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The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 165 - 166

Chapter 165

Pierre Whitlaw explained nonchalantly, "My wife and her family are extremely successful business people. They gift me all sorts of branded items on various occasions."

The prosecutor asked, "So, you're saying that the government funds which entered into your account were untouched?"

"You clearly have evidence that shows otherwise. Although I admit knowing that the missing Duke channeled some kind of money into my account to force my silence, I do not admit knowing where the money had come from or where it had gone to."

"You didn't know that the money being channeled into your account was rightfully the government's?"

"No."

"Neither do you know where it was spent?"

"Indeed."

The prosecutor then said, "Let's see if I can jog your memory, Mr Whitlaw. Perhaps the funds were spent to help your in-laws and your wife start their businesses?"

There were oohs and ahhs from journalists before Whitlaw answered, "I admit to chipping in a small portion."

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The prosecutor raised an eyebrow and proceeded to comment, "We have a very different definition of the word 'small', Mr Whitlaw. You chipped in ninety-five percent of all their businesses, ranging between a few hundred thousand to a million each."

Whitlaw shrugged despite the gasps from the journalists when he said, "I'll do anything to help my family." "Even if it means stealing from the government?" She pressed.

Whitlaw immediately clarified, "Allow me to rephrase. What I meant to say was: I'll do anything legal to help my family."

"So, where did the millions you chipped in come from, Mr Whitlaw?"

"I assumed that it was my legit savings. I have been serving the people for a long time, since the late King Lucas's reign. So, I assumed that what I spent was what I earned."

"Did you spend a cent of your salary before you met Mrs Whitlaw?"

"Yes, but very frugally."

"The mansion you lived in, the limited edition car you owned and the designer wallets you collected at that time?"

"Gifts from friends and my side of the family."

"And what do you gift them in return?"

Whitlaw sighed in despair as he said, "Nothing major, I'm afraid. Being in my position, I avoid buying them branded goods. The media has a terrible way of portraying such purchases made by a minister."

She went on, "Would you say that you return their gifts by helping them stay afloat if their businesses struggle?"

"Indeed." Whitlaw responded affirmatively.

"How do you help?"

"I offer solutions, workable ones."

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The prosecutor's eyes bore into Whitlaw's own as she questioned, "Such as?"

"Well, I'd introduce them to friends who can help turn their businesses around, I'd."

"Offer money?"

"Sometimes."

"In the millions?"

"I don't know the exact figure. It varies greatly."

"I have to agree that it does." The prosecutor flipped the page over as she said in a loud and clear voice, "It varies between a million to a billion." Silence ensued, and the prosecutor continued, "You said that you helped your wife start her business?"

"Yes."

"What does she do?"

"She designs the most beautiful jewellery."

"How's her jewellery business?"

"It's doing quite well, as far as I know. It just celebrated its fourteenth anniversary three weeks ago. She has quite the talent."

His wife's lips curled up into an arrogant smile when she felt everyone's stare on her. Miss Whitlaw finally got the attention she had been craving for ever since she entered the courtroom. She made sure she dressed well for the cameras. But everyone's eyes kept going to the plain-looking wolf for some reason. Now, Mrs Whitlaw had the attention she rightfully deserved. Seducing Pierre Whitlaw was the best investment she had ever made for herself and her family.

The prosecutor proceeded to say, "Mr Whitlaw, I don't know about her talent in jewellery design but her talent in keeping her business afloat despite the years of deficit proves to be extraordinary, even impossible, I must say."

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'A woman of multiple talents. She turns the impossible to the possible.'

"If that is so, why did you pour millions into her bank account every month as soon as her business was close to bankruptcy, which was...she checked the figure and said, "...twelve years ago until your accounts were frozen last week?"

"I didn't make such transactions."

"Everything is in black and white. This document clearly states that the transactions were made from your bank account to hers, minister."

That doesn't mean I made the transfer. You should check with my bankers."

"We have, Mr Whitlaw. And what we found is that you used your thumbprint to verify each transaction before the funds were disbursed into Mrs Whitlaw's account. Are you saying that someone may have stolen your thumbprint?"

"I'm simply saying that I have no recollection of such a transfer, prosecutor."

"Do you have any recollection of Mrs Whitlaw promising you sexual intercourse over the phone after you've made each transfer?" A few journalists and reporters accidentally snorted, and earned stern glares from Judge Cook. Mrs Whitlaw stiffened visibly. She was warned about this portion of evidence that the prosecution had against her husband but it didn't make it any easier to appear unperturbed when she was feeling embarrassed on the inside. Weren't their phone calls supposed to be private?

"Mr Whitlaw, do you have any such recollection?" The prosecutor pressed the minister.

Whitlaw's lips trembled before he uttered a fearful, "N-No."

