

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

Chapter 23



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A Clash of Fire and Ice

ALERIC.

The school day is almost over, and I couldn't have been more elated today, and it is not because the day is done, but because of some good news. It was shortly after lunch when I had received a message, one I now look down at again. A message from Skyla- or should I say LuciferessX.

I scan the messages we exchanged with a smug smile on my face.

LuciferessX: Fine. Let's meet. I hope you're ready to make it up to me, because I'm still angry, Reign.

Reign2.0: Absolutely. Name the time and place and I'll be there.

LuciferessX: There's a grill house in town, Kayoko's. Meet me there this Sunday, at 7pm. Don't be late. It's your last chance...

Reign2.0: I won't be late. I promise.

I turn the phone off and slip it back into my pocket as I make my way to River's office. Unlike Royce, I'm far more careful with my phone and I can't risk anyone seeing it.

Well, I'm glad that Royce was so careless. If I hadn't spotted the message notification on her phone that day at her cottage... and recognised the name as Royce's, this wouldn't have been possible.

I head to his office door after the ugly secretary with good boobs announces me and step inside.

"You wanted to discuss something with me?" I ask as I shut the door behind me and take a seat opposite him.

He nods, closing the file he was viewing and joins his hands together in front of him.

"Ah, I do apologise for calling you at the end of the day. I wanted to discuss the upcoming field trip for the seniors. The king was here for the morning, so I had to cancel our lunch meeting due to that."

I raise an eyebrow. The king had come here?

"The king was here? Today?" I ask smoothly.

How did I not know?

Rivers nods. "Yes, he wanted to talk to your brother and was there a while. He had come to finish some paperwork regarding

Kataleya Rossi, anyway since you are one of the ones who will be chaperoning the trip, I was thinking..." 1

I zone him out as he blabbers on, while I try to mask my festering rage towards Royce. He must have known the king would stop to see him... or by now he should have told father. He could have notified me! I could have had the chance to talk to the king myself and leave an impression.

He always seems to have it easier...

"Is that alright?" Rivers draws me back to the present and I nod, smiling smoothly, although I have no idea what the twit was saying.

"That's completely fine. Send me an email too and I'll organise everything we need to handle." I say, not really having listened to anything he was spouting.

"Oh, thank you. I think that would be absolutely ideal. Kataleya Rossi was always an excellent help on these matters. However, since she will be gone, do take on another student to help you. I will have a meeting on Monday with the other teachers who will be going on the trip."

"Of course, that will be perfect." I say as I stand up, not wanting to spend any further time with him than was necessary.

"Well then, I'll see you tomorrow."

I give him a nod and a smile before I leave swiftly.

'Royce, where are you?' I ask, trying to keep the irritation from my voice.

'In Storm training room... why?' He replies.

STORM. That's where he trains Skyla, blistering jealousy rushes through me and I speed up.

'Just needed to have a word with you. I'll be there in a few minutes.'

Silence.

I'm going there now; he doesn't have an option, anyway.

My eyes flash golden amber as I stride down the corridors. It's pretty silent in this area, as most of the students have retreated outside or to the dorm houses of the academy. I head further away.

He had chosen the most deserted part of the building for their training... Then he says he doesn't want to get close to her. Why else choose such an isolated place?

I reach the training hall and push the door open, my eyes blazing. I'm instantly hit with Skyla's scent and look around the room.

Royce is sporting a few cuts, and he's coated in a thin layer of sweat. She's gone, but it's clear I barely missed her.

"What is the rush?" He asks, pulling his shirt off and wiping the sweat from his neck with it.

I step inside, letting the door slam shut behind me. "I heard the king was here." I say smoothly, masking the anger within me, wanting to hear what he has to say for himself.

He nods. "Yeah, I heard."

I almost scoff, shaking my head. "You heard? You knew he was coming, didn't you?"

"Who said I did?" He counters, his grey eyes meeting mine.

His impassive attitude is grating on my nerves. He gets under my skin at times, like no other ever can.

"Rivers said he had wanted a word with you. That he did have a word with you, in fact, and you're going to act like that didn't happen? Complete fucking bollocks!" I snarl, trying not to let my voice rise.

He slings his shirt over his shoulder and crosses his arms.

"He did."

I step closer. "And what did he say?"

"None of your goddamn business now, is it? So, stop putting on a shit show."

My eyes flash, and I step closer, shoving him. "Don't test me, Royce, you know how vital it is that I speak to him!" I snarl.

He didn't even move from his spot, watching me with that same unreadable expression.

