

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 82



The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse Chapter 82. A Father's Rage

KIARA.

"Calm down, Mama." Dante says as I pace the lounge, nibbling at my nails, something I never do, but I'm not going to deny that I'm terrified of his reaction.

Last night Alejandro had instantly called Darien to find out whose pack link broke, but no one had raised an alarm but it had also worried him and so he is returning to make sure those pack members not in the country and those who are elsewhere are all safe.

I know I'm going to have to tell him straight away, but the very thought is making me anxious.

"I can't. You know your father." I murmur, closing my eyes when I feel his voice through the mind link.

He's in range.

'Hey... Any idea what happened, Amore Mio?' He asks.

Goddess...

'Come home, I'll fill you in.' I say, dropping onto the sofa and running my hands through my hair.

"Mom. You're shaking." Dante says, concern clear in his voice as he kneels in front of me taking my hands in his and I realise I am.

"He's..." I close my eyes. "He is going to lose it."

I've never felt more scared to see Alejandro's reaction than I am now. He had already been unable to tolerate the fact Skyla was dating someone and was serious about it, despite Royce being a good person. I hoped he would have come to terms sooner or later, but marked... this is an entirely different ball game.

Oh goddess, how am I going to explain this?

"I'm right here. I can handle him and so can you. None of us can change the past. What is done, is done. He's going to have to accept it or be prepared to lose his daughter. The choice is in his hands."

He glances towards the window, and my heart skips a beat when I hear the front door open.

He's here...

The lounge door opens and both Dante and I stand up as I look at my mate.

He looks as handsome as ever, his salt and pepper hair falling across his forehead clearly showing lack of sleep and the fact he's run his fingers through it numerous times. His shirt is slightly rumpled, his sleeves pushed up, and a few buttons open showing off the chains around his neck.

"What the fuck happened?" He asks, as he comes over to me, pulling me into his arms and kissing me hard.

I kiss him back, trying to calm myself and pour the same calmness through the link, but my heart is still beating violently, the fear of him losing it is not something I can just push away and I'm failing to calm us both down.

He moves back, his hands still on my waist as he tilts his head, his eyes narrow as he observes me sharply. "What am I missing? Something tells me I will not like what I'm about to fucking hear, am I fucking correct?"

"Sit down." I say, pushing him onto the sofa and sitting beside him, placing my hands on his shoulder and thigh.

Dante steps back, crossing his arms.

'Good luck, you got this.' He says to me through the link

Do I? There's no way to soften the blow and so I take a deep breath. "Baby, the pack link that was severed was Sky's." I say, and with my hand on his thigh, I give it a gentle squeeze.

"Fuck, where is she! What happened?!" His eyes widen with worry and he's about to get up when I shake my head, my hair flicking in front of my face.

Despite his worry, he brushes it back as he waits for me to answer.

"She's fine, she's simply... marked by her chosen." I say quietly.

His racing heart and the panic in his eyes seem to suddenly ebb away as he stares at me intently. The slowed thud of his heart echoes in my ears as the reality of what I said sinks in.

I'm almost about to relax a little when his eyes suddenly simmer, burning red. His aura swirls around him and he stands up.

"That fucking Arden..." He growls, his voice an animalistic snarl as his claws come out.

"Alejandro, she chose."

"He took away her choice! For fuck's sake, he knows she's only fucking eighteen. I don't care what the fuck she wanted! She's fucking eighteen, he isn't even her fucking fated, so I know this is a fucking mistake!" He roars, his voice ringing in the room, as I close my eyes.

"Alejandro, it's done. She's made the choice."

"There's no fucking choice if the bastard is dead, my daughter will not be marked by an Arden!" He hisses.

My heart skips a beat. That was not something I expected him to bring into this.

"Baby, Royce is not his father. That is unfair." I say quietly yet firmly, my own eyes flashing violet.

"Well, he won't be fucking anything when I'm done with him." He snarls, trying to push past me but I'm blocking him. I know he won't push me but he suddenly picks me up and dumps me on the sofa, making me bounce and he's at the door in a flash.

"Alejandro!" I exclaim, getting to my feet.

Dante sighs, and he moves, instantly blocking his father's path.

"I'm going to kill him!" Alejandro snarls.

"Then you're clearly forgetting that he can beat you in a fight. Calm down Dad." He says, crossing his arms.

"Dante, move the fuck out of my way, NOW!" Alejandro snarls as I hurry over to them. "Move or I will mess up that pretty face of yours." He threatens our son.

Dante cocks a brow, "Really?"

"Not now Dante." I whisper. I know he's trying to channel his father's anger and have it directed at himself, but I don't want him hurt. Sure, he's strong, but Alejandro is powerful too and can still cause some damage.

"I'm going to kill him. All that fucking façade about being responsible was fucking lies! I knew I should never have trusted a fucking Arden!" Alejandro growls, but his voice is more animal than human, and the hatred in his eyes and his raging aura is spreading through him, the bond and the room itself.

"Alejandro, if you say anything to him, you will lose your daughter. You know Sky!" I exclaim, gripping his arm, as I force him to turn towards him. "You know her!"

"Her fated is out there! This could become a fucking shitshow, Kiara!" He snarls as he looks me in the eye.

"I know, my love. I know... but she's made her decision, plus Royce is not someone I think will play her. He's strong, loyal and honest."

"I'm sure Dad knows the strong part after getting his ass beat by him." Dante hums, making Alejandro send a deadly glare his way.

