

# The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 111



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### 27. An Old Enmity

SKYLA.

A few hours have passed, and we're now seated around a dining table. The meal is impressive and even more so considering how little time they had to even prepare it.

After I had marked Royce, they placed a crown on my head which matched Royce's. It was just a little smaller.

We were then led to the throne. There was a second throne behind the first and it had been lifted and placed beside Royce's.

One thing we weren't anticipating though was the fact that every single Solaris Bloodline holder would have felt the return of their king. However, with Royce having made it clear about Aleric and his father's wrongdoings, despite the commotion the bloodline holders felt, no confirmation was given.

A short while before dinner, Kenneth had apparently called an immediate meeting in three days' time. A delay that only happened when a few core members of the court made excuses.

The dinner only began after Royce had made it clear, with his command laced into his voice, that what is said here shall remain at this table unless he says otherwise.

I almost laughed when Royce immediately removed his crown and medallion, almost as if he didn't want to be seen in them. I had to tell him he looked damn sexy, however, it didn't stop him from removing them.

We are currently discussing Aleric and Kenneth, as well as the issues at hand.

"Does Catherine know?" Edward asks, a frown on his face.

"Does it matter?" Royce asks,

"Of course." His eyes are hard as he looks at his grandson.

Royce smiles slightly. "No, Mom does not, and on that note, there is far more that Father needs to be held accountable for."

All eyes of the court turn upon us. "And what may that be?" The annoying woman from earlier, whose name is Nicole, asks.

"I am certain you all must know about my father's eldest child, a daughter, who was apparently stillborn?" Royce asks.

A tense silence falls over the table, and Nicole is the first to speak. "Of course, but it's not uncommon. Are you trying to accuse your father of foul play? It happens, especially for Alphas."

Royce's eyes flash. "Lady Nicole Glen, if you will continue to question my every statement and defend my father's action, then perhaps your seat is not at this table."

The room is dead silent as the woman composes herself.

"I do ask for forgiveness," she says quietly, lowering her head.

"I will let it slide this once," Royce replies quietly, and I look at him. This side of him is different.

He's made for this position, and I can see that he's already falling into it perfectly.

"As I was saying, my father staged her death, and commanded the Beta, who has recently passed, to kill her."

My eyes are on the crowd, assessing which ones look angered and shocked and which ones are in denial. There are six Solaris bloodline packs in the US, with The Shadow Wolves Pack being the seventh.

"But instead, the Beta, unable to do what my father commanded, left her at a human orphanage. The night of his death, I called him to the bridge, where he was murdered in cold blood, to ask about her. However, I did not realise it would cost him his life. Before his death, he confirmed that she was alive."

Edward's eyes are simmering orange. "How dare he..." He growls. "We need to locate her."

"I already have, she is mated to a powerful Alpha and is living her life happily," Royce replies curtly.

A wave of relief flits across Edward's face and for a moment, he places his head in his hands.

"I am going to kill him." He snarls in a rough growl. "I have seen the guilt, self-blame and pain Victoria's death had on Catherine."

"I know, as have I... there is more..."

The table goes silent and despite the food before us, no one is able to stomach the food as the truth of their high alpha comes to light. We listen to Royce tell them about how his father not only tried to have his sister killed but wanted him and his brother to gain favour with the Lycan King through me. His plans were to gain England as a whole and to be named King.

If only he realised, he had a King at home already...

"He also noticed my aura was stronger than my brother's and he did carry out extensive testing and experiments on me as a child and teen until I refused to allow him any longer," Royce continues quietly.

My heart thuds as I look at him sharply, my chest heaving as I shake my head, suddenly feeling like there are too many people close by. Royce looks at me and there's guilt in his eyes.

My eyes only hold one question; Why?

'I'm sorry, I should have told you.'

His words aren't enough to calm the storm of emotions that have hit me.

Something so big... what exactly has he gone through, and how the hell is he fucking coping?

"Kenneth Arden has broken every rule of this court." Nicole says quietly, her eyes blazing.

Guess someone is no longer favouring him, but there are others who seem shocked.

"Are you sure? We have never heard any complaint against High Alpha Arden..."

They're still addressing him as high alpha?

"Without meaning any disrespect, we will need proof, of course, we believe you, My King--"

I slam my fork straight through my steak, the cracking of the fine China fills my ears, as the force breaks my plate. My eyes flash as I glare at them all.

"Proof? Ken-fucking-Arden has abused a child! And tried to kill another and you need more proof?! Your king has taken his place and proved he is your leader. You need no proof. I'm with you Edward. We can leave this entitled lot to gather their proof. You and I can go kill the fucker." I growl.

That makes them go silent, a few of them hanging their heads in shame.

Royce's hand goes to my thigh, but I'm in no mood. My eyes are blazing plum as I glare at him.

'Not know Royce.' I say through the bond.

'I know I should have told you, but I am fine. I was able to tolerate the tests and experimenting with ease.'

'I really don't care. We'll talk about it later,' I say icily. 'You should fill them in on Aleric and Apophis.'

He gives my thigh a gentle squeeze and although it calms me a little; I don't want it to, because when you push aside the anger... you're left with crippling pain...

He went through so much and I used to share all my issues, which now seem so selfish and small in comparison. I want to know it all. I need to know exactly what he's suffered and been through.

"I like the idea, Lady Skyla... however, if not us, when Catherine finds out..." Edward doesn't complete his sentence. His hand shakes slightly as he tries not to break the glass in his hand. "However, you are right... if anyone wants to continue to question the King, they should leave this table."

