

The Lycan Princess And The Temptation Of Sin by Moonlight Muse Chapter 8

Chapter 8 A Rossi Against An Arden

ROYCE. "What the actual fuck!" I internally flinch as the nasally voice of one of the girls screeches in my ear. You would think being werewolves she'd know that we have heightened hearing. The green-eyed Goddess is standing- I mean Skyla's standing there clearly shocked. I heard rumours of something happening last year from dad, but no one really knew the full story... but there's something that happened. One of the boys backs away before turning and jogging out of the room. Skyla's eyes flash that same intense plum colour, and I can feel her aura rising. "I want everyone to run laps around the hall and you are not to stop until I return!" I command, taking hold of Skyla's arm. I stare down at the tattoos for a second, an image that is currently the wallpaper screen on my unlocked screen... Seeing her had shaken me, not because I had fucking crossed a line that never should be crossed with one of my students, but because I recognised those tattoos... if only she hadn't been wearing a long-sleeved dress the other night... But if she hadn't, then I know for a fact I wouldn't have left when she was on that phone... and I would have taken her to a hotel... If anyone saw us... "Let

go of me!" She snarls, trying to pull free from my hold. I refuse to let go, my other arm is already healing and I pull her into the girls' changing room. I'm spending a lot more time in the women's departments thanks to her. "What!" She snaps. Frowning, I let go of her. The look in her eyes for a moment reminds me of one of the creatures we've been fighting recently. I push the thought away and focus on the matter at hand. "First of all, I'm your teacher here. You will show me some respect." She scoffs, and I clench my jaw. Initially, when I had heard of the job, accidentally hearing Dad discussing it, I had asked him about it, but what he had told me was that the King's daughter was struggling with her strength, and since she was almost on the brink of expulsion, they were looking for an Alpha for the position as the trainer. I had agreed, thinking I could help her learn to control, not realising that it only made Dad begin to hatch his own plans... But now, learning she's LuciferessX and the woman I met at the club, has just made this entire thing a thousand times worse. "Then why did you drag me here?" She growls. "So you can calm down. You were making them uneasy." I say quietly. She shakes her head, about to storm toward the door. I clench my jaw, my eyes flashing as I grab her elbow and yank her back. "Hey!" She shouts, trying to break free, but I'm not finished. I push her up against the wall, pinning her arms against the wall. She struggles for a bit, but I'm stronger. "I am not letting go until you calm down." I say icily. "You may be the King's daughter, and may be given free passes to whatever the hell you want, but not in my class. In my class, you abide

by my rules, if you want to stay in it." Her eyes flash again, her heart thundering as she tries to knee me. I knock her leg aside, pressing my thigh against hers, pinning her leg to the wall. I really don't care what Dad wants from me, because if I'm here I plan to take the role of their trainer, as I wanted nothing more. I'm not here for other incentives and as her teacher, it's my job to school her when she bloody hell needs it. I know the king himself is known for his crass attitude, but you would think that wouldn't pass on to his daughter. Seems I was wrong. "I'm not playing games, Skyla. Calm down and I will let you go." "You only see what you want to see. Continue to be blinded by what you don't know!" She hisses coldly, and a growl leaves her lips. Her canines grow, and her face is beginning to change. A surge of strength seems to rush through her, and she pushes me back with such power I'm forced to let go. A snarl leaves her lips, and she lunges at me, knocking me to the ground. Fuck, how the hell is she so fucking strong! I'm underestimating her. She's equal to an Alpha.... "Skyla, listen to me." I say, hoping the calm approach gets to her. She's not herself. I can see it in her eyes. The beast within her is in control. All she is seeing is rage. She tries to claw through my chest, but I grab her wrist and flip us over. I don't want to use my own abilities here... couldn't I handle one girl? She's the Alpha King's daughter. Cut yourself some slack Royce. She struggles beneath me, and I grab her shirt, only for her to lock her legs around my waist and flip us. The sound of fabric tearing makes me let go as I realise I've ripped half of her tank top. My back hits the floor, and she's on top of

