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# The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 169 - 170

## Chapter 169

Greg surveyed the mansion on his first day when the head servant gave him a tour to make sure he knew his way around. In secret, he took mental notes on the locations he could use to place the hidden recording devices that he hid in his slightly oversized shoes when he left his apartment.

So, thanks to the device near the fireplace, the Duke heard the whole conversation between the mother and daughter. His animal growled at the mention of demolishing Blue Crescent as the Kylton's 'contingency plan', and Greg thanked Goddess that he was alone in his dark room pretending to be asleep when he eavesdropped.

But he had a good laugh with his animal when Kelissa said that she wasn't stupid. She couldn't even keep him under her reins. Her chauffeur didn't even check his shoes for the recording devices he brought with him.

There wasn't even a single camera or recording device in the guest room they gave him. Not one. He checked. Six times. 1

He still checked for them if he had been away from his room. If Kelissa Kylton wasn't stupid, then she had to be as dim as a fused lightbulb covered in a thick layer of dust that repelled anyone allergic to her foolishness. 1

And then there was what Kelissa said about what he and his cousins see in Lucianne...seriously? She needed an explanation for that? The way they smiled itself were at opposite ends of the spectrum...if Kelissa were even worthy to share the same spectrum as Lucianne at all!

Lucianne radiated a contagious warmth, raw beauty, inspirational intellect, killer sarcasm and noble ferocity. The heiress, on the other hand...Oh, Goddess, where should Greg even

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begin? Kelissa exuded only a shuddering presence, and the makeup she wore in no way covered up the sinister, conceited and selfish persona many people knew her by.

Her intellect? Greg and his animal concluded that the heiress should count herself lucky that her family's money and reputation had always gotten her through without being laughed at or stepped on for her lack of common sense and understanding of simple concepts. Of course she was impressed with his contribution at the brainstorming session! She knew so little! And for someone who was dead certain that she was 'the rightful Queen', she exemplified ZERO nobility. 1

Greg suddenly found himself muttering, "If Kylton became Queen, Goddess help this Kingdom."

When he was done judging, he prayed that Billy, Lance and the rest of his underground people were doing fine without him. After that, he fell into a deep slumber.

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Greg joined the other pathetic advisors and snobbish Kyltons for breakfast like he did everyday since he arrived. For some reason, it was always the seat next to Livia that was empty. He tried to come down a little earlier to get a seat other than that but to no avail.

His animal and human parts both dreaded having to sit beside that perfume-pungent b\*tch who sent the Kyltons to hurt Lucianne. But they both knew that they had to put up with the nonsense for a little while longer. Greg was envious of his own animal when it could growl and groan in annoyance to its satisfaction in his head but the human part of him had to stay silent, behave and put on an unperturbed face in front of these losers.

Livia was cold and distant on the first day, playing hard to get, much to Greg's relief. The second day, however, she tried to get him to open up and speak to her. 'Just kill me', Greg thought every time he'd have to respond to her empty questions to hold a dull conversation

He wondered why she didn't just continue playing hard to get to make his life easier. He only tolerated her because one of the terms he agreed privately with Kelissa Kylton was that he must make Livia think she had a chance with him. But the heiress affirmed that his ultimate prize was Lucianne. The stupid b\*tch actually believed that he would hurt Lucianne just to claim her.

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“Excuse me, your Grace.” Livia leaned over to get the butter, and her thin, white camisole made the red push-up bra underneath too obvious to miss. Livia felt Greg’s eyes on her when she reached for the butter, and her animal was squealing in delight while her human was trying her best to not make eye contact with the sexy bad boy just yet. 3

The Duke was indeed looking at her, and he wanted nothing more than to hold her by her neck, fracture it, throw her against the glass cabinets before breaking her bones slowly, one at a time as he indulged in her screams.

When Greg felt the simmering anger, his eyes lowered to the food on his plate to hide the onyx shade as he chanted Lucianne’s name with his animal to calm himself. He would go so far as to recall her smile, her laugh and those little moments when she was appearance-conscious for no apparent reason. ‘Beautiful’, he thought to himself as his eyes regained their lilac shade. 1

Lord Kylton held a fake grin when he began conversing with the Duke, “I hope our humble abode is to your liking, your Grace.”

Greg returned the insincere smile and said, “It is, Lord Kylton. Thank you. I’m especially impressed with that lovely fireplace you have in the living room.” Because that was where he got exclusive information from the two women the night before.

“Ah, that.” Lady Kylton joined the conversation with an enthusiastic, sinister smile that was clearly passed down to her daughter. “It was designed by one of the best. We paid good money for it.”

“I can tell.” Greg noted flatly, and took a sip from his glass to drown down the sarcasm threatening to spill from his mouth. Lord Kylton chuckled before he said, “Well, you contributed to it, your Grace. So, it’s fitting that we thank you for the design that you’re impressed with now.”

Greg placed his glass back on the table and asked, “What do you mean?”

The husband and wife glanced at each other triumphantly before Lord Kylton thrust out his hand to Greg and explained, “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you in this capacity, your Grace. You’ve been a great customer to one of our family’s most successful companies, Wu Bi Corporation.”

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## Chapter 170

Greg was genuinely shocked at the old couple's revelation but the Duke nonetheless shook Lord Kylton's hand as he told his animal, "Please tell me he's joking." His animal prompted him to keep the conversation going with Lord Kylton to learn more about what they didn't know.

Greg narrowed his eyes in suspicion and asked the old man, "What's the customer code I have to cite in transactions?"

