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The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 163 - 164

Chapter 163

Mr Clark began, "Mr Dupont, in your years as minister, did you ever have direct access to government funds?" 1

"No. I'm only a deputy. Marie is the one with direct access."

"So, you can't access the funds without her approval?" Mr Clark clarified.

"Well, to be fair, neither of us can access it unless the government, as a whole, approves it." Dupont clearly rehearsed this well versed answer.

"So, the funds which were disbursed were approved by the government?"

"Yes, it was to be given to wolf packs. But I have no clue how a part of it ended up in my account. I can tell you I was shocked beyond words when I was informed about it."

Mr Clark smiled at his impeccable answer. "And do you keep your phone with you at all times, Mr Dupont?"

"No, that'd be ridiculous! I leave it on all parts of the house all the time."

"So, it is possible that one of your ten servants could have accessed it without your knowledge, if they were being careful enough."

"It's very possible, Mr Clark."

"As for your daughter's education, isn't it true that she works part-time, hence earning a decent wage?"

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Dupont smiled with pride. "She does, indeed."

"Thank you, Mr Dupont."

The prosecutor got back up for the re-examination. "Mr Dupont, how much does your daughter earn in her part-time job?"

"I don't know about that."

The prosecutor faced the judge and said, "My Lord, I ask that the accused's daughter, Ms Dupont, be called to the stand to be questioned."

"Objection, my Lord! Ms Dupont has no involvement in the corruption charges against my client."

The prosecutor argued, "My Lord, we need Ms Dupont to verify the salary she earns to assess whether the amount was sufficient to contribute to her studies as Mr Clark was suggesting."

Judge Cook looked irritated when he asked the prosecutor, "Do you have no evidence of her income, prosecutor?"

The prosecutor immediately said, "We do, my Lord. But we thought it'd be better if Ms Dupont was called to verify the evidence we have."

"And waste the court's time, prosecutor? Not on my watch. Where's the evidence?" Judge Cook thrust a hand as he asked for the evidence. The deputy, who was flipping through the bundle of documents, found it when her colleague was speaking to the judge, so the prosecutor wasted no time before handing it over to Judge Cook.

When the paper touched Judge Cook's hand, he put on his reading glasses as he asked, "Was the accused given a copy of this?"

"Yes, my Lord."

After the judge skimmed through the payslip the prosecutor obtained from Ms Dupont's employer, he said, "Proceed with the accused, prosecutor. Ms Dupont need not be called to the stand for this."

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The prosecutor gave Dupont a copy of the payslip and said, "According to your daughter's payslip, Mr Dupont, she only earns seven hundred dollars a month as a waitress in a cocktail bar. Needless to say, she wouldn't have been able to pay her tuition fee without your help."

"I didn't say she paid it without my help."

"So, you've helped her without knowing that there was a huge gap between your annual salary and her annual tuition fee?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any outstanding loans?"

"N... I don't recall." He was about to say 'no' until he noticed Mr Clark giving him a look, so he abruptly changed his answer.

"Well, then. Let me enlighten you, Mr Dupont. You have no outstanding loans. Your bankers confirmed this."

"It's good to know, I suppose." Dupont said it like it was no big deal. Xandar had to rely on Lucianne's scent, touch and her cooing

through their mind-link to stop himself from shifting to tear Dupont to bits.

The prosecutor forced a smile, and deduced, "It is good to know indeed, Mr Dupont. Since you borrowed nothing from the banks, whatever you've been spending for the past eighteen years belongs to the government."

When the examination was officially over, Judge Cook announced that the trial would proceed with hearing Marie Martin's testimony in the morning, followed by Pierre Whitlaw's in the afternoon. The court adjourned in the late evening, and everyone went back with mental and emotional fatigue.

Lucianne and Xandar were soaking in the bathtub when they both heard Xandar's phone ringing in the room. Lucianne immediately tried to get out but was pulled back into her mate's embrace. When the phone rang a second time, Lucianne looked at him with her doe-eyes and persuaded him to end their bath session.

