

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

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Chapter 4 In The Mirror

SKYLA. The moment I push those double doors open entering the much quieter corridor, I glance back over my shoulder. Our eyes meet for a second, there's an intensity between us. The music is half blocked out and I give him the faintest of smiles. I turn the corner and enter the women's restroom. It's empty, but this will work... I lean against the wall, looking at the mirror that is hanging on the far wall. But my reflection is not of a woman struggling inside. I don't recognize this version of myself... Don't recognize the uncaring expression of a vixen willing to get hot and heavy in a woman's bathroom with a stranger. The woman reflected back at me – I meet her sometimes... She's my escape. The one I don't even know... but tonight, like many others, I'm giving her the reins again. The door opens mere seconds behind me, and I tilt my head to look at him. "Interesting choice." He states while locking the door. He turns around to face me, his eyes hungrily roaming over every inch of me. The next moment, he is stalking toward me as a predator does its prey. An inviting smile tugs at my lips, but I have no chance to reply when his long fingers grip my hips and tug me against him. Oh, fuck yes, just like that... His hand runs up my back, making my breath hitch at the skin-to-skin contact. My skin sizzles with anticipation and

desire burns a fire inside me. The hand travelling up my back slides into my hair. Grabbing a fistful, he tilts my head back. Our eyes meet, and his are burning with the same hunger I feel. His stormy grey eyes hold emotions I can't understand, and I find myself licking my lips, wanting to drown myself in whatever he has to offer. His gaze dips to my lips. This silent unspoken pull between us is suffocating me, and I love it. He doesn't say a word as he forces me back against the wall. Our hearts are racing in sync, and the heat of his body combines with mine, threatening to combust into a hundred fireworks in the pit of my stomach. The anticipation of having his lips on mine is killing me. My hand moves to his chest, and I can feel the hard planes of muscle beneath my palms as I smooth it down his chest before hooking my finger into the waistband of his pants. "Kiss me. I didn't come in here just to admire you." I find myself murmuring, yanking him by his belt and forcing him closer. His chest brushes against mine. A low growl escapes him at my words. No Alpha likes being told what to do, let alone the challenge I placed behind them, but my words seem to have the desired effect I seek, because he leans down. One hand grips the back of my neck, his seductive scent reminds me of a winter wonderland, and then, his lips are on mine. The lingering taste of his cocktail lingers, and a moan escapes me as he dominates my mouth, leaving no part untouched in a kiss that makes lust threaten to set me on fire. The pleasure setting me ablaze. My thoughts become consumed by his tongue, tasting every inch of my mouth. His tongue brushes mine

in a fight for dominance that I stand no chance of winning. My head spins as I kiss him back, becoming light-headed. I may not be able to get any effects from alcohol, but I'm drunk on the feel of his hands exploring my body. My hands run over his body as I deepen the kiss, the urge to take control rising within me and I give up suppressing that carnal instinct. Grabbing his jacket, I pull it off him and toss the expensive leather to the floor. His hand slips under my dress just as I slip my tongue into his mouth. He welcomes it, playing with it with his own, before he sucks hard, and I moan against his lips. He's only kissed me, and I'm so turned on, my body burns for him. His hand squeezes my ass, and the smell of my arousal wraps around us, perfuming the air. He groans and presses himself against me. His hardened shaft against me makes me yearn to unwrap it, so I can taste him. That desire overcomes me, and my nails dig into his arm to stop me from acting on it. Fuck, he's damn sexy. "Fuck!" I whimper the moment he rubs between my legs and I hear a faint groan of pleasure escape him as he slowly massages my soaking pussy. He teases for a bit, his hand softly rubbing over my panties, and I find myself frowning. I can sense he's holding back, and it's getting to me. I let out a low growl, yanking him closer by the shirt. "You're probably the most impatient girl I've met," He whispers seductively. "Stop treating me like a doll who will break. Fuck me like you hate me." I growl. "I don't think you'll be able to handle my hate fucking Doll, besides it will ruin the fun... Now, how about you shut that pretty mouth of yours and concentrate on my fingers." I glare at him,

that sexy look in his eyes only turning me on even more. He's still not going any further, his fingers rubbing my clit tantalisingly. He suddenly removes his hand and roughly turns me to face the mirror, pulling both of my hands behind my back; he holds them with ease in his left one. He slides my hair over one shoulder, his grip on my wrists tightening. Watching his reflection in the mirror, I see his eyes flicker and a ghost of a smirk crosses his lips deviously, while his right-hand runs over my body. His touch leaves paths of tingles in his wake. He squeezes my breasts, his lips travelling along the column of my neck. He's strong. I can sense that just from his touch as his hand travels lower. Even through my dress, his rough fingers are heating my skin. His touch ignites something incredible inside and a gasp leaves my lips when his fingers graze across my soaked panties. He lightly brushes over my clit, earning a moan from me, before he continues to play... My anger calms as his fingers tease along my waist in such a way that every inch feels heightened. My eyes flutter as I look at our reflection in the mirror. All I can see is the top of his head. He's tall and I look tiny in comparison to him. Every touch is getting to me... as he teases his fingers just beneath the waistband of my panties. My core throbs while I lean into him as he continues, drawing patterns with his fingertips over my skin. How is this driving me crazy? It's so intense... I'm enjoying this more than I should... This is meant to be just one random fuck... He hooks his finger beneath them, tugging on my panties only to let go. The sting of the elastic against my skin makes me hiss and I bite my lip. His fingers move lower,

