

## The Rogues Who Went Rogue Chapter 22 - Tips

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Toby ranted about the whole Maddock situation to Lucianne for a good ten minutes through the mind-link before he could finally calm down and opted to take a nap on his jet.

Xandar was agitated, too, but the sight of his wife on his lap and their daughter in her arms soothed his internal fury. The scent he greedily took from Lucianne's hair further calmed the storm in him as he held her close to his chest. As little Reida slept, she hugged one her father's pinky finger tightly to her chest like it was her mini bolster, and any remaining anger in the Lycan King vaporized into the air.

When they got home, it was late evening. Mrs Parker got Reida to bed after Lucianne was done bathing and breast-feeding her. Lucianne and Xandar then had dinner with Tate and Stella. They got Stella to talk more about herself, and learned that she liked scenery-viewing, especially during the night, 'when the whole place just calms down and nature is seemingly asleep. It's so peaceful.'

For Tate, Lucianne and almost any other non-rogue wolf who had a duty to defend their respective packs, night was anything but peaceful. It was a constant source of anxiety because rogues normally attacked anywhere between after dusk to before dawn. Not having to worry about rogue attacks was probably the only advantage of being a rogue.

When Lucianne asked Stella if she could share any specific scenes that she loved at night, the teenager's eyes sparkled and she got out her phone with an excited grin to show Lucianne pictures from her photo gallery. Lucianne immediately noticed the no-service icon, and concluded that this was one of the precautions rogues took to avoid being detected.

Tate and Xandar sandwiched Lucianne when they took a look at the photos as well. The first one was a tree bark with a cricket sitting on it; next, a calm river shining in areas where the moonlight hit the water; then, in a picture taken from sitting under a tree, the sunlight shining right through the faint gaps between the autumn leaves that exuded a sense of tranquility. The calming pictures went on and on.

Lucianne had never known that nights could look this beautiful. In her days as the Gamma of Blue Crescent, she'd only look hard at a specific part of nature

at night if she heard a sound where there should be silence. She never realized that there was so much beauty in it.

As Lucianne handed back her phone after swiping through the long list of pictures, she mentioned, "It's amazing how you can take these on any normal night. The angle is impeccable, and the subtle lighting brought out the details of whatever you're taking to a view that just makes one feel...something, a sense of calmness."

Stella's surprised expression at Lucianne's compliment was replaced with a brief chuckle before she said, "Wow. No one's ever said anything close to that about my pictures before."

She swiped through her own pictures briefly with a small smile, and Tate and Lucianne exchanged sympathetic glances. Tate then returned his sights to Stella as he said, "So, you like photography. There are lots of scenic views in this city. I could take you around if you liked."

"Really?!" Stella exclaimed with stars in her eyes.

"Of course," Tate smiled wider and got up as he said, "But not tonight. It's late."

"It's 9:30," Stella argued.

"Like I said, it's late and..." Tate was forced to stop when Lucianne scoffed beside him. As the queen covered her mouth and tried her very best to swallow the chuckles, the Alpha told the teenager, "You're seeing your mother tomorrow morning. You'll need your strength. Go to bed."

"At 9:30?" Stella asked in disbelief.

"What time do you normally sleep?"

"I don't know. 11:00? Sometimes midnight or after that? I once slept a little after 3:00."

"Fine. Go sit on your bed until it's time to sleep," When Tate finished, Stella exclaimed in a hushed protest, "What?!"

Lucianne couldn't hold back anymore, and burst out laughing, mouthing 'I'm sorry' to her slightly irritated Alpha friend as she leaned into her husband for

support. After wiping away the tears, she said, "That was quite the show, Tate. Uh..." she chuckled briefly before facing Stella, "If you like, you could go around this compound and take whatever pictures you want, Stella. There's a..."

"Really?! Thank you! I've seen lots of great spots for photography around here but I didn't know if I was allowed to take pictures. I'll start at that waterfall feature next to the garden." She jumped off her seat, and patted Tate on his arm as she shouted out 'bye!'. Her speed out of the door left a gust of wind behind that only amplified her excitement.

As soon as the door shut behind her, Lucianne threw Tate a teasing smirk and taunted, "A-plus for fatherhood, Tate."

His eyes narrowed, and Lucianne continued, "Which teenager goes to bed at 9:30? Did you go to bed that early at that age?"

Xandar's arm wrapped around her abdomen from behind as he spoke in Tate's defense, "Come on, Lucy. Give him a break. He just wants what's best for his future daughter."

She turned to face her husband and continued building on his efforts, "Well, that would surely pull at the protective mother's heartstrings."

Seriousness took over Tate's features as he murmured, "That's what I wanted to talk to you both about."

The couple dropped all humor and waited as Tate peeped in the corridor to make sure Stella was really out of the house before he whispered, "I need advice...about Margaret."

"What happened?" Lucianne asked in worry as Tate regained his seat.