Alejandro isn't in the mood to play, and I can feel his rage simmering and bubbling – brimming higher and I know another wave of rage is coming. His fists are balled, his chest heaving, and his eyes are still burning red as he stares unseeing at the floor, lost in his own thoughts.

"I don't care who he is. It's time Skyla learned that she's still my fucking daughter, and this is a mistake. I am not going to simply let it slide." His voice is calm and dangerous and my stomach twists.

He isn't lying. I can feel drips of his emotions through the bond that he's trying to block off, and failing, but I know this rage... the pure blistering rage of his Lycan is overcoming his own common sense.

"Alejandro, listen to me, think calmly, let's take a break"

"She can date the fucker, but I will never allow my daughter to be with a fucking Arden." He says, spinning around and slamming his fist through the wall, making me gasp as an earth-shattering roar leaves him and I flinch as he breaks through the walls. I step back as debris flies everywhere, shielding my face.

For the first time in years, he's terrifying me. He doesn't stop as he delivers another fist through the wall.

"Alejandro..." I plead. "Calm down."

"Don't tell me to calm the fuck down!" He snarls, "I told you that you've given them too much freedom! Especially Skyla. You. Leave." He adds, turning to Dante, who is watching him keenly.

"No, I'm not leaving, simply so you can blame Mama for something she has no hand in." He says warningly.

I know he gets defensive of me, but I don't want him arguing with his father.

'Dante it's ok, just go, please.' I say through the link.

I can handle Alejandro.

'No.'

I sigh, stubbornness runs through their genes...

"You can't use the line that he is an Arden, Alejandro. Royce is not like Kenneth. We're better than that." I say softly.

"He's his fucking son!" Alejandro snarls, scanning the room as if looking for something else to break.

"And you are being unreasonable," Dante adds, coming over and standing beside me.

"I'm not, the Arden's are nothing but trouble." Alejandro sneers, with pure hatred.

"Always remember that where you come from, does not make you who you are. Evil can be born from good, and good can be born from evil. Remember who your own mother was before judging Royce for who his father is." Dante's voice is powerful and calm.

But his words don't go down well with Alejandro, who growls, glaring at his son. "Back the fuck out! You don't have a fucking daughter to know how it feels!

"But I do."

We all turn sharply, and my heart skips a beat when I see none other than Dad standing there.

"Dad..." I almost run to him, realising my eyes are prickling with tears and my heart's pounding as relief floods me. I'm so relieved to see him...

I glance up at Dante.

He called him...

"I don't need your shit, Elijah." Alejandro snarls.

Dad isn't playing as he frowns, his cerulean eyes trained on my mate.

"I don't really care if you do or not. When it came to not one but two Rossis treating my daughters wrong, I dealt with it. I tried to understand, despite what both you and Leo did to my girls. I would say Karma is a bitch, but from what I know, Royce has done nothing but treat Skyla correctly." Dad continues as he steps in front of him, almost like a shield between us and Alejandro's wrath.

"So tell me, how badly is your ego bruised that you are being so fucking unreasonable?" Dad continues, his voice is cold as he glares at Alejandro. "And I do not appreciate you shouting at my daughter and grandson."

Alejandro snarls, but Dad stands his ground and I know Alejandro knows he's right. Dante steps back, pulling me back with him as the two men face off.

"You know that Kenneth is a fucking snake." Alejandro says, slightly calmer.

"Yes, I also know he tried to kill Rafael... but I also lost my sister, my best friend and my father to your mother. Have I ever blamed you or seen you in the same light?" He says, his voice displaying the glimmer of pain that will never fade.

My heart squeezes as I turn to Dante, who wraps his arms around me.

"That's..." Alejandro starts, but he has nothing to say.

"...exactly the same thing. Alejandro, listen to me. If Skyla allowed this man to mark her, she must be serious, and we all can agree that she never takes anything seriously. But now she's serious about something."

"But he is not her fated." Alejandro says venomously.

"It means nothing. I have never felt that the bond means much. Indigo was proof of that. I was ready to reject my fated for Red, I swear, if she wasn't my fated, I'd still have made her mine. She was the woman I wanted long before our bond snapped into place and I was going to keep her, no matter what the world or Selene wanted. Remember, this isn't the first time someone was ready to choose their chosen over fated. Remember, Raihana refused to go to the mating ball for Chris."

"They turned out to be fucking mates, as did you and Scarlett!" Alejandro growls.

He isn't listening to what Dad is saying.

"Who knows? Maybe Royce will be Skyla's fated. We don't know yet." I say softly.

"The Solaris King does not have a fated." Dante murmurs, making all three of us turn sharply to him.

"Fucking King, my foot. He is no king." Alejandro snarls.

Dante cocks a brow. "Sure Dad, whatever you say, since you seem to know everything." He says quietly.

"And you are not acting like a king right now," Dad says.

"Because I'm a fucking father! I'm not forgiving him." Alejandro says, frowning as he pushes past Dad roughly and takes out a cigarette, storming from the room as he lights it.

"When Sky finds her true mate, it'll serve him fucking right." He mutters.

"Be careful what you wish for..." Dante murmurs, frowning at his Dad's back and I sigh heavily as Dad looks at me and smiles slightly.

"He'll be fine. He just needs to realise that it is extremely painful when your daughter actually finds another man." He says as he envelops me in a warm hug.

I smile as I hug him back.

That's true, but I wish he knew that we would always love and need our fathers...