

The Lycan Princess And The Temptation Of Sin by Moonlight Muse Chapter

3

Chapter 3 Stood Up

SKYLA. I lead the way to the kitchen. I kiss Malevolent and place her down on the table before I begin rummaging in the drawers. The quicker we find it, the quicker I can get rid of him. He walks over to the sink and washes his hands, and for a moment I get distracted by the way his arms flex. I quickly turn away and open the next drawer, relieved when I spot the box. I carry it to the table, and open it to take out two rolls of gauze. I quickly snip a long piece off and then begin cutting it down the middle for my poor little kitty. I then wrap her leg gently and she meows, not happy with it, but I hold her in place as she struggles, not letting me tie it. "Malevolent, behave." I scold lightly. "Here, I'll help." He says and I allow him. His hands are already healed, and only a few extremely faint scratches remain. "So, what made you move out here at this time of year?" "What makes you say I moved out here recently?" I counter, mimicking his tone. Our eyes meet and he smirks, his blond hair falling over his shoulder as he holds Malevolent firmly, yet gently. He reminds me of a Disney prince. "I would have known if such a beautiful woman was living out here by herself." His gaze dips to my lips, and I look away. "Surprised you can call me beautiful when I'm soaking in sweat." I retort. "I didn't notice." His gaze is a bit much, so I focus on tying the tiny bandage, which is a little fiddly. "So, what made

you move out here?" Pushy much? "I just needed some space from my dad. He's kinda... controlling. I just want to live my life the way I want, without anyone telling me what to do." I sigh. He lets go of Malevolent, his eyes seeming to hold a sharp, calculating glint to them, but it is gone as fast as it came. He's about to ask me something when my phone beeps and we both glance at it. It's closer to him and I see his gaze linger on it before I reach over, snatching it up. "Thank you for allowing me to wash my hands." He says, glancing around before he strokes Malevolent's head, and she purrs in response. "It's not often I see a she-wolf with a pet cat." "Well, I'm not your standard she-wolf." I reply, scooping my kitty up. "Oh, I have no doubt about that." He says as I slowly lead the way to the front door, opening it and I fake a sweet smile. "Bye." "Bye, until next time." He says. His gaze flickers to my phone before he gives me a nod and steps out. I shut the door and look down at Malevolent. "Thank the gods... Come on, I'll give you some treats and I promise, although Mama isn't here, I'll have you all healed up soon. Tell me, why do you always get into trouble?" She meows and I pout. I get it, you're just like me. I put some food on her plate before I look down at my phone. There's the start of three messages on the screen. Reign707: Can't actually believe I'm about to meet... Grumpy Bear: I'm still waiting for that call from you... The last one is from a music streaming channel. I ignore Dad's message and text Reign instead. I need to figure out where the club is, and how long it's going to take me to get there. Well, time to start prepping for tonight... – I'm wearing

a long-sleeve fitted black dress with a boat neck in the front and it's backless with several silver chains going across the back. I've paired it with black killer heels, smokey make up, and finishing with red lips. I have some large silver earrings and a couple of rings. As soon as I reach the club, the bouncer smirks, looking me up and down. I raise an eyebrow at him when he pulls the rope aside and allows me to enter. Hey, if allowing his wandering eyes to roam freely gets me in faster, I'm not going to complain. Stepping inside, the strobing fluorescent lights and pulsating loud music assaults my senses. Along with the blinding lights there is a mix of sweat, alcohol and expensive perfume. It fills my nose, making it burn a little as my sense of smell is overwhelmed with so many bodies mashing together as people dance and mingle. Reaching into my small shoulder bag, I take out my phone. I try to zone out the music that seems to be banging around inside of my head. There's still plenty of time. I sigh, flicking my hair out of my face with a jerk of my head. I glance around. There's still an hour before he'll be here... but I don't mind being early. Gives me time to drink down some liquid courage and hopefully settle my nerves, although I know it won't work. Should I text to see where he is? Hell no, that will make me look so needy... I ignore the looks I get as I saunter my way over to the bar and take a seat. My phone beeps and I glance down at it. It's from him! Reign707: I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to cancel. I think this is a really bad idea. My stomach sinks. The sting of his message burns like I've been slapped across the face. Only it hurts way more than any slap

