

Chapter 91

Helena finally understood why she was being tortured. It wasn't because she went against the Duke's orders and used poison. It was because the Duke, for some reason, thought that the poison she ordered got into a person he cared about. The Duke had feelings for the woman who was with the King!

Greg scoffed, which brought Tanner out of her thoughts. His eyes bore into hers as he said, "And you thought she was an accessory. Goddess, Tanner. You're a bigger idiot than I thought you were."

"I didn't kill her. I didn't. I never sent anyone after her." She repeated in dismay.

"Who did you send Brown to kill? Be specific this time."

"T-The instructions I gave w-was to g-get t-to one of th-their children. A toddler."

Greg's features hardened again. He would be the first to admit that he was a horrible person but he would never go after a minor. Tanner's children were way past eighteen so they were technically within his reach. "You sent him after a child?" He asked in disbelief, and she nodded while averting her gaze from his.

He started thinking again, recalling the scene at the hospital. He did see a toddler next to that now -infertile Duchess. He thought that his distant cousin had adopted a son. But now that he thought about it, he wondered if that boy was the one Brown was after. He faced Tanner again and asked, "How was the child supposed to be eliminated?"

"O-Oleander."

"How much?"

"I-I don't know. B-But he said that it would be m-more than e-enough."

Greg shook his head in disgust as he uttered demeaningly, "What a coward you are, Tanner. Lost the adults and now after their minor. An easier target, I suppose."

She kept insisting, "I didn't do that to the Queen. I didn't. It wasn't my contract. Brown was probably acting on another client's instructions."

"No, he wasn't." Greg said. "It was your instructions but it was a kill gone wrong."

Tanner's red and teary eyes widened in surprise. Greg scoffed darkly again as he spoke patronizingly, "You don't really know anything, do you, Tanner? You don't know how to take precautions. You can't cover your tracks. You don't know how to avoid using poison. F*ck, you don't even know who to hire as a proper assassin."

He pinned her neck to the wall and said menacingly, "The child you wanted to kill is alive. You know why? Because the Queen saved him. The Queen took that Oleander knife you ordered for the child. She saved the kid, and she was rendered..." Greg took a heavy breath and his eyes glistened in anger before he finished his sentence with the word, "...unconscious."

Tanner's eyes got wider and wider as she processed what Greg said. She then muttered to herself, "

No. No. No."

Greg then said, "Tell me you weren't stupid enough to leave a cocky note for the intended victim." When he saw her trying to avert her guilty-looking eyes even further than they already were, he sighed in frustration as he remarked, "Hopeless."

"Please. Spare my family. They don't know about this. They're innocent. Please."

Greg tightened his grip around her neck and said, "Shut up. Here's what you're going to do the moment I release you. Listen very carefully and do as I say this time. Am I clear?"

She nodded without hesitation, and Greg continued, "You will go to the police and confess that you hired Brown. You will tell them that you ordered a child to be killed. And you WILL insist on the highest form of punishment from them. Not death. That's not the highest. Torture. Whipping. Bone-breaking. Electrocutation until you pass out. Those kinds of things. And no one can know that I was here. No one can know that I'm asking you to do what I'm sure you will do. If you disobey me, your sons are at my disposal, as is your mate. Do I make myself clear?"

Her face was turning paler by the second, especially when Greg listed the types of punishments that he wanted her to ask for. But when she thought about her family, she could only nod with tears streaming down her face. Greg threw her body on the ground one last time and left with his men. When they exited the compound, Greg asked his men, "Are the disabled CCTVs back on?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"The missing part from when we were there?"

"Replaced with the copy from the previous night."

"Good. We're done for the night. I'll get your boss to disburse the funds."

Greg only took two steps before one of them said, "Your Grace, we still have the Oleander dosage you asked for. Do you want to hold onto it or..."

"Return it to your department. If they offer a refund, you two split it. Treat it as a tip for a job well done tonight."

"T-Thank you, your Grace. That's very generous of you. We'll take our leave now." Oleander was expensive because it's illegal and because of the tedious process to make it. So, a tip from the return of that poison was almost the amount the men were being paid for the job they were doing for Greg that night.

