

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 42



The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin Chapter 42. Squirty Cream

SKYLA.

A short while later, I stretch as the music begins playing. There's another break before

the final round and it gives them time to

heal. That's why these games are the best. These fighters could go for hours and duel it

out.

I stand up, "Alright, you guys get the table and stuff cleared up and I'm going to go

make us hot drinks so we can have some

doughnuts. One box belongs to me and me

alone." I declare.

"Hah you wish, you're the shortest and smallest here, so you get the least share." Theo shoots back as I gather the plates.

No, I'm not. Let me shift to my Lycan form and I'll tell you who's the biggest.

"Ass" I counter before carrying the plates out, glancing at Malevolent, who is sleeping

beside Royce.

I scrape the food off the plates, emptying them into the bin before placing them in the

sink.

Washing up is one of the rare jobs I actually don't mind. I find it oddly therapeutic at times. If I'm in the mood, otherwise nah.

Hearing footsteps, I turn to see Renji and Royce enter.

Royce is carrying the last two plates, and Renji has a few cans.

"Do you have a bag for the rubbish?" Renji asks as Royce places the plates down beside

1.

"Oh yeah, bottom drawer there." I say, pointing as I quickly wash the few plates. Ask the boys if they want their usual hot drinks?"

"Ok, sure!" He leaves the room, but Royce doesn't.

I'm about to tell him to go sit when he takes

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up the dishcloth and begins drying the plates. Renji pops his head in to say they all want the usual, and I nod.

"I never knew the Arden princes knew how to do such lowly jobs." I tease.

"Aren't you the princess here? We aren't as posh as you think." He says.

"Nope, Mama always made us do chores,

and everyone knows the Arden's live in a mansion." I ask, raising an eyebrow.

"As do the Black Storm Pack Rossis." He

counters with an amused smirk. "And ok

maybe we don't do this at home, but in

America, I lived alone and did most stuff

myself."

"Oh yeah, doesn't your mother's pack hail from there? How come you didn't stay with them?"

He nods. "They do, but I preferred staying alone."

"I see." I reply. "You still didn't lose your

posh London accent."

Turning the tap off, I dry my hands on the corner of the dishcloth he's holding and go grab the milk from the fridge. I'm glad I

have enough, or I hope I do.

"Well, we were only abroad for a few years. Some things don't change."

"Good, because I kinda like it." I say, taking out the hot chocolate, latte, and coffee

sachets.

Once the milk is on, I manage to find enough mugs. Thanks to the mugs I get as gifts, I have enough cool mugs, although I

doubt the boys would appreciate half of these.

"What hot drink?" I ask him.

"Hot chocolate." He says.

"Mind grabbing me the squirty cream from the fridge?"

He snickers and I narrow my eyes. "This is one of the crazy things I just find strange over here. Squirty cream." He says taking

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the whipped cream can from the fridge.

"Hey, I'm an Asda shopper, so if Asda says it's squirty cream, it's squirty cream, get your head out of the gutter Magic Fingers." I

smirk, snatching the can from him. "Besides Who doesn't like squirty cream..."

I can't help but imagine him unzipping his pants and stroking his cock, until he comes. Now that's my favourite type of squirty

cream. I pop the lid off, giving it a good

shake.

"You have a dirty mind; I don't want to know what you're thinking." He says quietly despite the slight smirk on his lips as he

grabs the can from me, looking down at it. Seriously, though, this name needs to be rethought."

"Not at all." I say, "Now stop being disloyal to our little kingdom. You're British too remember?"

He smirks. "I actually have dual citizenship."

"Of course, you do." I roll my eyes.

Tilting my head back, I spray some cream into my mouth and swallow it all before I lick my lips, almost smirking when I see the

flash of blue in his eyes before he looks away.

"Aww, what's wrong, want some squirty squirty cream?" I tease before I spray him with some.

"Sky!" He exclaims, not expecting that, as he looks down at his chest, which I've

managed to splatter with cream.

"Now you asked for it." His eyes narrow, as he snatches the can from me.

"Royce no! I just changed!" I shout, but he wasn't going to let me go without getting his revenge. "Fuck!"

He sprays the cream at me, and I try to dodge it, but he still manages to get some all

over my neck. He chuckles as I lunge at him, stealing the can back.

"My turn," I growl deviously.

"One spray." He warns, backing away from

1.

"Revenge is best served with an extra side

for free!"

"That is not how the saying goes." He

tates,

as he backs away around the small table.

I smirk, shaking the can before I squirt a good amount at him.

"Shoot." He ducks and I miss most of him,

but a good blob lands on his hair.

"Goal!" I climb onto the table quickly and spray as much of the cream as I can on him.

"Cheater."

"All's fair, I told you!"

He grabs my wrist, but I refuse to let go. I'm not weak. My finger remains fixed on the lever, emptying the entire content of the

can. He begins to tickle me, but despite being drowned in laughter; I don't stop.

"I win!" I cackle, as he is a mess of cream falling back onto my ass on the table.

I drop the empty can on the floor, trying to wriggle away from his assault of tickles

whilst trying to smear the cream everywhere.

"No, you don't." He counters, scooping up

the huge amount of cream I had just sprayed

all over him.

He places his whipped

*Team-covered hand

on my face, smearing it all over me. He bursts into laughter as I freeze up, not expecting that, but more than that, it's our position

that has gotten to me as his hand runs down my neck and stops just above my chest.

I'm sitting, legs spread on the table, and he's between my legs, one hand on the table, the other resting just above my breasts,

his fingertips brushing my neck.

"I think I win." He whispers, "You look a right sight, Love."

I don't know how I get into these

predicaments.

"Well, I don't mind being covered in squirty cream." I snicker, trying to ease the tension before I end up fucking this up.

"Oh, yeah?" He asks, cocking a brow.

He's covered in cream too, we both are. His

hair is sticking together, and there's a good

amount down his jaw too.

"Yeah... of any kind..." I whisper, unable to

stop myself.

His smile fades, his eyes darkening, becoming far sharper than I've ever seen.

But it's that glint of hunger in them that gets to me and I'm unable to stop myself from reaching over and wiping a streak of cream

off his face before slipping my finger into my mouth.

Savouring the sweetness in my mouth and the beautiful view before me, I keep my eyes locked with his...