

The Rogues Who Went Rogue

Chapter 15

After Alissa covered the ceiling and left with Hailey, they stealthily left prison grounds without being detected. Hailey, who hacked into the prison's security system so that she and the others wouldn't get caught when they broke in, got the CCTVs back on their original track, removing traces of her cyber-intrusion to avoid detection.

In their escape van disguised to look like it was a transportation vehicle, Alissa got out a plain card and envelope she kept in the glove compartment. When the van had to stop at the traffic lights, she scribbled Greg's message to Lucianne while Hailey hacked into the postal system to reschedule the time when mail was due to be delivered to the king and queen's residence. They needed to get this message to them as early as possible.

The third member of the gang, Desmond, casually suggested, "Can't we all just, I dunno, bust into their place and go, 'Hey, queen. Listen, y'all gonna be in a lot of trouble. See, some a-holes are gettin' jealous of that superpower ya have and uh...they're doin somethin' to make it second place, and we think ya need to chill and let our boss out, ya know? 'Cause he'd know how to clean this up for ya."

As Alissa reread the message she just scribbled, she

chewed on a gum and asked, "Are you going to do it?"

"That depends. Will ya two help me?"

Hailey and Alissa responded in unison, "No."

Desmond groaned. "Why 're the boss like that?"

As Hailey continued swiping across her iPad to make sure nothing could be traced back to any of them, she answered Desmond, "Because the boss balances long-term safety and the goal. Quit whining like a baby, Des."

"Huh! We ain't know how big this shit is against us. It'd be dumb to not whine. Met Jackson last night. He said people are leaping."

"Leaping?" Alissa's eyes snapped up to the driving Desmond. "As in, leaping sides? Switching sides?"


"Yea! Ain't you worried? After the boss went all soft..."

"The boss doesn't go soft, Des," Hailey retorted monotonously.

"With the queen, he did. At least, that what everyone sayin'. Listen, y'all. We know the boss is good to us. But outside our people, they sayin' boss is betrayin' us, and a lot of people ain't sure about boss's potential no more."

After taking out the gum and downing the rest of her espresso, Alissa spat, "They can think all they want. We know the duke. He won't do that to us."

"Yea, I know. I know. We all know that. But those new

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members, those who didn't get a chance to know the boss long enough, they might be leapin' faster than a hare chased by a coyote, y'all know what I'm sayin'? Just hoppin' from bush to bush."

Alissa then replied in a low, homicidal tone, "Then they'd best pray that we don't get orders to burn the bush they chose to hop to when we get to the bottom of this shit."

Desmond parked not far from the king and queen's residence. It was going to be an ordeal waiting until seven in the morning. Just when the three of them thought they could take turns napping, Ivory's link came through.

When he reported that the queen and many other high-ranking lycan and werewolf officials met with vampires, the first thing Alissa asked was, 'Why the hell didn't you tell me this earlier? You knew I was meeting the boss TODAY!'

'Ali, get real. Would telling the boss this make a difference?' Ivory retorted.

Alissa knew she'd lost. Greg wouldn't have let them bust him out even if this information was divulged. He wouldn't come out until the queen chose to let him out. Alissa sighed in defeat and linked in response, 'Fine. Thanks for the update. I'll take the next shift in an hour.'

When it was five minutes to seven, Alissa got out of the van and stretched out the stiffness before jogging

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in the direction leading to Xandar and Lucianne's home. When the courier truck came and the mailman emerged with the usual mail, Alissa knocked into him and made it look like an accident, helped him pick up the letters scattered on the ground as she subtly slipped her own envelope in, silently praying to Goddess that it gets to Lucianne soon. Desmond was right, they don't know who or what they were up against.

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At 6:30 am, everyone was already in the dining room having breakfast. It wasn't that everyone had the habit of getting up early, but because everyone had something on their minds to get them out of bed. For one, Tate got a message from Mannon and Xiera that Margaret's rogue pack that was purportedly ten miles south of White Blood was no longer there. When the lycan warriors arrived and they investigated the location together, they discovered that the rogues had just left. Their scents led the authorities to a nearby stream and then just stopped.

The news wasn't a good start to anyone's morning. Even Stella looked a little worried. With another frustrating bust, Xandar tried to find some comfort in the sight before him. Lucianne was trying really hard to get Reida to open her mouth as Xandar held their little girl on his lap, but the stubborn baby kept her lips sealed as her head shifted from side to side, avoiding the baby food that her mother was

desperately trying to get into her mouth.

Vernon, one of their two house guards, came in with the morning mail and placed them next to Xandar, and the king and queen thanked him before he left with a smile. Xandar's free hand pushed through the letters until he came across one faded-red envelope that read: H.R.H. Queen Lucianne Freesia Paw.

"F*ck," Xandar muttered without thinking.

Even Tate and Stella stopped chewing when the king said that. Lucianne shifted her attention to her husband and asked, "What is it?"

"F*ck," said little Reida, and it was her first word.

Lucianne looked at her daughter with widened eyes, and Tate was pressing back a smile as he sipped on his coffee when his friend glared at her husband and exclaimed, "Xandar!"

"F*ck!" Reida repeated with a cute giggle that filled the room.

Tate looked at the baby with a soft gaze and praised in a hushed whisper, "Good girl, Reida."

This elicited more of the baby's giggles before the Alpha earned a glare from his long-time friend. Lucianne was okay with cursing when one reached a particular age but her daughter was nowhere near that age yet!

Xandar knew he messed up, so very gently, he whispered to Reida slowly, "Cupcake, it's fart. Fart."

Okay? You're saying it wrong. Fart."

"Should that even be her first word?!" Lucianne complained.

"F*ck. F—" When Reida tried to say it again, Lucianne swiftly stuffed another spoonful of baby food into her mouth to silent her, making Stella chuckle.


Xandar then tried to explain to his still-fuming wife in defense, "This doesn't even make any sense. That was the first time I said that word around her, sweetheart, I swear."

Tate then offered an unhelpful suggestion, "Oh, you swore alright. Maybe the F word is just easier to say than mama or dada." He and Stella laughed when Lucianne threw her friend another murderous glare.

To change the subject, Xandar pushed the red envelope towards his wife and said, "I have a good guess who this is from."

Yeah, so did Tate. Smiles faltered and the laughter died down. The atmosphere in the room got heavy. Only Greg would send handwritten letters without a stamp. Stella didn't know what was going on but judging by the looks on the adults' faces, this wasn't good news. Instinctively, she moved her seat closer to Tate to feel safe.

Lucianne almost cursed under her breath when she read and reread her name on the envelope but her hand quickly reached to her mouth to stop the word

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from spilling out. She put the baby spoon back into the bowl and opened the envelope.

In it was a white note with black handwriting that wasn't Greg's, which read, 'My Queen, it is with great regret and urgency that I request an immediate audience with you. There may be new, dangerous players that you need to know about. Please allow me a few minutes of your time at your earliest convenience. Greg.'

Lucianne passed the note to her husband, who then passed it to Tate after reading it. The queen sighed as she muttered, "Looks like this meet-up is a mutually-intended one."



SEND GIFTS



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