Greg checked his watch, and pondered on what he wanted to do next. His cousins had the real audits. Maybe not all of it but even the most recent ones can get him and the people he colluded with into a whole lot of trouble with the law. And those two are real sticklers when it came to the law so much so that they were almost blind to all the pathetically-conspicuous holes in the system.

But something seemed off. If they had the numbers, what were they waiting for? Why were his cronies still free and had no clue what was going on? Trying to see how his cousins would think got him nowhere. He knew them. They didn't think very far. They could spell the word 'strategy' but they didn't know what that word entailed. And his two cousins were very panicky. They'd act o

n the first piece of evidence that they got. If they got the audits, they wouldn't have waited.

Greg then pictured Lucianne, and he sighed in bliss. How would she think? She was smart, and his two cousins listened to her. Hell! Even he listened to her. What could she have said to get them to wait? What was she waiting for? Out of nowhere, he muttered, "Lucianne, how are you thinking about this?"

He knew that he had to leave soon. They were about to get caught, and he was not going to stick around to wait for that to happen. It wasn't just the audits. The police will no doubt question Tanner's willingness to confess. And if Lucianne got his cousin to use his King's Authority now, his cousin would obey like a good little pup and use it. And whatever happened this whole night would be exposed.

The only thing he would miss after leaving was stealing those glimpses of the Queen. When she smiles, laughs, shouts. Hmph. Greg chuckled at how pitiful he sounded when it came to Lucianne. Who knew there'd come a day when he would fall for someone. His heart was never stolen but he had willingly given it to her, a wolf. She wasn't even a Lycan and he didn't care. He didn't see the point in challenging his cousin to claim her. The way she looked at Greg himself was clear. She wouldn't be happy with him. And he didn't want her to be unhappy.

Greg's sights somehow went to the moon, which was a mere crescent tonight shining brightly in the dark sky. He then said, "You did this on purpose, didn't you? This is my punishment. You made me fall in love with someone I can never have, bonding her to the person I hate the most. You're lucky I want her to be happy. Otherwise, I would've killed that cousin of mine who you are giving EVERYTHING to." ❶

He sighed and took out his phone to call the hospital. After one ring, someone picked up and Greg said, "I'd like to know the Queen's status."

"We're only allowed to release that information to authorized family members. May I know who this is?"

Greg bit his lip before he said, "Christian Blackfur. The Duke. I was with the King during the blood transfusion to get the Oleander out."

Greg mentioned the blood transfusion and the poison to indicate that he was on the hospital floor with the rest of the party, and prayed that the nurse on the line wouldn't ask for further identification details because he only vaguely remembered his distant cousin's identification number. If he told her who he really was, there was a chance that the nurse was not 'authorized' to give him information on Lucianne, and he was not taking that chance. He had to know how she was.

"Oh, Your Grace." The nurse believed him. No journalist got word that the Queen was poisoned by Oleander yet so that detail convinced the nurse that Greg was really Christian.

She seemed more polite and friendly when she said, "Well, everything's good with her so far. So, uh, you already know she's breathing on her own and her vitals have returned to normal now. A doctor checked her fifteen minutes ago, he said everything is fine. She's still asleep. Would you like me to tell the King you called, your Gra—"

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“No. That won’t be necessary. Thank you. Have a good night.” Greg said and hung up. Before he fled the city and disappeared without a trace, there was one more thing he had to do. So, he went back home and stepped on it.

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A quarter to five in the morning, Xandar was resting his head on the bed next to his mate, taking in her scent as he stroked her hand when, suddenly, he heard her soft moan. His body shot up from the chair, and he inched his face closer to hers as he uttered, "Baby. Baby, are you awake? Can you hear me?"

Lucianne's fingers moved slightly in Xandar's hand, and her eyelids pressed down for a moment before they opened halfway to reveal those dazed black orbs. Her dry lips parted as she muttered, "Xandar."

