

## The Rogues Who Went Rogue Chapter 146 (The End) - Tips

0 7 minutes read

As he gently took the baby girl from her mother, everyone braced themselves for the deafening screams that would usually follow. But what came next was just soft coos as Enora leaned against her uncle's shoulder, resting her head there with a soft smile.

After a few quiet moments, Greg glanced at the child before looking back at Xandar and Lucianne when he questioned, "What did you two feed her this morning? What sorcery is this?"

Christian had a theory, which he shared as he walked over to Greg, "Maybe she's starting to warm up to us. Let me try."

As soon as Greg reluctantly detached Enora from his shoulder and the baby realized that she was going to a different adult that was neither one of her parents, she screamed and started tearing up as she pressed herself against Greg.

"Holy sh!t. That was loud." Greg cursed as he placed Enora over his shoulder again, and the screams miraculously stopped.

Christian backed away, evidently hurt as Lucianne apologized to him like she did with everyone Enora pushed away. Xandar gave his best friend an apologetic squeeze on his shoulder.

Enora's hand balled into a tight fist as she punched the side of her uncle's neck with all her little might, which was something she had been doing to Xandar and Lucianne everytime they tried to let a friend or family member hold her. Greg had seen this reaction of hers before, and although no damage was done to his neck, the anguish in his heart was undeniable. His own animal began criticizing him for even considering handing the princess to a Blackfur. A Blackfur! Of all people!

As Greg gently stroked Enora's short, fine hair to calm her, he muttered, "I'm sorry, sweetheart. No more experiments on you, I promise. I'm sorry, okay?" Enora, surprisingly, responded in a dissatisfied grunt as she began looking at the forest flowers and butterflies again.

Xandar shook his head in disbelief and murmured, “This is weird,” before going back to study the carving again.

Lucianne quickly added, “A good kind of weird, Greg.”

Christian and Annie were still lost for words, and when the distant cousins’ eyes met, Greg said, “What? You have your favourite niece. Now, I have mine.”

Christian responded, “Let’s face it. You don’t have much to cho—oof.” He paused when Annie elbowed him in the ribs.

The duchess managed a cordial smile and said, “We’re happy for you, Your Grace.”

Greg forced a smile of acknowledgment in return, still feeling the residual guilt of what he did to her. The fact that she could say something so diplomatic was a surprise. Greg would’ve never forgiven anyone who hurt him and the people he cared about, much like how Christian was behaving now.

Annie’s eyes turned fierce when she locked gaze with her husband. She linked, ‘He’s trying, Christian. We should be too. Control yourself.’

The duke heaved a frustrated sigh and pecked a kiss on her temple before he replied, ‘As you wish, My Duchess.’

Greg’s sights went to his cousin when he asked, “Well, what is that thing? I don’t remember any fairy tales about a spooky room in an abandoned castle, so it has to be in some history textbook that I burned after the school year.”

Xandar and Lucianne glanced at Enora, who sometimes got agitated if they spoke a little louder than usual, exactly what Greg was doing right now. But the baby seemed properly distracted by the forest.

Xandar got up from his squatting position as he admitted, “This wasn’t in any history text that we studied. I have no idea what this is.”

Pellethia said, “No one does. What’s strange is that my instincts gravitate towards this room, and to this particular sector of the circle.” She walked over to the sector with the vampire fangs.

Lucianne felt a pull, too. She followed her instincts, and it brought her in front of the sector with the lycan print. She knelt next to the print before allowing one of her animal's hand to push forward. When her animal's hand pressed on the print, she found that it fitted perfectly.

An idea came to Xandar, and he suggested, "Baby, how about you try channeling your Authority and see what happens."

Lucianne's eyes turned blue and her power radiated from her being, making the print and the lines that form her sector glow in faint blue. Pellethia naturally emitted her own Authority, and the fang marks glowed in faint green alongside the lines that form her own sector. The two realized that they felt an emptiness that should be filled by the other three creatures destined to be in the three remaining sectors.

Christian muttered, "I wonder who the other three are."

Xandar said, "Whoever they are, Lucy and Pelly would be able to mind-link them without forming a mind-link the old-fashioned way. These five share a connection that we don't understand yet."

