

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 144

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For Me

SKYLA.

Warmth.

It's so warm...

And it smells so good...

I open my eyes, and my heart skips a beat.

Royce.

I'm in Royce's arms...

I died.

I smile softly. That's why it's so peaceful...

'Death is not what you deserve, Lycan princess.'

Bastet?

"Then what do I deserve?"

'Embrace every part of you that makes you... you fought him, and you broke his hold upon you. You did that, child.' 3

'Yeah, by killing myself.'

'Attempted to kill yourself. You did not succeed.'

My eyes snap open as I stare up at Royce's neck.

His scent, the feeling of his body against mine.

This feels so real...

What?

'Your life was saved and for a good cause, your death would mean Apophis will always have a hold on this world. Always.'

'How are you speaking to me now? You were gone?' I ask.

'Hecate's daughters helped channel my energy to you.' 1

'I see... I'm a danger to them, to them all.'

'In the bathroom when you took a stand, refusing to hurt anyone any longer, and determined that even death is better than hurting those whom you loved. It was then that you broke the hold he had upon you.'

Bastet's voice comes. 1

The guilt and regret return to me, a dull ache in my chest.

'You freed yourself and with it, our connection was rebuilt. He has been meddling with you for a long time. Injecting you not once but thrice. He has been planning this for far longer than we thought.

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I frown, "So all along, his plan was to pull me under his control? Why?"

'Because he thought he'd be able to attain all ... only the Solaris King thwarted those plans.

I frown, back on the blood moon... we had thought we needed to be careful because of my ties to Bastet, not knowing that he already had his eyes on me. I was his target.

'What now?' I ask.

She laughs, a tinkling laugh fills the room.

'You know the answer, child. Embrace and trust in yourself.'

She's gone.

Gods and their fucking cryptic shit. 6

"You're awake."

My heart skips a beat at his deep fuckable, just-woke-up voice.

Our eyes meet and that crushing guilt fills me again, along with the fact I was ready to leave him... 1

I'm waiting, waiting for that urge to awaken inside of me, but it's not there. 1

I feel at peace, just like I used to around.

Royce.

He blinks, his thick lashes curtaining those stormy grey eyes.

He's beautiful...

"You can hate me. I really don't mind. I hate me too." I say quietly, breaking our eye contact. 1

My throat feels sore and my voice is a little huskier than normal.

His heart races as he raises his hand to my

face, cupping the side of it and my neck in his large hand. "I can never hate you, Love." 1

I open my mouth to reply but before I can his lips are on mine.

Tingles of pleasure rush through me as he kisses me with such intensity that my mind goes blank. A kiss fuelled by a thousand emotions. Emotions I understand, and many

I don't.

But despite that, even when he pulls me on top of him, deepening the kiss, there is one thing I know for certain...

My beloved loves me with every ounce of his being, even when I don't deserve it.

Tears spill from my cheeks, and he tenses, breaking away from my lips.

"Hey..." He sits up slowly and cups my face.

"You should be on edge... I could hurt you right now."

"You won't."

"Only a fool would be so confident," I say, cupping the back of his neck as my heart clenches painfully.

"Then I am a fool. Your fool... if you will have me, my lady." 1

My heart skips a beat, and I can't hold it in. Lowering my head, I break into soft sobs.

He wraps his strong arms around me, pulling me against him. My hands curl against his chest.

He really is a fool for wanting me.

He strokes my back, kissing my shoulder and neck.

"I said things and did things that even an apology doesn't fucking cover..." I whisper.

I can never make it up to you. I'm fucking sorry. I feel like shit for what I've done."

My voice breaks, but I don't care. I need to tell him that I'm so fucking sorry.

"I don't deserve you. Even the gods made, that clear when they mated me to that cunt. You deserve so much fucking better." 3

"Look at me."

He forces me back slightly and grips my face, pressing his forehead to mine. "I do deserve the fucking best, and that's you. You are all I want, nothing more, and there is a way to make it up to me... if you promise you will..."

I look up at him, my vision blurring with tears. "Don't ask me to forgive myself, because I can't."

