

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 31

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin Chapter 31. A Rossi to the Core

SKYLA.

The morning has passed by damn slowly. I've been itching to get my hands on Aleric, and my anger has begun bubbling again.

Royce's words from last night are replaying again and again and it's only getting to me.

I don't even know how I'm going to face him later for training... I might bail for today. I don't think I can handle being in his proximity...

I zoomed through the first three lessons without even bothering to play up or waste time. Lost in thought as I get the work done with ease. The quicker I'm done, the better.

The moment the bell rings, I grab my books, and my tote bag that Malevolent has been curled in all day and rush from the room before anyone else even rises from their seat.

Now to find that dick.

"Skyla!"

I stop mid-step, spotting none other than Ahren, my nephew? I pause for a moment, second-guessing that. 11

I swear this family is so damn big and tied from every damn angle that I forgot who is banging who and who created what demon's spawn. But he's definitely my nephew... he's Rayhan's son. Yes. Cousin's son. 6

"Yo, what ya want?" I say, plonking my

hand on top of his curls. Damn, when did he get so big?

"I have something for you." He says,

stepping away from my hand.

Is it a coincidence that he has something for me today?

I narrow my eyes, watching him

suspiciously.

"Unless it's the souls of children or the

hearts of babies, I don't want it." I say. He smiles slightly, his eyes glinting.

"I'm afraid no matter how delicious those

might be, I come with something else." I smirk. I would give him a good tackle, but I

have all these damn books. 1

"I like your humour. Now tell me, fellow soul eater, what do you have for me today?" I ask as I fall in step with him as other kids start rushing from the classroom.

He may be years younger, but he's definitely on par when it comes to the aura he's emanating.

He holds up a small pouch. "Mom said to wear it. It's soothing... or something along those lines."

I clenched my jaw as I take the pouch from him, all amusement vanishing as my eyes flash.

Something to subdue me?

"Sure." I say, trying to hide my irritation. I bet this was Mama or Dad's doing.

Why the fuck do they have to butt in?

"You'll wear it?" He asks.

Was he told to make sure I put it on?

I look him over, sizing him up. He's very lean, and his build is different from most male werewolves. Where most are muscular, he has an almost slender, graceful build. 5

He's something else... I see it. Every time I see him, he's changing... evolving, and he doesn't smell like a werewolf... not at all. 1

He has the blood of three separate species running through him, but I'm not sure what he is because men aren't witches... that leaves demons and werewolves. Maybe a hybrid...

He gives me a small, closed-mouth smile,

knowing I'm watching him.

"I will." I concede before I give him a wave

and head to my locker.

No, I ain't fucking wearing shit, I'm angry again and I'm going to channel all this rage toward that dumb Arden who couldn't keep

it in his damn mouth just as he couldn't

keep his dick in his pants. 7

That can be said for me too, but at least I

don't kiss and tell.

Dumping my books in my locker, I sneak

Malevolent out and feed her one of her

pouches out behind the bleachers and then I

head to the cafeteria...

Reaching it, I realise it's at the peak of its

busiest time and I scan the hall full of

students and a couple of staff members hoping to find him.

Come on.... Please be here...

My heart skips a beat and a cold smirk

crosses my lips when my eyes fall on none other than Aleric Arden.

His hair is up in a ponytail, and he's wearing

a crisp white shirt, pale blue pants and a brown belt that matches his shoes as he

chats with one of the female teachers.

Both chuckle over something and she places her hand on his arm. That annoys me but I don't really give a fuck.

At least he's here.

Perfect.

I'm about to wait for him to exit when I realise I don't really care, he humiliated me ... I'm going to do the same shit.

I push through the students, and most clear the path, realising who it is, and I close the gap between me and him.

He turns, hearing the sound of my heels, or heck, he caught my scent.

I don't really care. He opens his mouth to

speak when he spots me. Something in my expression makes that cocky, charming

smile falter, and I'm really not interested in hearing what he's going to spout.

"Skyl-"

I don't let him finish. Raising my fist, I punch him square in the face. Fucking hard, I hear the crunch of something breaking, smirking victoriously. 9

Gasps and a few startled shrieks ripple through the room as silence falls across the cafeteria. I feel a surge of aura from Aleric as he looks up at me with burning golden amber eyes.

"Fuck you." I say quietly.

"Skyla. What is-" He tries.

"Hush handsome." I growl murderously, stepping closer and placing a finger to his lip, satisfied with the blood that drips down his nose. 2

"Skyla Rossi!" One of the teachers calls and I hear hurried footsteps, but I don't turn.

His heart races and I know I have him just

where I fucking want him.

"Skyla, I am your professor-"

"Are you? We both know what we know...

careful there... now... if I get in trouble for this." I motion at his bloody nose. "My mouth will spill a lot more."

He swallows hard, and I know he won't risk

"What did I..."

"You know what you did." I say quietly, looking him square in the eyes. 4

My own blazing purple, our aura clash and I can feel the wave of power radiate through the room.

I don't care if this causes rumours, I really don't.

Yes, I'm a bitch and it could ruin his career,

but did I give a fuck?

No. No, I did not.

I stick my middle fingers up at the crowds, knowing several were recording that and

saunter to the exit, not even glancing

around. 2

I did what I came for, and now I'm done.

Now that has satiated my hunger and anger...

I'm almost at the door when I come face to face with Royce. As always, he's unreadable, but I don't really care.

I slow down as our eyes meet, but neither of us speaks. There isn't anything to say.

Side-stepping him, I brush past him and take my leave, leaving a stunned hall of students in my wake.

And that is how it's done.

I can't help but smirk as I run my fingers through my hair, heading to the exit. 6

You don't mess with a Rossi. 14