

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 79



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SKYLA.

I moan softly as his teeth sink into my neck, and I feel every part of my body that he is touching tingle as he creates the bond between us. Bringing it to life as he forges the connection that will bind us together.

His cock presses against my pussy and reaching down, I grab his hips, tugging him closer. Pleasure erupts through me as his cock slides into me, and he slowly begins fucking me,

He gently extracts his teeth from my neck, running his tongue along it.

The tinge of pain is welcomed, only adding to the pleasure that consumes my body. I bite my lip as he lies over me, his tongue flicking my wound before he begins kissing my neck softly as he makes love to me.

It's slower... and I'm aware of every thrust as he hits my G-spot. The beating of his heart, and his scent... I can pay attention to it all, and I moan softly in satisfaction.

There will never be another. This is who I want forever. I close my eyes feeling dizzy and drunk in love.

'I love you...' I murmur softly.

'I love you, and I always will Love.' His reply comes, and I didn't realise that a link had been formed between us.

I smile, softly tugging his head up so I can look at him. Our eyes meet before our lips claim one another's in another toe-curling delicious kiss that makes fireworks erupt inside of me.

Goddess... I am in heaven...

We break apart, and his pace becomes faster, pounding into me. I didn't think I'd be able to have another orgasm so soon, but I'm nearing my release. My eyes dip to his neck and the urge to sink my teeth into the smooth skin consumes me.

His eyes meet mine and his hand rakes my hair off my face before kissing me hard.

"As much as I want you to mark me, I will need you to hold out for a while. I promise I will explain." He groans sexily as he starts pounding into me.

Yes Daddy... Talk to me in that tone...

Oh, as much as I want to know why I can't mark him, the way he's fucking me makes my mind go blank, and I let myself go, tonight is all about us... I close my eyes as a few flakes of snow land on my face and I smile softly.

This is heaven indeed...

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I stare in the mirror at the beautiful mark that adorns my neck, a mark that is in full colour... a mark so breathtaking that I simply stand there staring at it in awe and admiration, but it's the crown in the mark that intrigues me...

The only other marks that I have ever seen that contain crowns are Mama and Dad's.

Who exactly is Royce?

A few things he has said come back to me, talking about being the person he needs to be, knowing who he is and how he needs to step up... Is there more to the Arden's?

I smile softly as I gaze at my beautifully healed mark. There's a crescent moon, with a large snowflake set against a glowing rising sun. At the base of the crescent is a cluster of roses, one larger white rose with smaller red roses around it and leaves.

The roses rest above a crown and going right through the centre of the mark, is a sword, with a sun and moon on the hilt.

It's equally a powerful mark, as it is beautiful.

My cheeks burn as last night replays in my mind. I feel fulfilled, content and... at peace.

This is what being in love feels like... and I've met a man that I love more than anything, and can I just say he's fucking mind-blowingly amazing in bed? Just thinking about last night is making me fucking horny and wet all over again.

This morning I had awoken to the room still in the same state as last night.

The waterfalls still flowed, and the snow was still falling, he had awoken me with a tender kiss, and the way he had looked into my eyes... Fuck it made me feel as if my soul was bare to him...

He looked at me like I was the only woman in the world...

Then he had carried me to the bath which he had already prepared for me and had told me to take a soak whilst he had popped into the shower opposite. And what a fine show that was, from those sexy buns I want to sink my teeth into and those muscular legs.

Oh fuck...

As much as I wanted to make my way over to him, I had felt too exhausted and instead, I enjoyed the show as he washed himself, fighting the urge not to play with myself.

He had caught me watching and although I had been satisfied to see his hard-on as he watched me; he didn't approach until he had pulled a towel around his waist and only then had he come over. A total god, as he loosely held his towel in one hand as droplets of water trickled into his towel.

He had kissed me and said; 'As much as I want to make love to you day and night, I think I need you to recover first.' Which was followed by a sexy wink before he had left the bathroom.

I fix the strap of my top, biting my lip at the memory.

"I could watch you smile all day." His deep, husky voice makes me turn away from the mirror and my heart skips a thousand fucking beats.

He has his hair pulled back, and he's wearing the clothes Mama had placed in my bedroom for him. He looks more than good. The black pants hug his legs and package so fucking perfectly that it makes my core clench.

Oh, I want it all over again...

I pull my mind from my thoughts before I end up fucking him all over the white T-shirt and black leather jacket. His hair is pulled back and when our eyes meet,

I hate to admit that my cheeks burn under his gaze. And when his eyes rake over me, it's almost as if he's undressing me and fuck, does that make my nipples stiffen.

Boy, I did not think my man was kinky as fuck...

He smirks, almost as if he knows what's going on in my mind.

"You really are a dream." I whisper as I saunter over to him, satisfied by the way his eyes rake over my brown lace corset, and linger on my breasts.

I've paired it with black ripped jeans and a dark tan coloured leather jacket with matching tan heels.

"You're my dream and you look absolutely divine, Love." He compliments huskily, curling his fingers under my chin and tilting my face up before his lips touch mine.

I grip his shirt, kissing him back before he moves back.

"Your father's on his way back." He whispers, making my eyes widen.

Oh shit.