Xandar's eyes were tearing up with relief and joy. "Baby. Oh, Goddess. You're okay. You're okay." He kissed her on her lips and she responded, albeit very weakly.

When she felt his tears and he pulled away, she asked weakly, "What's wrong, Xandar? Are you okay?"

He scoffed. She was the one on the hospital bed. He chuckled as he said, "I am now, my love." He kissed her forehead, her nose and her cheek. "I missed you."

She smiled with heavy eyelids as her hand started stroking his in return. He kissed her fingers before saying, "I'm going to go get a doctor, okay? I won't take long."

"Wh-What? Wh-Where am I?" Lucianne started looking around as quickly as she could manage.

Xandar panicked. He didn't want her to strain herself so he held her face gently in his hands and cooed, "Shh. Baby, you're okay. You're safe. You're in a hospital. I'll explain everything but I need to get a doctor to check on you first, okay?"

"Okay." She answered slowly and softly.

When Xandar left her side, Lucianne saw a bottle of water on the nightstand and tried to reach for it. Xandar beat her to it, and he helped her sit up before holding the bottle for her as she drowned half of its contents. When she uttered a soft 'thank you', he kissed her cheek and got her to lie back down before signaling Dr Karr to come over. ①

Dr Karr checked everything from heart rate to blood pressure to normal reflexes, and he was very satisfied with the results. He then asked Lucianne, "How do you feel now, My Queen? Any dizziness? Nausea? Discomfort on any part of your body." Lucianne shook her head with a small smile.

"Any pain?" The doctor asked. She shook her head again.

"Not even in your left leg?" He asked in great concern. Again, she shook her head.

He was visibly relieved to hear that before proceeding to ask, "Do you feel sleepy, my Queen?"

"No. Just a little weak." Lucianne muttered, barely loud enough for the two Lycans to catch.

Dr Karr nodded in understanding as he explained, "Food and water will do the trick. I'll send someone up with something for you to eat. When you've regained your strength, we'll get to the

rest of the questions. Just take things slow for now, and allow yourself to rest, my Queen." She nodded obediently with the same small smile.

After Xandar thanked Dr Karr and he left the room, Xandar sat closer to her head as she asked, "What happened?"

He smiled sadly. "What's the last thing you remember, sweetheart? I'll explain from there."

She averted her eyes as she thought hard before saying, "I was with Annie...and Russell. I smelled something. Then, I saw a man throwing a knife." Her eyes widened all of a sudden, and she asked in a soft but frantic voice, "Where's Russell?! What happened to him?!"

"Baby, baby. Please. He's fine. Shh. He's safe. You saved him. Calm down. He's safe." Xandar caressed her cheek and her shoulder as she calmed herself before continuing, "I felt a sharp pain in my left leg, and I fell...I think. I saw that it was a knife. So I took it out, and...I think I threw it at him. And..." Lucianne blinked her eyes and shook her head, stubbornly trying to remember before saying doubtfully, "I think he fell?"

When she turned back to face Xandar, his eyes were glistening. He planted a deep kiss on her forehead and held her in a tight embrace before he said, "That was exactly what happened. You were so brave, baby. You didn't think twice before saving someone."

Lucianne suddenly mind-linked her mate, 'Darling. Can't breathe.'

Xandar loosened his hold on her immediately. "I'm so sorry, Lucy. I'm so, so sorry." Lucianne saw his watered eyes but she didn't understand his reaction. It looked like he was apologizing for more than the tight hug. Before she could ask, someone knocked on the door, and a hospital staff came with some food for her. He brought the tray and placed it in front of Lucianne before leaving the room with a warm smile.

Xandar helped her to sit up again, and he sat next to her on the bed before starting to feed her the porridge. When she emptied the bowl, he gave her some water and wiped the faint food stains off her lips before putting the tray away. She refused to eat the pudding, saying that she was already stuffed so Xandar had it instead.

His beautiful mate stared at the bedsheets as her thoughts roamed far. He sat next to her again and asked, "What are you thinking about, Lucy?"

Her black orbs were regaining its shine, much to his animal's relief. Her voice was more audible when she asked, "What was on the knife? It didn't feel like silver."

