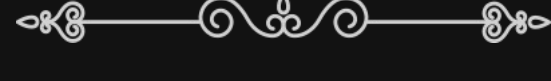


# The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 24



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A Dance

SKYLA.

Night has fallen, and I am getting dressed for dinner with Dad, Kat, and Royce. I don't know why Dad invited him, but it makes me wonder if he ended up hearing us in the

office earlier. I hadn't heard his footsteps; I had been far too distracted... plus his hearing is better than mine... but there's a high chance he didn't hear.

I sigh as I pull on a fresh pair of panties, my mind returning to our earlier training session. I had ended up hurting him again in the first half of the session.

Why do I always lose it?

He wants me to calm myself when I begin to get riled up... and today he hadn't defended himself, in hopes I'd be able to stop myself, but I didn't I couldn't.

He had had to step back at the last moment, and if he hadn't, I would have scarred that sexy body of his permanently.

Great...

I put on some earrings, unable to stop myself from thinking about the second half of our session. The guilt and panic had almost made me tell him my truth and my heart skips a beat as the memory replays in my mind...

(FLASHBACK – TRAINING EARLIER)

"I... I should go. This is a mistake. You can't help me. I'm just going to hurt you. I say, turning away, but I don't get far, only for him to spin me around.

"It's fine, relax. I'm fine. You're doing great." He says calmly.

Is he for real? I'm fucking messing it all up!

"Am I?" I scoff in disbelief. "You're delusional, or plain stupid."

"Tell me Skyla, do you spar to win?" Royce says as he lets go of me and picks up his phone.

"What?" I ask, as he switches on some music and sets the volume low loud enough so we can hear it, but not loud enough to give me a headache.

I like this song.

I look at him, seeing the sweat that coats his body, the blood tainting the air... I have just cut him open, and he's completely unphased.

"I asked if you spar to win? Do you aim to win?" He repeats.

I cock a brow, crossing my arms. "Obviously. So, stop holding back and just fight. I can handle broken bones. Give me your best."

He crosses his arms, mirroring my stance as he tilts his head and cocks a brow. "The aim isn't to break bones but to learn control.

Why not try to consider sparring as a dance."

"A dance?" I question, sceptically.

"Yes, have you ever watched two martial artists compete? A dance of perfection... fluid moves, calculated attacks, smooth reflexes and above all, you can see the art that it is." He says.

"We fight to survive, fight to kill and fight to protect, not for fun." I counter, as he circles "We do... but it is also an art, and only the ones who have perfected it, will get far..."

Those who act in anger will lose more..... I know that in a real battle, it's the survival and rage that fuels one... but in many cases, you need to think with your mind, act with control... Just once, I want you to treat this as a dance." He says, stopping behind me as he leans closer. "Tell me, can the Rossi Princess dance?"

My heart skips a beat and I remember something Reign said about the Alpha Gen X games back when we first got talking in that chat room. Debating over who will win.

'Fighting is a dance of art. Let the games begin.'

He had been right. The one who fought with skill won.

"I can." I reply softly, turning and looking into his eyes. I remember saying to Reign that I wanted to spar with him someday... He had said absolutely, as long as it was in the rain, and I was in something sexy.

I can't help but smile, missing our light flirting... I look at Royce and make up my mind. I'll imagine Royce is Reign...

"Then shall we?" He asks, I can feel the heat of his body behind me and I turn my head forward, breaking eye contact. I give a nod and his hand snakes around my waist, brushing my stomach. 1

Tingles erupt across my skin as his finger curls around my waist. He sure has big hands "The aim is to enjoy it, counter, assess, and act... but remember this is not a competition. ..." He murmurs, his hair tickling the side of my face before he suddenly lets go of me, grabbing my elbow as he spins me out and let's go.

"Let's dance then." I say, tossing my hair back as I run at him.

This is not a match; the aim is not to win; I have to remember that important part. Try to enjoy it...

We exchange blows and I focus on his moves. The aim is to block and counter in rhythm...

He catches my fist in his hand, twisting my arm as he tries to pin my arm behind my back, but I turn myself, ducking as I free myself and try to swipe his legs from under him.

He jumps back and I lunge forward, aiming a punch. He ducks, and I flip over, grabbing his shoulder. Only for him to grip my wrist and flip me over his shoulders and into his arms.

I frown, feeling my anger rising until I look into those grey eyes. There's no hostility or arrogance in them, and I find myself calming down.

It's just for fun... He isn't mocking me...

I slide out of his arms, elbowing him in his stomach, before I spin as fast as I can, hooking my leg around his and pulling it from under him.

"Shoot!" He curses as he stumbles. 1

"Nice dancing." I tease, as I yank his ankle.

"Well, if I'm going down, love, so are you!" He counters, swiping my legs from under me, as he hits the floor. 1

I jump, stumbling, but he manages to grab my ankle and yanks me back. I turn, and he grunts when my knee hits his chest. I can't help but chuckle.

"I forgot how strong you are." He adds, grabbing my thighs with his large hands and holding me back.

A jolt of pleasure goes straight to my core, and for a second, I'm distracted, giving him the upper hand, and he takes it, trying to throw me onto the ground over his head, but I grab a fistful of his hair, slamming his head between my knees and clamping my thighs around it as I pin his head to the ground.

"Forfeit or I snap your neck, Arden." I growl breathlessly, as he grabs the back of my thighs, only for us both to tense. Only then realising we are in a pretty compromising position...

"Try me." He challenges huskily. His eyes flash blue as he reaches up and grabs my neck.

Fuck, don't say that... because you know I want to try you...

His hand tightens around my neck, and I smirk.

"Forfeit, or I'll crush this pretty neck." He growls huskily.

"I don't mind a little pain. Choke me all you want." I whisper back, looking down at his face that sits right between my thighs. I hear the change in his heartbeat, the amusement

from his eyes vanishing as our eyes meet. Then I see it, that dark hunger that he tries to hold back, tries to hide away, and refuses. to give in to...

"Good to know..." He whispers, his hand tightening on my throat, the fingers of his other hand skimming up my thigh ever so lightly and I'm reminded of that night. His touch does things to me that I can't explain...

My core throbs in pleasure and suddenly we're flipped over, and I'm pinned to the ground with him on top of me.

"Fuck!" I growl, realising he had played me. "You played dirty."

"A little dirty dancing goes a long way." He murmurs, "I think I win."

I glare up at him, trying to get up, but the guy is damn big and strong. His muscular thighs are pinning my thighs firmly together, restricting my movement.

"It wasn't a match to win, though, correct?" I frown, my breasts heaving.

A faint smile crosses his lips, and he shakes his head. "No... but you actually are the winner."

I cock a brow and I'm disappointed when he gets up. I was enjoying being pinned beneath him... He lifts me to my feet before releasing me.

"How did I win? I mean, I lost..." I say breathlessly, adjusting the band of my pants.

"You didn't lose control. That's a victory for us both." He says. "You did great today."

I'm not expecting that, and I realise I enjoyed the match too...

Somehow, he had managed to bring that enjoyment I had as a preteen into sparring... without the fear of unleashing the beast.

Our eyes meet and I'm lost for words.

"You can give yourself a pat on the back now." He whispers teasingly, reaching over and brushing a few strands of my hair back. His fingers graze my skin, making my heart beat faster...