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The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 189 - 190

Chapter 189

Greg was lying in the prison bed with an Oleander bracelet on his right wrist. It was getting boring. How did inmates entertain themselves here? There has to be something, he thought to himself. He sat up and looked around the small space before hearing heavy footsteps getting closer to his cell. A policeman emerged, unlocked his door and said, "We need you to be ready in the interrogation room. You have a visit from the Crown."

Of course he did. As he left his confined space without another word, he was secretly impressed that his cousins got to this phase of facing him in prison in such a short span of time. He and his animal thought the two would take at least a month before the King came down here and used his Authority to make him vomit whatever sh*t there was in his head.

But Greg wasn't worried. He had already told Billy to activate Codes Orange and Black, which would involve the evacuation of everyone under his care and supervision. They would've been safely evacuated by now. Even if that goody-goody cousin of his forced him to spit out whatever he knew, his information would be outdated and useless. His people were safe, and that was all Greg needed for now.

Then again, maybe he didn't come for information. Maybe the other Duke just wanted to kill him for what he did to his Duchess. or maybe the King wanted to beat him up for falling in love with his mate...or it was both.

They reached an empty room with a one-way mirror, and the policeman got him to sit while he waited. He doubted that he'd be able to see Lucianne. After handing over the recordings, his secret that he kept to himself had come out. There was no way his cousins would let the Queen come after the police handed them the report.

He waited for two minutes and started getting bored, so he got up and his back faced the door as he stretched out his body to stop himself from falling asleep. The door opened, and

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without turning around, he scoffed darkly and spoke in arrogance, "I must say, I'm impressed. Here I thought your slower brain would take more time to..." he turned, and saw a beautiful Lucianne looking straight at him, making Greg's cocky eyes widened in horror and guilt before he fell on one knee and said, "My Queen. I am so sorry. I convey my most sincere apologies. I thought you were—"

"The King?" Lucianne asked as she remained standing in her navy blue dress.

Greg looked uneasy when he nodded and said, "Or the other Duke... I didn't think your mate would allow you in here." What the f*ck were his cousins thinking?! If it were Greg, he'd never allow it.

Lucianne nodded with a flat smile and said, "Well, he wasn't going to. Have a seat, your Grace."

'He wasn't going to? She argued her way to come here? This had to be important', Greg thought to himself.

As soon as they were seated facing each other at the small square table, Lucianne's eyes were pinned on her entwined fingers before Greg asked, "What seems to be troubling you, my Queen?"

Lucianne looked like she was choosing her words carefully. Finally, she spoke, "The monarchy is submitting a recommendation, and we can't come to a consensus of what we should propose to the legal system without knowing why you chose to...incriminate yourself."

Greg raised his eyebrows and answered, "Wasn't that the right thing to do, my Queen?"

Lucianne locked her eyes with his and said, "You very well know that's not what I meant, your Grace. You could have done this years ago. Why now?"

Why now? She was still asking that despite the recordings? He looked away as he uttered, "I doubt you'll believe me when I say this but." he cleared his throat and continued, "It's...difficult...to not give you what you want." 1

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That answer and his uneasy demeanor were enough to convince everyone watching them that Greg was sincere, that this was NOT a tactical move in some hidden scheme. There was no scheme. His voice echoed only vulnerability.

Lucianne felt her mate's jealousy building up strong and fast, so she moved on to her next question, "When you helped start the corruption scheme, no doubt not knowing that the Kyltons were the people you were working with, did you feel that it was... wrong?"

Greg heard the hopefulness in her voice. She came to help him. It was so difficult to not fall even harder for her when she did that.

They probably couldn't reach a consensus on the monarchy's recommendation because Lucianne somehow hoped that he was sorry for what he did. But Greg knew better.

He looked at the ground when answered her question, "No, I never felt that way. I'm sorry, my Queen."

Lucianne digested his response before she asked, "You're sorry for not finding corruption to be wrong?"

"No, I'm sorry for disappointing you." Greg still couldn't look her in the eye when he said in a low voice, "I may not agree with my cousins on a lot of things but if they told you that there's no use in showing me mercy, my Queen, I have to agree with them. I have

done unforgivable things. Everyone knows that." 2

"You've also done commendable things. Not many people know that." Lucianne said encouragingly, using the voice she only used when she spoke to her friends and allies. Greg never heard her speak to him like that before today.

