

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

Chapter 13



The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin Chapter 13. In the Middle of the Night

SKYLA.

I see its shadow loom in the tiny window, which is far too small for it to fit through. Heck, I just about managed to fit! Thank god I'm not blessed with Mama's curves or my ass wouldn't have fitted through that damn window and that snake would have had my ass for dinner. Can you just imagine me

walking around with my ass bitten off? I'll probably be dead soon after.

Silently I climb into the bathtub, shuddering

at the thought. I can feel that chilling aura grow, and I can hear its breathing outside. Silently I place my hand over Malevolent's mouth, steadying my breathing as I lie down in the bath, not wanting to be seen...

Go away...

I hear a distant, powerful growl that makes my heart soar. Is someone out there? I hear

a hiss before something huge slams into the side of the cottage, not once, but twice.

Fuck!

I flinch, praying the walls hold, and I'm about to run from the bathroom, but suddenly there's silence.

Exhaling deeply, I wait for a few moments about to get up when I hear footsteps.

Human footsteps...

Control... I can feel my Lycan wanting to burst forward, but its anger won't help. I can't let anyone know what I am... I close my eyes before the footsteps fade away and I quietly sit up. Glancing towards the window, I slowly pad to the door and rush out to the main hall. Running to the front door, I quickly shut it, locking it.

I need to block up the back window. I run my fingers through my hair, letting out a shaky breath.

I stare down at myself. It's so cold I can feel it in my bones, and I can see the wound that I had gotten when its fang had managed to scrape me is still bleeding. I frown, looking at the side of my breast that isn't seeming to heal. That's where it's fang got me... 2

"Meow?" Malevolent watches me.

"Oh it's ok my little minion, it's just a scratch... and we can't tell Dad or he'll be

placing me in a bloody cage made of gold or something." I shiver, damn why do I feel so

cold?

She jumps from my arm, nudging my ankles as she brushes against me.

I frown as I stagger to the kitchen to grab the first aid box. I'm exhausted. I drop onto the chair, opening the box with shaking hands. Hopefully, it's not poison. I apply some cleansing herbs, although the label says it's more for wolfsbane and silver. I clean away all the blood. Ah well, it'll be fine.

I place a square bandage on the side of my

breast when there's a knock on the door, making me freeze.

Who the hell would be here at this time?

Maybe it's one of Prescott's guards. I did hear that growl earlier. My heart thuds trying to figure out a story as I rush to the bedroom and grab one of my satin nightgowns. I put it on, tie the belt and spray a good amount of perfume on top to get rid of any lingering smell of blood and head to the door, I pause glancing in the small mirror that hangs on the wall and practice my most sleepy face. 1

Perfect.

I walk to the door and pull it open keeping my eyes half hooded as I look at the man

standing there, all fake sleep vanishes when they fly open staring sharply at none other than Royce, crouching on the step, holding my phone that I must have dropped earlier. 2

"Skyla?" He says, clearly as shocked as I am.

My heart thuds and I wonder what he's doing here... I get that Prescott was allied with the Shadow Wolves Pack but this place isn't too far from his actual pack grounds, it's still his territory was it ok to be on it past midnight? "You live here..." Royce murmurs as he stands up.

I don't reply, making the mistake of looking him over the moment I realise he's shirtless.

Oh, fuck me now... He has the hottest body I have ever fucking seen and trust me, I've seen a lot... defined abs, a sharp cut V, tan sexy skin and every single ridge of his body is made to be devoured. I'd happily lather him with whipped cream and lick him clean. 2

A familiar ache settles in my core and I find my gaze dipping to the front of those grey sweats that match the colour of his stormy eyes... The very clear shape of his package tells me he isn't wearing any boxers underneath.

My gaze flicks up just in time to see his gaze

lingering on my breasts. I wonder if he likes

my pierced nips... With just the thin green satin clinging to me; they are clearly

emphasised. I smirk, but he looks away, scanning the grounds. What is he looking for?

"Did you hear anything just now? There was something out here and I wasn't too far... so I thought I'll check it out." He says, crossing his arms, still holding my phone.

I shake my head, taking my phone from him and placing it on the table beside the door. "

Nope, nothing. I did hear some commotion,

but I was fast asleep." I lie, 2

"Oh?" He says, his eyes boring into me, and for a second, I wonder if I should have told

the truth.

"Yeah."

"Then you won't mind me coming inside and taking a look around, because whatever I was chasing vanished around here."

"This is a little cottage. There's nowhere anyone can hide. By any chance, are you insinuating I'm hiding something?" I ask sharply.

"Not at all, but if you keep being stubborn, I might start to question why... Now let me come inside and have a look around." He

persistence.

"You don't need to come inside unless, of

course, you meant coming inside me, that I won't mind." I smirk crossing my arms. He

rolls his eyes, stepping forward, and looks

down at me, leaning closer. His scent fills my nose as his lips almost touch my ear and I welcome the heat of his body that shields

me from the cold outside... 1

"Well, I'm afraid I'm not interested." He

whispers in my ear before moving back and looking me in the eyes. (1

Well, as long as he isn't scanning the cottage "Are you sure? No one will need to know."

I whisper, running my nail down his chest.

"Don't." He growls, pinning my wrist against the wall behind me. I gasp at the sudden force, flinching as pain shoots through my injury and I feel blood spreading across the bandage. His eyes widen slightly, and he looks down at me. "You're hurt."

"I'm not." I deny, narrowing my eyes.

He doesn't bother replying as he yanks my gown off my shoulder, revealing my

bandaged breast, but in the process, the

gown slips open fully, exposing me entirely

to him.

His eyes widen, but it's the flash of hunger

that coats them as they blaze a brilliant blue

that makes my pussy clench, and the

moment his eyes dip down, I smirk

victoriously, my own eyes fixed on his

package as his dick hardens in his pants.... 1