

# The Rogues Who Went Rogue

## Chapter 8

Every government minister, lycan warrior and the highest members of the police force was informed about the meeting, and it was decided that only half of the ministers went, along with ten lycan warriors and the chief of the police force.

Lucianne managed to persuade Xandar to let Stella's mother and the rest of the rogues to be kept in holding units in the police station instead of a prison cell, for the sake of the teenager and her Alpha friend. Stella appeared a little less worried, and Tate was utterly grateful.

As the policewoman brought Stella's mother into the holding unit, Tate followed them in. Stella was brought to another room to be questioned, and Lucianne had to ensure her that everything was going to be okay before the girl reluctantly followed another smiling policewoman in.

There was a one-way mirror in the room where Stella's mother was in, and Tate stood facing the mirror, close to the table where his mate and the policewoman sat. The door was left open to make sure that Tate's mate wasn't too intimidated by the confined space. Lucianne, Xandar and Christian watched through the mirror from outside the unit, and listened to the interrogation.

"Your full name please, ma'am," The policewoman, Officer Laila, began.

The rogue remained silent, and stared hard at the table.

"Ma'am, can you give me your full name, please?"

Nothing.

Tate then levelled himself with her and urged gently, "They won't hurt you or Stella. All you need to do is cooperate, please."

Her voice was low and cold when her rosewood eyes locked with Tate's soft brown orbs as she spat, "Don't tell me what to do."

Tate felt a cut right through his heart at the way she spoke to him. Lucianne could see him hurting, too. Stella's mother then turned back to Officer Laila and demanded, "I want to speak to my daughter. Alone."

Officer Laila and Tate exchanged glances, and Tate tried to explain with the same gentle voice, "You'll see Stella soon, I promise. But for now..."

"YOU promise?" She scoffed darkly, and continued, "And who are you in all of this?" As sweet as her voice was to Tate, her words and tone made his heart bleed.

Seeing that Tate was tongue-tied, Officer Laila explained, "This is one of our two deputy ministers of defense, ma'am. Apart from him, the queen herself has promised that your daughter will be allowed to see you after we've asked the preliminary questions. This won't take long if you cooperate."

She leaned towards Officer Laila, and spoke in a homicidal tone, "Tell your queen that her word means NOTHING. She is still second to the king."

"That's not true," Tate muttered as he coped with the pain. "If you knew how they worked, you'd know that there's no second with them. Both their words hold equal weight. If she gave her word, it only means that the king had already agreed to it as well."

She looked up at him and smirked with bitterness as she commented, "Hmph. Another powerful man bending to the will of a vulnerable-looking woman capable of doing nothing more than putting on a good act. Kings. Alphas. You're all the same. What is it with your type? Is there always this need to boost your ego by showing the world that you're capable of sheltering a weak...?"

Xandar's growl shook the walls of the police station, and he stormed into the room as Lucianne frantically dashed after him. She stood in front of him to block his way, and Tate stood in front of his mate, blocking her from Xandar's view. Christian was between Tate and Lucianne, acting as a second buffer after Lucianne, though he was contemplating on helping his cousin after the rogue insulted his queen.

Lucianne cupped Xandar's slightly furry face and gently pulled it down to lock his eyes with her. His claws were already extended. She stood on her toes and pressed her forehead gently against his as her thumb started stroking his cheeks while she whispered, "Xandar, shh.. everything's okay. Breathe. Everything's okay."

His onyx eyes bore into her black-and-lilac orbs, and he spoke in a low rumble, "Insulting you ...is NOT OKAY."

She felt his erupted anger through their mate-bond, and it wasn't simmering down. In fact, his infuriation escalated as he said those words. She continued looking into his eyes with a soft gaze and whispered, "You're right, darling. It's not okay. It's wrong. You have every right to be angry. But just take deep breaths, darling. Deep breaths. Okay? Deep breaths. That's it."

When Lucianne validated his rage, his animal started to really listen to her and took deep breaths. Xandar buried his nose in her hair and closed his eyes to take in her calming scent. Everyone witnessed the King's fur disappearing from view, and his claws retracting from sight. Lucianne was pressed into his chest, and relief washed over her when his erratic heart rate slowed down and steadied, a sign that his anger was under better control.

When Xandar planted a deep kiss on her forehead, she knew that his temperament had stabilized. With a small smile, she suggested, "How about you and Christian wait outside, dearest?"

His calm eyes turned defensive, and his grip on her arms tightened when he uttered a low and firm, "No."

