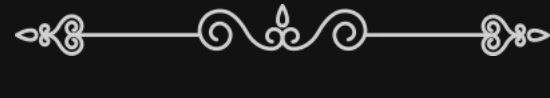


The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 94



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10. More Than Words

ROYCE.

“How fucking obvious did you make it?” Leo asks as I run my fingers through my hair.

“I swear I did not sense her there.”

“Yeah?”

“He’s not wrong, and it’s me who let it slip.” Skyla says defensively, but I pull her close to calm her.

“Yeah, like your fucking father, you don’t know how to hold back shit.” He says, frowning at her.

She glares back at him, and I move her behind me slightly.

Leo has every right to be angry, and I rather that anger is directed at me than Skyla. She glares at Leo with equal venom, but she doesn’t say anything more.

“This isn’t something I wanted her to find out like this, but why does it feel like you don’t seem too bothered?” I ask, looking at Leo.

He tilts his head and cocks a brow. “From my conversation with her earlier, I deduced she would have probably agreed.” He says.

“And she’s so sweet. Did you see her only concern was little Phoenix, otherwise that little Humpty Dumpty would have taken a fall.” Skyla says, shaking her head.

We both look at her as she giggles at whatever image that brought to her mind.

“You do know although she’s a werewolf, she would have gotten hurt?” I say lightly, raising an eyebrow.

She nods, a small frown appearing on her face. “I know, but she’s so round, maybe she would have bounced.”

“Remind me never to leave my fucking kids with you.” Leo says, but he’s smirking at her joke.

Sometimes these Rossis are... interesting.

“Should I worry about my future kids?” I ask, then pause, realising that was not appropriate. Ah, fuck. “I didn’t...”

Skyla freezes, and Leo smirks as I trail off, knowing I’ll only make it worse.

“Yeah, I would worry, with a psycho like her as their mama.” He says arrogantly.

“Hey, your woman is more psycho than I am.” Skyla growls, only amusing her cousins further.

I smile lightly, the tension in the room easing when there’s a knock on the door and it opens to reveal a serious Marcel. He’s observing me intently before he nods more to himself.

“Winona’s awoken. She wishes to speak to you.”

Skyla looks at me before I kiss her lips quickly. ‘Wish me luck.’

‘You won’t need it. She’s lucky to have you, but I got to admit, you siblings are hot.’ Skyla says with a smirk.

I cock a brow, remembering what she had said back in the hospital room and smile faintly.

‘I’m just your type.’ I say as I follow Marcel out of the door. The last thing I hear is Leo speaking and Skyla laughing.

“I can’t stop imagining Phoenix as an egg now.”

Marcel chuckles as the door shuts, and he falls into step beside me, becoming serious.

“If what Winona has said is anything to go by, then I will not let your father simply get away with this. He tried to have a child killed.” His eyes flash as he now looks at me.

“I feel the same rage and I can assure you justice shall be served. I know it won’t be as easy to prove. With the Beta dead, there’s not many who will dare speak up. But he will be punished, and I will be challenging him for the title of Alpha.” I say as we reach their bedroom.

“Good, you beat Alejandro’s arse, I’m sure your father won’t be different.” His voice is hard and I’m glad to see my sister has those that love her.

I owe the Rossis.

She’s sitting on the bed, the blanket pulled over her lap, and I realise she holds the same grace that Mother does. Her head tilts up a little as she watches me enter.

“I’ll leave you two.” Marcel says as he walks over to the bed, kissing her forehead before placing an extra pillow behind her back.

She blushes “I’m alright.” She says, and I feel a tad out of place right now.

I give them a moment before Marcel leaves the room and closes the door behind him, leaving us alone.

She looks up at me now, her fingers instantly playing with the ring on her finger.

“I apologise for the way you found out. I didn’t mean to let it slip like that.” I begin.

She shakes her head as she watches me intently. She’s observing me, paying attention to every detail.

“Alph- L-Leo, Leo told me that it was my father who left me at that orphanage... is it really true that our mother doesn’t know?” She asks, her voice sounding uncertain.

I walk over to the bed, about to crouch down beside the bed, when she reaches out shaking her head.

“Sit on the bed.” She says, about to touch me but changes her mind and pulls her hand back.

I oblige as I look at her. “I know you never wanted to know us, but it was actually Charlotte who found out you were alive.”

“Charlotte...” her heart skips a beat, and a glimmer of curiosity fills her eyes. “The girl from the hospital.”

I nod, “Yeah, she’s sixteen, me and Aleric are twenty-five.” My smile fades a little at the mention of him. “Although he’s a lot like our father.”

She frowns slightly and nods, “And do you have a picture of her?” She asks hesitantly.

Mom. She doesn’t need to explain who she meant.

I smile and nod, taking out my phone, and unlocking it, I take a moment to appreciate my nymph before I go onto my gallery and scroll through.

Mom... the first picture of her that I want her to see is a real moment captured of hers, not one of her picture-perfect moments. Not when she’s Luna Catherine Arden, but our mother...

I pause seeing an image of her sitting on one of the many balconies of the Arden mansion as she plays with the necklace that contains Winona’s baby picture... Her head is resting against the pillar and although there’s a smile on her face, there’s a sadness in her eyes.

“Here... this is our mother Catherine, and it’s your picture that she wears in that necklace. Victoria Elizabeth Arden. She misses you and always blames herself for not being able to protect you within her womb.” I say softly as she takes the phone from me.

Her hands are trembling, and I can’t explain how I’m feeling. There’s an overwhelming amount of emotion as I watch her look down at Mother’s picture before she breaks down and begins sobbing as she stares at the phone.

I tilt my head unable to speak from the emotions as I tug her closer. She leans into me resting her head on my chest as she sobs, clutching my phone to her chest.

She doesn’t say anything, but I know she’ll be alright and when the time comes for her to meet Mom... it will be perfect.

I rub her back. The fact that our sister is right here...

“I’m so glad I found you.” I say.

She nods. “Me too.” She sniffs and I can’t help but smile.

But our brother-sister time is cut down when I hear a loud bang and crash.

“Where is that mother fucking bastard!” The thunderous roar comes.

Alejandro Rossi.

Here we go.

Bloody perfect.