

The Rogues Who Went Rogue Chapter 20 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

Xandar's link came through, 'Hey, baby. Everything alright?'

'Yes. How are things on your side?'

'So far, so good. Greg was right. The scents here only point to three lycans. No wolves. We're now going to check if there were any proditors. Are you alright on the jet?'

'Since my overprotective husband left three policemen with me and our daughter, even sending the empress who clearly has the potential to be deadly if provoked, I really can't see how I'm not alright.'

He chuckled. After a moment, he realized he had nothing to say, so he simply uttered, 'I love you.'

As the familiar heat crept up Lucianne's cheeks, she linked in response, 'I love you too, Xandar. Stay focused, alright? They need our help.'

Xandar was in the mood to be playful. 'We are helping them, sweetheart. What's wrong with me speaking to my wife during the investigation?'

'Oh, I don't know. Maybe it's because this conversation is steering away from the problem at hand?'

Xandar's voice turned deeper and more flirtatious when he linked in mock ignorance, 'And which direction is our conversation headed toward, my love?'

As Lucianne bit her bottom lip to hide a smile, she linked, 'There's a time to focus and a time to flirt, darling. This is not the time to flirt.'

'I disagree. My animal is certain that I'm picking the right time.'

'That's because it's my INDECENT beast!'

As his lycan laughed hard in his head, Xandar teased his mate, 'The one you marked and married. What were you thinking?'

Lucianne chuckled through their link in a way that made his heart flutter. After a moment, she responded, 'With hindsight, I'd say I was thinking too much.'

The human part of this beast has a way with words. He always knows what to say and what to do to make me feel...worthier than I thought I was, and sometimes even...beautiful. His animal has a protective streak that feels so...reliable and dependable. It's amazing that, despite its protectiveness, it gives me just enough space to move about in my life so that I don't feel caged."

Her fingers drew circles on the armrest as she continued with the same shy smile, "The way he and his animal hold and touch me is more comforting and assuring than anything I can ever imagine. Had I known how much I meant to them both, how far they would go to keep me safe and make me feel loved, I would've given in much sooner.'

The Lycan King's heart softened with each word, and melted in tenderness at the end of her sentence. His animal lay on its back, and cooed in bliss at whatever its mate just said. The warmth in Xandar's heart made his eyes glisten in pure happiness. Being lost for words, all he could link back at that moment was, 'I love you, my little freesia.'

With a soft voice, she replied, 'I know. I love you too,' Lucianne's voice turned stern when she reminded, 'Stay focused, My King.'

After a short laugh through their link, Xandar promised, 'As you wish, My Queen.'

Right after ending the link, Xandar walked through the entrance of a half-brick, half-wooden house with a few others, and he didn't realize that Rafael and the woman next to him, Amber, were looking at him with puzzled expressions.

Christian then announced, "Oh, don't mind the king. He always gets all smiley and mushy like this after speaking to the queen. Even spending two seconds with her makes him look all soft and lovey-dovey. It really beats what he was like before he met her. Goddess, let me tell you, h—"

Xandar interrupted his cousin and said, "Let's just put our minds and noses into finding foreign scents, Christian."

With a wide grin, Rafael said, "I'm sure the duke meant no harm, Your Highness. He was merely sharing tales to enhance the diplomatic relationship

between our species. Now,” he inched toward Christian and asked in enthusiasm, “What was the king like before he met the queen, Your Grace?”

Christian’s eyes lit up at Rafael’s encouragement, and as he lifted up a shirt from a stack of unfolded laundry on the living room couch, the duke explained, “He was only an approachable creature to a very selective few. No one else in their right minds would’ve dared come near him, especially not the werewolves. Honestly, he just looked like a deathly beast waiti—”

Before the duke finished, Xandar pushed a pair of shorts towards his face, covering his cousin’s mouth as he uttered, “Smell more and talk less, Christian.”

Toby had just smelled a few cushions in the room before he joined the conversation, “You get the idea, Rafael.”

Rafael grinned wider as he shot Xandar a teasing glance and responded to Toby, “Good thing he didn’t scare away the queen then.”

After sniffing a folded handkerchief on the coffee table, Toby noted, “Oh, that five-foot thing isn’t scared of any creature. Lucy’s instinct to protect and defend somehow malfunctioned the fear switch in her. You should see her in battle. If you asked me, I’d say it’s a good thing that SHE didn’t scare away the king.”

Christian’s laughter filled the space at how accurately Toby put everything about their queen. Lucianne was small, but she had proven to be more lethal than any creature on the battlefield. Every werewolf and lycan who had fought alongside her knew this.

Rafael and Amber chuckled at Toby’s remark as the minister threw Xandar a teasing smirk, and the king flustered as his animal wagged its tail, elated that its mate was being shown-off despite her absence. It made staying away from her a little less difficult.

When they were done in the living room, they made their way upstairs when Toby casually asked, “So, what do you two do? In terms of abilities, I mean.”