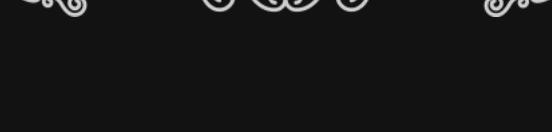


# The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 27



The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin Chapter 27. A Vision

SKYLA.

The next few seconds feel like minutes as we wait for her to speak.

"A servant of Apophis..." Katalaya whispers. All three of us stare at her as she gazes unblinkingly at the centre of the table, her eyes glazed a dreamy pink.

Dad frowns, his heart beating a little louder than normal as he watches her intently.

I'm not sure if it's because of what she said or if it's because she displayed her gift in front of an Arden.

"Kat." Dad's voice is low, but I can hear the tension he is trying to mask in it and I don't blame him.

The risk that comes with Kat's gift is terrifying.

Royce is watching her. There's a glimmer of curiosity in his eyes as I place a hand on

Katalaya's shoulder.

"Kat." I say, shaking her silently.

She jerks back, inhaling sharply as she looks

around, as if trying to remember where she is, her breasts heaving as she gathers her bearings, gripping my hand.

Dad's gaze flicks to Royce and I know he didn't want anyone to learn of Kat's gift, but it's too late. However, something tells me that Royce wouldn't tell anyone, anyway.

"Apophis? Like the god of darkness?" Royce asks, sounding uncertain.

I'm surprised he didn't question her, clearly not phased by what just happened. Maybe he might think she has some witchy powers.

Katalaya looks at Dad worriedly before she nods.

"Like for real? Now we have a Snake God unleashing some immortal beasts onto the planet to cause havoc?" I snicker, trying to lighten the mood. But no one joins in as all eyes turn to me.

Wait, do they actually think that? But... even though I'm trying to brush it off, I know that there is something coming.... Something huge... Something that is the reason that a demi-god walks this earth...

My brother.

He's here for a reason and I know that

whatever it is, will aim to destroy us all...

"If it's some sort of monster from another

realm, that would explain why no one can see it." Dad murmurs, but I can sense his

unease.

Why could I see it?

"Dad, have you yourself ever gone after it?" I ask curiously.

"No, I'm afraid I have had no encounter

with it. It's mainly around the south side."

Hmm, is it because I'm a Lycan then? I wonder...

Katalaya sips her juice, but her chest is still

heaving, and I can sense her unease.

"Did you see something else, Kat?" I ask her quietly.

She looks at me, and it makes my stomach twist when I see the fear that taints her eyes.

"There's more than one..." She whispers

before turning to Dad, who is now frowning deeply at her words.

Her visions, if you can call them that, come randomly, and often she'd say things which might not make sense. At other times they did, like now.

It is a little like Mama's, but not as cryptic or as clear as Dante's. Damn, I have weird siblings.

'Kat... Did they see you?' I ask through the link, the price she pays... every time she sees something, they also see her, and that makes me sick.

We had found that out the hard way. Several years back, someone had been murdered by a rogue, and Kat had identified him. The

only thing is, he also identified her and came after us. Luckily, she has a lot of protection around her constantly.

'I don't think so.' She smiles reassuringly,

but I'm not so sure...

We continue eating. The conversation between Royce and Dad is regarding the

divine death-noodle.

"With what Katalaya has said, that may be something the coven could look into. I don't

think it's uncommon for us to deal with things that don't belong here." Royce says.

Our knowledge of other supernatural beasts and species has grown, what with it

becoming a subject at school. However, I don't think I have heard of Apophis being a deity that has any species on earth.

Heck aside from those that we know of, who knows who or what else actually exists up there.

"Yeah, I will have a word with them. I'm fucking lucky that I have two highly efficient witches in the family, after all." Dad says.

"I heard; I also know they are slated to take the position of the high witches of the coven

of England, aren't they?" Royce asks with a faint smile.

Dad nods. "If they accept, right now neither wants to and no one can force them."

"It's good to hear you're not one for pushing someone into positions of extreme power for your own benefit." Royce replies, downing his water before placing his glass

down.

He has ignored me for the majority of the dinner, almost as if I wasn't even here.

'How is he during your training sessions?' I ask Kat.

She looks at me sheepishly. 'Umm...'

