The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 13

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin Chapter 19, A Friend's Warning

SKYLA,

The following day dawned gray and gloomy, but I felt better. Well, at least the place

wasn't wrecked, no one was dead and I can

try to put the night behind me... but can I do that when I'll be seeing him at school?

Do I have any science lessons today? I mean,

we just had a physical science lesson last night. Maybe I can bail...

I sigh as I slip on my black lace cropped

corset, followed by fishnet tights and torn

denim jeans on top that showed off my

tights through the ripped patches. I grab a leather jacket and some heeled boots before

putting them on.

"Want to go with me, Malevolent?" I ask lifting her up.

"Meow." She rubs against my chest, and I

smile.

"Let's get going then, just make sure no one spots you on academy grounds." I smirk as I pop her into the passenger seat as I get in and drive out. It takes a while to get to school, and with the heavy fog and the icy paths I drive much slower. Better to be safe than sorry, especially that Malevolent is with me. Her life is far more fragile than

mine. 3

Well, my little subordinate let's go face the spawns of all things gross." I round the corner, the gates of the school looming before me and they swing open as I approach.

I drive through feeling the magic on the

entrance

Another day... let's just make it to the end of the day.

The first lesson passed by, and I didn't mind

it as much as Katalaya and I are in the same class and sitting next to her whilst mind linking her and trying to distract her is

pretty fun. Plus, I can avoid all the perves gawking at her breasts.

I hate school.

"I'll catch you later?" Katalaya says as she bundles up her books once the bell rings.

"You are such a geek." I say smirking. I remember her forcing Azura and me to do our homework, and although I would do mine and get it over with Azura was the one who'd cause shit and not bother with her

homework. Ah, I miss the Weekend Devil...

Speaking of Azura, aren't those Westwood queens around? Maybe I'll go find one of them to annoy, preferably Theo or Jayce.

"Where are you going?" Katalaya asks suspiciously.

"Why?" I ask, jouding as I grab my books.

"That smile." She watches me observantly.

"I'm going to go find my beautiful

overgrown troll-like cousins." I say.

"The quirkit Ted Bear's!" She smiles and I smirk, see? Even she knows who I am talking about.

"I'll tell them." I say. We part ways and I trudge to the younger grades. The school

ranges from 12 to 19-year-olds and due to

the vast size, you won't often run into those

who are far younger. Well, it doesn't mean we can't go find the little poisonous

Westwood wends.

I'm halfway down the hall, deciding if I should get some itchy herbs or something to douse the cockroaches in when someone

steps in front of me. My breath catches in

my throat as I'm hit with that delicious scent of winter and spice...

Royce.

I look up at him. He's in a white button-

down shirt, and tight blue jeans, and his hair is tied back. God, he's handsome...

An image of Kaeru flashes through my mind and I push that thought away.

"You're in my way." I state dismissively.

"First period after lunch, meet me in the Storm training room. We're going to start on your training." He says, crossing his

arms.

Storm, one of the several training halls

across the academy.

Training...

"I didn't agree to it." I say, frowning.

He tilts his head as if I am wasting his time. " I'm here to overlook your training, whether you like it or not. Besides, you don't really have a say in the matter."

I frown. Here for me? If that is the case, then

why would Alec come?

"Well, if I find time, I'll come." I shrug, side stepping him, only for him to take hold of my arm and pull me back in front of him.

I hate that he's strong.

Glaring up at him I try to yank free, but he

doesn't budge, a strand of his hair falls in

front of his eyes and for a second I find

myself admiring those grey eyes, those soft pink lips ... my fingers itching to touch his

hair...

"If you want to disobey me, sure, no problem. But I will be reporting back to your

dad, and once you already think I'm in this

to get some Daddy points, this might work in my favour." He replies arrogantly. I clench my jaw, my eyes flashing.

I have a huge list of choice words to use on him, but I know him enough to know he'll follow up on his threats. A sudden thought accurs to me, and I smirk devilishly.

"You know... I can tell Dad about our run in

at the club." I whisper.

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"Go for it. I wonder if it'll help your case.

He counters, unmoved. I frown, my anger rising, and I scoff.

"Please. I don't care at all." I say coldly. "So

that won't work on me. So." I add

mockingly.

"Perfect then. I'll see you after lunch." He walks off and I clench my jaw.

Dickhead.

I don't manage to find the Westwood spawn, Jayce has football practice, and Theo is in detention. As for the other three, I only saw Renji and even I'm not evil enough to

torture him.

I sigh, pushing the door open to exit the building when I hear a tut.

"Sentors aren't allowed in here without a

pass." A voice comes

I turn to look at the woman, a peach blouse, white pants, black hair, and tight brown eyes. Masking my shock, I stare at none other than Leo Rosa's ex-girlfriend. Leo – as in the Alpha of the Sangue pack. 2

Ugh, why is she here?

