

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 112

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28. This Passion

ROYCE.

I didn't tell her because I didn't want her to worry about me. But telling the court before her, and having to learn of it at the same time as others, hurt her and I cannot blame her for feeling like that.

She's now removing her earrings as she stares at the wall in the open lounge area of the penthouse. We ended up coming here as she said all her stuff was here. This place belongs to Leo.

Although something about him makes me wonder if the entire place isn't under surveillance. However, that's the least of my concerns as I watch my Queen glare at the blank wall, removing her earrings and tossing them onto the small table against the wall.

I can't help but smile, despite her rage, the fact that she has marked me, and made me hers completely...

She bends down, stroking Malevolent's fur, who is contently sleeping despite the new environment.

I close the distance between us, and she instantly turns her back with a toss of her hair. I wrap my arms around her from behind and kiss her shoulder.

She smells absolutely divine.

"I am sorry, but words alone will not be enough..." I murmur, kissing her neck ever so softly. Her scent is an addiction, and I can't help but run my hands down her waist.

Her heart thuds as she struggles not to lean into me, her body unable to fight me.

"No, they won't be, and neither will your touch," she growls, pulling free from my hold and turning to face me.

Our eyes meet and I brush a few strands of my hair that have come loose from the hair tie back.

"Alright..." I know she wants details, but how do I start?

How do I tell her that my father has always been intrigued by how much my body could handle? I hold my hands out to her, but she frowns.

"Royce," she warns.

"I know you don't want me to touch you, but I could do with your touch right now." I say quietly. Her eyes soften, and she instantly takes my hands. A wave of sparks and calmness rush through me, and I close my eyes.

"I'm sorry baby..." she whispers, letting go of my hands. She cups my face, pressing her forehead gently against mine. "You can tell me through the mind link." Her lips brush mine and I kiss her back before I look into her eyes.

"The injections that often caused pain were never an issue, neither were the constant samples he was taking from me. Yeah, they weren't an issue, but when he tried to see how much my body could take, those experiments were pretty intense... Whether it was electrocution, placing me in ice-cold water or fire..."

She gasps, her heart pounding, and I can see the sadness, shock, and above all, the rage in her eyes.

"How dare he..."

"It's not so bad. Many have it worse. Those tests were rare and far between as a child because Mom always kept us with her. She always wanted to know where we were and anytime we came home from training, she had to make sure we were fine." I continue, nudging her nose with mine before I continue.

"Mom's protective attitude kept me safe, and I know it also made Dad limit his testing, but on the rare occasions he managed to organise a 'boys trip' or send her out on a short break with her friends, telling her she needed a break, he got his chances. Even then, he feared Mom finding out, and even though Dad told her to focus on her Luna duties, and allow our nanny to take care of us, she refused. No matter how busy she was, she'd always ask about our day, ask if everything was going well and if anything was worrying us." I look at her, but she's simply listening, her eyes full of raw emotions.

"Didn't you ever consider telling her?" she asks softly.

I sigh. "I often wondered what would happen if I did tell her, but seeing that light in her eyes when Dad entered the room, I couldn't do it... because I knew she was still hurting over Victoria. Then he sent us to America, where he would sometimes visit and continue with his testing, but again, even far from her, Mom's eyes were on us. My Mom is a Queen in every way, and I realise now she would have preferred the truth. One I will tell her because she's probably waiting for it, wondering why I had to resort to faking my own death." I finish.

She wraps her arms around my neck. "You are incredibly brave. You have been through so much, yet you're still sane... I feel like I've been acting like an entitled cow all my life. What you've been through is so much worse," she says, kissing my neck, right over my mark, which seems to be healed or almost healed. A sizzling rush of pleasure goes through me, and I caress her waist.

As much as I want to see my mark, I need to make it up to her first.

"No, just because our experiences were different, it does not mean your struggles were any less, Love. Always remember that," I reply, kissing her jaw. "So... tell me, am I forgiven?"

She pulls back and frowns. "I'm not sure... I mean, I'm not angry, but that doesn't mean I can't be mad or hold a grudge," she says pointedly.

I smirk faintly. "Oh really? Then allow me to satiate your rage." I whisper seductively.

She rolls her eyes. "Don't try to work your magic on me, baby," she murmurs. Her tone alone tells me she's falling. "It won't work."

I smirk "And if it does work?" I challenge, tangling my hand into her hair and tugging her head up a tad roughly.

She bites her lips. "Is that a challenge?"

"Do you take it as one?" I counter sexily.

She smirks, "Try me."

