

The Lycan Princess And The Temptation Of Sin by Moonlight Muse Chapter 7

Chapter 7 A Lesson Without Control

My heart races in my chest. It's only for a few seconds before his eyes look away and he continues to skim the classroom, but the fleeting recognition didn't pass me, making his jaw clench. He turns his attention to the class like he didn't have his fingers inside me the other night, or recognize me for that matter. "Everyone warm up, and then I'll be pairing you off." He says coldly, turning away and walking to the side. I've already warmed up, but I still do some stretches trying to collect my racing thoughts. Royce Arden... fuck why didn't I recognise him? I mean, I haven't seen him, but I've seen his father. Blond hair, and light eyes, he has his dad's damn jaw too. Fuck! Way to start the school year Sky. In the last few minutes of us doing our stretches, I feel his aura, only it isn't the dominant calm one from the other night. His aura is menacing and I glance over my shoulder to look at him, his arms are folded over his broad chest. A chest I've run my hands down, one I felt pressed against mine. His eyes flick to mine, yet instead of lust filling his grey eyes, I see disgust and anger. Quickly averting my gaze, I drop my head when he claps his hands loudly and blows a whistle with his fingers. "Line up!" He commands and everyone is quick to get into formation.

"Alright, Natalie Alston and Kyla Boulder pair up, Oliver McAllister and Jasper Arlo. Daphne Summers and Alia Akhtar!" Royce begins to pair everyone up. I zone out until I hear my own name. "Skyla Rossi, you're with me." Silence falls and I feel as if it's written all over me that I'm guilty of something, well maybe I am... since last year... they all see me as guilty for losing my shit. They cast judgemental looks at me. Him pairing with me makes it obvious that I'm not safe around other students. Ah, the attention I get, only it's usually for the wrong reasons. I stand up and walk to the front. I raise my eyebrow at him, only for his brow to crease, his gaze flicks to my tattoo and for a split-second he pauses before he steps back, refusing to look at me. "You're paired with Nicklaus." He says. "Hayden, you're with me." Wow, so now he knows who I am. He's going to pretend he doesn't recognize me, and it never happened? Fine. "Alright, those on the left are on defence! Start with the basics." He commands. Defence... I hate defence. Nicklaus smirks cockily, yet he should know better. I could kick his ass without breaking a damn sweat. He sizes me up, his eyes lingering on my chest a little too long, and his tongue trails over his bottom lip. "Looks like someone won't be the teacher's pet." He murmurs quietly as he laughs, slamming his shoulder into me as he passes. Pressing my lips in a line to reply, I turn to find Royce watching me again. His eyes give me a disapproving look, and I fall into a stance, turning my attention to Nicklaus and trying to focus on him rather than Royce. Nick is the future Alpha of a pack up north, a pack close to the Black Storm Pack, which belongs to my

cousins. He doesn't hold back, attacking me with everything he has, but I keep up with ease. He growls, annoyed when he can't touch me, and instead of using his hands he all but tackles me. Everyone knows I'm the best in this class and instead of just accepting it, he's still going to try to play dirty. His arms lock around my chest, and he turns us. My eyes fly open when his hand grabs my breast harshly, he pinches my nipple as I fight to remain standing against his heavyweight. "Despite the name, you're just a typical she-wolf who would fall to her knees for an alpha," He whispers in my ear, twisting harder. Like fuck, I will never fall to my knees before a mutt like him! Is he forgetting who I am? "Bitch please." I scoff. I've had the best training. I'm faster than the average werewolf, stronger... and smarter. I smirk as I twist and duck out from under his arms and slam my fist into his torso. He grunts, staggering back. He lunges at me and I dodge so fast that Nick stumbles, his huge body tumbles face forward into the ground. "Oops. I know you didn't get much action during the holidays, Nick. But I don't play with boys, so there is no need to beg at my feet," I tease, smirking as he clambers to his feet, humiliated. His face tinges red. He growls, turning and glaring at me. "A slut isn't worth my time! We all know how often you spread your legs! I certainly wouldn't be chasing tail from the likes of you!" "Yet you have no issues trying to feel me up!" I hiss, grabbing him by the neck. His eyes flicker dangerously, as his anger grows from the humiliation. "Liar!" Those close by are beginning to watch. "I have no issues showing a mutt like you his place. But you already know, I mean

