

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

Chapter 113



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### 29. The Meaning Behind It

SKYLA.

"That's it, Love..." He groans, his hands cupping my breasts as I ride him. We're still on the floor, the smell of sex in the air and the passion between us reaching new heights,

We're a mess. We've been rolling around kissing, fucking, and making out like it's the last fucking time — losing track of time, but never wanting this night to end.

I bend down, kissing his lips roughly. He growls, meeting my thrusts with his own rough ones before he flips us over. One of his hands brushes my hair back and he lifts my leg to his hips, ramming into me.

"Fuck!" I cry out.

He speeds up impossibly harder, the pain and pleasure of his rough thrusts sending me to fucking cloud nine and I don't hold back the screams of pleasure as I feel my release nearing.

"You're." Thrust. "So." Thrust. "Tight." He growls, his voice laced with pleasure as he rams into me. "And you're mine."

Just as he says those possessive words, I come undone, and so does he, shooting his load into me. I pull back, despite my mind blanking, my entire body shudders from the earth-shattering orgasm and I push him onto his back. Crawling down, I wrap my hand around his cock and pump it, wanting to taste him.

"Sky..." he groans, trailing off when I stick my tongue out and lick the swollen tip of his huge cock. I can taste myself on him and I taste pretty good, but it's the taste of him that drives me nuts.

"I want to taste you," I purr, as I milk his cock for the last few ropes of his cum.

He's sexy as hell, his godly body glistening with a layer of sweat, his chest heaving, and he's all fucking mine. Swallowing every last drop I pull back, a small pop sounding as I release his cock from between my lips and lick them as he yanks me close and kisses my neck, breathing heavily.

I drop onto him, feeling exhausted too, my entire body covered with hickeys and marks from our lovemaking. Sweat and sex juice mixed in too, the perfect way to end the night...

"I love you," he says, his voice serious as he strokes my sore ass from the few hard slaps he had given it earlier when he bent me over on all fours.

I bite my lip as he kneads my ass, delivering another light tap to it, making me moan against him as he caresses the skin.

"I love you too, Magic Fingers. Fuck, I should change that to magic everything," I murmur, making him chuckle.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah... and next time I want to save some of your cum to glaze my donuts and brownies with. The perfect iced donuts. Ice, get it?"

He moves back so he can see my face better, and cocks a brow. I smirk back at him.

"One point for me. Did I shock you?" I tease.

"Yeah..."

"Well... you're an addiction... and I love the taste of you," I purr seductively, wrapping my hand around his cock. "Mm, I could milk this cock day and night... I wonder how many times you could come?"

"I don't know. Although it sounds enticing, I'm also a tad scared. I can imagine you testing that," he jokes.

I snicker, "Yeah, maybe next time you piss me off, I'll tie you up or some shit, but I still want some of that special icing," I say, kissing his lips.

"Mm, only I prefer to do the tying," he replies huskily through the link as he kisses me back.

I'm ok with that too...

We move back, and his fingers go to his neck as my gaze falls to my mark on his neck and I tilt my head. His hair is in the way, but I can tell it's healed.

"Mind if I take a look at it?" he asks, just before I'm about to reach up to move his hair back. I shake my head, as he lifts me bridal style and carries me through to the bedroom. I'm glad he did, because my legs are gone.

"Not really surprising that we didn't make it to the bedroom," I say, kissing his chest.

The feeling of fulfilment is fucking real. "You're really mine..."

"I was yours even before you marked me. However, there truly is something unique and precious about being marked by the person you love," he replies.

Brushing his hair back, I'm about to reply when I stare at the mark, curious to see the form it's taken, but it has thrown me off. It is fucking gorgeous, trust me and I'm not saying it because it's mine, but it's also different...damn unique but...

"That mark is..."

"It's formed completely?" he asks, a glimmer of curiosity in his eyes.

"Yeah... it's..." I begin, but he kisses my lips as he places me on the bed and I almost flinch. "Fuck,"

He chuckles. "You did say harder."

"Yeah, trust me, and you delivered just the way I like it," I reply with a smirk, laying back on the cushions. My pussy feels sore and achy, but damn, I loved it.

"As much as I want to hold you forever, I'm curious to see it," he whispers, moving back, and pulling the bedsheet over me.

Damn, my man is fucking hot...

He walks over to the mirror, and I can't help but admire the way he walks and that ass...

I bite my lip, watching the muscles flex in his thighs as he reaches the mirror and tilts his head, looking at his mark.

A surge of emotions rushes through me and I know they're his. My own emotions rise with approval, the Lycan within me satisfied by his reaction. It's intense and makes my heart thump.

Pride, happiness, approval, and love.

"It's completed..." he says, running his fingers over it.

"Yeah... But it's interesting, right?" I say, sitting up. He's frowning now as he observes it...