"Oh, I plan to," I reply huskily, and without further ado, I wrap my hand around her neck. "I told you, tonight, I'm taking you to heaven."

Not waiting for a reply, my lips are on hers, kissing her hard and rough. For a split second, she's taken aback as I push her up against the wall. I know my girl likes it rough and I'm going to give her exactly what she wants.

'You're playing dirty.'

'I always do.' I reply.

Her heart's pounding. Even when she struggles not to kiss me back, I'm driving her crazy, but she stubbornly tries to deny me.

The moment she moans softly, I take the chance to slip my tongue into her mouth, ravishing it completely.

I yank her dress up, making her gasp as the cool air hits her heated core. The intoxicating scent of her arousal fills my nose, making my own throbbing cock, harden.

Fuck.

"Royce..." Her voice is halfway between a moan and a gasp.

"Tell me to stop and I'll call it your win." I tease as my fingers brush her bare pussy.

I do like her without her panties...

"I..."

She's soaking wet and I rub her.

'As much as I loved the dress, it has to go.' I growl through the link, slamming my fingers into her. She cries out, moaning in pleasure as I begin finger-fucking her hard and fast.

"Fuck!" she swears, her nails digging into my shoulders. "Royce!"

"You can tell me to stop," I murmur, running my tongue along her lips.

Her eyes meet mine, eyes that are filled with raw, unbridled lust. Her lips part, and I curl my fingers inside of her, making her whimper again. She leans her head back against the wall as she parts those sexy legs of hers.

My eyes rake over her appreciatively, taking in that sexy dress one last time, and then I tear it right off her.

The sound makes Malevolent meow before I hear her escape the room, clearly annoyed at being disturbed by the ripping sound.

My doll gasps, her eyes flying open as she glances at the dress that now lies torn on the floor. But it's only a glance as she drowns in the pleasure I'm inflicting her with. I grab her breast, bending down and taking the hardened nipple in my mouth.

"Fuck, harder!" She gasps, her hand now twisting into my hair. I smirk,

'I guess that option of telling me to stop is gone.' I tease, a tad arrogantly as I suck hard on her nipple, knowing it's going to hurt, but when a satisfied moan reaches me, I know I can push it more...

She cries out as I slam into her faster, squeezing a third finger into her. Fuck, I don't know how my cock fits, she's damn tight.

"Does my girl like pain?" I whisper, flicking her nipple, that now looks bruised and red.

"Fuck yes," she whimpers, her other hand now on her other breast, kneading it.

I like her playing with herself... a little anyway...

I bite down on her nipple. The taste of blood fills my mouth and I suck it, twirling my tongue over it, sensing how turned on she was getting.

She's close, if her moans and screams of ecstasy are not enough to show for that. I can feel her walls clamping around my fingers, her entire body tense as the pressure builds.

I'm painfully hard and the urge to fuck her is at breaking point.

She's soaking wet as her juices squirt from her just as her orgasm hits her, knocking her over the edge.

"Fuck!" She cries, her entire body reacting to the waves of pain. And through the bond, I can feel her emotions as she rides out the waves of her orgasm.

Fuck...

She grips my wrist, trying to remove my hand from her pussy, but I'm still stronger than her.

"Fuck, baby," she murmurs. Her hand that is threaded into my hair now yanks my head up and she bends down, kissing me roughly as she pushes me onto the floor with immense power.

My eyes flash and I instantly lift my head just as my back hits the ground, the impact making my head snap back.

The entire room shakes as jarring pain rushes through me.

"Fuck Royce! I'm sorry!" She cups my face and I shake my head.

"I'm fine..." I say, tugging her close and kissing her to calm her thudding heart.

"I don't know what happened, I lost control..." she murmurs as she looks around before glancing back at me, shocked.

"It's probably the effect of the bond. Our power increases." I reassure her, knowing her greatest fear is hurting someone she loves. I can feel something inside of me heal.

Did I break something?

"I don't know what happened though... I didn't push you that hard at all..." she says quietly, staring at her hands.

"Hey... it's ok... kiss me," I command quietly, caressing her waist and ass with one hand, the other cupping her face.

She looks up, her eyes meeting mine, and I freeze.

Her eyes are blazing plum, but I swear for a split second her pupil looked like a slit...

A damning image of the serpent returns to me, and I push it away.

I'm imagining things....

"Well... where were we..." she whispers as she tears off my shirt before she grabs my shoulders and kisses me passionately.

I kiss her back with equal hunger, because despite the crazy thought that ran through my head, my body is in control and I want her so fucking badly... but I can't deny that it has left me shaken...