Xandar's expression hardened, and he took one of her hands before he started stroking it lovingly as he said, "Oleander. A lethal amount of it."

Lucianne's eyes widened. She and everyone else knew that no wolf could survive Oleander, not even in its most minute amount. "H-How did they save me?"

Xandar smiled before he said, "They didn't, Lucy. You saved yourself." Before she could argue, her mate explained, "We were losing you. They plugged tubes into you everywhere and started the blood transfusion. Even then, you were weakening. Your vitals were failing. About ninety minutes later, your heart rate started to pick up. Three hours later, they removed the oxygen mask and you

started breathing on your own again. The doctors had no explanation. They don't know how you were doing it. You were just doing it."

Lucianne leaned into the pillow supporting her back as she muttered to herself, "That can't be right."

"Don't say that, baby." Xandar cupped her cheek and angled her face towards his so that their eyes locked as he insisted, "Losing you wouldn't have been right. The fact that you survived IS right."

Her eyes were filled with nothing but confusion when she asked, "How did I do it?"

Xandar raised his eyebrows and chuckled lightly, "I don't know, babe. But I'm glad you did, don't you?"

"I do. But how did I do it?" Lucianne was still trying to figure it out. It was bugging her. Xandar didn't want her to be cracking her head when she had just regained consciousness so he tried to help her think. Maybe she wouldn't have to overexert herself that way.

"Maybe it's the same way you heal from silver?"

"Huh." She thought that was a viable explanation, then she muttered without thinking, "This one hurt more like a b*tch though."

When Lucianne felt Xandar's grip tightened all of a sudden, she quickly added, "B-But it's all gone now. I don't feel any pain. It was just bad when... it happened."

He took both her hands in his and kissed them before he whispered to her, "I'm sorry, Lucy."

"What? What for?"

His voice cracked when he said, "I didn't protect you. I let you down. Again."

"What? No! You weren't even there..."

"Exactly."

"No! That's not what I meant! Xandar, this isn't your fault."

"It is, baby. I'm your mate. I was supposed to protect you, but I didn't. And you got hurt. You almost d—" he couldn't even say the word 'died' without tearing up.

Lucianne took her hands back and reached for his head before gently pulling it down, pressing him into her chest where he heard her heart beating in regular rhythms. His animal sought comfort in the sound. Lucianne held him there as she stroked his hair.

His tears flowed onto her hospital gown. She waited for him to steady himself before she said, "None of this was your fault, my acacia. Bad people do bad things. All that matters is that everything's alright now. Please stop blaming yourself. Please?"

He peered up, and saw her looking down at him with those doe-eyes as she whispered, "Please? For me."

He lifted his head and pecked her on her lips. "It's not fair, sweetheart. You know I can't say no to you when you look at me like that."

"I know." She said with a cheeky smile. And Xandar smirked before ticking her waist to elicit her giggles. When Lucianne calmed down, she reached for his face and traced his eye bags before she said, "You should sleep."

He took her hand from his face and kissed it, holding it over his heart as he said, "I'm okay."

"Xandar, you're exhausted. Just sleep for a few hours."

"I'm not letting you out of my sight again, Lucy." Xandar stubbornly insisted.

Lucianne started thinking before she said, "I'm right here, Xandar. I'm right here with you." She patted on the part of the bed where he laid his head watching her sleep before she said, "Just sleep. I'll wake you if there's anything."

He was still reluctant to rest. But when Lucianne looked at him with her doe-eyes, even his Lycan knew that both his human and animal parts were done for. How did he get someone so selfless? She was the one recovering and yet she was worried about him. He sighed, and pecked a kiss on her nose before he whispered, "How did I get so lucky to be bonded to you, my love? You're so perfect."

Lucianne simply said, "That's because I slept. You should too."

Xandar narrowed his eyes at her for spoiling the moment and tickled her again. When he saw that her blushes were returning, he felt more comfortable giving in to a nap. He laid his head on the bed and hugged her thighs. His hand searched for Lucianne's hand before putting it in his hair, and when her thumb stroked through his thick brown locks, his animal purred in bliss. Xandar took in his mate's scent, and fell into deep sleep.