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He groaned and muttered, "If that turns out to be anything less than an emergency, I'm going to kill the caller."

Lucianne then said, "Calm down, my darling. The call may be important."

After wrapping his mate up in a towel, he kissed her cheek before uttering, "Nothing can be as important as my mate-time with my little freesia."

After Lucianne fastened a towel around his waist while Xandar pecked kisses on her shoulder and collarbone, he lifted her off the floor and carried her to the bed. His phone had stopped ringing. When he checked on it, he muttered, "This better be good, Yarrington."

"Behave, my King." Lucianne reminded him with stern eyes as she paused in her steps on her way to the cupboard.

He strode over to peck a kiss on her forehead and uttered, "As you wish, my Queen."

As Xandar made a call to the minister, he watched Lucianne taking her sports bra and underwear out of the drawer before placing them on the bed. She then let the towel fall, and the animal in him couldn't help but walk to her to help her pull her underwear up her smooth legs.

Right after he pecked a kiss on the cheek of her butt through the thin fabric, Yarrington's voice came through, "Your Highness, I apologize for calling you at this hour but I thought you'd like to know that we've assessed and verified every sexual harassment complaint, and there appears to be a need to suspend and replace Alivia for now."

Xandar's anger returned, and Lucianne detected this. After he had helped hook her bra, she guided his free hand to her breast. With her small hands over his large one, her fingers prompted his hand to squeeze her breast slowly and gently as she pressed her lips

to swallow the moans threatening to spill out.

Xandar's anger subsided but his arousal intensified. The scent of Lucianne's arousal and his own was making his animal impatient, The King tried to focus when he asked Yarrington, "Anyone else?"

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“Just the ones who were already suspended or arrested, my King. So, it’s Caunterberg, Alivia, Cummings, Whitlaw, Marie’s two sons, and Marie herself.”

“Marie herself?!” Xandar exclaimed. Sleeping with Lycans who wanted government contracts was clearly not enough for her, now Yarrington was telling him that she even tried to hit on creatures from the collaboration?! How did her mate even put up with that length of disloyalty before he died in the accident?! Did he take some kind of drug to numb the pain when his mate was f*cking someone else?

Yarrington heaved a sigh of disappointment and said, “A surprise for all of us, my King. I’ll send these to the police now? I don’t suppose there’s anything else the government can do.”

“Yes, hand it over to them. The police and the courts will take it from here. Thank you, Yarrington.” Xandar tried not to sound too hasty in ending the call as his hand snuck under his mate’s bra to feel her hardened nipple. Lucianne started to lean against his body for support. Her own stability was weakening, and she was finding it increasingly difficult to hold her moans in.

“It’s a pleasure to serve, your Highness. And Weaver and I send our best to the Queen.”

“Thank you, Yarrington. Goodnight.”

As soon as he tapped the red button, he emitted a low growl as he said, “That was NOT an emergency.” He threw his phone on the couch before his other hand went under Lucianne’s bra as he kneaded and whispered in his husky voice, “THIS is an emergency.”

“Ohh...” Lucianne moaned with closed eyes. Her hands went behind her back to unhook the bra and her breasts were set free. Xandar pushed the bra down her arms, and spun her around before lowering her onto the bed.

After sucking on her sexy neck, Xandar moved between her legs as he spoke in his deep and alluring voice, “I’m thirsty, my flower. I’d like a drink, please.” He teased her by licking her p*ssy through the thin underwear before Lucianne’s hands came to try to push

it down.

Xandar helped her from there, lifting her legs high up as he slipped the fabric off. When he placed her legs back on the bed, Lucianne parted them for him, and Xandar growled

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appreciatively as he started licking her already-wet folds. It didn't take long before Lucianne's body jerk upwards, releasing the drink Xandar that was thirsty for, and the Lycan King moaned in satisfaction as he lapped up every single drop.