Octavia asked in worry, "The question is – what is it for? There was never anything like this in the past. Why the sudden need for five creatures of different species forming this sort of...predetermined connection?"

As Xandar drew circles on Lucianne's shoulder, he replied, "I wish I had the answers, Octavia, but I'm afraid I don't. The reason none of the experts could find anything is probably because there isn't anything to find. Our generation might be the first to witness something like this."

Octavia then asked what she really wanted to ask, "Should we be worried about a war breaking out that these creatures are needed?"

The rulers looked between one another, knowing that it was a possibility. Xandar cut through the silence when he spoke confidently, "If that ever happens, we'll be ready."

"Yes, we will be." Pellethia uttered in ominous agreement.

A servant came knocking on the door to remind the royal families that the ceremony was due to start in twenty minutes. They left the room and entered

the grand hall, where the ministers, friends and families were already gathered.

After getting ready, Lucianne, Xandar, Pellethia and Octavia got onto the stage. They faced the audience together as Pellethia spoke through the microphone that was pinned to her mantle, "For more than a millennium, the kingdom and the empire had been at war. 205 years ago, my late father and the late Lycan King Lucas declared truce. Even then, our species had never seen eye to eye. The territorial lines drawn in the years of war were never erased and never allowed to be crossed. Integration was a wishful dream, and only the mentally ill would've dared suggest that we could achieve something beyond peace with the lycans and werewolves."

Pellethia turned to Lucianne, who met her smiling eyes as the empress took her hand like she did with Rosalie when she was little before she faced the audience again. "When our people were abducted in Falling Vines and Saber Vagary, leaving misleading scents of the species found in the kingdom, we reached out to the present day Lycan King and Queen, who had been nothing but gracious in lending us a hand, aiding in alleviating our plight like it was their own."

"Their humility and diplomacy are unmatched by their predecessors; their skills and character are the epitome of true leaders; and their nobility and ferocity goes beyond protecting their own people because the events from less than a year ago showed that it is their instinct to protect us as well. It is phenomenal that they managed to form a government that shares the same pure intentions and whose members exhibit equally strong and noble characters. It is revolutionary that help came from the most unlikely of places."

All four rulers looked towards Greg and his mavericks with appreciative smiles. The mavericks were touched that their contribution was acknowledged, and Greg whispered to Enora who he held on his lap, "The ones up there are your mama and daddy's bloodsucker friends. They are safe. Your Uncle and Aunt Blackfur in the next row are safe too. They're just boring, not dangerous. Go easy on them, will you, sweetheart? And do you see that old man over there, the one looking at us like a creep? He's a shady liar. Stay away from him, Enora."

The creep was Maddock. And to be fair, everyone was looking at Greg because that was where the rulers were looking. It so happened that most of them couldn't help but see the princess on the duke's lap when their intention was simply to look at the mavericks and their leader.

Pellethia's strong voice brought the attention back to her when she continued, "On behalf of our people, my consort and I convey our highest gratitude to them, to their government and to their allies. It was an esteemed pleasure to work with them, and it is our honor to be the ones to return the Crown Jewels to its rightful owners."

Two vampires brought out the royal scepter and brooches on dark green velvet pillows. Pellethia took the Lycan Queen's brooch and pinned it onto Lucianne's blouse. Octavia pinned the Lycan King's brooch on Xandar's blazer jacket, shaking his hand with a warm smile right after. The empress and consort then handed the king and queen the royal scepter together.

The vampire rulers took a step back as Lucianne and Xandar held the scepter facing the audience before Pellethia and Octavia offered a bow and uttered in unison, "Your Majesties."

Every werewolf, lycan, vampire and hybrid in the room got down on one knee as they repeated, "Your Majesties."

Xandar and Lucianne bowed in return, and as everyone rose to their feet once more, Xandar couldn't help but peck a sweet kiss on Lucianne's temple, making her softened eyes gaze into his blissful orbs as her hand gently touched his chest.

From the side, they both heard Octavia muttering to Pellethia, "Would you look at that – a love as strong as two Rs."