me. I curse internally when she ends up right on my dick, just as she slashes through my chest. Fuck Royce, focus man, but even the pain doesn't take away the focus from my dick. Her eyes flicker to emerald green for a second and she leaps off me, but I know I can't let her out there, not when she's like this. "Fuck..." she growls, but in her anger, I can also hear the pain. She's about to hit the lockers when I grab her, pulling her into my chest. I'm too aware of the feel of her body against mine, more than I should be... I've sparred with countless women, but it's not like this... "It's going to be fine. Calm down." Her scent flits through my nose and it takes my all to pull back. She lets out a frustrated scream, about to push me but I counter her, taking hold of her and I spin her around. Grabbing her arms, I pin them behind her back as I push her against the sink counter, wrapping my other arm around her waist, and I find us both staring at one another in the mirror, just like the other night. She stills and we're both breathing hard. My blood is running down her breasts and stomach, her breasts heaving as her eyes return to green. "I'm going to let go now. Alright?" I say quietly, staring at the stunning doll in front of me. She nods, and I let go, stepping back, putting space between us. "Fuck." She curses, slamming her fist into the counter. She exhales, her head hanging, and her hair shields her face. "Do you lose control often?" I ask, if I didn't know her as LuciferessX, know the inner turmoil and the hints of vulnerability she showed, I may have been able to ignore the signs in front of me. The slight tremble to her hands, her thumping heart, and

the guilt I saw in her eyes earlier. "When I get angry." She replies after a moment. I nod slowly. "And I'm presuming that is something that happens pretty often?" She sighs and tilts her head and looks at me. "Maybe." She says, removing her torn top and wiping her stomach with it as she looks over at me. I don't miss the way her eyes dip lower, past the injuries on my chest that are already healing, and rake over my abs that are visible through the torn shirt. I take the moment to look her over, wondering how I didn't recognise those long legs I've seen in a couple of snaps she's sent me... Her tattoo is now on clear display, making this entire mess all the more real. She was there... then why did she ignore my messages? Why did she say she's not meeting me? Questions that I'm not going to get answers to because she can't know that I'm Reign707. Is it wrong that it fucking messes with me that she just randomly hooked up with a guy when I was getting the vibe that she was into me – Reign? Then again she was stood up too... Somehow we both ended up misunderstanding one another. "What happened the other night-" "Let me guess, it was an accident?" She says as she struts over to me and looks up at me. "Or it was a big mistake or that it never should have happened? Shoot me with your best excuse. Sir." She finishes mockingly. I clench my jaw and cross my arms. "All of them." I say, knowing that was harsh, but the truth of the matter is, we're teacher and student now. She smirks, scoffing as she folds her own arms and looks away, shaking her head. She's not happy with that. "Typical... but that's fine. There's plenty of men and women out there." She whispers

seductively before she turns and pauses. "But then I want something in return..." "And what might that be?" I ask. "The headmaster, the school board and my father don't hear of this." She says. "I'm already... on my last chance." She turns back to me, and I nod. "Deal." I say, although I can't stop students talking, I could downplay it. I need to know what happened last year... it's obvious she's not giving in to anger on purpose... She brushes past me, and I turn to see her opening one of the lockers. "Unless you're going to stand there and watch me strip, you should leave." She says, not giving me a chance to even leave, as she shimmies her leggings down her waist and hips, before giving me a sizzling hot view of her fucking tight delicious perfect ass, which is clad in a tiny red thong. For a moment, I'm frozen in place, unable to think straight. Fuck... I feel myself throb, the image of being buried inside of her flashes in my mind, and it takes me far longer than it should have to look away. I try not to let the image that my mind conjures up get to me, just as she turns her head and chuckles, catching me turning away far later than I should have. She bends down, sliding her legs out of her leggings, making me freeze as I find myself skimming over those sexy legs. My brain seems to shut down as I'm far too focused on drinking up those toned legs and that booty of hers to move. "The doors that way... unless, of course, you want to stay?" She whispers seductively as her sexy green eyes that are filled with mischief meet mine, she steps out of her leggings and reaches for the band of her sports bra...