Xandar woke up about two hours later, and when he heard hushed conversations, his head snapped up and his grip around Lucianne's thighs instinctively tightened, holding her protectively in his arms.

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Lucianne felt Xandar's panicked grip so she turned her attention away from Russell, who just came with Annie and Christian. Lucianne then stroked Xandar's cheeks as she cooed, "Xandar, everything is fine. Breathe. Everything is alright."

When his breathing steadied and Lucianne let go of his face, Christian came over to pat Xandar on the shoulder and asked in concern, "You alright, cuz?"

"Y-Yeah. Just need to splash some water on my face." He got up from his chair to peck a kiss on Lucianne's cheek as he whispered, "I won't take long. I'll be right back."

To Lucianne's surprise, her mate ruffled Russell's hair with a warm smile before he headed to the bathroom sink to wash away the sleepiness. Xandar listened to their conversation while he was at the sink.

Lucianne was speaking to his four-year-old competitor now seated on her lap, "So, Russell. What were you building yesterday?"

After some rummaging sounds, he heard his mate gasping in astonishment and asked, "Is this a train?" He saw the little boy nodding through the mirror before Lucianne exclaimed, "You're so clever, Russell!"

The little boy's smile was radiant for only a moment before he patted Lucianne's left leg with his small hand and asked, "Are you okay, Aunt Lucy?"

She smiled and kissed him on his forehead before responding, "I'm okay now. Thank you for asking, Russell. You're so sweet."

"I care about Aunt Lucy." He said before leaning into her chest and making her heart melt.

Annie then said, "Ellia and Benjamin wanted to come. But Christian and I said that it was too risky. We only brought Russell because Xandar promised that he could come if he went home with us last night."

Lucianne stroked the little boy's hair as she asked, "Are they okay? The families?"

Christian looked at her in disbelief, "My Queen, they're fine. Please, let's just worry about you first." He then locked eyes with his cousin when he exited the bathroom, "She deserves to sit on the throne more than you do, cuz."

Xandar smiled as he responded, "We're both on the same page on that point."

Lucianne rolled her eyes and the alliance knocked on the door before walking in. "Oh, thank Goddess!" Toby exclaimed and came to give his best friend a hug. "Do you know how sh*t scary it was for us yesterday, Lucy?"

Lucianne chuckled, "Not as scary as what I'm going to do to you in training when I'm back on my feet again."

Toby didn't look scared at all this time as he smiled radiantly and said, "I'm looking forward to

that spar, Lucy."

Lucianne looked at Toby in confusion but before she could assess her friend's sudden change in reaction to a sparring challenge, he had already left her side to let Juan come next. Juan squeezed her a little before he asked, "Can you feel your legs?"

"I can. Odd, isn't it? No wolf is known to survive Oleander." Lucianne said.

Juan smiled and said in all seriousness, "It's not odd, Lucy. It's right. After everything you've done for everyone, losing you to poison would've been downright wrong." Murmurs of approval circulated the crowded room. Hale embraced her next. And one by one, the alliance came to hug their smallest member.

When Tate held her in his arms, he whispered as softly as he could, "Don't do that to us again, Lucy. It's great to finally have you back."

"Thanks, Tate." She said gratefully.

The Alpha released her as soon as Xandar moved closer to Lucianne's side. Russell, who was placed on the floor when the alliance came in, tried to get Lucianne's attention again. She lifted him up and placed the little boy back on her lap before looking at everyone as she asked casually, "So, by any chance anyone can guess why someone was trying to use Oleander on me? I'm still a little tired to think."

"Oh, right. I forgot." Xandar said, drawing everyone's attention to him. He told them about the blood-stained message Dr Karr got him to have a look while he caressed Lucianne's shoulder in slow, soothing motions. When he explained that Russell was the actual target, all eyes fell on the little boy who was minding his own business with his self-built toy train. And Lucianne reflexively held him closer to her chest.