"I don't take orders from anyone. Nikki." I

roll my eyes.

"It's Miss Daniko to you." She retorts.

"Oh yeah? What subject are you teaching?" I ask mockingly.

She frowns. "I'm part of the admin team." She purses her lips. 3

"Ok cool... Miss Dumiko." I

"Daniko." She frowns.

"That's what I said, Dum-ee-ko." I raise my eyebrows and she frowns before shaking her

head.

"Fine, whatever, you have a weird accent."

"Ah, same babe, same." I say before I turn and saunter off. Why the fuck is she even

here?

Argh!

I grab lunch before I sniff out Malevolent. It's not the easiest thing to do, but I manage

to find her. Bundling her under my jacket, I head to the bleachers at the football pitch. Hiding under them, I place Malevolent down and scrape all the tuna from my sandwich.

"There ya go." I pat her head, leaning back against the stand and take my phone out, looking at Reign's messages.

Should I reply?

I desperately want to, but after everything, I don't know if I want to meet him. I don't need to throw another man into this mess I've already made, things are already messy.

Unlocking my phone, I ring Azura. I just

need someone to talk to.

"Hey, girl." Her voice comes and I smile.

"Hey. How's Phoenix?" I ask. It's good to

hear her voice.

"Great, playing with her grandad." Azura says. "So, what's on your mind and I don't want any lies?"

I sigh. "Well, Dad has one of the Grace Arden's training me."

"What? You mean just you? Why would Alejandro ever allow that? He doesn't trust

Kenneth..."

"Your guess is as good as mine, babe. I have no fucking idea. And the worst part is... " I glance around before lowering my voice. "I may or may not have fucked one and made

out with the other?"

I can just picture those eyes widening like saucers. "You did what?"

"You heard me, or do you want me to go grab a microphone?" I remark.

She takes a deep breath and I know she's

trying to organise her thoughts.

"Wow... did you know who they were?"

I sigh heavily and quickly fill her in on how Royce was a random guy in the club and

Alexis was not

Ok my opinion, I like Royce better, I think he's the one who helped Leo too... as for

Alexis... be careful... for him to make a move

on you, Sky. That makes me worried. Tread carefully." She replies. 7

"Yeah, I will try to... so I saw Leo's damn ex here. Call me Miss Dumiko, or I'm going to cry." I mimic her irritating tone, making

Azura snicker.

"Sounds just like her, damn I'm sorry you have to deal with her, but remember if you need me to get any voodoo dolls out and

ready. I'm here."

"I know... Well, I have training with Royce now, I sure as hell ain't calling him sir." I

grumble.

"Yeah, sounds kinky." She snickers. "So, are they as posh as their dad?"

I smirk. "Oh yeah, and they're so blond and the way they talk, so damn posh, man." I reply, snickering. "I swear they're like proper princes, especially Aaron."

"So, are they your type?" Azura teases.

"Blond yes, sexy yes, complicated... yes. Yeah, I guess so, but I don't know."

"Just be careful, and don't go around making reckless decisions, ok?" 1

"Alright. Although that coming from you?"

"Whatever." The unhappy voice comes

I frown, wondering who it is, I doubt it's a girlfriend because with his so-called morals;

I doubt he'd have got with me in the club if

he had someone. I hear a very quiet sigh, which I wouldn't have if it wasn't for my

Lycan hearing. He hangs up and places his phone to the side. 1

"Alright. Warm-up." He says, his gaze dips to the side of my breast, but although it's not fully heated, it's getting there. You can see the small bandage peeping out, but I'm

fine. Due to the poison I took last night, my healing is slower...

"I don't need to, I jogged all the way here." I

reply, crossing my arms.

He cocks a brow, crossing his arms. "Do you

like to disobey me, Skyla, or are you

generally a disobedient person?"

"Yeah, I'm a bitch. Got a problem with that?" I ask, doing a cartwheel and stopping

in front of him. 3

"No, warm up." He counters arrogantly.

I clench my jaw, and my eyes flash. "I don't like being told what to do." I state, turning my back on him. I'm about to do some

stretches for the damn sake of it, when I

sense him behind me.

Spinning around, I move to push him away,

when he grabs my arm and twists it

painfully, yanking me against him. I

struggle, my anger rising when I realise he's using just one hand.

Why is he so fucking strong?!

1

"Unhand me!" I snarl.

"Are you going to warm up?" He asks coldly.

I clench my jaw, my heart thundering as I stare back at him defiantly. I can feel my

anger ready to burst inside of me once more. A part of me wants to say fine and pull away, but another part of me wants to see him

snap – to lose control, so I have an excuse to

do the same.

I'm doing it again, but even though I know

that, I won't back down.

"No. I'm not." 4