

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 120



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A Conference

SKYLA.

I don't know what it is... but the moment when he looks over his shoulder, something inside of me makes my heart clench.

The distance between us suddenly feels terrifyingly huge and for the first time I ask myself, what are we without the one we love?

"Sky..." Azura tugs me inside and the door slam shuts behind me, making my head jerk My breath hitches, and I stop in my tracks. I suddenly feel... I don't know, I'm unable to explain it.

I glance back at the door.

"Hey... what's wrong?" Azura asks softly, as both look at me intently.

I shake my head. I don't know... I don't know what's wrong with me... I just...

"He'll be fine. He's one of the strongest people I have come across." Leo says quietly.

"Yeah... I know... I just... it's fine."

It isn't. I just feel... fuck, it's weird. I can't even explain it.

Is it because I know he's finding this hard?

Is it because I know he'll feel guilty for tearing down the veil from his mother's eyes?

I swear, I'm going to make sure we are all there for her, too. Royce and his family will never be alone.

They have and will always have all of us, and we will be that support system for them.

"Come on, let's get inside. It's going to be fine," Leo says as he leads the way.

Azura looks at me with concern as she guides me down the hall, holding my hand.

"Are you sure you're ok?" she repeats softly.

I shake my head, unable to explain this emotion that is tearing me up inside.

It's probably nothing, but I think that emotional moment in the car just made me feel a bit much.

I'm getting fucking soft.

We head to the hall and soon we are seated in our seats, around one of the many large circular tables. The tables are covered with maroon tablecloths and in the centre are ice buckets holding wine.

Dad is already on the podium talking quietly to Rayhan and his Beta, Uncle Dustbin as I like to call him. You got to love him, but still he's an A class snitch, always keeping an eye on us when we were growing up. 6

I still hold that grudge because fifty percent of the time, he would catch me making mischief.

Sad life.

Rayhan steps back and heads towards our table, adjusting the earpiece in his ear.

He glances at Leo, neither says anything but it's like a silent exchange before Leo takes his seat, two seats down from me.

No one would think, from the way he just sat down, that he plays a large hand in the security of this place.

Right now, I can tell that despite how calm and relaxed he appears to be, he's assessing the area and everyone.

The Arden's are seated at the table next to us, at the same table as Uncle Liam, Mama Red, and Grandad Elijah as well as the quints.

Uncle's seat is right next to the snake, who's dressed in a brown suit.

Is it just me or does he look different? I'm not sure what it is... his hair looks a little longer too... but there's something else about him that looks... off. 3

Maybe I've just been around Royce a little too much, but his skin looks off too.

His eyes snap up, and our eyes meet. For the first time, he isn't hiding behind the fakeness that he usually does. Instead, he's watching me intently. Gone is the usually false charm he tries to display.

His eyes dip to my neck and a small smile crosses his lips. But there's nothing pleasant about it...

He knows.

My stomach twists with unease and I feel a ripple of energy rush through me. Aleric's eyes flash as they meet mine and everything seems to phase away.

The room seems to be darkening around us and all I can hear is the steady, strong heartbeat of his thudding loudly in my ears. 3

There's a darkness... and I can feel it around him...

Delsanra places a hand on my back, bringing me out of that oddness. Although her gaze stays on Dad, her touch is calming and I force my gaze away from Aleric the Dick.

Now's not the time to face that bastard.

As for defeating him, it's on me... I know that. Maybe not now... but it comes down to him and I...

Tonight's plan doesn't include me. Dad was adamant they'll handle it but I'm with Leo. I don't think defeating Apophis will be that easy.

Why do I feel like he'll get away?

Leo said as much, and that the chances of him escaping are high, especially if there's a god involved... But the question is, would it be escaping or somehow slithering out of the corner we plan to push him into?

Then there's the ultimate question: are we equipped to defeat a god?

An answer that even I don't know.

Come on, Bastet, show me the way.

So far, it's been radio silence from her, ever since the day Royce marked me. 3

I glance around the hall. The place is alight with dozens of huge-ass chandeliers.

The tablecloths hold the Night Walkers Pack crest imprint on them as do the napkins. The centre pieces are long vases with flowers.

This shit is too fancy for me.

Mama walks over and sits down beside Mama Mari and Ahren. Tatum looks bored out of his mind.

There are still three empty seats at our table: Dad's, Uncle Marcel's, and Winona's. Sienna, Heaven, and Alessandra are sitting at our table as well, their back to the Westwood and Arden table. 3

The only time they talked was when Heaven asked Theo to move their chair and he had countered with a no until Alessandra had jabbed her fork into his waist. Of course, not wanting to admit a kid younger than him did that, he had turned, glared at her, and pulled his seat away. 6

She might be a little evil, soulless thing, but she's entertaining.

Especially since her face is made out of stone and no matter what she does, she doesn't show any emotion... you never know what's to come.

She's just like a dead zombie or something. 5

I glance around, realising I haven't seen Raihana and Chris. Where are they seated?

I scan the hall until my eyes widen in surprise, spotting Ri at the table of the elders and the high witches of the coven.

Damn, I didn't realise she'd make that transition so fast. She's taken on a big responsibility, and it makes me think that everyone is making sacrifices...

The truth is we need someone strong at the head of the coven... Magdalene might knock off soon, Janaina is old too, the younger ones all seem to be petty if we go by Sephora, anyway. We need a badass queen like Ri there.

I glance over at the Arden and Westwood table next to us, Charlotte is sitting quietly with the quints on her left and her mom on the right.

The poor girl looks small compared to the gorilla. Renji is smiling brightly, whilst Jayce looks like he doesn't want to be there.

I shift my attention to Royce's Mom.

Catherine Arden.

Her hair is pulled into a sophisticated bun, her makeup is minimal, but she doesn't really need it. Her features stand out and her body itself reminds me of wonder woman. Tall and strong, yet feminine. She's watching Dad and my gaze dips to where her hand is on top of Kenneth's.

The sound of Dad's mic being turned on makes silence fall across the hall. The cameras that are positioned all around, are zoned in on him.

"Thank you to everyone for taking the time to attend tonight." Dad's voice draws my attention back to him. "I won't waste time on pleasantries, as everyone already knows there is a lot that needs to be discussed and the reason behind this conference is to address certain things that we have faced as of late."

Here it comes