"They know." Lucianne muttered in dismay.

"What, Lucy?" Juan asked.

Her hand reached for her mouth when she realized she uttered something that was supposed to be confidential. She really needed to recover faster. Fatigue always did this to her. Xandar pecked a kiss on her temple as he uttered, "It's okay, baby. It was going to come out either way."

The King faced the room and told them that Christian and Annie were housing three families who were helping them in a corruption case they have against a few people. Lovelace muttered the thought that went through everyone's heads, "So it's one of the five who ordered the poison then."

Two doctors knocked on the door before stepping in. Everyone stayed silent as Dr Karr and the one who led the treatment the previous day, Dr Gina, did their checks on Lucianne. When they were done, Dr Gina said, "Well, everything seems to be fine, my Queen. If you don't mind, we'd like to see if you can walk on your own."

"Sure, okay." Lucianne said. Xandar took Russell from her and pulled the sheets away. She pushed herself off the bed a little too fast that it almost gave Xandar a heart attack. His free hand held on to his mate's right arm, thinking that she was about to fall. Even Tate exclaimed in panic, "Lucy, slow down!"

Xandar loosened his grip on her when he realized that she was actually stable from the start. His mate narrowed her eyes at Tate and said, "I'm fine, Tate. I'm not made of glass." The Alpha sighed and shook his head in frustration as Xandar tried his best to control the jealousy building up in his chest.

Lucianne took a few steps around the room with ease, walking around the small space in the loose hospital gown. Dr Gina then asked, "Do you feel any discomfort anywhere, my Queen?"

"No. But my legs don't feel strong enough to kick yet." Lucianne said as she lifted each foot off the ground to feel their strength.

Dr Karr scoffed, "My Queen, you just healed, by yourself, from a poison that even a Lycan didn't survive from. You're in better shape than anyone can expect. The strength in your legs will return with enough rest and nourishment."

"How did I do it though? How did I heal?" Lucianne asked the doctors.

The two colleagues in white lab coats glanced at each other uneasily, and looked at her again as Dr Karr sheepishly admitted, "We were hoping that you could tell us that, my Queen."

"Me?" Lucianne's eyes widened in surprise as she sat back on the bed, much to Xandar's relief. He didn't want her moving around too much yet.

"You don't know, your Highness?" Dr Gina asked with eyebrows furrowed in disbelief. Lucianne shook her head.

Dr Karr then asked, "Do you remember anything when you were out, my Queen?"

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Lucianne shook her head again before she said, "No. The last thing I remember was the pain spreading from my left calf. And the smell of the poison."

"Smell?" Dr Karr asked.

"Yeah. Being a wolf, I've never come into contact with Oleander in any way. I've read about them but I've never studied their properties. Yesterday was the first time I got its scent. It smells terrible, doesn't it? What's it made of anyway? I know there must be mercury, salt and granite. But what's the last thing I'm missing?"

The doctors were lost for words for a moment before Dr Gina managed to say, "Th-Thioacetone, my Queen. It's a substance powerful enough to induce nausea even in small amounts."

Lucianne nodded in understanding, "Hm. Makes sense."

Dr Karr furrowed his eyebrows in concern, "My Queen, the amount of Thioacetone in it is so little that not even a Lycan can pick up the scent. And Oleander is odorless, scientifically speaking."

All eyes were fixed on Dr Karr, who was looking at Lucianne like she was some medical mystery. Lucianne sighed in despair and complained to herself in a hushed tone, "This again?! You've got to be kidding me!" Despite her soft voice, everyone heard her.

Xandar, who was already at her side, pecked a kiss on her cheek and said, "Relax, sweetheart. It's a good thing. Another first." He then explained that Lucianne was able to smell silver and some other substances that were known to be 'scientifically' odorless, and that she was the only wolf known to be able to heal from silver on her own.

Juan then said, "You never told me about smelling silver, Lucy."

Lucianne responded with a shrug, "I thought everyone smelled it."