After positioning himself at her entrance, he continued kissing her neck before Lucianne whimpered, "Just do it, Xandar."

"As you wish, my Queen."

When he entered, he, too, let out a moan. As they took it slow in the first few thrusts, Xandar uttered, "Ohh, I love being in you, my arousing flower. So warm, so moist, so tight."

"Mmm...oh...Xandar.. mmm" Unlike her mate, Lucianne couldn't form a coherent sentence when he was going in and out of her. All she could do was moan and whisper his name. As Xandar devoured her breasts and teased her nipples with his tongue, he linked, 'Oh, you're just ravishing, my freesia. Mmm... absolutely delectable.' His choice of words only made Lucianne moan even louder, and his mouth released her breast as his shaft gained speed. When Lucianne's core locked him in her, he came with a grunt, suppressed from a scream, and his body stayed above hers before he gently pressed their foreheads together, peering into her euphoric black orbs as he whispered flirtatiously in a hushed, seductive voice, "Oh, my Queen."

Lucianne looked into his satisfied lilac eyes before she pecked a kiss on his lips and whispered, "Is your thirst quenched, my King?"

"Mm. For now. Thank you for the drink, my Queen." After pecking kisses all over her face and her upper body, he held her close to him, stopping her from reaching for her bra and underwear that were on the floor. "You don't need those, my love. I'll keep you warm."

1110"

With that, she snuggled into his chest, making his animal purr and melt in bliss. His arms wrapped her body as they both fell into deep slumber.

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Chapter 164

The next morning, Xandar scrolled through the headlines on his phone while he waited for Lucianne to fix her hair, which already looked perfect to him. After reading a few articles on the corruption case, he smiled, and picked the best one as he approached his beautiful mate. His arms crept around her waist from behind as he handed his phone to her and said, "Have a read, sweetheart."

Xandar inhaled Lucianne's scent from her neck when she skimmed through the article. It reported on the trial, and reproduced the statement the four of them collectively wrote while they were in the court cafeteria the previous day.

When Lucianne reached the end of the statement, her body stiffened. Her widened eyes were still fixed on the screen when she asked, "Why is my name above yours?"

Xandar's lips curled into a smile at her neck when he explained in amusement, "Because it was your idea, my love. Why do you seem so surprised?"

"Because the Queen's name normally comes after the King's?" Lucianne pointed out matter-of-factly.

Xandar showed a disgusted look before saying, "That wouldn't be fair. You want to burn down the patriarchy, don't you? I'm helping you do just that, in my own little way for my own little freesia."

"This is NOT a little way at all, Xandar." Lucianne noted firmly, and turned to see his affectionate lilac eyes gazing deeply into hers while his head rested on her shoulder. She pecked a kiss on his nose and uttered gratefully, "Thank you, my love."

He scoffed before kissing her on the cheek and turning her around as he declared, "Babe, the three of us should be thanking you. None of us had a solution. I, for one, assumed that Cummings, Martin and the others were going to drag the whole governing body with them into the tainted parts of history."

Xandar's hand cupped her cheek, and she leaned into his touch as he continued, "But you showed us that not all was lost, that there was a way to come out stronger than before.

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Have you seen the comments section? Our people seem to be trusting the monarchy and the government more than they did before. You were right, Lucy! Explaining the debacle to them, without sugar-coating or blame-shoving, made them feel...assured. Owning up to it made them feel assured. Lowering tax because of the debacle made them happy, and it was only lowered by a small percentage. They're just happy that the monarch and the government are taking steps to rectify the wrongs. Do you have any idea how amazing you are, sweetheart?"

Lucianne was lost for words. Every sentence coming out of his mouth made her feel...worthy. Despite her rejections, Lucianne had taught herself to never feel worthless, justifying it by the fact that she was alive, and she was a warrior, a friend, a sister, an adopted daughter and an aunt.