"And what about..."

Suddenly, Mr Clark stood and said, "My Lord, I ask that the court adjourn for a few minutes. My client's doctors had advised that he'd be given a five-minute break after twenty minutes of questioning. Here's the recommendation letter." Mi Clark ignored the enraged prosecutor, and handed a single sheet of paper to the judge. Judge Cook skimmed through it while the prosecutor scowled at the defense counsel. Pierre Whitlaw was praying to the Goddess,

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asking her to forgive him for any misdeeds he committed in the past and spare him by granting him an adjournment now.

Unfortunately for Whitlaw, the head of the courtroom was Judge Cook, not the Moon Goddess. The judge handed the letter back to a very hopeful Mr Clark and firmly declared, "Request denied, Mr Clark. The prosecution may proceed with questioning."

The hope in Mr Clark's eyes shattered as he stammered, "B-But, my Lor-"

Judge Cook's eyes were partially onyx when it bore into Mr Clark's lilac ones as the old man said, "Need I teach you how to read a simple recommendation letter, Mr Clark?! It says that your client only requires such breaks if he is suffering from blurring vision, nausea, cold sweat AND weakened physique! Look at your own client, Mr Clark! Is he exhibiting any such symptoms?!"

Mr Clark stammered when he gave one final shot when his client was begging him through his eyes. "M-My Lord, m-my client isn't exhibiting any such symptoms right now because...he took his medication this morning, and the symptoms may return soon if he isn't given a break."

Judge Cook took a deep breath to control his internal fury before looking at the minister and asked, "Do you have your medication with you, Mr Whitlaw?"

"Y-Yes, judge." Whitlaw answered doubtfully. Mr Clark pressed his eyes closed in dismay at the wrong answer his client had chosen to give

Judge Cook then said, "Good, Bailiff, fetch Mr Whitlaw some water, please. He'll take his medication here and we can continue with the questioning." Mr Clark had hoped that Whitlaw would be smart enough to say that his medication was not with him so that Judge Cook would grant an adjournment. But clearly, Whitlaw did not exhibit such intelligence."

As Judge Cook started tapping his pen, the bailiff immediately dashed to the cooler in the courtroom, extracted a polystyrene cup and filled it with warm water before bringing it to Whitlaw. The minister got out the strip of tablets from his pocket, extracted a pill before putting it into his mouth and drowning it down with water while everyone waited.

Judge Cook's pen stopped tapping when he heard Whitlaw drowning down the last of the water in his mouth. "Well, now that that's settled. Prosecutor, proceed."

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Whitlaw was getting fearful now. His demeanor got everyone curious. He seemed okay the entire morning. Sure. Firm. Hopeful. Why did he and his lawyer look like they were going to be knocked down by a big baseball bat that they couldn't escape from?

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The prosecutor ignored the two men and continued her line of questioning, "Mr Whitlaw, if you don't recall making bank transactions to any of your family members, do you at least recall the ones made to a woman by the name of Zina Pova?"

"What?!" Mrs Whitlaw's hushed exclamation was heard by everyone in the courtroom as her eyes widened and her relaxed posture tensed up. When Lucianne turned to look at her with everyone else, what she saw behind the stunning woman's eyes was shock, betrayal and, most of all, anger!

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Chapter 166

Christian linked his cousin after glancing at the infuriated Mrs Whitlaw, 'Looks like things are going to get interesting from here, cuz. Someone seems to be hiding a mistress, and the wife looks pissed.'

'I did not see that coming.' Xandar linked in response as his surprised eyes met those of his second-in-command.

Christian linked in excitement, 'Tell me about it! I can't believe I was a background character of a Whitlaw soap opera that I didn't know about!'

Xandar raised his eyebrows as he linked, 'Background character? Christian, we're probably the antagonists in his story.'

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'Hm.' Christian contemplated for a moment and had to agree, 'You do make a good villain, cuz I'm only second to you after all.'

Xandar protested, 'Okay, that's just unfair, Christian. My mate is way more lethal than I am when it comes to Whitlaw and the others. And she was the one who led us to the audits for Whitlaw's current downfall. This adorable creature seated between us right now is the most qualified one to lead the villains here. If anything, I'm only her loyal henchman.'

Christian pictured the image Xandar just described to him. When his imaginative mind added fiery flames behind Lucianne, and Xandar by her side awaiting orders, the Duke had to cover his mouth as he linked, 'Cuz, if I laugh and Annie throws a fit, I'm going to kill you.' Xandar decided to play it safe and ended their link as he hid his own smile in his mate's hair.

Pierre Whitlaw's lips quivered, making the increasingly-impatient prosecutor ask, "Have you made any transactions to Zina Pova, M I Whitlaw?"