you were just there on your knees where you belong, only moments ago." I snarl lowly, and his hands ball up into fists. "Watch it!" He snarls, his eyes blazing orange as he manages to shove me off, but I dig my nails into his neck. "Hey, what's going on!" Royce shouts as he comes over just as Nick is about to launch himself at me, blocking him. "She's meant to be on defence. Look what she did! On top of that, she's not taking it seriously!" Nick growls as Royce lets go of him. I admire my nails and cross my arms. "I am, I mean, if I take it any more seriously, his ego might get hurt. Can't have that deflate. People will see how pathetic he is without him telling them otherwise!" I taunt. A thundering roar rips through the hall and Nick launches himself at me. I'm ready for him, but Royce blocks him again. "Bitch!" "Calm down, the both of you! One of the first things you need to learn is controlling your emotions and following rules!" Royce growls. "Stop causing trouble Skyla!" Daphne exclaims. "Sir, she is really disobedient and disruptive, you'll do better to ban her from the class." "Stay out of this Daftnee!" I growl. She's only brave enough because she's in a room of people. "Hey-" she tries to protest. "No one is getting banned, let's get back to the lesson!" Royce snaps, without even looking at me. Great, is he planning to ignore me for the entire year? I scoff just as Royce is about to step away, and he stops, turning those eyes that are now a brilliant blue on me. "I won't tolerate that attitude in my class. Rossi or not." I clench my jaw. So he thinks I'm entitled now? Did he not see what Nick was doing? "Then at least try not to ignore me, 'Sir.'" I reply sarcastically. Royce turns, his

eyes flashing as he glares at me – almost warningly. I look at him challengingly. “Right. We’ll partner up. Nicklaus, you’re with Hayden. Carry on!” “I’m offence.” I declare, flexing my hands. “Deal.” He says readying himself, his hands drawn into fists. The same hands that were all over me... I frown trying to focus and I think I just found a release to all my pent-up irritation... I smirk as I move forward, raising my hand. “Let’s see how well an Arden can hold up against a Rossi.” I remark mockingly, before I slam all my force behind my punch. He’s not expecting it, and the moment my punch connects with his forearm, I hear something crack. Silence falls around us as I watch him, waiting for him to tell me to step down. “Is that all a Rossi has? I expected more, I must say I’m a little disappointed.” Royce states nonchalantly, raising a brow. I frown as I hear a few people snicker, and he gives me the faintest taunting smirk. He too is mocking me for a last name that shadows and follows me everywhere I go. I did mock his too, but it doesn’t make him any less of an ass... My eyes flash at the challenge and I don’t let up, giving it my all as I deliver hit after hit. He blocks them all, but it’s that condescending amusement in his eyes that is making my anger rise. It’s becoming uncontrollable and as much as I know I should stop, I can’t. The amusement from the class isn’t helping. “She’s so losing this.” Someone sneers. “Well, I wouldn’t mind seeing a Rossi fall on their damn face.” Another states. “I’m on Alpha Royce’s side.” Sure you fucking are. You all hate me anyway. I’m no longer able to see what I’m doing as I attack in a blind rage, and I’m a blur. Mama’s

voice is in my mind telling me to remember to remain calm. Her soothing voice tells me that I'm in control. It isn't working. It just... isn't. I'm not fucking calm! All I want is to wipe that fucking cocky look off his face. He's not even backing down! Why can't I defeat him?! I growl in anger, my claws coming out, and I lunge at him. Screams fill the air as the smell of blood hits me and I freeze. My heart thunders as I stare at Royce's arm, which now holds three deep gashes that are bleeding down his arm, his blood dripping off his fingertips onto the hard floor. The dripping sound thundering in my mind... it's all I can focus on... the river of blood that streams down his arm... A horrified gasp escapes my lips, and I cover my mouth with my hands. I fucked up! This is bad! Royce looks down at his arm and then at me. He snarls, and I see the dazzling blue of his wolf's eyes as his rage shines through. Hesitantly, my hands reach toward him, needing to ensure he's okay. My lips part and I try to apologise for what I've done, when he pushes my hands away, which makes me stagger back, not expecting it. The anger burning in his eyes makes my stomach drop. It plunges somewhere deep inside of me as the gravity of the situation seeps into me. What have I done? My eyes scan the hall, darting from face to face. The fear on the faces of the students... makes me swallow guiltily. It perfumes the air, thick and sickly sweet. My eyes move to Zayn, he's terrified, and I take a step toward him to reassure him I'm not going to attack him, but he backs away. The fear in his eyes is clear. My stomach twists as reality hits me hard and my lips part, looking for the words I should say, but I

have nothing, I have no excuses; I am the monster they perceive me as, and I just proved it. I almost lost control. Again.