

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

Chapter 20



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Her Father

ROYCE.

It's two days later and the day the Lycan King himself is coming to the school. I'm sitting in my office mulling over yesterday's session.

Training with Skylia has been a little easier. Starting with her warming up without complaining.

She's been quieter too, and I wonder what is on her mind... but again; I have to remember there is a boundary I need to keep in place.

I have my own questions that I wish I had answers to... irrelevant to her training.

Does she ever think of Reign?

She seems to be doing fine, and doesn't seem to be worried about anything... but I know that the truth is she's got a lot more going on than she pretends to have and although I know some of her issues, I want her to tell me, as Royce. To trust me as she did Reign...

She has a lot of emotions that she just doesn't seem to be able to get control of. I don't exactly know what she is, but I know she's not a werewolf, or not fully.

She just... the two training sessions I have had with her... There's definitely something there that is not mentioned in her files, or the king simply doesn't want anyone to know. Either way, there's more to her.

Much like us, the Rossis are powerful, and it only makes sense they keep their true powers on the down low, just like Dante Rossi, who is extremely powerful. Delsanra Diana Rossi, the mate of Rayhan Rossi, is a hybrid demon witch. 4

There are others, like the Deimos prince, and many things they'll keep quiet, but I don't fault them on that. Knowledge is power, and for others to attain that information... can be dangerous.

A knock on the door of my office makes me look up, and I sit forward.

"Enter." The door opens and I'm instantly hit with a powerful aura. Even if I hadn't ever seen him before I would know who this He's muscular and tall, with tan skin, oozing power and dominance. He's wearing black pants, a white button down and a suit jacket. Salt and pepper hair is brushed back with short back and sides and he has a small beard that is neatly groomed. He wears a dagger earring which hangs in one ear that glints when the weak sunlight from outside hits it. Tattoos cover his neck and, from what you can see from the buttons left open of his shirt, over his chest. They cover his hands, where he's also wearing a few rings, loosely holding a cigarette between two fingers. 7

The Lycan king himself – Alejandro Rossi... 1

I stand up, we're about the same height, and I can feel my wolf's restlessness, urging me to show my own aura, but I hold it back. 2

"Alpha Alejandro." I say, extending my hand.

A cold smirk crosses his face, and his dark eyes which look almost fully black watch me intently, glinting dangerously.

"Arden." He says, accepting my outstretched hand, and takes a drag on his cigarette at the same time. 1

We exchange a firm shake before I step back, motioning for him to take a seat.

"Please take a seat."

He's watching me intently, and I know he's sizing me up. Well, I didn't dress to impress, I'm in a white button, grey jeans, a belt and trainers. My hair is open and my sleeves are pushed up. I don't like to put on appearances; I am who I am, and I won't change for anyone. 3

I'm not sure taking a seat behind the desk when the king is here, is deemed respectful... So instead, I decide to lean against my desk as the king takes a seat.

He holds vast power, and that power radiates from him, demanding respect. And when I hold his gaze, I can feel it.

A small smirk quirks the corner of his lips before he takes another drag on his cigarette. "I got to admit, you ain't what I fucking pictured."

"Well, I'm honoured you were picturing me, but I do hope you weren't expecting me in ruffles and silk." I reply lightly, considering he called me and Aleric princesses.

"I fucking might have been, so you're Royce." He's scrutinising me again, and I cross my arms, nodding curtly.

"If you have any questions ask away," I say emotionlessly, wondering what exactly he's trying to figure out.

"You're the one who helped Leo out a couple months back, you answered your old man's phone." He states and I give a small nod.

Seems like it's not only Dad who's not going to forget that...

I don't really want to discuss it, what's there to discuss, anyway?

"When there was a discussion regarding the position of the older years trainer and I was pushing for something that seemed pretty impossible by wanting an Alpha... You offered... Why did you agree? You come from one of the most powerful families in the country."

You have no idea... 1

I turn my attention back to the question he just asked me and frown slightly. I know why I wanted it... to get away from Dad... but I genuinely liked the sound of trying something different for a while.

"I thought the change of pace might be ideal." I reply.

"Hm, yet you spent several fucking years in the states. Still got sick of your old man that fast?" He smirks.

"I had far too much time on my hands, and it sounded like something I thought I could help with."

He doesn't reply, watching me intently and I hold his gaze, waiting patiently for the next question.

I'm not much of a talker nor am I a people person... should I tell him I genuinely want to help her? But then he could ask why, and even though I did want to help her, before I even knew who she was, I don't need him probing further.

"Yeah?" He seems to be done with that scrutinising stare and seems to relax in his seat.

I've been observed and watched for years by Dad, and something I learned from that was how to mask my emotions entirely...

"As I mentioned in my email, I was wondering if there's anything that you can tell me that might help Skylia. I've had two sessions with her and I'm picking up on certain things but at the same time I feel she's dealing with a lot more than she lets on."

I don't plan to tell him much, but I need to offer him something so he can offer me something back.

"Well, she's my daughter, she's bound to be powerful, and sometimes that power gets hard to control. She... doesn't know her own strength, and she doesn't really like to acknowledge that or face whatever is troubling her internally. Trust me, I've fucking been there, but she doesn't like to talk about it to me or her mother or anyone much for that matter."1

Yeah, I know...

"That's understandable... I saw the report on what happened last year, or what little was mentioned. How did she cope with that?"

"Cope?" He cocks a brow before sighing and sitting forward. "She obviously acted like she was fine when I know she did feel guilty for it, she regretted her actions even if no one fucking saw that or believed that shit,

but the one who felt the worst about it was her. I know my daughter."

He sounds defensive, and the confidence behind his words is crystal clear. I see the concern he's trying to mask, no matter who they are... a father will always worry for his child...

He knows his daughter, she just doesn't let him in...