The Duke looked at Lucianne in disbelief right after she said that, and she continued, "I doubt you wanted the shelter of prison. And you knew that handing over the evidence AND yourself with it would only make your life more difficult than if you chose to run away. But you stayed anyway. And I don't see any fear in your eyes, your Grace. All I see is certainty in what you're doing. There's another thing..."

Greg waited, and she said, "You confessed to giving Annie the infertility poison, even though you could have kept it hidden, even though you could've brought that secret to your grave.

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Confessing to harming the Duchess only makes your situation worse, not better. But you did it anyway.”

“Admitting to crimes that grave is far from commendable, my Queen.” Greg muttered. How could she see any good in that? There was NOTHING right about what he did.

Lucianne let out a sharp breath and muttered, “You and your cousins are equally stubborn, more alike than any of you would admit.”

Greg hated that he was behaving like his slow-thinking cousins, and he hated more that he upsetted Lucianne but he didn’t know, what to say

With another sigh, Lucianne said, “Let’s try it this way: why did you admit to sterilizing Annie when you didn’t have to?”

Greg swallowed a lump in his throat, and thought about lying. But that would only disappoint Lucianne even more if she found out the truth later. Even if he wanted to lie, his animal wouldn’t have allowed it. They already upsetted her. They were not going to do that again

Greg took a deep breath before he said, “Because...when I found out that you...succumbed to the same poison, my Queen, I wanted nothing more than to capture, torture and kill the person who was behind it. In my mind, the ones behind such an inhumane crime shouldn’t be given a chance to escape or to live.”

Lucianne internalized his frank response before she asked, “So, you regret what you did?”

Greg scoffed and said, “Regret seems a little too noble, my Queen. I’d say that I’m merely offering someone the chance that I didn’t get myself.”

Lucianne furrowed her eyebrows, crossed her arms and leaned back into her chair as she challenged, “And how is offering someone a chance to capture, torture and kill you not noble, your Grace?”

“Because I was the perpetrator. Nobility requires something less...malicious.”

“So, you’re saying that offering your life is not noble? It’s malicious?”

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“My Queen, you really don’t have to do this. I turned myself over because I figured what I did was...not right. Just think of it as me... respecting the system.”

Lucianne muttered to herself, “Hm. Didn’t expect you to respect anything, to be honest. This is good progress. So,” She looked at him and continued, “If you were to see...the Duke or Duchess, would you have anything to say to them before they tortured or killed you?”

Greg pondered for a moment, and reluctantly looked at the one-way mirror, knowing that the others, including the Duke and Duchess, were watching him, as he said, “When I did it, I wasn’t sorry. But...after it was used on the Queen... I started to... relate to pain that I have caused you. Both of you. I admit that you both will feel a deeper pain, a greater loss than the mild one I experienced but...I have no excuse. You have every right and reason to kill me for what I did.” He looked back to Lucianne and said, “As do you, my Queen.”

Lucianne offered a small smile and said, “If I wanted to kill you, your Grace, I would’ve done it by now.” She stood from her seat, and Greg’s animal was saddened by the thought of seeing her go. He stood when she did, and Lucianne thrust out a hand for a handshake.

Like the previous time, Greg stared at her small hand for a moment before he took it, bent down and pecked a polite kiss on the back. Lucianne took back her hand, and smiled meekly as she said, “Thank you for your time and for the evidence, your Grace.”

“It’s a duty and a pleasure to serve, my Queen.” Greg uttered.

The moment Lucianne stepped out of the door, Xandar’s jealousy and insecurity diminished...until he noticed Sebastian Cummings walking past the room he was in with the others.

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Chapter 190

It was a given that Sebastian would bump into Lucianne. With nothing but annoyance, the Lycan King muttered, “You’ve got to be f* cking kidding me.” 1

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He dashed out of the door, and the first thing he heard Lucianne said was, "I killed her. I'm not sorry that I did it but I am sorry for your loss."

Sebastian's voice was soft and gentle when he responded, "She would've continued to find ways to hurt you if you kept her alive anyway, my Queen."

When Xandar came to Lucianne's side, his hand instinctively went to her waist as he pecked a kiss on her hair. The King then scowled at Sebastian, who offered a bow and greeted him, "Your Highness."

Xandar nodded curtly in acknowledgment. When Sebastian's head raised, he spoke in remorse, "I deeply apologize for my sister's... crimes, as well as my father's."

Before Xandar could say that sorry didn't rectify what those two did, Lucianne said, "You need not apologize, Mr Cummings. You did nothing wrong. You didn't collude with your father or your late sister, and you have fully cooperated with law enforcement throughout the investigation. We should be thanking you for choosing the Kingdom over your family."

