

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 92



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8. Brunch

ROYCE.

She's smiling down at the young boy as she carries a tray. Her golden hair is the same shade as Aleric's, and I don't know how I didn't notice her features.

She's an Arden, through and through. If she was standing beside Charlotte, Mom and even Aleric the Dick, everyone would notice.

'I know she's gorgeous... but you're staring.' Skyla says through the link.

I blink, looking away and down at my beautiful Green-eyed Goddess. She raises her eyebrow questioningly at me. She's not angry, but she looks a bit suspicious, and I know I'm going to have to tell her. I trust her enough to know she won't tell anyone and we're in a relationship; we don't hide things from one another.

Phoenix giggles and I smile down at her before Azura takes her from me and motions for me to take a seat at the table, but I don't as I spot the boy coming over.

"Hello, my name is Corrado Herrmann Rossi. It's nice to meet you. That is my Daddy." He says proudly, pointing at Leo before holding out his hand.

I crouch down and smile. "Hey, nice to meet you, Corrado Herrmann Rossi, and that is an impeccable name. I'm Royce Jonathan Arden." I reply as I shake his hand.

He's a polite one.

"That is a nice name, too! Welcome to the Sanguie Pack." He says and I nod.

"That's the best welcome I've had." I reply, giving him a small smile before I stand up, feeling several pairs of eyes on me.

Leo is sitting at the head of the table, a cigarette in his hands as Azura holds out their daughter and he takes her. The child instantly smiles as she begins talking earnestly to her father. The couple has a moment and I look away only for my eyes to meet Marcel's.

"I'm glad to see you are well Royce, the council is going into a panic. This morning your father requested their help to find any information on you. He fears you are dead." Marcel says, as he takes a seat opposite where I'm standing and motions for me to sit down opposite him.

My sister's mate.

He's a lot older than her, but love doesn't judge. I can tell she's happy.

This is a whole load of messed up. He is my Goddess's uncle, whose own aunty is mated to his son, and her cousin. Like I said, confusing.

"That was for an intended purpose." I say as Winona takes a seat opposite Skyla.

He nods slowly. "I know you youngsters will have your own reasons for wanting to keep this quiet, but you should know that we will not oust you. If Alejandro knows... he won't either. Although you probably shouldn't come in front of him for a while." He says, his gaze flickering to Skyla's neck.

Skyla smirks. "He'll get over it." She says, locking her arms around my neck, our eyes meeting and I honestly don't care either when she kisses me passionately.

I'm here and I wouldn't change that, regardless of who approves and who does not.

I pull her closer, her back arches as she presses herself into me and I deepen the kiss.

Marcel chuckles.

"I understand where you are coming from and I'm sure we can consult with Dante. What do you think Leo?" I ask glancing over at him.

His sharp eyes meet mine and I can't help but wonder if he has perhaps talked to Winona or not.

"Yeah, I'll see what he says, but I think telling Alejandro should be fine. It might actually work out, especially since Skyla's marked by you. He'll probably be worried about her if you were dead."

"That's a good point." I say, as Skyla nods in agreement, and we all begin tucking in.

"Yeah, Mama did seem worried, but she just asked if I had spoken to Royce, but I kind of brushed it off. I do need to talk to Dad. I can't avoid it forever. Besides, I'm not scared of him." She says seriously.

I nod, I think she generally needs to talk to her father about a lot more than this situation... it's not easy, and it won't be, as she doesn't like to display her emotions, but it is something that needs to be done. I'll talk to her about it.

Winona reaches for the fruit platter that sits in front of me and before Marcel can reach for it, I pick it up and hold it out to her, unable to stop myself.

"Thank you." She says, helping herself quickly as if not wanting to trouble me.

If only she knew, she can trouble me all she wants. That's what sisters are entitled to.

"The food was prepared by Winona. Unlike me, she's a great cook." Azura says, smiling at Winona.

I look down at the array of food that is laden on the table and look up at her.

"It looks delicious," I say.

"Thank you." She says again, blushing lightly at the compliment.

"Winnie is an amazing cook, and so is Daddy, but Mommy can't cook. It's true." Corrado says, making most of us chuckle. "And I love Katalaya's cooking."

"And as promised, I will make you anything you want." Katalaya says, as she smiles at him.

I take another bite. It's strange to think I'm eating food she made. Maybe I'm getting sentimental, but it feels surreal, knowing she's right here... at this table.

You were damn right, Lottie, she's alive and I hope she agrees to meet you. You'll have the perfect role model in life.

"The food is delicious, Winona." I say looking up at her, it takes me a moment to realise I hadn't addressed her formally.

She looks up and smiles shyly as she leans into Marcel. "Thank you, Alpha Royce." She says, looking up at him with her brown eyes.

Grandmother had brown eyes...

"Please, call me Royce," I say, now feeling like I'm making matters worse.

She nods, her smile faltering as her gaze flickers to Leo before she looks down thoughtfully.

Am I being obvious? Who am I kidding? I bloody am. I'm not trying to and I sure should be grateful he allowed me to be in her presence and that trust is something I better honour.

Skyla's hand on my arm tightens and I look at her. Her eyes are sharp as she observes me.

'Alright, what the hell is going on? Because I sure as fuck am getting jealous.' She says, her eyes flashing purple and I'm unable to stop myself from chuckling because you know what? My girl looks utterly gorgeous getting possessive of me.

"Royce." She growls menacingly.

"Sorry Love," I say, but I can't stop myself from smirking.

I place my spoon down, cupping the back of her neck firmly and tugging her up to look me in the eyes. 'I bloody love how cute you look when you're jealous.'

'I'm not that jealous.' She growls back, but she still yanks me closer, her fingers twisting in my hair tightly as she kisses me possessively, making it clear that I am hers.

And I honestly don't mind...