His Lordship seemed impressed and said, "Good thing I checked that this morning. 130996GC\_LC. Access name: Chameleon. But I'll admit right now that we've never spoken over the phone in your transactions, your Grace. We have our customers' personal information but the uh...rogue Alpha handles the communications and customers'...requests."

So, Greg had been communicating with only the manager of the rogue corporation this whole time, not its founders. Greg nodded as he internalized this fact, and released Lord Kylton's hand as he muttered, "A very successful business you have."

Lord Kylton patted Greg on the shoulder like a friend, and Greg tried to mask his discomfort and urge to tear the man to shreds. Unless he was having sex, no one had the right to touch Greg Claw.

"Well, your Grace. You must take some credit for our success. We had the idea of taking government funds after the King wrongfully refused our daughter's hand but we didn't have a link, someone who could provide us with the necessary access and individuals who could be our patsies. You were that link, your Grace. You gave us the ministers' names and told us who to target, asking nothing but a small commission in return. For that, we cannot thank you enough."

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His wife added, "It would've been difficult to get those ministers and Helena here to help us in our plan if we didn't have you to encourage them to join us, your Grace, seeing that we wished to remain anonymous."

Greg admitted, "To be very honest, I thought I was helping someone less..." he looked around the sophisticated interior design of the

dining room before he continued, "wealthy."

The Kyltons chuckled at Greg's remark, seeing it as a compliment. Lord Kylton explained, "Well, I suppose we hid it well, since someone as experienced as you in this line of work didn't suspect that we were the ones you've been doing business with this whole time."

"I have to agree." Greg readily confessed "How did you know I would help you though?"

Lady Kylton explained, "When we heard that you were angered with your cousins, both of them, as were we, no doubt for different reasons, we saw an opportunity to work together. But we also wanted to be careful seeing that you share blood relations with the King, who we wanted to...take something from, just as how he took our daughter's heart and broke it with no remorse."

"So, for the broken heart, you just wanted money from the government?" Greg asked, somewhat disappointed that the founder of the successful rogue corporation was instituted based on nothing but a broken heart, and continued to blossom with nothing more than wanting more money which the founders clearly DID NOT NEED.

Greg used to think that Wu Bi Corp's mission and ultimate goal was something more stellar and jaw-dropping, like to recruit enough rogues to overthrow the Kingdom, or to expand its business and join forces with vampires to start another war against the law-abiding Lycans and werewolves. Well, now that Lucianne was in the picture Greg didn't want those things anymore but still, siphoning money to establish a rogue corporation only to siphon more money seemed...lame.

The Kyltons were actually telling him that their rogue business was to 'take something from' his cousin just because their creature-repelling daughter was heartbroken?

First, the Moon Goddess made him fall in love with a phenomenal woman that he couldn't get. Now, he was told that his anti government hero was this lame family? Greg was even

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beginning to question whether he was awake, lucid and sober. It felt like a long, bad dream after too many hours of over-drinking. 1

“Money was never the goal for my heartbreak, your Grace.” Kelissa noted with discontent. “I love Xandar but he hurt me. So, the goal was to hurt him back. You see, when we were close...”

“Kylton, get real. You two were never close.” Greg retorted mercilessly, and heard Sasha snort at his remark.

Kelissa threw her a glare, making Sasha fall silent. The minister’s daughter knew better than to anger the heiress who promised to throw her back into prison if she broke the terms of their agreement.

After taking a deep breath, Kelissa’s partially-onyx eyes fixed on the Duke as she spoke in suppressed rage, “I hope you know that I’m tolerating your impertinence because you’ve helped build my parents’ business, your Grace.”

“And I hope you know that believing in an illusion instead of the truth would put you further away from your goal, not nearer to it, Kylton.”

don’t have to make him believe that you and Xandar were close. Y

‘WE WERE CLOSE! I WAS THE CLOSEST THING HE HAD TO A GIRLFRIEND, A SIGNIFICANT OTHER!’

Her father then linked, ‘We know that, sweetheart. But remember, the goal is Xandar, not this Duke. Just let him think he’s right. We need his cooperation.’ 1

‘He’s such a pain in the ass’ Kelissa complained.

Lord Kylton then made an interesting and viable suggestion, ‘If you are still unhappy with how he’s behaving when all this ends,

Realization dawned on the two women, and Lady Kylton stroked her husband’s hand as she linked, ‘What a clever idea, my love.’ Kelissa linked as she smirked, ‘Killing the wolf will definitely teach this Duke to never mess with the Kyltons, especially when it comes to ME!’

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Alright, I'll just play along for now. When the dust settles, he's going to regret speaking to me like how he just did."

When their eyes cleared, almost everyone sat still as they waited for one of the Kyltons to speak. Greg was the only one munching on his toast as he asked casually, "Emergency family conference?" 1

Bearing in mind what her parents had just told her, Kelissa forced a smile, the one Greg found to be sinister, before she said, "Let's just say I'm being asked to be nice to my guest."

Greg nodded as he said, "Good advice." It really humored his animal when he noticed Kelissa's agitation, which only lasted for a brief second

The heiress replayed the end goal and took a deep breath, then she continued her tale, "Anyway, as I was saying, Xandar had always talked about how much he wanted to make a difference as a King, and work all those hours just to make it happen. So, I just knew that if I did something to hurt the Kingdom, it'd hurt him, too. Our family's plan was to take government funds until the government went bankrupt." 2

Greg nodded in understanding and prompted, "I'm hoping that's not the end goal?"

He said that because it was clear from the Kyltons smug faces that there was more they hadn't told him yet. And it was evident

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