

The Rogues Who Went Rogue Chapter 21 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

As Amber entered the master bedroom with the rest, she said, "Rafael here is the most powerful decipio..."

Rafael stopped at the open wardrobe and interrupted Amber by saying, "Sk!!!ful, Amber. The right word is 'sk!!!ful'. Manipulation is a power given to a quarter of our population in equal proportion. No single decipio is more powerful than the other."

Amber rolled her eyes and turned to Toby and the rest again as she continued, "Rafael is the annoyingly humble vampire and the most powerful decipio of our time, even better than our empress herself. She still practices with him weekly to sharpen her sk!!!s. That's how good Rafael is. I, myself, am a..."

Rafael commented, "A misleading, small-sized insect who relishes in making us larger-build creatures feel small and useless." Amber threw the pillow she was about to sniff at him, and he caught it with ease and with a taunting smile.

Xandar made a guess, "So...you're a fortis? Your innate ability is your physical strength?"

"Yes. I can lift more than twice the weight that Rafael can," Amber said with pride.

Rafael protested, "Why am I always the one you use as a comparison? And did you have to bring that up, Am?"

"That both Pelly and I can lift more than you can? Yes."

Rafael put back a towel he just sniffed and muttered, "I'm immensely grateful Octavia is with us now. You two are brutal. Mostly you, Am."

As Amber chuckled, Christian asked, "The consort's ability is invisibility, right?"

Rafael nodded and uttered, "Yes. Anyone without a fortis's ability for a consort was fine by me."

When they registered the four different scents from the wardrobes, they walked around the house, sniffing the kitchen, dining room, basement and attic and garage, and concluded that there were six foreign scents. Rafael noted the details of these scents on his phone, and they moved on to the next house, repeating the entire process.

An hour later, they joined the others and everyone agreed that there were foreign scents in every house they entered. The next step would be to get trackers on it. Toby offered to send ten wolves he knew.

Maddock's posture turned rigid in an instant as he crossed his arms and noted, "I'm sure we'll do just fine, minister. There's no need to send wolves into our territory and cause more panic than there already is. Could you imagine the chaos if a child saw a wolf, or Goddess forbid, a lycan? Unacceptable."

Toby's eyebrows furrowed as he asked, "What is your problem, Viscount?"

Xandar had had enough of the old timer as well. "A simple refusal would have sufficed, Maddock. There's no need to berate my minister or any of my people. We are simply here to assist in your endeavors."

Octavia's nostrils flared as she ordered, "Apologize at once, Viscount."

"Whatever for, Your Majesty? Lycans were here as well! If anything, their kind aided in this abduction. How do we know this isn't some grand scheme to overthrow the empire we've defended for millennia?"

Rafael rubbed his forehead in utter embarrassment as he said, "Maddock, do you know how ridiculous you sound right now? The lycans who were here were clearly rogues, if you could smell them, that is. The last time I checked, the creatures before us are not in that category."

"The fact remains that it's their kind! They failed to hunt them down!"

"You're right. We did fail," Toby admitted with a glare that could kill. "About nine months ago, the monarchy, the government, the warriors and policemen of both our species brought down an entire corporation housing thousands of rogues. We snuffed out two out of three suppliers of illegal substances, hunted down hundreds of runaway rogues and killed so many that we lost count, all to ensure the safety of the kingdom and its people. That venture came with a huge success but also the undeniable failure that we didn't

manage to find every single rogue in existence. So, if you think that that's a failure, then I'm not going to deny it. But get the flip side of that coin into your skull: we ALSO succeeded."

Silence ensued. More than half the vampires were so embarrassed at what Maddock said that they were praying to Lord that the moment would end soon. The other portion of the vampires weren't pleased at the way Toby was speaking to one of their own. Admittedly, Maddock wasn't polite, but that didn't give Toby the license to speak to one of their most senior ministers like how he just did.

Xander placed a hand on Toby's shoulder as a sign of support. The king looked at Maddock straight in the eye and spoke in a low voice, "If the general safety of vampires is within your jurisdiction, Viscount, then we won't intervene if you don't want us to."

His gaze shifted to Octavia as he vowed, "In the name of diplomacy, our offer to help remains open should your species seek it. Do let us know if it's required."

"Thank you, Alexandar," Octavia responded with an embarrassed smile. As the vampires walked them back to the jet, Xandar's sharp hearing caught Octavia hissing at the Viscount in a tone that sent a shiver down the spines of the faint-hearted, "The empress and I will deal with you later."

After bidding each other goodbye, Pellethia embraced Lucianne and reluctantly got off the jet after fist-bumping Xandar, like she used to do with Uncle Reagan. She was all smiles as she watched the jet take off, until her wife whispered into her ear about Maddock. Her emerald eyes darkened as she seethed in anger, turning around so slowly that it was hauntingly terrifying.

Her ministers knew exactly who she wanted to kill with that glare she inherited from her late father, and they instinctively stepped aside to bring the viscount into full view. Maddock was afraid but he didn't show it. 'What's the worst that could happen?', he thought. He'd served for centuries, and was a trusted member during her father's reign. Surely, that would count as something to mitigate whatever damage he had caused, wouldn't it?