ghosting along my thighs, and then he yanks my dress up to my hips, exposing me to him. "Look in the mirror." His deep velvety voice murmurs, and almost as if his command holds magic, I lift my head again and stare into the mirror, our eyes meeting and my heart thunders under those piercing stormy eyes. He breaks our gaze first, his eyes raking over my legs. "I want you to watch as I play with you." He purrs the words against my neck while his eyes flicker back to me in the mirror before holding my gaze. His touch suddenly isn't light, and he pulls my black satin thongs to the side. His thumb brushes against my Brazilian strip. "Sexy." He whispers against my neck before his fingers tease my pussy. He runs a finger between my folds and begins rubbing my clit. At first, it is barely a grazing touch, teasing, making me growl, he lets out a breathy laugh, slowly adding pressure and moving faster, building up a delicious tempo that has me moving my hips against his fingers. Pleasure explodes within me as his lips assault my neck. Oh, fuck! Fuck yes! I want to feel him against me. I try to break free from his hold but fail. He's too powerful... I'm far too lost in pleasure to focus. "Ahh." I groan, drowning in the pleasure he's serving me. I'm so near... Suddenly, he slows down, making my eyes widen. My lips part as he teases me as he lightly rubs over my slit. I'm already soaking wet... "Tell me... What do you want from me, Doll?" "What..." my eyes flash as I see that glimmer of amusement in his eyes. His touch remains tantalising and gentle. "I said, tell me you want me to fuck you harder and make you come and I'll finish what I've begun..." I'll get my own back... for

now, I want him to finish what he's started. "I want you to fuck me as hard as possible. I think I can take it." I challenge breathlessly, sounding so fucking horny. I see his eyes flash a dazzling blue as his fingers thrust into me roughly. All traces of that gentle touch are gone. I gasp at the sharp pain of his brutal intrusion, but I'm soon moaning in pleasure as he fucks me faster. I lean back against him, delicious pleasure rolling through me. He lets go of my hands and wraps his fingers around my neck tightly. A deep frown is etched across his forehead and something tells me he's letting go of the anger that has been building up inside of him tonight. His gaze on my pussy darkens. He plunges his fingers deeper and harder, almost as if he's trying to punish me with them. My core throbs and burns deliciously, and I can't help but scream in ecstasy. I can't think of anything but how good he's working my body; he knows exactly how to curl those fingers inside of me. My phone begins ringing, but I ignore it, the incessant ringtone telling me exactly who it is. Fuck! Not now. Almost as if realising how much it's getting to me, he pulls my head back and his lips crash against mine in another delicious kiss. The phone stops ringing, only for it to start again. "Fuck!" I growl. "Answer it." He murmurs huskily. "I won't stop." "Fuck it." I moan. I wouldn't be able to not moan. I can feel my pleasure heighten. So... damn... close... Pleasure shoots through me as my release hits and I cry out, drowning out the sound of the phone ringing and if he wasn't holding me, I would collapse. My canines elongate and my eyes blaze as I feel my nails dig into the hand that holds me. I tense, but he doesn't seem

phased. He slips his fingers out, rubbing my pussy. My heavy breathing and the sound of my racing heart are all I can hear. I look into those eyes. I don't think I've had such a good orgasm in ages, and that is with his fingers alone... isn't this supposed to be a quick fuck? "If you wanted to play, you should have at least taken me to a hotel room." I say breathlessly, reaching behind me and running my hand over his hard shaft. Oh, he's big, and I want it. "That wasn't the initial plan... but can you blame me when you're so bloody hot?" He murmurs, his lips brushing down my neck. "Besides... I didn't want anyone to see us leaving..." Good point... but who is he? The phone rings again, and I exhale. Did dad not get the fucking hint? "Give me a minute." I whisper, refusing to let him move back as I continue to run my hand over his shaft and I take out my phone, glaring at it before I answer it. "What? If I'm not answering, it means I'm busy or asleep." I say. "Do not give me that shit. You were meant to attend the dinner with Prescott!" Dad growls. "I was tired, so I decided to sleep instead." "Don't fuck with me. He had someone go down to check up on you... and you weren't there. You're still not there." He sounds fucking pissed. I clench my jaw, angry that he is spying on me. So, it was all a lie? The entire agreement to allow me some space and freedom? "So, you're spying on me?" I ask accusingly, shoving my dress down, feeling suddenly cold as I walk away from the hunk. I didn't want him to hear this, but no matter how far I walk in this room... he'd be able to hear. "If I fucking have to, yeah. You're pushing me to my fucking limits, Sky!" "Whatever. I'm not doing

this with you. I'm not a child anymore! Stop trying to control me!" I yell. "Alright. Let's do this shit. If you are not at your place in the next twenty minutes... I'm coming to get you. Myself." He's threatening me... my heart is thundering as I refuse to answer and hang up. I know Dad and he will follow up on it... I turn to apologise, only to see the door swing shut, leaving me alone in the restroom. He left. I didn't even get his name. Who was he? Whoever he was, he left me feeling... empty.