeply sorry for my girlfriend's... insubordination, my Queen. Please, forgive us. It won't happen again." Like his girlfriend, he knew better than to anger the Queen.

It was clear from the collaboration mishaps that if the King was angered, the Queen would calm him. But the King himself would never think of restraining his mate from unleashing her wrath on any of them. The whole dining hall was silent at this point when everyone saw a Lycan kneeling before Lucianne.

Toby, from afar, muttered to himself, "Oh, goddess. What now, Lucy?" Juan and Hale were getting worried, too.

Lucianne looked at Herbert Martin, who, in the previous year, touched her lower back with no remorse before she slapped him. He smirked coyly in return like she did no damage to his very thick skin. Lucianne would've pounced on him right then and there if Juan hadn't held

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her back. Tate and Toby growled to shoo Herbert away before Juan released his grip on his frantic sister. As furious as they all were at what happened, they knew that challenging a Lycan would never end well for the wolf so the matter was swept under the mat. But that was last year.

This year, Lucianne was not going to let Herbert or his girlfriend get away with disrespecting her or Annie. Lucianne simpered, "Insubordination, Mr Martin? That's putting it too lightly, don't you think? This is a matter of willful disrespect, the respect that should be given to any individual, not just to a superior figure in the Kingdom."

Lucianne's sights returned to Dorothy before she said, "You seem a little tongue-tied, Ms Dawson. I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable. I was simply trying to understand the level of self-entitlement one requires to poke into the personal life of another."

After a moment, Dorothy quivered as she said, "I-I apologize, my Queen."

"Whatever for? Was I the one you said those insidious words to?" Lucianne continued to press mercilessly.

Dorothy's head raised to meet Annie's eyes before Christian's glare compelled her to look down as she uttered as loudly as she could manage, "I'm sorry, your Grace. I am so sorry for my behavior."

Herbert stood slowly, and placed an arm over his girlfriend's shoulder before he asked cautiously, "I can assure you that it won't happen again, your Graces. Would you forgive her?"

Annie threw Lucianne a grateful smile, which seemed to have calmed Christian a little. The Duchess gave Herbert and Dorothy a nod, and one could see the relief in their eyes as they started taking steps back.

Just then, Lucianne spoke again, "Now, where are you two going?"

Their relief vaporized as Lucianne noted, "Forgiveness is not a dismissal. None of us have dismissed you two yet."

The two stood rooted to their spot, and Xandar had to close his eyes to take a whiff from his mate's hair to calm himself as Lucianne spoke, "Dorothy, what business do you have here?"

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*I-I'm his plus-one, y-your Highness." "That wasn't the question, Dorothy. I asked: what business do you have here? In other words, what contribution are you intending to make by being here? Are you here to contribute as a minister, a future minister, a warrior, a leader, an expert, perhaps?"

"N-No, my Queen."

"And you, Mr Martin. Are you here as a future minister, the son who will follow in his mother's footsteps?" Lucianne questioned. Anyone could hear the sarcasm in her voice, and things weren't any better when everyone knew that his mother was arrested for corruption charges.

"W-Well, I hope to do better, my Queen."

"Better how?"

He was dumbfounded. No one had ever asked him that before. He fumbled over his words unintelligibly for a moment before Xandar decided he had had enough of the nonsense. The King pecked a sweet kiss on his mate's temple before he glared at the two youngsters and said, "If you two have no business here, then you shouldn't be here in the first place. Do you need to be escorted out?"

"N-No, my King. We'll take our leave now. Thank you."

As they made their way out, Lucianne pecked a kiss on Xandar's jawline. The lilac shades were returning as they focused on her soft, black orbs but the moment was short-lived when Xandar's eyes caught something at the dining hall entrance.

Lucianne turned to see what her mate was seeing, and was surprised to see two policemen behind four ministers. The two men in uniform stood in front of Herbert and Dorothy, preventing them from leaving. And the four ministers were pacing towards the royals in quick steps.

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Chapter 134

The four ministers felt the tension the moment they stepped foot into the hall. With their heads held low, they knelt on one knee before the royals as they uttered, "Your Highnesses. Your Graces."

Lucianne smiled graciously as she spoke in a much gentler voice, "Yarrington, Weaver, Pamela and Vanessa, it's so nice that you four could join us tonight, despite your current workload."

Her warmth was contagious, and the atmosphere of the room took a 360-degree turn, their mood easing with the Queen's mellowed voice. Xandar matched his mate's smile as he said, "Stand, ministers." 3

They stood, all looking less fearful than before. Yarrington then handed a grey folder to Christian as he started explaining, "We've negated the last two complaints made against you, your Grace. I've asked Vanessa and Pamela to trace the roots of the complaints, and they found that all ten false allegations were made from the same IP address." He then looked behind him as he said, "Vanessa, it's your cue."

When Yarrington stepped aside, Vanessa looked mostly at the encouraging Lucianne and Annie as she spoke, "Basically, we traced the complaints to the location that it was sent from. Oddly and coincidentally, all ten were made from the same IP address and the same device, a laptop registered under the name of Herbert Horasho Martin', and the IP address is the Dawson residence."

"Huh." Lucianne muttered in response as all eyes fell on the two Lycans who were as white as sheets at this point. 2

Christian and Xandar growled at the young couple so fiercely that they even made Dorothy burst into tears. For the first time, Lucianne didn't stop Xandar. She was equally enraged. The click-clack of Lucianne's heels and Dorothy's sobs were the only sounds in the dining hall when Lucianne walked towards them.