"But we also should question things before blindly following. I prefer that I'm asked openly, and then gossiped about behind my back. The court has ties to witches, correct?" Royce says.

"A few, however, the relationship between the coven and us is not very... pleasant." Someone else says.

"Certain packs. As a court, we have not approached them. Our pack has ties with them, and we are pleasant enough with them." Edward says.

Royce nods. "Then we will have a witch show you those memories as well as the night Aleric tried to kill me..." he frowns before looking around at the others. "Moving on... what is the story behind the Sun God and Apophis?"

Edwards frowns, clearly not pleased with the conversation and although Royce's hand remains firmly on my thigh, his thumb gently caressing my thigh, sending rivets of pleasure up to my core, I refuse to acknowledge it.

How dare he not tell me...

"What have you heard? Surely the old history lessons were not wasted on you?" Edward asks.

"You mean myth and legend?" Royce asks as he drinks his wine.

"Yes..." Edward nods and Royce frowns.

"Apophis and Ra were said to be the greatest of enemies. Apophis always wanted to destroy Ra and the light he brought, wanting to swallow his power and cast the world into darkness. Ra was said to ride on his chariot through the sky, setting the world a glow with his light, yet each time he made this journey Apophis tried to stop him. It's said that a huge fight broke out with other gods protecting the chariot of Ra and thus forcing Apophis to retreat." Royce says.

Just as I reach for my glass of wine, he captures my hand in his, making me look at him sharply, my eyes still glittering purple. His eyes are soft, and I can feel his regret through the bond as he raises my hand to his lips, kissing it softly.

My heart skips a beat, but I look away as one of the other members, Alpha Madden, speaks. "Although we don't know the exact reason, the base concept is similar. When the Sun God blessed the world with the morning rays of light Apophis would try to thwart him, his hatred towards the Sun God- Ra, knew no bounds and although there was no reason for him to hate him, he hated him with an intense vengeance and wished him dead."

"I wouldn't say it was entirely out of nothing." Edward says, sighing. "Apophis resided in the Middle East long before Ra, and he was the supreme and the most powerful god until Ra showed up. That was the beginning of Apophis' hatred and despite his many attempts, he kept failing to kill Ra, no matter if he sent the monsters under his control, or himself..."

Edward pauses to drink some of his juice, and I realise I am listening with bated breath.

"And although Ra could not be killed by Apophis, Apophis was still causing great hindrance to him and he, too, was unable to kill Apophis. That is when one of Ra's daughters, a goddess born to him with an Egyptian woman, offered to ride out to defeat Apophis herself, instead of her father." Madden continued.

"Now, this is my favourite part. Allow me to continue." Nicole says as she sits forward. "Who doesn't love a strong woman?"

The table chuckles as we watch her. "So, they hatched a plan, with the help of Selene and Dolos, they masked the morning to deceive Apophis, so when the Sun God had made the sunrise, kept hidden behind the moon that's when Ra's daughter, Bastet donned her father's armour and rode his chariot. Ready to take on Apophis." Nicole continued.

"And then?" I ask, enraptured by the story.

A feathery chuckle fills the room and I glance around, my heart thudding.

It's the same voice I've heard before...

"Then she disobeyed her father, where she promised to stay in the safety of the chariot she did not. Bastet, known for her love of cats, transformed fully into a Lioness and with only courage, bravery and determination she slayed the three-headed serpent that Apophis was riding and managed to defeat Apophis." Nicole says a small smile on her face.

I let out a low whistle. "Then it should be Bastet, you guys should be worshipping," I muse, glancing at Royce, who smiles faintly.

"I do agree."

'Still mad at you.' I remind him through the link.

'Of course.' He replies, kissing my lips softly.

The urge to bite into his lip is tempting but instead, I glare at him, which only makes his smile grow, but the guilt in his eyes remains. Even though he's trying to hide it, it's not as easy for him to hide his emotions fully anymore. Not with the bond fully completed.

"But Apophis is alive." I say, suddenly realising that it doesn't add up.

Edward nods. "Yes, as a god, they cannot truly die, but he was weakened to the extent that he had to retreat. And for centuries he kept to his lands, hidden away. Even when the barriers between the mortal and immortal realm were raised and many gods were not to happy with this, he remained in the shadows... until now."

"So, he's gained enough strength to somehow penetrate the barrier and send his monsters through, because gods can no longer walk this earth." Royce says. "And if I'm understanding correctly, he's using Aleric as some sort of... host or something?"

"Correct." Another member says. "It's all that makes sense. It took Apophis centuries to regain the strength Bastet destroyed. He must be playing his cards far more carefully, with his newfound servant carrying out his commands, it will keep his own strength intact, for the greater battles ahead."

"So then... we somehow need to do what Bastet did, defeat the fucker by all means, get rid of his grasp on this planet and send him packing back to Snakeville. Easy as a fucking game of chess," I say with a wave of my hand.

A few people chuckle when Nicole raises an eyebrow. "You don't really sound like a British... Lady..."

I cock a brow. "Oh, my apologies, let me rephrase. Let us defeat the bloody worm. He's taken the biscuit for far too long, and we should have him on his way before it's time for tea. We wouldn't want him to come in the way of our evening cuppa. Better?"

The table erupts in laughter and the dark mood somehow just got lifted.

"To our Queen!" Madden says surprising me. They all raise their glasses, clinking them together. Royce raises his glass, clinking his too, but his eyes are on me.

Admiration and amusement clear in them before he takes a sip of his wine. "To my Queen."

Our eyes meet and despite the fact that he needs to answer my questions, I can't help but lean over and kiss him deeply...