

The Rogues Who Went Rogue

by Stina's Pen Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Lucianne mind-linked Xandar after everyone was on the plane, telling him what she just witnessed, except for the part when the rogues almost pounced on her and Xiera. Xandar heaved a frustrated sigh at the mention of Tate's bonded mate. When the king secretly prayed to the Moon Goddess to give Alpha Tate a mate, he didn't mean a rogue. Wasn't that an understood part of his prayer?

'Please be careful, Lucy,' he reminded her, undeniably worried since the rogues onboard outnumbered the warriors who went with her.

'We'll be fine, Xandar. If it comes down to it, I can always use the Authority on them.'

"Thank Goddess for that. So, how's Tate taking this?" Xandar was genuinely concerned. As much as he didn't like Tate having feelings for Lucianne, he couldn't deny the fact that Tate was a good person, and was one of the few creatures he and Lucianne could trust without

question.

Lucianne linked, 'He seems genuinely interested in her but they hadn't said a word to each other since we got on the plane. He can't take his eyes off her, though.'

Some relief washed over Xandar. 'I guess it's good to know he doesn't mind that she's a rogue ...with a teenage pup.'

'I wonder if...she minds being with him.'

'What do you mean by that, sweetheart?'

'She's avoiding his gaze. That's why they hadn't spoken to each other. I hadn't even heard her voice yet. Her lips are sealed shut.' Xandar scoffed and teased, "Don't you think she and Tate are not interacting because you and Tate look like you're both together?" Now that Tate seemed to be falling for the one he was bonded to, Xandar felt more comfortable cracking jokes like this.

Lucianne retorted her husband in annoyance, 'Your mark on my neck is exposed to all, Xandar! And Tate's neck is bare. Our scents don't even match. Even a child would know that he and I are not together!'

A smile graced the Lycan King's features as his animal grinned with pride at Lucianne mentioning that the mark he made on her beautiful neck was being revealed 'to all'. His fingers reached to his own neck, gently brushing over the mark his wife made there. His touch sent a tingling sensation throughout his being. Lucianne felt the sensation too, despite being nowhere near him.

She then linked in a softer voice, 'You're doing it again, aren't you, Xandar?'

Xandar chuckled through their link. 'I can't help it, my love.'

Lucianne felt her cheeks heating up, so she decided to wrap up the update before they strayed too far from the issue at hand. 'Let's try to stay on subject, darling. Even if we have to put the rogues behind bars before the interrogation, can we at least put Stella somewhere else? And maybe give her mother visitation rights even if she's charged and prosecuted later on?'

'Lucy...you know that would depend on how grave her mother's crimes are.' He hated to disappoint her and deny her of her wishes but he knew his wife was smart enough to understand this

Lucianne sighed before she linked meekly, 'Should her daughter be punished for this, though? Denied of her mother through no fault of her own?'

'It's an unwanted side-effect but... if her mother did what she did out of necessity rather than malice, then any punishment imposed will be mitigated.'

'For Stella's sake, I really hope it's that.' Lucianne took a moment before she asked, 'How's the site? Another bust?'

Without missing a beat, Xandar complained in mock jealousy, 'Yes. As the king, I'm given fake leads with zero excitement and no results. But my queen leaves for one trip and brings back eight unusual rogues, two of whom are wolves thought to be extinct, along with a front row seat to an ally finding his mate. The Moon Goddess clearly has her favorite.'

After Lucianne chuckled through their link in a way that tickled her husband's heart, she responded, 'Don't worry, My King. After our daughter, you're my favorite.'

And you are mine, my little freesia. I'll see you when you land. I love you.'

'I know, Xandar. I love you, too.'

After Xandar ended the link, he heaved a heavy sigh. That was a lot to take in. Seated next to him on the jet was his second-in-command and cousin, Christian Blackfur, whose furrowed brows was a reason to be worried. As Christian continued scrolling

through an email on his phone, he asked in a low, monotonous voice, “Everything okay with the queen, cuz?”

“She’s safe, and so are the others onboard. They’re coming back with eight rogues, not three.” His cousin’s eyes snapped up to meet him before the king filled him in, and the Duke’s eyes widened in shock at the mention of Tate’s rogue mate.

The second-in-command sighed, and slumped into his seat at the exhaustion from simply listening to the tale before he threw his phone onto Xandar’s lap and muttered with closed eyes, “Then this would nicely add on to our list of problems.”

Puzzled, Xandar read the email on his cousin’s lit screen.

‘It is with great urgency that we insist on an audience with the rulers of the lycan and werewolf communities TONIGHT.

Time: 10 p.m.

Place: Polje

Mandatory Presence: King Alexander Thomas Claw, Queen Lucianne Freesia Paw-Claw

Kindly acknowledge receipt of this email along with confirmation of the King and Queen’s attendance.

(Large, illegible digital signature]

Pellethia Gangnes

Empress of the Vampire Community.’

‘What did we do?’ was the first thing that came to Xandar’s mind. He had never gotten anything like this during his nineteen years on the throne. Come to think of it, his late father had never gotten such a thing during his reign either. The truce with vampires was 204 years ago, and that was the last anyone had ever heard from them. Sure, they weren’t at war anymore, but that didn’t mean their species liked each other enough to communicate with one another, especially after what the lycans had to give up to secure the peace.

When the war over two centuries ago was nearing its end, it was clear to any creature alive that the vampires were winning. Many lycan warriors lost their lives, and even more werewolves were sacrificed. Seeing that the vampires had the upper-hand, the late Emperor Kosh offered the lycan rulers an alternative to the continuous bloodshed: that King Lucas and Queen Vera, Xandar’s late parents, admit that vampires were the

superior species in ruling status, meaning that the title of 'Your Majesty' could never be used by any lycan or werewolf ruler again after the war.