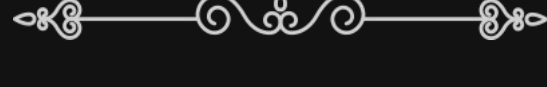


The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 73



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More Than My Expectations

ROYCE.

I don't know exactly what happened between the siblings, but when Skyla's face lost all colour, and I saw the guilt and regret in her eyes, I had had enough. Standing up, I had excused us and led her out of the room.

She refused to speak and instead had led the way upstairs to her bedroom where Kiara had told us, she had placed some fresh items of clothes for me.

The moment the door shut behind us, I locked it and then turned to Skyla, who walked over to her walk-in closet and began rummaging for something. Her movements are rushed, and she's knocking things as she does.

"I'll shower first if that's ok." She says, as I hear something fall and break. I walk to the closet, sensing her aura rising fast.

Her claws have come out and I can see the white hair beginning to sprout from her arms, and the hair on her head is beginning to turn white.

"Sky."

She ignores me as she bends down, cursing as she picks up the ceramic box she has broken.

"Fuck." She mutters as it cuts into her finger. Instantly I'm by her side, removing her hands from the box.

"Skyla." I repeat gently, but she stands up and turns away.

She's avoiding me.

I pick up the broken pieces, placing them aside, not wanting her to hurt herself.

She turns, holding a towel and some blue lingerie, which I notice a little too much. She grabs something denim, something that looks like a jacket before she bundles it up and I cock a brow. She's not paying attention to what she's doing.

"Love." I say, grabbing hold of her elbow as she tries to walk past me and I spin her around to face me. "What happened?"

I look down at her. Her eyes are blazing plum, her heart thudding as she looks at me with such pain, I can almost feel it. Almost as if her pain is mine.

"I just... need a moment. Please." She whispers, almost pleadingly.

"Alright..." I say, but before I give her what she wants, I have to tell her it's going to be alright. "Whatever he said, Love... don't let it get to you."

She looks away and I know she doesn't believe me. I let go of her elbow, cupping her face and tilt it up.

Our eyes meet and I hide my surprise when I notice the glistening of tears in them.

A sliver of irritation rushes through me.

"What did he say?" I ask, trying to keep my voice even and calm.

She shakes her head. "It doesn't matter. I'm going to go shower."

She tries to pull away, but I pull her close, snaking one arm around her waist, the other tangling in her hair, and I kiss her passionately.

Tingles of pleasure course through me and I'm satisfied when she slowly begins to kiss me back, a soft moan leaving her lips.

It isn't like her not to tell me what's wrong. Whatever he said to her has shaken her.

The sweet taste of her mouth makes me kiss her harder.

My Green-Eyed Goddess has a vulnerable side that she hides from the world, but surely her family knows that.

I have half a mind to call him out on it, and I probably will before I leave tomorrow... 3

I kiss her deeply, hoping that she can feel that she isn't alone. That I'm here, I'll always be right here...

We kiss passionately, and after a few moments, she gasps for air, and I slowly pull away.

Looking down, I can see her claws have retracted and her eyes are back to their gorgeous green, but she's still not herself.

She gives me a small smile before she pulls away and heads to the bathroom.

The door shuts behind her, and I sigh. The fact she isn't sharing makes me wonder if it is to do with me.

I hear the shower turn on. I can still hear her thumping heart, something that shouldn't be possible through the door.

Ever since I shook hands with her brother, it almost felt like a wall was brought down, almost like a car battery rejuvenating.

It's strange, because my powers have never been weak or dull, but now they have increased tenfold. 2

His words still replay in my mind and that warning...

What makes me uneasy is the way his eyes had shifted to Skyla before he had said those words.

'Even when the darkness tries to destroy you, remember that you stand for the light.' 1

Why do I get the feeling he was insinuating Skyla?

That grates on my nerves, because even if her Lycan has rage, she is far from darkness But it could mean a lot more... I know not to take everything straight as it is.

I push the thoughts away and walk around the room. It's modern yet holds a timeless elegance.

Spacious and striking, I can see Skyla in this room. There is champagne colour bedding with a few red accent cushions.

