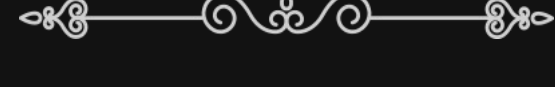


The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 74



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I've sold my Soul

ROYCE.

My eyes flash as I look at her sharply.

"You don't mean that... What did he say to you?" I ask, my suspicions confirmed. "Answer me Skyla."

"Just the truth," she responds bitterly, but I can hear the sadness in her voice.

"His opinion is not the truth." I answer, clenching my jaw. Despite my anger, I caress her cheek gently.

Don't push me away...

"Dante... knows a lot."

"He isn't God." I counter coldly.

She scoffs lightly.

"He kinda is...." She murmurs, her eyes glistening with tears, her voice breaking as she continues. "What he says is mostly true. He said I'll destroy you, and I probably will."

Destroy me?

"I don't believe that. Even the gods are not always correct. I will fight all odds for you Skyla, ask me for anything and it's yours. If destruction is what my future is, then so be it, because there are no others by whose hands I would want to be destroyed." 2

I let go of her, and gently take her hands in mine, I hold them to my chest as I gaze into her eyes.

"Yet you are not my destruction, but my life.

You make me want to become the person I was destined to be. I have let far too much time pass by, selfishly. But the moment I realised I had fallen in love with you, the moment I realised you are all that I need, I realised I want to be the king I was born to be I've never felt so... vulnerable.

A part of me feared sharing my feelings, knowing I shouldn't burden her with how deeply I care for her, but right now, she needed the assurance. She has lived alone in a way where she hid her emotions and

feelings, and despite being surrounded by so many loved ones; she was still alone.

Any time she let someone close, the fear of hurting them made her keep them at a distance. I need her to realise that she need not do the same with me.

I am hers, and hers alone, because I know that this kind of love only happens once...

I will live in the moment and cherish each one with her... for I will always be hers.

I take a slow breath as I continue.

"I love you with everything I have and everything I do not. I love you more than words can measure.... I am yours, Skyla Silara Rossi. Only yours until my last breath and I assure you, you will not destroy me."

She closes her eyes, taking a shuddering breath as her tears trickle down her cheeks, she's trembling slightly and I know she hates being vulnerable but tonight... I hope she realises she can let down every barrier, whatever happens between us, every raw part of her that she displays will be kept shielded by me.

Leaning down, I kiss her forehead softly, letting my lips linger on her forehead as I inhale her scent deeply.

She tilts her head up and gazes into my eyes.

"I... I love you too... Fuck I do." She whispers, placing her hands on my chest. A wave of warmth washes over me and I feel content.

When she said those words... there was a confidence in her eyes and that's all I need.

I can't help but smile as I caress her wrists, cocking a brow.

"I'm thrilled you do... so, since we're on the same page, don't let anything ever let you doubt that, and unless you genuinely want it, don't suggest breaking up, because I'll know if you mean it or not."

She smirks, but nods.

We fall silent for a moment before she speaks. "Love... it's a crazy kind of feeling..."

"Yeah... it's intense."

"This is the longest I've gone without my vials. When I'm with you, it doesn't feel like I'm drowning, or feeling suffocated by my Lycan... she's at peace... she likes you." She says. "Like I know wolves have emotions but Lycans are one with their human counterparts. Do I sound weird? You get what I'm saying, right?"

Vials?

"Not at all, because although wolves' emotions are prominent, I feel so are Lycans. They just seem to blend with their human sides differently. It ultimately means you and your Lycan side both like me. I couldn't be happier to hear it... yet, of course.

"I take hold of her chin, running my finger along her bottom lip. "I loved your confession even more."

A faint blush coats her cheeks before she scoffs. "Don't get used to it, I don't fucking do mushy." She says lightly, hitting my chest as she pouts.

I smirk, cocking a brow.

"Oh, you don't, do you?"

"No." She counters as I grab her hips and draw her against me.

Oh fuck, does she feel good...

"So, what vials did you mean?" I ask curiously.

Her face drops, and I get a feeling that they aren't good news and she just shrugs, making my stomach twist at how she's trying to brush it off.

"No biggie, just a little concoction to subdue my Lycan."

I tilt my head, "Only, a 'little concoction' wouldn't be able to subdue a powerful Lycan ..." I push gently, the unease within me growing.

"Ok, it's a strong concoction of a few poisons. Let's drop it ok, I'm not using it anymore. I mean, Dad took my last damn batch I made and now I have fuck all." She says, pulling away and is about to turn away when I grab hold of her elbow and force her back to face me.

Listen to me girl. 1

"Hey. I'm not judging. As I said, my aim was always to help you gain control of your emotions and your Lycan... I'm relieved you don't need them anymore and we both know I can control you if you were to go all Lycan on me." I reply teasingly.

Her eyebrow shoots up.

"Oh? Getting a little cocky, aren't you?" She says, "I can play you for a fiddle."

"And I would not complain." I counter as she locks her arms around my neck and presses herself fully against me. Delicious rivets of pleasure rush south.

Ah fuck, how am I to spend the night in the same room as her?

"You know you're straight out of a fantasy novel, only... the girl like me doesn't usually get the guy." She says with a devilish smile as I tighten my arms around her waist, "Then let me break it to you... this is no fairy tale..." I whisper, brushing my fingers along the smooth skin of her hip.

She bites her lips. "Then what is this?"

"A reality... where I shall fulfil every dream that you will ever have... whether that's a goal on your bucket list or your dirtiest darkest fantasy... I've sold my soul to Lucifer herself... I'm yours to command My Devilish Goddess." I whisper huskily. 2

Her breath hitches, her heart is racing and our noses brush gently. Suddenly, it's fucking hot in here, and I fear kissing her... because if I do, I may not be able to stop...

Her scent is an addiction, her touch an intoxication, and when I look into those beautiful green eyes that are staring back at me with love and, of course, that nymph-like mischievous glint – I'm totally done for.

"Oh?" she questions challengingly and I know what she's going to ask for as she pulls away and turns her back to me.

Lacing her hands together, behind her head, which makes her jacket rise up, giving me a full view of her sexy peach that makes me throb.

Oh fuck.

She tilts her head back, looking me in the eye from over her shoulder.

"Then fuck me, make me yours, My Ice Prince." She spins on her heels and grabs my shirt, pulling me roughly against her. " Show me what it feels like to be worshipped by a God..."

Our eyes meet, no longer green against grey, but plum purple against dazzling blue...

And... there's no way I can refuse her any longer...

There's still a remnant of vulnerability left in those eyes. As much as we both want this, I realise she needs this.

"Then, close your eyes, my little Lucifer... and don't open them until I command you." I whisper huskily, my voice deeper as I take a step back.

She doesn't argue, her eyes fluttering shut as she clasps her hands behind her back, twirling slightly on the balls of her feet.

Good girl. (1)

If I couldn't take her away for her first night, and have the chance to prepare thousands of roses and the full works, then I could at least try to make it as special as I can with what I have at hand...

My powers.

Closing my eyes, I take a deep breath. Ever since that influx of power, I need to make sure I don't use more than I need to.

My eyes blaze and I let ice spread from my hands...