Toby then muttered under his breath, "So that's why she always knew where those silver blades were coming from." He pondered before looking around the room at those Lucianne had shielded in the past before declaring, "We are some lucky b*stards Lucy saved."

Lucianne felt Xandar's grip on her hand tightened, and she threw Toby a fierce look as she said, "You are going to get so badly hurt on the training ground for letting that slip twice."

Toby chuckled, "Oh, this one was on purpose, Lucy. And like I said, I can't wait for that spar!"

Lucianne looked at her best friend like there was something wrong with him.

Dr Karr cleared his throat and asked in curiosity, "So, apart from silver and Oleander, is there any other poison that you're able to heal from, my Queen? Tancia, Lumila..."

Xandar growled at the insensitive way the doctor asked the question, making the poor man and his colleague flinch before they both bowed as a sign of apology. Lucianne turned to her mate and started stroking his hand as she said in a soft voice, "Darling, it was just a question. It's alright. Breathe, okay?"

His eyes were still fierce as he kissed her temple and placed her body on his lap, pinning her back to his chest as his arms secured across her shoulders and around her waist. Lucianne looked apologetically at the doctors, whom her mate just frightened, and said, "Not that I know of, Dr Karr. It's just silver and Oleander now." ②

Xandar's grip tightened around her as he said in a low voice, "And we'll keep it that way."

"Y-Yes, of course, your Highness. I apologize for my insensitivity." Dr Karr uttered nervously.

Xandar nodded curtly and said, "Don't let it happen again." Lucianne hit him on his biceps with the back of her hand, completely disapproving the homicidal tone he was using but he ignored her protest, pecking a kiss on her hairline instead.

Dr Karr uttered with another bow, "It won't, my King. We'll let you rest now, my Queen. Do let us know if you need anything."

Lucianne smiled at them sympathetically and said, "Thank you, Dr Karr. Dr Gina."

When the door closed, Lucianne turned to face her mate, "Xandar, it wasn't a big deal!"

"Yes, it was, Lucy." Zelena said. "He should've been more careful when it comes to asking such questions, especially with what just happened to you last night."

Xandar turned to her and said gratefully, "Thank you, Luna Zelena." His sights returned to his annoyed mate as he said, "You don't know what it felt like to almost lose you, Lucy. You don't know how scared I was yesterday. How scared we all were. That question came out completely wrong."

Lucianne was trying to understand Xandar's point when Juan added, "They're right, Lucy. The doctor shouldn't have listed the poisons out like that. You're a person, not an experiment."

Lucianne tried to imagine how she would've felt if a doctor had asked Xandar or any of her friends that question, and she understood immediately. Her body stiffened as she muttered under her breath, "Huh. I think I get it now."

Toby then teased with a hand cupping the side of his ear, "I'm sorry, Lucy. What was that?"

Lucianne threw him a playful glare and the atmosphere in the room lightened up.

Xandar's phone rang all of a sudden but his grip on Lucianne remained tight as he answered the call. "Chief Dalloway?"

"Your Highness, I am so sorry to bother you right now. But would it be possible for you or the Duke to come to the station? A woman is confessing to have ordered a child to be killed. And it so happens that the child in question was shielded by the Queen."

Due to the proximity between Lucianne's and Xandar's bodies, she could hear everything the caller was saying. Her widened black orbs met Xandar's onyx eyes as the Chief continued, "W-We don't know how much of it is true, my King. She happens to know the crime in great detail and her story makes sense. But her demeanor is saying that she's being forced to confess. She denied confessing to protect someone else but we really can't be sure."

Xandar asked, "How did she say the child was to be killed?"

“A knife coated with a lethal amount of Oleander, your Highness.”

“Who did she hire?”

“A man named Harrison Brown, now deceased. We did some research and found out that he was sent to the same hospital that the Queen was.”

Lucianne was getting lost in thought as her hands rested on Xandar’s chest. He continued to hold her firmly as he asked in a murderous tone, “What’s her name?”

“Agnes Fitzgerald, my King.”

Lucianne’s confused eyes snapped to her mate’s as she mind-linked, ‘Wait, who?’