I've received, because I actually let myself get excited to finally meet him. Swallowing down my disappointment, which turns to anger, I glare at my phone. He made me feel like a fool. I should have known better than to get my hopes up. LuciferessX: Why is it a bad idea? It was your idea, remember? Reign707: Yeah, I know, just some stuff has come up, maybe some other time. Wow. Just fucking wow. He stood me up. LuciferessX: Fine. What more was there to say? LuciferessX: I didn't really want to meet, anyway. "Can I get you something?" I look up at the bartender. "I'll take three shots of Vodka." Fuck it, I don't need liquid courage now! I need it to calm the rage that is festering inside me, wishing I could yank him out of the little virtual chat to slap the shit out of him. No amount of vodka is going to fix this, but it sure will make me forget for a few hours. Maybe it's a blessing. He's probably some dirty old man that stole photos from the internet and has been pulling himself off while looking at the pictures I've sent! Fuck! Staring down at the message, I kind of expected another message, but there's nothing. I put my phone down before I end up breaking it just as the bartender slides a slim tray holding three shots of vodka with lime. I down them all, sucking on the slices of lime, trying to control how angry I feel. "Another round," I state. It's going to take a hell of a lot of alcohol to get me drunk, but I intend to try. However, my eyes are drawn up when I sense an impressive aura move into my surroundings. Turning, I search for the source of this potent aura that has managed to catch my attention, and spot a gorgeous blond Alpha as he takes a seat down the

bar. He's the exact image of a woman's dirty fantasy. He's at least 6,6 tall, with lush blond curls and an angular jaw, not to mention those soft pink lips that look so damn soft yet don't take away from his masculinity. He's wearing a white button-down shirt under a black jacket and black pants. From here, I can smell him... A cool icy breeze laced with the seductive scent of cinnamon and spice. Winter... he smells of winter... He's on his phone, as he orders a drink from the bartender. Why does he look oddly familiar... It takes me a moment before my eyes widen when I suddenly realise he looks a lot like the guy outside my house! But this one just looks bulkier and a lot more masculine, more of the rugged one in comparison to the princely look of the other. His eyes snap up, and they meet mine. His face doesn't betray anything as he skims me over before looking away. Brothers maybe? Twins? They could definitely pass as twins... Dude, was this place crawling with sexy blond Alpha Gods? Hmm... what colour hair does Reign have? I frown, remembering how he cancelled on me. Cunt. I order another round, downing the shots that sit in front of me. – Two hours later I'm still here, hoping maybe he'll show... I don't know why I thought he might just come... I really don't... Even Mr Greek God 2.0 seems to be waiting for someone, but he's stopped looking at his phone and I can tell he's getting angrier, but at the same time he keeps watching me. Guess we were both stood up tonight. Not sure why he would be... I sure as hell wouldn't kick him out of bed, maybe tie him to it so he could never leave. I tilt my head, well... I wouldn't mind a distraction... We've been

eyeing each other up for the past two hours. I'm sure an Alpha can handle me... I smirk, and he raises an eyebrow. I don't break eye contact, letting my fingers skim down my neck, and I can't help but feel satisfied when he gets up and walks over to me. Even his walk is so damn sexy. Call me fickle, but this is a distraction that I am not going to deny. "Hey." He says, sitting down. His voice is husky and deep, very deep. Fuck me now. Damn, he smells even better than he did from afar, I lick my red lips and smirk seductively. Crisp and fresh and it wards away the smell of the club. "Hey..." "Waiting for someone?" "Not anymore." I say, turning towards him. His gaze dips to my long legs that are crossed. "Same." He says, his eyes flash, but it is too fast for me to be sure. "That's a lot of vodka shots," "Nothing makes me feel drunk, though I still try." I chuckle, running my fingers through my hair. My leg brushes his and I'm very aware of it. "How about we change that?" He asks suggestively. "Sounds good to me..." I say, standing up. I pick up my bag and phone, and I walk off down towards the side door. I don't need to turn to know that he's following me. I can feel his eyes on me and his aura as I slip my phone into my bag. Time to have some fun...