

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 110



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26. Taking His Place

SKYLA.

The battering rain is drowned out by the murmur of Long live the king and I smirk at Royce.

'You aced it. There was nothing for them to doubt.' I say through the mind link.

He glances at me and smiles faintly. 'I don't think they're done with their questions though,' he replies, as the white-haired man is the first to rise.

"Your majesty, before you open the vault and announce to the Solaris people that their king is here, will you share who is the woman beside you?"

All eyes now turn on me and I can see the curiosity in them, noticing how Royce's eyes flick to Owen. Almost as if surprised he hasn't told anyone anything. Had Royce been testing him?

"She is my chosen, and she bears my mark. This is Skyla Silara Rossi, your queen," Royce says, reaching over he brushes my hair back turning my head towards him so they can see the mark that adorns my neck. Our eyes meet and his thumb caresses my cheek.

The white-haired man smiles proudly. "Brothers and sisters! We need no further proof of our king when his mark mirrors our sacred crest!" He says.

If there had been any doubt left before, it's now gone as they all stare at us.

"Your queen is powerful, and if I'm not mistaken... the name Rossi means she is of the Volkov line, and the Lycan King correct?" A woman from the court asks.

"That's correct," I reply, now looking at the woman who had spoken.

The woman nods in approval. "Not of the Solaris... but a powerful queen indeed..."

A flicker of annoyance flashes on Royce's face and I place my hand on his chest.

'Regardless of her status or strength, she would still be my queen.' He says quietly.

A ripple of murmurs spread through the room.

'Don't get offended, it's only natural they would want you to have chosen a strong queen. Don't argue over it when I am strong enough to stand by your side anyway,' I say, my eyes sharp as they meet his.

His hand wraps around my wrist. 'I know,' he replies, he frowns slightly, but the truth is, even if he doesn't approve, it is how the world works.

I have seen my parents grow up and the pressure and expectations on them. Maybe it's the fact I grew up like that, that I understand these things.

"Formalities aside, there is something I need to discuss with the court regarding my father, my brother and the wrongs they have committed, to the point that it was my own brother who tried to kill me." Royce now says as he scans the room.

The mood darkens as everyone exchanges looks, and the white-haired man frowns. "Before the matters of court can be discussed, the king must take the sacred treasures of the Solaris line. Only then will he and his queen be able to cross the barrier and take their position." He points to the throne.

"You are in a rush to crown me, yet it's been a while since I last saw you. Will you not hug me, grandfather?" Royce asks quietly.

My eyes fly open as I stare at the man before me. He smiles before he steps forward and pulls Royce into his arms.

"It truly has." He says quietly. He then turns to me and smiles faintly. "And this is the Lycan Princess... daughter of the Lycan King." He takes my hand giving it a light kiss on my knuckles before he steps back once more.

"Our king is back. We should hold a coronation in style." The woman who had spoken before suggests.

Royce's grandfather glances at her. "There are grave matters to discuss. We will hold a coronation when the time is right. We should not delay this moment. The king is here, and him accepting his birthright as swiftly as possible is best."

The woman frowns slightly, and I wonder if there's more to it.

"Does that mean I can finally mark him?" I ask, making his grandfather smile amused.

"You have spark, I think that would only be fair. After the sacred treasures are in the King's hold, you may mark him," he then turns to Owen, "You risked a lot to do this, yet you saw that he is the true king, there is no doubt and when the vault is opened, there will be no space left for doubts... now we shall hold our meeting, in that time, prepare a grand feast, for the Solaris King has returned!"

The claps resound through the room as Royce pulls me close, and I can't help but admire him. He did the right thing by coming here. 'Just a vault left to open, and we're done.' I wink.

'And the marking... I'm looking forward to that,' he murmurs, looking into my eyes.

Yes...

It's ten minutes or so later and his grandfather, Edward, who is his mother's father, explains what he needs to do.

'I'm surprised he isn't the head of the council.' I remark.

'I'm afraid my father beat him in the final round where strength came into it. Grandfather would have been better for the position.' Royce replies, as he readies himself to place his hand at the centre of the engraving on the marble floor, right beneath the highest point of the dome. The vault is beneath this floor, and it has not been opened for thousands of years, protected by magic.

He takes a deep breath as we all clear the floor, allowing a drop of his blood to fall onto it.

I notice how Edward stays close to me. Royce glances at us before he closes his eyes, allowing his aura to flow through his finger trips. I see it travel through the gold lines of the engraving, making them come alive, dazzling brightly as they fill the room. Then the ground rumbles.

"Only the Solaris King can unlock the vault and unseal the dome, do so and the Solaris people will know their king has arrived," Edward murmurs, more to himself than anyone.

Royce looks at me, and I wink at him.

"You got this," I say quietly.

He steps back just as the ground begins to shift and rearrange itself, everyone holds onto their seats and Royce sends a wave of wind my way, and I feel it snake around me almost like his arm, supporting me so I don't fall to the moving ground. It finally comes to a stop, and I find myself looking down at a stone room, but what piques my interest is the altar at the centre.

Royce doesn't speak, taking the stone steps two at a time as he approaches the altar. There are three things upon it: a crown, a sword and a medallion. He's silent, as are the spectators, all who are watching on in awe.