I don't know what I'm holding onto. I don't know the man before me. I honestly don't know why I try to protect him when he's nothing but selfish.

"I don't think it would have been ideal. He would have seen right through you." He says quietly.

He doesn't know me.

"You're disobeying father." I say, swallowing hard as my heart thunders in my ears. "I told you, if you can't do it do not block my path! Let me fulfill father's wishes."

He glances at his watch. "Are you done? I need to shower and head out."

"I'm talking to you Royce!" I growl. My aura blazes around me and flames spread from beneath my feet.

I know I am risking it, but I can't seem to control the festering rage that is bubbling inside of me.

"And I'm not going to listen to this rubbish. I already told you, I won't get in your way, but if you try to get in mine... I won't tolerate it Aleric." He warns quietly.

He's calm and in control, but I can see the fury in his dazzling blue eyes. I glance at the ground seeing the ice that is circling my fire, stopping it from spreading any further.

Suffocating it, as he suffocates me.

"Don't try to show me your powers, remember I'm the firstborn!" I hiss.

He simply scoffs, a faint smile on his lips.

No. You're the second born, and there's no order that states who shall be the most powerful, Aleric."

He's antagonising me and I force slightly more strength into my flames, but I have to be careful not to destroy the entire place in the process. My anger only rises as he doesn't even bat an eyelid as his power grows to accommodate mine, trying to squash it out.

How dare he question my rank!

"I am the first-born Royce! If you're talking about our dead sister, she was stillborn. She was never born to be called the first. She was meant to die!" I sneer.

"That depends on how you see it... she was still living within our mother... I'm just saying... even the Lycan King was the third-born, not the first. Don't use your position to act like you are all-powerful." He tilts his head, and I can't stand that unmoving expression of his.

It's the final straw.

I lunge at him, raising my fist and punching him. Flames wrap around my arm and fist.

He blocks, his eyes flashing darkly as he counters, but he isn't aiming to attack. I hate how he isn't using his powers; my flames never touch him... never harm him because he can walk through fire and survive.

We are a blur as I throw hit after hit. A few do touch him, but not once does he attack me, simply blocking.

The only power he is using is to contain my flames. I know if father saw us now, he would lose it, but I know Royce, he will never rat me out.

He's too much of a loser to. He will never reach heights.

This is why he never gets anywhere in life, because the ones who are selfless always finish last.

I sneer as I aim a kick to his stomach, but this time I decide to arm myself with words, words I know that are going to hit him harder than any punch.

"Did I mention how good she was in bed the other night after you left?"

I smirk victoriously as he's thrown off, my words making his eyes widen in shock. My foot connects with his stomach, and he's thrown across the room, slamming into the wall near the benches.

I can't help but smirk as I hear something crack before his body hits the floor and the satisfying smell of blood fills my nose.

"Oh sorry, I didn't realise it would hurt so much." I smirk as I advance on him. His hair

curtains his face, but even though he doesn't speak, his beating heart gives him away.

He really does have some pathetic feelings for her.

I crouch down in front of him and tilt my head. "You know Royce, don't worry too much, she enjoyed it as much as I did and I assure you... she's good at a lot more than moaning in pleasure."

"Stop it." He growls, shoving me back as he gets to his feet.

I see blood on his left flank and notice he had fallen against the rungs on the wall behind him. The metal sheets are dented, and he grabs his shoulder, cracking it back into place. Not once does his face show pain, but my words hurt enough.

"Stop what? All I'm saying is you don't need to worry; she wants me enough to give me her number and wants to do it again." I taunt, smirking slightly.

I don't miss the glimmer of hurt in his eyes, and it satisfies me. It feels good to have something that he wants instead of the other way around.

"Stop disrespecting her. If you both enjoyed it so much, then what's the need to tell me? At least give her a little respect by keeping those memories to yourself." He snarls icily. He swallows hard as he glares at me.

"Ah yes... I can't have people knowing how good she is at giving head." I sigh, feigning agreement.

His eyes flash and the next thing I know, his hand is around my neck. He turns us, slamming me into the wall. Pain erupts in my head as I feel the blistering cold enter me.

He was far too fast...

"Don't push me, Aleric." He warns. There's no warmth in his eyes that hold uncontrollable fury that he is trying to contain.

Ah... I think I will stop, because I need him to keep ignoring her, I need to make sure she never learns that he is Reign... I will become her everything and when she does become mine... I'll flaunt her like the trophy she is...

The daughter of the king will be mine.