Both men were surprised by how diplomatic Lucianne's response was. Sebastian took a moment to snap out of it before he said, "I was simply doing what I thought was right, my Queen. I'm glad you approve."

That last line was enough to make Xandar emit a low growl. Lucianne placed her hand on her mate's chest as she spoke to him affectionately, "Darling, it's alright. We're being civil." 2

The way she touched him and spoke to him managed to calm his bubbling infero, and he pecked a kiss on her forehead before he muttered, "Okay." Lucianne showed him an adorable smile that pulled his heartstrings, and his rage melted away.

Lucianne turned back to Sebastian and said, "Thank you for letting me take up your time, Mr Cummings. We'll let you get to the visitation now." 2

Sebastian smiled and said, "It really was no issue at all, my Queen."

Lucianne and Xandar only took three steps before Sebastian called out, "My Queen."

Lucianne turned, bewildered. Next to her, Xandar was cursing under his breath. Sebastian swallowed a lump in his throat before he said, "I really am sorry, for everything."

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For cheating on her. For hurting her. For lying to her. For throwing a fit when he lost to her in combat practice the previous year, For being too egotistical to celebrate her wins. For not defending her when he should have. For leading her on only to break her heart in the end. For everything.

This was definitely a more proper apology compared to the one he tried to make outside the restroom on the first morning of the collaboration, which had nothing but excuses. The apology he made at the refreshments table the other day was not sincere either since there was an ulterior motive to win Lucianne back despite her already being bonded to Xandar.

The apology Sebastian was making now, however, had no excuses, no blame-shifting and no ulterior motives. Just a sincere expression of regret with a guilty demeanor, taking full accountability for what happened between them.

Lucianne offered a small smile, and said sincerely, "Thank you, Mr Cummings." She then returned her sights to Xandar, and pulled him by his arm before entering the room where the alliance, Duke and Duchess were eavesdropping through the door that was left ajar

The moment they entered the room, Xandar took his mate's hand that Greg kissed and trailed it along his neckline before positioning it over his mouth to suck on it. After Xandar was satisfied that Greg's scent had been completely wiped off HIS mate, they began discussing what to do with Greg again.

After an hour, the monarchy's recommendation was finally concluded: two whips per week for an imprisonment period of fifty years, and a fine double of the stolen value. Christian wanted it to be ten whips per day but Annie fiercely talked him out of it. The Duchess recommended cutting out whipping entirely but this was overruled by everyone except Lucianne. Two whips got the majority's agreement.

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When that was done, they left the police station in their respective cars. Before Xandar started driving, he took Lucianne's hand and pecked a kiss on the back before asking in a soft voice, "Baby, when do you want to get married?"

Lucianne blinked at his question as she muttered, "Right. The date hasn't been set yet. Uh...when do you want it?"

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Xandar chuckled and said, "About a month ago, when I met you."

Lucianne narrowed her eyes and asked, "Do you have a date that's not in the past, my love?"

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"Next week?"

"I don't think we can plan a wedding in a week, darling. How about six months from now?"

Xandar groaned and complained, "Too long."

"Four months?" Lucianne tried again.

He leaned in to smell her neck as he muttered, "That's still too long, baby. I'm starting to think that you don't want this beast to be your husband."

"Xandar, you know that's not it. It's not just the planning. If you want any guests at the wedding at all, you've got to give them some kind of notice in advance so they can save the date for us."

He groaned again and muttered, "Over-considerate Queen." After pecking a kiss on her cheek, he asked, "How about in two months?"

"Three."

Xandar sighed and said, "Fine. And your coronation?"

Lucianne shrugged and responded, "Anytime after you meet former-Alpha Ken and former-Luna Janice is fine with me."

"In a month's time, then? We'll leave for Blue Crescent after the collaboration, come back, then crown you."

Lucianne nodded and said, "Yeah, okay."

When Xandar still didn't start driving, Lucianne looked at him and asked, "What? You want to plan the whole wedding in the car, Xandar?"

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Xandar chuckled and nuzzled her nose as he said in an affectionate voice, "I'm just thinking about our honeymoon."

Lucianne's heart melted, and she pecked a kiss on his nose before saying, "We have a lot of time to discuss that, my love. Why don't we just take a drive back for now? If we stay here any longer, Dalloway is going to think we still have business to deal with in the police station."

"Okay." Xandar whispered as he stared at her dreamily before pecking a kiss on her lips, uttering, "I love you, Lucy." "I know, Xandar. I love you, too."

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