The items may have been locked away for centuries, but they don't have a speck of dust upon them.

Royce is calm and collected, as if he knows what he must do. He first picks up the crown and looks ahead.

"I vow to uphold the laws and scriptures of Selene and Helios, the gods who have blessed our people, to fight in their name and to protect in their name." He places the crown upon his head, and brilliant gold and silver light swirls around him. He tenses and I almost run to him, but Edward stops me.

"He must do this." He says quietly. I frown as I turn back to Royce.

He now picks up the medallion. It's intricate, like the crown. It holds clear diamonds, and I can see the faint depiction of the sun and the moon in the medallion. The items themselves seem to hold an energy of their own.

"I swear to uphold justice and equality. Forsake the greed for power with valour and empathy. When the darkest of times will befall us, I will stand as a shield for the people." He places the medallion around his neck, and another brilliant wave of glittering light swirls around him.

"I will..." Royce trails off, and he glances at me sharply and I wonder what it says. "I will... ride behind the Adonai, protecting all those who may need it, and bow to the gods who have blessed me. I swear it."

With those words he lifts the final item, the sword, and another shimmering glow swirls around him, sizzling through the sword, and then he is surrounded by a dazzling light that seems to be more concentrated around his right arm.

It soon fades away, and the room is filled with silence as everyone witnessed something that will not happen again.

"It is time to take your throne, my king," someone says, as Royce now glances at it. The barrier is gone, and the throne awaits.

"Is it necessary?" Royce asks, and I can't help but smirk.

"Of course it is. You are the king, and you have returned," I state.

Royce glances at me and, with a gorgeous smirk on his face, he holds his hand out to me.

"Then join me, my queen."

Edward releases me, and Royce has just taken my hand, the tingles of pleasure dancing through me, and I notice the symbols that now run up his right arm. It's like runes, only they are glowing around his hand and arm in a golden colour.

'I have no idea what it is either.' He replies to my unanswered question. I'm about to answer him when someone rises from their seat and clears their throat.

"Before the king accepts his chosen, I fear that a grave mistake has been made... The Lycan Princess is the niece of the Deimos Prince... an enemy of Helios. Are you certain by taking someone who is a descendant of the Deimos line that you will not make our God turn away from us?" she asks quietly, raising an eyebrow as she looks around the hall.

I frown, looking around. Will this be a problem?

Of course, I know how badly that curse hurt us. It was Helios' curse that was triggered at Dante's birth and affected Liam to the point he almost fell into darkness.

"Then Helios should be grateful I'm not holding his people and the King responsible for what my uncle went through," I say sharply, cocking a brow.

"How dare you!" the woman looks pale when Royce tugs me closer as a ripple of whispers and shock rushes through the room.

"Enough." His voice is powerful and calm, yet it resonates through the hall. "Respect her as you would me. Helios will have no qualms, after all... the Deimos Prince and Helios fought over a woman. This time, it's a Solaris King who has a woman of Deimos blood. I'm sure he'll consider it befitting."

A ripple of approval rushes through the room and Royce smiles faintly. "And now... I want you to make me yours." Those words are directed at me,

"But..." That same woman whispers, but Royce's eyes are fixed on me as he lifts a finger, silencing her.

"The king is here. We abide by his laws." Edward says sharply before he turns to us.

"Her mark is clearly that of the first Solaris King! His mark graces her skin. That is enough proof that even Helios has no qualms." Another says. "They will only bring further power to the Solaris people!"

"Mark your King, Princess Skyla." Edward says.

I nod, turning to Royce just as he puts his sword down and opens the top button of his shirt, making me bite my lip as I wait impatiently.

Damn, I want to pounce on him.

"Ready, Love?" He asks me, his hands gripping my waist.

My heart is pounding, and I nod, despite the sudden nerves that are rushing through me. I take a moment to admire him, a crown upon his head, a spark in those gorgeous grey eyes as his gaze dips to my breasts before he smiles faintly.

'Tonight, I'm taking you to heaven.'

Fuck, if I wasn't a mess before, now I am. I cup the back of his neck, pressing myself flush against him and kiss his lips softly, cherishing every brush of his lips against mine, before I move back and taking a deep breath, let my fangs out.

My eyes blaze plum as I sink my teeth into his neck...

A wave of power rushes through the room, and I feel my own powers surge. Something snaps inside of me, and I feel the final part of our bond come to life and sizzle into place.

I gasp, feeling the electric-like tingle, one that may not be as strong as that of a fated mate, but it's still intense and extremely powerful. Our love knows no bounds...

Extracting my teeth, I run my tongue along my mark that is already beginning to take form on his neck. For a second I watch, entranced, seeing the faint lines dancing along his skin...

No one has ever described a mate mark forming like that...

I turn and look at my Ice God. With that crown on his head, he looks like a Greek god. His heart is racing as he yanks me close, his lips crashing against mine as the court claps to their new king and queen...

"May your reign be long and prosperous. Long live the new King and Queen of Solaria! Long live those blessed by our Moon Goddess and Sun God. Bow to your rulers."

The voices fade away as I melt into the kiss of my beloved. Locking my arms tightly around his neck as he lifts me off the ground, a thousand fireworks erupt within me.

This is true love. This is a love that we have formed.

He is mine, and I am his.

I'm in heaven