

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 68

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Confrontation

SKYLA.

Night has fallen, and I am packing up. Dad doesn't want me here anymore and, in all honesty, I can't blame him for worrying. I scan the boxes I've packed, there aren't many, and my suitcases are almost done too. This sure was short-lived.

Royce had offered to help pack up, but I told him I'm all good, besides I know he's barely slept, and I have a feeling he has a lot to deal with, with his own Dad. I had seen the looks his father had been giving him and there is clear tension between them,

unlike Aleric who seems to be in his father's good graces. Speaking of the cunt, I had told him to come down and I didn't want Royce here when I called him. I'm so fucking pissed at that snake. Seeing the way, he was behaving at school... fuck how blind was I? He is such a fucking suck-up.

I saw how what happened with the witches affected Dad. I mean he has always done everything for others, trying to protect them, doing what's right but I also sensed his struggle...

He stood down because it was me, because I was his daughter, and he didn't want to make it out as if he was abusing his power and that hurt him. I had heard him on the phone to Mama; he didn't know I was near, but those words stuck in my mind, the emotion in them... I've never heard Dad sound so... vulnerable.

"What's the point of this position or power if I can't use it to protect my own pup?"

He doesn't realise he's the best damn Dad in the world. Everyone else can go fuck themselves. You ain't ever finding a Dad cooler or better than mine.

Only I'll never say that out loud. I'm taking that to my fucking grave.

"We'll like our new place, right Malevolent?" I whisper, crouching down beside her as I scratch under her neck.

"Meow." She confirms.

I can't help but blush as I remember that conversation earlier...

(FLASHBACK)

"So where do I go?" I ask, glaring at Dad.

"What about one of my places? You are welcome to move there, and the security is good." Royce offers.

Dad growls. "Hold your fucking horses. Aren't you two moving too fast?"

"Stallion indeed..." I mutter, smirking as I glance at the front of Royce's pants before snickering.

And yes, I like it fast.

"The penthouse has multiple bedrooms, and I won't always be there. I just thought it would be safer. I don't think the Academy itself is an option." Royce replies, ah ever the logical one.

"I-" Dad began,

"Dad! He won't even fuck me! He's a fucking saint, stop it!" I growl.

That shut Dad up, and Royce looks a little embarrassed maybe? I think so. He runs his fingers through his hair, looking away.

"Fine." Dad grunts, and an awkward silence falls over us. "Not sure why you're fucking with him then..." He grumbles.

I can't help but smirk.

Hahaha, I think I embarrassed him.

Dad leaves pretty soon after that.

Royce pulls me against him from behind, sending a rivet of pleasure through me. My heart skips a beat as his hand presses against my stomach, the other running down my arm, making my core clench.

"I assure you princess; I am no saint." He murmurs, running his tongue lightly up my neck, something that makes me whimper in pleasure. He flicks the lobe of my ear and I close my eyes, letting myself melt into his tantalising touch...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

That was damn hot...

"Urgh Malevolent, I hate that he makes me blush." I mumble, smiling faintly.

She tilts her head before nuzzling against my hand. Just then the doorbell rings and I stand up, my smile vanishing.

The twat is here.

I glance at the shelf in the hall, where my phone is secretly going to be recording this because you know what? I need fucking proof for every damn thing in life, because I'm always painted as the fucking bad guy.

I go over to it, making sure once again the phone is on airplane mode, so I don't get any disturbances and then I click record... Making sure it's hidden, I walk over to the front door and pull it open.

"Hey." I say, raising an eyebrow when I see the huge bouquet of dyed black roses he's holding with a sprinkle of gold. Yeah, they are fucking gorgeous, but if you knew me, you would know I still love red roses above all... He's also holding a hamper of gifts.

Stuff those where the sun doesn't shine, fucking prick.

"Hey, Princess. I owe you an apology. I never even knew you were hospitalised." He says softly, concern in his eyes as he holds the flowers out to me.

Fake Bastard.

"Yeah well, you don't want anyone to know about us and we can't really talk on text so." I shrug as I turn, not bothering to take the flowers from him.

"Hey, is everything fine?" He asks, placing the bouquet down and closing the door.

Malevolent hisses and darts from the room, apparently scared.

I frown. Strange, she's never had issues around him before. Guess even she's realised we don't like him anymore.

I roll my eyes before I turn to him.

"Sure, do you remember that time we talked about going to a Water Park? You, me and Malevolent, I think it was probably July time?" I say suddenly.

He thinks for a moment before smiling and nodding. "Vaguely yes, that did sound fun. Is that how I can make it up to you?"

I scoff, "Really? Cus you know what?"

He frowns, "What?"