But she never felt this level of worth that Xandar was showering over her through his words alone. She felt touched. Apart from feeling loved, what Xandar said made her feel...amazing.

With glistening eyes, Lucianne pulled him into a deep kiss before they parted their lips, and she whispered, "I love you...so much."

His smile broadened before he said, "I love you, too, sweetheart."

His anticipating eyes demanded the usual response, and Lucianne chuckled before she said, "I know. Thank you."

Something was still bothering Xandar's animal, so much so that it kept pestering its human part to bring up with their mate. And that was exactly what Xandar did. "What I don't love are those idiots in the comments section flirting with you. The emoji with hearts in its eyes are way too much, and honestly, very anger-inductive. Can't they read the word 'Queen' before your name?! And it doesn't take an expert to guess that they are NOT the King. I AM. Seriously, they're just looking for a way to"

Lucianne silent her ranting mate with another deep kiss. "I'm with you, my indecent beast. Only you." 4

When her beast seemed a little calmer, she dragged him by his arm to the door before their conversation prolonged. Xandar's Lycan was so happy with the kiss that it cooed during the whole drive to the court.

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In the High Court, everyone trailed into the courtroom and waited for the trial to begin. Judge Cook entered, and announced that Marie Martin had pleaded guilty the night before to the charges against her, so there was no further questioning needed in her case. Xandar and Christian were both trying to press back smiles, with the second-in-command having a harder time doing it than the King

The judge then granted the prosecution permission to begin questioning Pierre Whitlaw. What caught Lucianne's eye wasn't the minister in his dark blue tuxedo and well-ironed white shirt but a woman sitting alone in the second row on the other side of the

aisle.

'It's his wife.' Xandar linked her when he saw Lucianne looking that way.

Lucianne linked in response, 'Oh, I know, darling. I've seen her in the tabloids whenever Whitlaw is in the news. She looked beautiful in those pictures but she looks even more stunning in person.'

After kissing her hairline, Xandar sighed and linked, 'You only say that because you don't have a mirror with you, babe. If you haven't noticed, every man in the room has been stealing glances at you, not her. You're breaking their hearts by choosing to only look at another woman.'

"That's not true, Xandar. The journalists and reporters are looking at her, too. I'm not alone.'

Xandar then groaned and argued, 'Lucy, they're looking at her diamond earrings, jade necklace, gold bracelet, the emerald ring on her finger and that handbag that only Goddess knows cost how much. They're not looking at her per se. You can almost see the mental calculator working in their minds if you looked closely enough, sweetheart. When they look at you, on the other hand, it's like their brains stop working, which is good. It gives me time to tear them to shreds before they make a run for it.' 3

Lucianne narrowed her eyes and shook her head disapprovingly as she inched herself closer to her mate to feel his warmth, and muttered, "Indecent beast."

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He glued his lips on her ear as he whispered, "If you don't correct what you just said, my love, I'm going to pull you into a deep kiss in front of all these people."

Lucianne's eyes widened in horror, making Xandar chuckled softly as he stroked her shoulder with his thumb and waited. Lucianne leaned into him before she whispered shyly, "MY indecent beast."

He smiled radiantly, and pecked a kiss on her temple before he whispered back, "Always and forever, my little freesia."

As soon as Xandar returned his sights to Whitlaw, he caught Mr Clark quickly averting his gaze right after looking at his mate, so he muttered, "If this trial takes too long, Clark is not going to survive it. I've been wanting to gouge his eyes out since yesterday."

Lucianne stroked his rough hand as she cooed, "Shh...I'm with you, Xandar. Only you." He took in a greedy whiff from her hair to calm the growling animal in his head, and to calm himself as he started listening to what the prosecutor was asking Whitlaw. 1

"Mr Whitlaw, you own watches from the most luxurious brands, and you make it a point to buy up limited edition sports cars. How did you come about affording these with your annual salary?"

"Those were gifts." Whitlaw's answer was instant. The prosecutor asked, "Gifts from whom?"

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