Xandar, Christian and Annie were not far behind her. Every Lycan and wolf held their heads low when they walked past. When Lucianne was right in front of them, Dorothy sobbed even louder. The couple would leave but they doubted that the two policemen behind them would let them go.

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Lucianne didn't bother faking a smile and asked curtly, "Why did you both do it?"

Herbert opened his mouth but nothing came out. Dorothy continued to sob as she spoke incoherently, "I didn't w-want to. Her-ber-t made me."

Herbert seemed taken aback as he hissed, "It was your idea, Dory! I was just ranting after mom got arrested!"

Xandar then spat, "So, you decided to take your anger out on the Duke?!" His thunderous voice echoed in the quiet hall, making Dorothy sob even louder.

Herbert fidget uneasily as he said almost in a whisper, "Your Highness, it m-meant to be a j-joke..."

"A joke?!" The strength of Annie's voice scared many, especially the young couple. And she wasn't finished. "Do you have any idea of the distress you've caused me and my mate, along with the King and Queen?! How dare you make false allegations against an innocent?!"

Seeing that the only way out was to beg for mercy, they knelt in front of Annie and Christian as Dorothy begged, "We're s-sorry, your Graces. Plea-se, it was a mistake. A mistake we'll r-regret for the rest of our lives. P-Please, spare us."

"Spare you?" Christian asked rhetorically in a low, homicidal tone. "You both didn't have the decency to

respect the system in place to deal with sexual harassment. You made allegations against someone defending the system. You acted with nothing but slanderous intentions, and you have the gall to ask us t o spare you?"

Dorothy tried begging again, "It... It was a mistake. A very big mistake."

"And it's one you'll regret making for the rest of your lives, correct?" Lucianne asked, to which Dorothy hastily replied, "Yes! Yes, of course." Herbert nodded aggressively in response as well, thinking that the Queen may be offering them a way out.

Lucianne smiled and said, "Very well, then. You can spend your lives regretting it in prison." She gave the policemen an affirmative nod to cuff them.

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“What?” Dorothy uttered in disbelief as she was being cuffed, expecting the little wolf to have mercy or at least some respect for Lycans, the superior species!

Lucianne’s voice was laced with dark humour when she said, “Why are you so shocked, Ms Dawson? Don’t you know the law on fabricating evidence? Allow me to enlighten you: it’s an imprisonment term of fifty years and forty strokes of the whip with Oleander cuffs on to suppress healing. But seeing that you both fabricated evidence against a member of the royal family, the punishment is imprisonment for life, along with five strokes of the whip every single day until you both die. Does that put things into perspective?”

Dorothy was horrified when she muttered, “No. No no no no no. That can’t happen. Please, your Highness. I am starting an internship next month. My parents were so proud when my application was approved.”

Lucianne responded without missing a beat, “You can tell your parents and your future employer that there has been a change in plans. That, or you can leave it to tomorrow’s news to notify them of what you’ve been up to with your boyfriend lately.”

“No no no...” Dorothy continued to mutter.

Xandar then said, “Get them out of our sight.”

“Yes, my King.” The policemen took them away from the hall with Dorothy still muttering an endless stream of ‘nos’ like a jammed robot.

After they left, the two cousins gave each other a brotherly hug. The ordeal was finally over. The four ministers came forward, and the royals thanked all of them. Seeing that they could manage the complaints so efficiently, Xandar and Christian opted to step aside to let them finish what they started while the cousins themselves focused on the rogue attacks.

Before leaving the dining hall, Xandar called for a government meeting first thing in the morning the very next day. Although it was a Saturday, no one dared question his decision because with so many ministers gone, the work was piling up. Either new appointments had to be made, or the work had to be taken up by those in the clear.

When Xandar and Lucianne were walking back to the hotel, something came to his mind. The energy he felt radiating from Lucianne back in the hall when she spoke to Dorothy felt stronger than any ordinary creature’s emotions. He suddenly recalled feeling her

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inspirational fighting spirit right before the rogues appeared in Forest Gloom as well. There was also the fact that Lucianne seemed to always be able to control the atmosphere in any room they were in.

After concluding that his mate may have some sort of innate ability, Xandar started their conversation as they entered the elevator, "Babe?"

"Yes, darling?" Lucianne asked affectionately as she stroked his cheek.

He leaned into her touch as he asked softly, "What did you do to make Martin's girlfriend hold her head down like she did?"

Lucianne got confused so she asked, "What do you mean? She held her head down before all of us, even before Annie and Christian."

"No, sweetheart." He held her hand on his cheek, and pecked a kiss on her palm before he explained, "Right before Christian came in, when you were talking about her threat to burn Blue Crescent to the ground, you radiated an energy."

"Did I?"

"You didn't feel it?"

Ding!

As they stepped out through the elevator doors, Lucianne said nonchalantly, "I just felt angry, darling. Maybe it was my radiating anger you felt."

That didn't convince Xandar at all. He continued to think about it, and as he followed Lucianne into her room, he said, "Lucy, I think you radiated something different, an Authority"

Lucianne paused in taking off her shoes as she asked in surprise, "I'm sorry, Xandar. Could you repeat that? I don't think I heard you right." He looked at her with pride as he approached her, and with his rough hands on both her shoulders, his eyes sparked excitement as he whispered firmly, "You radiated an Authority, Lucy. The Queen's Authority"

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