

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 109



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25. A King's Power

SKYLA.

We reach our destination soon after, but I have no idea where we are going as we drive through an underground tunnel.

Although it is underground, the walls and roof of the tunnel seem to be made of some sort of glittering stone. It's smoothed with lights running along the entire length.

"Alpha Royce..." Owen says quietly.

"Yes?"

"The news may have gotten to your father, although I stressed that this guest – yourself requested this one condition. Not everyone on the council will willingly go against the High Alpha," he says quietly.

Royce frowns but nods. "I assumed as much."

Owen looks surprised as Jade turns to look at Royce.

"Not surprising. You know Royce is always ahead, Dad," she says.

Owen frowns as he looks at his daughter and I can tell they're mind-linking. No one speaks and Owen clears his throat.

"We will have your back. If there is foul play, I will be there," he says.

Unease fills me and I wonder what we're walking into. Even Royce is frowning deeply.

When we finally get out of the car, we are led through a heavy door and are in a wide hall. It goes on for ages. The marble is a creamy gold here, with golden chandeliers, the halls have no door; it keeps turning right and it's slightly uphill, we're going back up.

What was the point in going down then?

Weird place...

A good five minutes later of making our way through the never-ending hall. I realise the walls aren't just plain marble now, but there are engravings within the marble, emphasised in gold. Werewolves symbolise the moon, but I can see the Solaris hold both the sun and moon in equal importance.

"No offence... but these halls are sacred to the Solaris bloodline. Yet you brought an outsider to the meeting. I am not sure how well that will be accepted."

"I brought my mate, the future queen of the Solaris people. She is not an outsider," Royce says sharply.

"The Solaris King is said to not have a mate. She's your chosen," Jade replies, looking at him.

Ok bitch, I don't like you.

My eyes flash as Royce's aura swirls around us and Owen frowns. I'm about to speak, but Royce's grip on my waist tightens.

"Chosen or destined, you will never understand what we have. If you continue with this attitude, which is an insult to Skyla and to me, then stay out of our way," He says, irritation clear in his voice as he glares at her.

"Jade, stay here," Owen says warningly.

"I'm just saying, the scriptures say, to keep the bloodline of the Solaris people, the king must take a Solaris mate!"

"Enough." His voice is low, yet it makes my heart skip a beat, the menacing warning sending a shiver down my spine. I'm not sure why the comment triggered him, but his eyes are hard when he looks at Jade. "Don't question my choices."

She looks away, bowing her head in submission.

"I'm sorry," she whispers. She looks at me and I roll my eyes.

I'm being nice, I'm being well-behaved, but piss me off and I will speak.

"I apologise on her behalf," Owen says quietly as we continue through the hall.

"I know it's her dream to work as a protector of the court... if she continues as she is, then she will be rejected," Royce replies in warning, and Owen lowers his head.

I see the disappointment in them, and I feel bad for him, it's not his fault his daughter's a dumb brat.

We finally reach a pair of grand double doors. However, it is the insignia on it that seems oddly familiar... but before I can observe it, the doors are opened and a wave of power comes from within.

"You've got this," I say softly to Royce. Our eyes meet as he threads his fingers with mine. Placing a kiss on my hand, we step into the brightly lit room.

It's not what I imagined. The huge room is circular shape, and it is bathed in a golden glow. A huge golden chandelier hangs from the middle of the domed ceiling.

For a moment I freeze, staring at the intricate glass, and metal filigree designed roof. However, there's more – within the metal designs are symbols and images depicting stories that would take hours to study.

The arches that separate each of the court members hold intricately designed metal filigree twirling around the marble pillars. Something tells me it's pure gold.

There is a low balcony that wraps around the entire room, and behind each of the angled archways, someone sits in the large chairs.

There are two arches opposite one another that are empty, one links with the balcony, but the arch is wider. However, the one on the left is most noticeable, unlike the rest of the alcoves, it's not bathed in bright light, and I can see that a shimmering barrier covers the entrance.

The place remaining untouched for centuries... Beyond the barrier, there are steps leading up to it and it is a few steps higher than the other seats around the room. A huge throne sits there. The sun and moon are engraved on the backrest of the throne itself.

The throne of the Solaris King... So then that one must be for the High Alpha, I think, as I glance back at the one opposite the darkened throne.

Owen bows before he keeps his head down and stays behind Royce, while Jade, who followed us slowly since her little outburst, remains outside.

"One not of the Solaris is brought here." Someone murmurs the moment the doors slam shut behind us.

"Alpha Royce Arden?" Another asks, and I turn to look at the man.

A murmur ripples through the room.

"We thought you died."

"That was planned, but before I explain everything there is something I wish to proclaim," Royce says.

"And what may that be? What is so important that you wanted us to go against the High Alpha?"

Royce steps forward and I follow suit, the sound of my heels echoes in the room and we stop in the centre of the room. That's when I realise why the engraving on the door was so familiar. The very same design is now engraved in gold on the floor beneath us. I frown, it's more detailed than the one on the door and I realise where I've seen it...

My free hand goes to my neck, my heart thudding.

My mark...

"My rank trumps his," Royce says quietly.

"Oh? And what rank is that exactly? Unless the court votes for you to replace your father as the High Alpha, you cannot simply walk in. We thought this was something new regarding Apophis, and that you were bringing a seer or a witch. Sir Owen Benjamin, you know the punishment for breaking the Law." The man who had recognised Royce first, says.

His hair may be pure white, but his eyes are sharp and full of life as they remain fixed on Royce.

"He broke no law or rule," Royce declares, and I can't deny that sounds sexy-as-fuck. "As I said, I am above my father's rank."

He doesn't move, but the moment his eyes snap up, he unleashes his immense aura, and he doesn't hold back at all.

A violent wind whips through the room, and everyone shields their face. Some are forced back, pressed into their seats, their hair and clothes whipping around them. I can see the waves of power in the air. Lightning runs through Royce's hands and I look down at our combined hands.

I'm not sure how he's doing it but despite the powerful aura, and the very real blinding crackling lightning around our hands, it isn't hurting me.

The sound of heavy wind and the flash of lightning hits the dome ceiling, and through the glass in the domed roof, we can see it. Deafening thunder follows along with a torrent of rain that hammers down on the dome. Waves of immense power whips around the room and only when it's beginning to get hard to breathe does he rein it back in.

"Do you need further proof?" I ask the court, my voice strong, carrying across the hall.

The thudding hearts and the expressions on the faces of those powerful werewolves around the court are clear enough proof that they realise his importance. One by one, they all rise from their seats. Some pale, others are simply shocked, and some are trembling from the immense power that Royce holds.

As one, they all go down on one knee, lowering their heads to their king. The white-haired man is the last to follow, and he bows his head deeply.

"The King has returned." He says quietly, bending the knee to his King.