I narrow my eyes. 'You skipped it, didn't you?'

She blushes. 'No... I was helping the special needs new year students with their

herbology homework.'

I shake my head. This girl does not like fighting. Even though she is an excellent fighter, with it having been drilled into us for our own protection, she would rather not if she has the choice.

"Next time there's a council meeting, tell your Dad, I want you there. Even better, tell him to step the fuck down." Dad smirks mockingly.

Royce looks amused before shaking his head. "Dad has that effect on people, but I'd rather he not know of our meeting." He replies, his amusement vanishing.

Dad cocks a brow. "Oh? I'm sure he wouldn't fucking care. He might even approve."

"Approval for dining with the King? Not something I want approval over." Royce says seriously.

"Why? Not luxurious enough for an Arden?" Dad mocks.

Dad's trying to push him, but I've got to admit he's not given off any suspicious

vibes. Royce doesn't respond for a second, but I see the clench in his jaw before he looks at Dad once again. His next words surprise me with their bluntness..

"I'm not interested in the push and pull dynamics between you and Dad. If you want a reaction..." He turns to me now, "Then you got the wrong brother."

Those words are targeted at me...

His phone rings, and he takes it out. "Excuse me. I'll be right back."

"I'll order the dessert in the meantime," Katalaya says happily, picking up the menu.

Aww, she's so cute, I want to pet her head. Maybe she was a kitty in her last life.

Royce stands up and heads towards the exit. I doubt the hum of chatter and the music is the reason... he probably doesn't want to be overheard.

"Hello?" He answers the phone. I don't miss the glances he receives from several women as he passes their tables. I try not to look at

his ass, sensing Dad watching me before he disappears around the bend.

"He's a buzzkill." I state lightly.

"He's either genuinely not like his old man or he's excellent at hiding his emotions and putting on a front." Dad mulls.

"Or he's genuinely a good person AND he just likes to hide his emotions?" Katalaya

suggests.

Me and dad exchange looks.

"Yeah, and your sisters are fucking angels." Dad remarks.

She's too pure for this damn world.

Everyone has an incentive... What's Royce's?

I need to talk to him, yes I don't know what I'll say.

I mean, there's no way to justify what happened, but I need to know if he knows...

"Well, while you order a bit of everything on the dessert menu, I need to go pee." I say, standing up.

"Yeah, we really needed that fucking piece of information." Dad states, downing his drink.

I smirk. "Human nature to pee Dad, when I come back, make sure you have my 300 pounds ready." I stand up, needing to catch Royce before he returns.

"The fuck? When did it become 300?" I hear

Dad say.

I turn and wink at him.

"When you were talking, the number rose. You really need to put a filter on your mouth, Dad."

He narrows his eyes, and I smirk smugly.

It's so satisfying to use the same words back at him. Ah, to get under Dad's skin is super fun...

I turn the bend, spotting the bathroom, and glance at the exit, just as the door opens and Royce returns.

He glances up, holding the door open for three women who giggle and thank him as

they walk out, but he simply gives them a polite nod, looking down at his phone distractedly.

I roll my eyes, annoyed at him and the dumb giggling twits with tits.

When he lets go of the door and heads my way, I take my chance, ready to block him when he spots me as he's about to walk past.

"I need to have a word." I say quietly before I grab him by the arm and yank him towards

the bathroom.

He frowns, about to say something, but I place a finger to my lips. If we speak here...

Dad will surely hear us. I pull him into the bathroom and slam the heavy wooden door

shut behind us.

I breathe a sigh of relief, turning to Royce. I'm about to speak but stop in my tracks when I see the coldness in those eyes of his as he stares down at me.

Yup, he's super pissed at me...

Oh boy.

He steps closer, and for once I don't feel so tall or powerful when he's looking down at me with such power and dominance as he is now. I'm fucking twisted, because it is doing things to me...

You won't find many men who can have such a powerful effect on me as he does...

He braces his hands on the door on either

side of my arms, his eyes flashing blue.

He's so close.... I can see the tiny hair on his chin and above those perfect lips... but it's his words that snap me from my thoughts and make unease fill me.

"Tell me, Skyla... are we a fucking game to you?" His voice is cold, and this time he

doesn't mask the anger that he clearly feels towards me.

He knows.

There's no denying it... he fucking knows.