"I-L..." he fumbled over his words as Mrs Whitlaw's onyx eyes threw daggers into her husband's alarming ones. He tried to persuade her to not attend trial but she insisted on coming along to show support. So, Pierre hatched a plan with Clark to ask for an adjournment to get rid of Mrs Whitlaw, by asking her to go home to fetch something for him. This plan obviously backfired.

The prosecutor sighed as she began again, "Do you know Zina Pova, Mr Whitlaw?" Mrs Whitlaw decided that she had heard enough. Taking her five-figure handbag, she got up from her seat and left the courtroom as the minister yelled out a desperate, "Camille!"

The murmurs and chatters took a little more time to be silenced by Judge Cook. When everyone's eyes returned to Whitlaw on the stand, he muttered, "I-I...Y-Yes."

"She received a significant sum over the years. Why is that?"

Whitlaw's whisper wouldn't have been heard if it weren't for the Lycans' sharp hearing when the minister said, "She's the mother of my biological daughter."

Well aware of the furious note-taking by the media, Whitlaw continued to explain, "I had her before I married Camille. When...Zina conceived, she filed a suit in court seeking funds for maintenance. We reached a settlement in private, and it was agreed that I would contribute to the child's upbringing."

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Christian suddenly linked Xandar, 'Oops, not a mistress. Looks like he just tried to be a responsible father.'

Xandar linked in response, 'One who steals from the government. Talk about being the father of the year.'

'Decade.' Christian corrected.

'Right. Thanks for making me feel worse for taking this long to uncover him and the others.' Xandar complained.

"Relax, cuz. You were never alone in this. We were both stupid.'

'How are you making me feel any better by saying that, Christian?'

'Well, a favorite cousin doesn't let his favorite cousin to do stupid things....alone.' Christian smiled when he linked that.

Xandar had to bite his bottom lip to contain his laughter. 'If I laugh and Lucy gets angered from this, I'll kill you.' The cousins exchanged cheeky smirks before they ended their link.

The prosecutor asked Whitlaw in disbelief, "A court ordered financial provision for a child in the millions?"

Whitlaw shook his head and uttered, "No, it's less. Her mother earns, so I only had to pay a reasonable sum."

"But you paid more, why?"

Whitlaw's eyebrows furrowed as he looked at the prosecutor in disgust before exclaiming, "Because it's for my daughter! What more of a reason do you want?!"

His raised voice clearly didn't deter the prosecutor from continuing her line of questioning. "So, you do admit that you've transferred money in the millions to Zina Pova?"

Whitlaw sighed before he answered, "I transferred money to maintain my child. I do not know how much that has accumulated throughout the years."

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“So, it means that you’ve offered financial contributions to your own family, your in-laws, your wife and your biological daughter?”

“Yes.” Whitlaw answered simply as he took in heavy breaths. He just wanted to get this over with, hoping that whatever damage caused would be minimal.

“Very well. Thank you, Mr Whitlaw.”

Mr Clark stood for the cross-examination. “Mr Whitlaw, is the disbursement of government funds in your portfolio?”

“No, that’s in the Finance Ministers’ job description.”

“So, it’s safe to say that you have no connection whatsoever with the money coming from the government, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“That also means that, apart from your monthly salary, whatever surplus sums, presumably paid by the missing Duke, could’ve come from anywhere? Not just the government?”

“That’s possible.”

“You didn’t know the Duke was taking government funds to pay you to stay silent, did you?”

“No, I didn’t know that.”

“What were you threatened with?”

“My family’s safety. My wife, mostly. Camille means the world to me.”

“So, you kept the money because of the coercion?”

“Yes.”

“And you have zero knowledge of where it has gone, is that correct?”

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"Yes."

"Thank you, Mr Whitlaw."

Xandar inhaled deeply from Lucianne's hair as he linked his cousin, 'What a complete line of bullsh*t!'

Christian's hand ran down his face once as his other hand held onto Annie's before he linked, 'Bullsh*t. Cr*p. Nonsense. Whatever it is, it'll take an idiot to believe any of it.'

"Are you okay?" Xandar heard the whisper of an angel when his eyes cleared, and his mate's shining black orbs only amplified concern when it fixed on his face.

He got lost in them for a moment before her stroking thumb on his tensed-up hand prompted a response. He loosened the tight grip, and began stroking her little hand in return. After pecking a sweet kiss on her forehead, he uttered, "I'm alright, baby. Thank you."

Lucianne didn't look convinced despite his smile. He pecked another kiss on her nose just to assure her. "I'm just pissed at them, baby. I'm really alright. Don't worry, my little freesia."

Lucianne smiled in relief knowing that her mate was really okay before her head leaned against his shoulder. Judge Cook ordered a recess while he deliberated, and announced that the verdict will be delivered after lunch.

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