

The Rogues Who Went Rogue Chapter 24 - Tips

0 6 minutes read

Lucianne swallowed a lump in her throat and admitted, “When she wants to be.”

A pause, leaving both men confused before she continued, “Margaret is not just hurt. She is in great pain. She has been since the rejection. Over the years, she buried that pain deep under the layers of hatred for everything and everyone. The bitterness is not something that any one of us can just...tear down.”

She gave Tate a moment before continuing, “This is her fight, Tate. Until she decides to feel the pain and practice letting go, she won’t improve from her current state. We can be there for her during her healing process but the work, the bulk of the healing, is a lone journey, and Margaret would only embark on it when she chooses to.”

Tate then asked in a coarser voice, on the verge of breaking down, “And if she doesn’t?” Lucianne was hoping he wouldn’t ask that. “What happens if my mate never decides to heal? Or decides that she doesn’t need to be healed in the first place? What then?”

Lucianne murmured, “Externally, she’ll be pretty much the same. Internally...it just gets worse. When she speaks, it’ll only be to defend herself in the most offensive manner to avoid losing the smallest arguments to the biggest fights; she’ll avoid locking gaze with anyone for too long for fear of them seeing through her insecurities and using them against her; she might even have more suicidal thoughts when she’s alone. It varies depending on the severity of the experience that brought that pain.”

Seeing his teary eyes facing the dining table, Lucianne’s hand reached out to squeeze his wrist as she assured him in a gentle and slow pace, “We can make her feel safe to start healing but beyond that...it’s Margaret who has to admit that she needs to be healed, and that she wants to heal. I know you want to do everything you can to help her, Tate, but when it comes to a battle within oneself, it’s ultimately that person who has to choose to fight, accept and rise above the internal turmoil. We can’t do anything more than to support them, make them feel safe, and love them.”

Tate couldn’t deny the tightness in his chest when he felt how powerless he was in this. There was no way he could connect to his mate until she wanted

to lower her walls and let him in. She couldn't heal until she wanted to. Telling her directly won't do much good. Margaret would just slap him or Lucianne back with something offensive and sarcastic like what happened last time, despite their best intentions.

A long moment of silence passed before Lucianne's firm voice filled the air, "As soon as Margaret opens up and lets us in, we go in and move at her pace. We're with you, Tate. I'm with you. Every step of the way. Okay?"

His helpless eyes were now filled with gratitude when he met her assuring gaze before he muttered with a small smile, "Thank you, Lucy."

The adults heard the front door open, and they immediately got up as Xandar casually reminded Tate about the government meeting the following morning. Tate played along, and they looked at a few of Stella's pictures before returning to their rooms to hit the hay.

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In the walk-in closet of the master bedroom, Lucianne undressed as she said, "A vast improvement in your acting abilities, My King. I don't think Stella suspected a thing."

Xandar watched his beautiful mate's naked body from the back as he let his underwear fall when his arousal started circulating in the air. As Xandar approached her in slow steps, he muttered in a daze, "Well, I have a really good teacher."

Lucianne scoffed before putting on one of Xandar's shirts that was so large that it covered her upper thigh. As soon as she got her hair out of the oversized shirt, her mate's muscular arms wrapped her body from behind before his lips came from the side to trap hers in a deep kiss.

When his lips freed hers, he gazed deeply into her eyes and muttered in a deep voice, "Stealing my clothes again, sweetheart?"

She felt his erected shaft pressed against her back, and her reply came in a shy whisper, "I like the material and the scent."

"Mm," he took in a greedy whiff from her neck as she closed her eyes and let out a cute moan. After squeezing her butt, Xandar asked in a coquettish way, "If I told you that I wanted to wear this shirt for the night, what would you do?"

“Not give it to you,” Lucianne whispered meekly. Her arousal was starting to fill the space between them, and Xandar’s own had long filled the entire closet.

“Is that so?” Xandar’s fingers on her butt sneakily pulled up the shirt covering it before his large hands gave her bare bottom a rough squeeze that made Lucianne gasp before moaning louder.

Her nipples hardened and her body arch in a way that made Xandar notice them. One hand continued his efforts on her bum while the other went for her clit, massaging it in slow, gentle motions as Lucianne’s entire body heated up and crumbled into his chest. When Xandar started planting soft kisses around her mark, she whimpered. And the way her lower body moved in response to his touch was a plea for Xandar to free her from her agony.

“Do you still want this shirt tonight, my love?” he whispered, his breath tickling her ear.

She whimpered and muttered, “No.”

“What do you want?” Xandar asked, after which he gave her butt another squeeze.

Breathlessly, she uttered, “You.”

A triumphant smirk spread across his lips as he growled in that deep and alluring manner that intensified his wife’s arousal. “As you wish, my Queen.”

The king spun her body around and pressed her back against the wall as his tongue entered her mouth and reached for her throat. Xandar had been pinning Lucianne to walls more often after discovering that her animal got excited every time he did it. Without breaking their kiss, Xandar swiftly lifted her legs and crossed them around his waist. When Lucianne had to break free for air, Xandar pulled the shirt over her head and let it fall on the floor before gobbling her breasts.

His tongue teased her nipples as his stiffened shaft that was pressed against Lucianne’s sensitive area felt the increasing wetness there. When he was done worshipping her breasts, he positioned her legs on his broad shoulders before his tongue attacked the most delicious part of his mate’s body. He moaned in appreciation when Lucianne’s hand in his hair pulled his thick locks as she indulged in her husband’s efforts to get her to come.

Not long later, Lucianne's body arched away from the wall when her juices started dispensing into her hungry beast's mouth, and Xandar's ready hand gently pushed her body back against the wall, holding her in place as he drank from his mate while she took in heavy breaths. After l!cking every last drop, he repositioned her legs back around his walst. Lucianne was getting impatient, and she pouted and whimpered as her bottom grazed the part of her mate she wanted in her.

With a c0cky smirk, he thrust right into her, making her gasp. She relished in the fullness with him in her. When Lucianne's body gave the signal for Xandar to start moving, he began pumping. Their skins were so hot that it felt like they were emanating heat into the room. Xandar's well-built body, m0ans and the way he looked at Lucianne were making her experience heightened levels of arousal. And the way she whispered his name, m0aned and surrendered her beautiful body to him made Xandar crave her so much that he'd give anything to stay in this moment forever.

When Lucianne was close to release, Xandar increased his speed before his mouth covered her mark and s.ucked on it with such need that Lucianne's body convulsed in shock and her core locked him in, and she gently bit his mark as his body stiffened and he emptied himself in her.

After taking a few breaths, Xandar gently pressed his forehead against hers. He looked at her with euphoric eyes as he whispered in a satisfied, husky voice, "Oh, My Queen."

She pecked a k!ss on his l!ps and declared in a whisper, "You can have the shirt tonight, My King. I think I'll sleep just fine without it."

He smirked and responded, "I'll make sure that you will, baby."

After nuzzling her cheek and jawline to elicit her soft chuckles, he carried her to bed, where he pulled her into his c.hest. As usual, Lucianne snuggled into his warm embrace before her eyelids fell in the darkness.