He kisses my nose and I scrunch it, sniffing.

"Well, I'm such a turn-off you'll want to get rid of me soon," I mutter.

"Absolutely never. And I won't ask you to forgive yourself, but I will ask you to let me help you, let me heal the hurt in your heart. Let me be a part of your pain. Love, let me be there for you." He says so softly, so gently, that it makes a fresh wave of tears trickle down my cheeks. 2

I shake my head.

What did I do right to get him?

"I don't deserve you... I accused you of raping me. That's not something small. I ruined your reputation."

"And you bloody know I don't give a rat's ass about my reputation, just my girl. But..." he kisses my lips softly, before wiping my tears and moving back.

He takes my hands in his and kisses my knuckles softly. "For me to be able to do that, you need to tell me how you're feeling."

I look into his glittering eyes, knowing he wants the raw truth...

The self-loathing I feel... the hatred...

"I hate how pathetic I am... I hate that it took me so long to break free... and even that is thanks to the crystals and stuff. I fucking tried to kill my dad, I tried to kill you, I accused you of assault. I pushed my Mama and thought I was tempted to hurt

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Phoenix." My voice breaks again as the guilt hits me. "This is why I'm better off dead.

Trust me, you don't need this fucking mess for a mate or partner."

He says nothing for a moment, giving me a moment to calm myself by taking deep, steadying breaths.

"I think that's for me to decide... but let's go over that... you tried to kill your dad, but you also tried to stop yourself, result? He's not dead, and you succeeded in stopping yourself. Me? I'm tried to kill you as you can see. You tried to stop yourself, result? He's not dead, and you succeeded and I mean that literally. And Phoenix? She's not harmed in any way. So, tell me why are you better off dead when you are fighting with everything you have to overcome this Baby Girl?" 1

My heart is thumping as I stare at him. His voice cracks as he speaks, thick with emotions.

In my own intense emotions and guilt... I forgot how he must be feeling...

I'm being selfish... again...

"I've watched you grow. I've seen the maturity, the love, and the passion in you to do what's right. You are an Alpha Queen and it's time to stop running from who you are, Love."

I stare at him, his words hitting deep.

Embrace your inner self. Your Lycan isn't your enemy, but a part of yourself. Embrace that, your powers, and your rage. Fuel it and own it. Because I know you can."

His words are powerful and as he speaks, he doesn't hold back his aura, it swirls around me, and I close my eyes, relaxing my mind.

He believes in me... He still wants me... my entire family is helping me... they stopped me from doing the worst and they still fought... I am a Rossi, and I will not bow to anyone... even my own demons. 2

My Lycan... the one I suppress.

I take a deep, steadying breath, gripping his hands.

He's here if I lose control- no. I won't lose control. Why would I?

The emotions that I buried deep into my mind burst to the forefront, the power it brings rippling at my finger trips, my self-defence mechanisms are ready to react and

I'm about to push those emotions back, but I don't.

Embrace it.

For him.

"That's it..." He murmurs.

I open my eyes. I know they're blazing purple. A part of me is scared to allow this power to ripple openly within me, but...

"You are a Lycan princess, a Lycan first and foremost, even though those cat eyes are cute." He teases, making me laugh weakly. "Be yourself, and never feel like you can't. I know those powers are scary, but they don't have to be."

I nod slowly. When I hear something outside, we both turn to the window, and I jump up from the bed. It's not even morning

Royce is right behind me, as we peer out through the corner of the curtain.

"Alpha King Alejandro!"

I frown,

"Isn't that that cunt waffle of a witch who was being a bitch? Saffron or something?" I whisper. 6

"Sephora..." he says, frowning deeply.

Several more people step forward and my frown vanishes as I stare at the man right behind witch bitch Sephora.

Aleric...

"That bastard." Royce snarls, turning when

I place a hand on his arms.

"No... I have a plan..." I say, my mind racing.

"What is it?" he asks. Anger is raging through him, but there's curiosity in his eyes.

Malevolent bumps into my arms, and I smile at Royce as I stroke her slowly.

"In this game of deception and lies... I think it's our turn to play the card of deception."