Lucianne tried again, "Darling, it—"

"Oh, give me a break," the rogue muttered in disgust before she could finish.

This time, both Xandar and Christian growled at her but she merely rolled her eyes as Lucianne pulled Christian back and now had to restrain two angry lycans.

Tate turned to his mate and hissed softly, "Just stop it."

Did she have a death wish? Why was she trying to anger the three most powerful creatures in the kingdom? Sure, Lucianne won't do anything lethal yet but Xandar and Christian could kill right then and there if they weren't restrained. The rogue scoffed darkly, and crossed her legs as she stared at the grey wall.

Very sternly, Lucianne reminded the two cousins, "Tearing her to shreds is not going to serve anyone. I'll handle this. Two of you wait by the door. Now."

Registering her firm tone and stern eyes, Christian groaned and reluctantly made a move to lean against the doorframe. Xandar traced Lucianne's cheek and ran his fingers through her hair once before letting Lucianne push him towards where his cousin was.

Lucianne turned back to Tate's mate. She wasn't going to play nice anymore. Her fierce eyes bore into the rogue's as she said, "If you want to see your daughter, you need to tell us everything we need to know. Stella's questioning is almost done. If she isn't allowed to see you because you're refusing to cooperate, don't blame anyone but yourself when I have to disappoint your little girl."

The rogue's chest rose and fell as she breathed in rage. Her eyes emanated anger and arrogance when she spat in defiance, "You can't make me talk."

"I can. But I don't want to do it that way," Lucianne noted. Tate was finding it impossible to continue defending her now. Lucianne continued, "Don't make me do it."

The rogue simpered and remarked, "Don't make me do it'. What a perfect line before exerting violence on another, and then playing victim to gain the sympathy of everyone you tell the tale to. Typical."

Xandar and Christian lost it again, and were about to bolt towards her before Tate's strained voice rooted them to their spot when he said, "Just do it, Lucy."

Lucianne's eyebrows furrowed in discomfort as she looked at him and asked, "Are you sure, Tate?"

"WHY ARE YOU EVEN ASKING HIM?! I'M NOT HIS! I'M NOT ANYONE'S! GIVE ME MY DAUGHTER!"

After another subtle nod from the Alpha, Lucianne sighed in despair and defeat before her eyes turned sapphire blue, and Officer Laila went through the questions quickly, "Name?"

"Margaret Nyphea Rouge."

"Age?"

"33."

"Birth pack?"

"Fleet Wood."

Lucianne and Tate exchanged shocked glances. Fleet Wood was demolished by rogues years ago. Their Alpha and Luna were killed along with everyone else. No one survived. Margaret and Stella must have been casted out before then. Wait, were the rogues who destroyed Fleet Wood ...Margaret's rogues?

"Husband's name?"

Margaret swallowed a lump in her throat before Lucianne's Authority compelled her to answer. She did so in a small voice, "I have no husband."

"The name of your daughter's birth fa—" before Officer Laila could complete her question, Lucianne uttered, "Skip that one please, Laila."

"As you wish, My Queen. Uh...any other blood-related family members besides your daughter?"

“No.”

“Daughter’s name?”

“Estella Fort Rouge.”

“Age?”

“Thirteen.”

“Is her birth pack also Fleet Wood?”

Margaret gulped and answered in a whisper, “No.”

“Where was she born?”

Margaret tried her best to fight Lucianne’s Authority, but she was eventually compelled to mutter, “In a forest by the River of Partager.” Tears of anger filled her eyes as she kept her head low, not wanting to see any looks of judgment or sympathy that the creatures around her might be throwing at her.

Officer Laila continued, “Where did you and your followers seek shelter from before the arrest?”

Margaret tried hard to seal her lips, but Lucianne’s power forced her to spit out, “About ten miles south of White Blood.”

“How long have you been there?”

“Two days.”

“Where was your group before that?”

Her voice came in a whisper, “About eight miles from where Fleet Wood used to be.”

“Thank you. Miss Rouge. That would be all for now. You’ll see your daughter in five minutes.”

Officer Laila offered the royals a slight bow before leaving the room. When Lucianne’s eyes returned to normal and the compulsion from her Authority wore off, she looked at Margaret with sad eyes and muttered, “I’m sorry.”

Her hand reached out to touch Tate’s shoulder for a brief second to convey the same apology before she left the room in haste. Outside, her eyes started welling up in tears as she leaned against the wall and replayed what she just did inside. She forced a mother against her will, a mother who only asked to see her daughter.