"That conversation never happened, Reign. Malevolent hates water... Why the fuck would I take her to a water park? I hate lies and you know what they say, nothing remains hidden. I truly detest being deceived." I say venomously as I close the distance between us, my eyes flashing.

His smile fades and he's clicked. "I'm not quite following." He says softly, placing the hamper down.

Oh, you fucking are.

"Oh, you aren't? Reign?" I ask, mocking innocence.

He remains emotionless, before speaking after a while. He says only one word.

"Royce." I can hear the anger he's trying to hide in his voice. His eyes blaze a brilliant deep gold.

"Royce? No, he never knew you were fucking pretending to be him. He didn't know what a snake his fucking brother is." I hiss. "You lied to me! I hate liars."

My heart is thundering, and the urge to rip into him is consuming me. "I didn't lie, Royce is manipulating you-"

"Are you actually going to stand there and pretend that you aren't in the fucking wrong?! Royce is my Reign and you, you're a fucking snake!" I shout, my anger flares inside of me and I backhand him across the face, unable to hold back.

The resounding thwack as my hand connects rings in the silence. The force behind my slap makes my hand sting a little.

That definitely hurt.

"SKYLA!" He snarls, his aura raging around him, his hand shoots out wrapping around my throat, his claws out as he grips my neck painfully tight.

He just fucking doesn't know who he's messing with!

I reach out, wrapping my own hand around his throat, letting my claws dig into his neck with equal force.

"Do not fucking bark at me!" I hiss, letting my aura out too.

I have a concealment spell that Raihana or Del reinforce every now and then, to take the edge of my aura away, but at will I can bring it out and it's fucking satisfying seeing him pale slightly.

I wonder... was it my aura that terrified Heather? I push the thought away, focusing on the cunt in front of me.

"Do not disrespect me." He says warningly.

I scoff. "I'll do whatever the fuck I want, and you don't deserve any respect... If I tell my father, whose arse you were trying so hard to lick, what you did - any respect you think you fucking have will be gone!" I snarl. "And remember who you're talking to!"

With those words, I bring my knee up and kick him straight in the stomach. He's thrown back, hitting the door behind him, but he's back up pretty fast.

"You're crossing a line you never should have." He warns.

I'm fucking doing my best not to fucking shift.

I smirk fearlessly. "You crossed that line when you lied to me. Now get the fuck out of my face, fucking dickhead."

"You will regret this Skyla, I assure you, you will regret this with every fibre of your being." He threatens quietly.

"I'm not scared of a fucking twat, now get out before I claw that face of yours to fucking shreds!" I storm over to him, shoving him aside and rip the door open.

I point outside. The moonlight bathes the front garden brightly, but it does nothing to calm me, like it usually would. "Leave! And maybe you should learn something from your brother." I hiss.

He pauses mid-step, his heart thundering.

I guess those words really triggered him.

"Take that back." He says, and I can feel the heat rising from him.

Ice and Fire?

It's coming off him in waves, fucking so intense that I can see the heat waves in the air.

"I won't. If you were even a tenth of the man your brother is, I would take it back." I snarl.

Our eyes meet and I know then that I've made an enemy. I can see the unbridled hatred in them that I have never seen from anyone before.

Like fuck, I care.

"We will see..." He says, he raises his hand, but I hold my ground. I'm not afraid of him.

But then he has the fucking cheek to place his finger on my cheek. I grab hold of it, snapping it backwards.

He pulls away, hissing in pain or shock, and I don't really give a fuck that I broke it. He stares at his broken finger.

"Don't. Fucking. Touch. Me." I say before I storm inside, slamming the door shut behind me and locking it.

My heart is raging, and I take a moment to calm down, realising I'm coated in sweat. How hot was it out there?

I hear him walking away and then a car engine starting. I stare down at the hamper and flowers, and picking them up, I open the door and throw them as far as I can.

"Keep your shit!" I growl before locking the door again.

I'm shaking slightly from anger, but I'm damn proud I didn't go all Lycan on him.

I grab my phone, sending the video to my storage drive to keep safe before deleting it from my phone.

I head to my bedroom to grab some clothes from the open suitcase, needing a shower.

I feel good, but at the same time, something about him made me uneasy...

Yeah. I think I'm done with this place. Sighing, I head to the bathroom and close the door behind me. Stripping out of my clothes, I feel a cold draft, I pause, turning sharply to see the boarded-up window is now... unboarded.

Unease fills me as I walk over to it, when suddenly I feel a presence behind me. I turn sharply and come face to face with none other than Aleric.

What the fuck?

"How did you get in here?" I ask, ignoring the way his eyes rake over my body appreciatively, making my skin crawl.

"I have my ways." He whispers, and then he darts at me faster than I can comprehend.

White hot shooting pain rushes through my neck, spreading through my body and a scream leaves my lips before everything goes dark...