There's an alcove area near the entrance of her room, which is an entire cat kingdom and it's rather interesting to see.

There are several toys as well as a magnificent scratch post.

Malevolent is sleeping on her cat bed, which looks like a miniature four-poster bed. That's truly fit for a Cat Queen.

I scan her dressing table, aside from a lot of make-up there's nothing much there and I move on to her reading corner.

Surprising or not, we both read and although I may not find the time as much as I would hope to, finding a good book to get lost in was my favourite pastime before Skyla.

Now she's the one I want to spend all my free time with, to get lost in her presence, regardless of what she is doing.

I'm madly and deeply in love and despite how beautiful that may sound, it's also intense. To know that I have given my heart unprotected to somebody else, to cherish or destroy... it's in her hands now. 2

I've lived my life, protecting myself from the world, from disappointment, betrayal and lies, but with her, I began to bring down those walls until I didn't even know when my feelings developed into so much more without even seeing a glimpse of her.

I skim over her collection, Motorcycle Club, Mafia... Disney Villain tales... and then there are the classics that she accidentally slipped out that she reads before denying she read them.

I crouch down. They may be at the bottom, but the books have been read and I can't help but smile. Jane Eyre, Anne of Green Gables, Pride and Prejudice, The Thirteenth Tale...

Smiling, I take out the first book in the Anne of Green Gables collection, remembering how Anne was the feistiest little badass and probably my first crush.

I flip through the book when the bathroom door opens.

Her scent invades my senses and I can't help but take a deep breath.

"Are you looking through my book collection?" She asks the obvious and I stand up, looking down at the clothbound book in my hand.

"Actually, yes, I'm not sure I should be reminiscing on the past." I say. I look up and I freeze.

She's standing there, looking like a vision straight out of my dreams.

She's running her fingers through her wet black locks, a few droplets of water trickling down her neck and over her jutting collarbones, but it's what adorns her sexy body that leaves my throat dry and I swallow hard, realising that I will be spending the entire night with her...

My self-control is so close to breaking, and she's the epitome of temptation.

She's wearing a tiny sheer organza sky blue lingerie set with pink and blue embroidery on it. Her long sexy legs are crossed but I can't help but stare at the front of those panties. I can see the faint outline of her parting and it's taking my all not to close the gap between us.

I drag my attention up, her belly button has a tiny jewel, the perfect outline of her toned abs deserve appreciation and her breasts... The corset bra is slightly opaque on the cups but I can still see the faint outline of her nips and piercings.

The random denim she had grabbed appeared to be an oversize jacket and now I'm wondering if it really was random because she looks fucking divine.

"I didn't think Anne of Green Gables would be of your choice." She says walking over to me and I look down at the pages, trying to clear my head.

It's like I've become dumbed down in her presence and my brain clogs up. 1

"Actually... Anne was probably my first crush." I find myself saying.

Way to go Royce... You just told the sexy goddess in front of you, you crushed on a fictional character as a child?

Real smooth.

She cocks a brow, amusement lighting up her face, but even then, the look in her eyes is still there.

"Anne with an E?" She asks. 2

"Yes, actually, I tend to like girls with expressive eyes," I say, placing the book down and caressing her cheek. "Ones that have eyes that are the windows to their souls"

She looks down, not wanting me to observe her eyes.

"Mm, then I hope I fit that box." She says, tiptoeing she pulls me down and kisses my neck, sending rivets of pleasure through me.

"You don't fit a box, Love; you are at an entirely new calibre where only you can ever be... No box is large enough to tie in such a treasure." I murmur, unable to stop myself from grabbing hold of her waist and in one swift pull, I tug her against me.

A shaky breath leaves her lips as she looks up at me. There is a raw emotion in those eyes.

"I'm not a good person... you know that. I will fuck up. I always do a thousand times and you'll regret it. Sooner or later... maybe .maybe we should..."

My heart thuds as I look down at her struggle to say the words that I truly hope are not what I think.

"Maybe we should what, Love?" I ask, my voice sounding sharper than I meant it to.

She looks up at me, this time defiantly.

"Maybe we should break up."