"Yeah... your eyes earlier..." He turns sharply as he heads out of the room and he's back in seconds with his phone, taking a picture of his mark before he comes over to the bed.

He gets into the sheets, pulling it over us slightly and I can't help but pout at the fact that he only covered me up to my thighs yet he covered my favourite toy right up.

"Why are you covering the mega-size popsicle up?"

He smirks. "Because I need your attention on me. Earlier when you Hulk-smashed me into the floor-"

I smack his shoulder, making him laugh. "Hey, that was weird..."

"Yeah, well, your eyes changed... they were purple, but the pupils became slits."

My stomach plummets. "Wait, is that why you paled? I thought it was from the pain."

He cocks a brow. "I told you from the start I can handle you, Love," he replies arrogantly.

"Ass."

"Yours."

"I'm fine with that," I murmur as I kiss him, before moving back and staring at the mark on his phone.

"I have a theory.... A wild one, but then again, is there anything that isn't bloody wild in our lives?" he muses.

"Mmm true, especially the sex." I nod in agreement, making him turn to me with a smirk and kiss the centre of my breasts.

"Point taken, focus girl, you're turning me on," he whispers.

My stomach flutters and I nod. "Ok, so what's your theory?"

"This mark..." He begins as we both stare at it.

"Yeah... even though I love cats, and I do love animals, especially cats, but for my mark to form one... it is weird," I admit.

"Unless of course, a cat symbolises you..." Royce says, just as a meow on the door makes us both look up. "I'll get it."

He gets out of bed, pulling on his boxers before he goes to the door and pulls it open for Malevolent, who runs to the bed and jumps onto it, snuggling down on my lap. Royce gets back in bed, and I smile.

"Thanks, babe," I say.

"What can I say? You two come together." He kisses my cheek softly before he turns back to his phone.

He's frowning at the mark, zooming in. We both stare at the picture of his mark, it's fully black.

There's a double ring circle, with the cat at the centre. It looks like an Abyssinian breed, with tall ears. It's wearing a necklace-like band just below her neck but as Royce zooms onto the centre of the necklace.

"Look," he says in a hushed whisper. "I think the theory I have might just be true."

I don't reply, staring at the Egyptian eye symbol that sits in the middle of the necklace...

"That's..."

"I think you're somehow tied to Bastet, Sky. Your eyes earlier. Maybe they were taking on a feline form... not even maybe, I'm certain. I think you're tied to Bastet. I'm not so sure how, but somehow you are."

I don't know what to say. I want to laugh it off, but the mark on his neck is screaming that he's onto something.

The feather laugh fills the room and Malevolent tilts her head.

Wait, did she sense something?

"Why won't you believe what's before you?" the voice whispers, almost as if right beside my head, making me jump.

I turn sharply, scanning the room, and Royce sits up.

"Sky?"

"Hmm?"

"What's wrong?"

"I just... I've heard this voice a few times... and I just heard it again."

"Love, you've been hearing voices, and you didn't think to tell me?" he cocks a brow. "Yet you were mad at me for not telling you something that happened years ago?"

"Yeah, I know, I'm a hypocrite. That fucking won't change."

"What kind of voice?"

"Right now, it said, won't you believe what's in front of you or something."

He looks up sharply. "And have you ever tried to talk back to her?"

"How did you know it's a female voice?" I ask, and I shake my head, realising what he's implying. "That can't be, like seriously, this is too much. How can I be hearing a voice-"

"Denial will only push it away, face it. Your mark is a symbol of the Goddess Bastet. Your love towards a cat, which is not the norm for our kind, is so obvious. Why wouldn't she choose someone who loves their cat? What more signs do you need, Sky?"

I'm talking to Reign. The way he's talking right now, debating with me over something. He isn't my lover right now, not telling me what I want to hear. He's being my best friend and pointing out the facts and I hate how he is usually right.

"You know I'm right, Lil Lucifer," he says, reaching over. He cups my face and caresses my cheek.

"Aren't you always? So if that's the case, does that mean defeating Apophis is my job?" I ask, and I can't deny the glimmer of excitement that rushes through me.

Royce's face drops, a deep frown settling on his face.

"Now we are on the correct path..." the voice whispers, and it's beginning to cement Royce's theory.

"That's..." Royce begins, a deep frown now on his face.

Seems like he didn't like that fact.

"You know I'm right, Reign." I reply in the same tone he was using moments ago, but no matter how lightly I portray it, the severity of the circumstance is real.

If I'm somehow linked to Bastet, the goddess of cats herself, then I'm the one who has to deal with Apophis, his damn death noodles, and even Aleric himself...

"So that's why you were the only one who was able to see the serpent... and don't you think you had more run-ins with it than anyone else?" Royce says suddenly.

If I needed any more proof, that shit was it. And with it, the sheer weight of the situation hits me like a fucking avalanche.

Shit just got real.

I let out a low whistle. "Well, fuck."