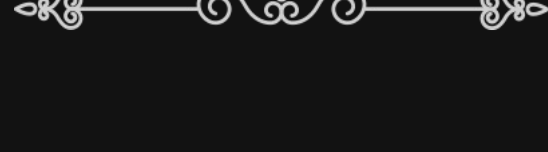


The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 95



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11. When Two Lycans Clash

SKYLA.

"Oh for fuck's sake," Leo says when we hear Dad.

I sigh. I need to face him eventually and I want to get to him before he says something to hurt Royce. I spin around when Leo calls me.

"Skyla."

"What?" I say as I pull open the door.

"He's a father, even if he is fucking acting like an uncivilised dickhead right now." He says, making me smirk.

I think I don't mind him.

"But?" I say, knowing he isn't done.

"But he's still fucking worried about you. Things are going to get rough. I don't need to be Dante to know that. It's best we smooth shit out, because when shit hits the fucking fan, we are going to need to be... at an understanding with one another."

I roll my eyes. Honestly, these men and their egos.

And yes, I have one too.

"United? Is that the word you were looking for?" I taunt.

"Na, I'm good." He says. "But you get me, right?"

"Aww, is it a hard pill to swallow ladder boy?"

He pauses mid-drag on his cigarette, looking at me, before he coughs, making me smirk.

"Yeah, I know things." I say smugly.

"Fucking women." He growls.

Standing up, he tries to stifle another cough.

Act as unbothered as you want. We both know you weren't expecting me to know that shit.

I can't help but smirk as he walks over to me and cocks a brow.

"What are you fucking waiting for? For him to break your precious man's nose?"

I frown.

"Just do what I said and try to keep your fucking cool." He says, opening the door.

"Wasn't one big brother enough?" I grumble, snatching the cigarette from his hand and taking a drag on it. "Fine! I'll try to see his point of view. I'll go talk to the grumpy old dude."

"Yeah, maybe today before he trashes my entire fucking house." He says, frowning at me before snatching his cigarette back.

"Buzzkill." I say as we both head down the hall just as Royce comes down the hallway.

"Baby..." I say as I walk over to him, wrapping my arms around his neck, hugging him tightly. The intense urge to protect him from Dad fills me although he's damn strong, but sometimes words hurt far more than physical pain...

Isn't that what I do though? Hurt others with my words?

A sliver of guilt rushes through me, and I push the thought away.

'I'll talk to your father.' He says, kissing the top of my arm as his arms encase me protectively.

'No, I will.'

'Sky...'

'Mmm?' I ask hearing Uncle Marcel trying to calm Dad down, as Winona steps out of her room. I can see her eyes are puffy, clearly having been crying, I hope things went well between them and I think they did because I can smell her on him.

'I know it's not always easy but try to tell him how you really feel.' He says quietly. 'I don't think he's the type who will bring it up again or throw it back in your face. You may not admit it, but you two are alike and I know it's hard but try to talk to one another. Tell him what you truly feel, Lil Lucifer.'

My heart skips a beat at the use of that name, and it reminds me of those days when we used to just text and even then, he told me to talk to Dad.

He leans down, pecking my lips softly, and I can't help but close my eyes, enjoying his touch.

Fuck, it makes me all kinds of giddy.

I bite my lip, trying to focus on him.

'Royce-'

'Before you say anything, just try alright.'

I sigh. 'I know... I get it, I'll try. I think I need to.' I say, resting my head on his chest before another snarl makes me pull away.

"You should stay out of the way for a bit." Leo says and I nod in agreement.

"I won't be far." Royce says, his eyes flashing blue, a glimmer of a frown crossing his face.

"I know. My Lightning God always has my back." I reply, winking at him.

'I pray he does.'

I freeze, my heart thundering as that same feminine voice fills my head and I take a deep, calming breath.

Pushing the thought away and shaking it off, I try to focus on the present, but I might have to call Del or Ri and ask if they can help with that.

I have Dad to deal with right now. With that in mind, I stride to the stairs and make my way down to where Uncle Marcel is trying to calm him down.

"Where is that bastard? I'm going to fucking kill him for real!" Dad snarls, his elbow smashing into the wall.

Leo cocks a brow as he walks in step with me. "This is my fucking house, and I don't appreciate a rabid Lycan on the lose. So, unless you're going to fucking behave, get the fuck out." He says coldly to Dad, whose eyes narrow as they glimmer red.

"Ah, another cocky shit." Dad says, smirking coldly, the rage in his eyes still burning.

Can I say I'm glad Royce, Leo and Uncle Marcel are here? Cus Dad looks... deranged.

Which means he's really pissed...

Fuck.

I look down when Malevolent rubs against my ankles, almost as if encouraging me to keep going.

Yeah, I know... I need to do this...

"Dad, can we talk?" I say, dragging his attention from Leo. He's clearly not slept, and his hair is a mess too.

He's a father...

I have to remember that he fucking cares.

Argh, I hate confrontations and shit!

He looks at me, and his eyes instantly go to my neck, in my off-shoulder dress, he can clearly see my mark and his frown deepens.

"Let's talk." He says, his voice far calmer than it was moments ago.

My heart thuds and I look down at Malevolent. Bending down, I scoop her up, giving her a hug before I let her down again.

I got this.

Fuck, I really don't.

Marcel gives me a warm smile and a pat on the shoulder as I walk past him and follow Dad to one of the lounges.

No Mama... just Dad.

I enter the room and close the door behind me; the thud sounding loud in the silence.

'You got this Love, and I'm not far.' Royce's soothing voice is like a soothing river of calmness.

The tether that lets me sleep peacefully at night, my binding that keeps me sane without dosing myself on poison.

He's breathing hard. I know that from the way his chest is heaving, that inferno of rage and anger is consuming him. I know how that feels.

He's controlling himself...

A constant battle to stop himself from becoming the beast he was born to be.

"What do you want to say?" I ask, making his deadly red eyes turn on me.

"The consequences of him marking you. Do you know what they are?" He asks as he advances on me almost menacingly, but I stand my ground.

"That we are now one, and that he loves me enough to show that commitment. Dante told me you know that Royce is the Solaris King, and I don't know if you know, but the Solaris King is not blessed with a mate." I begin.

Stay calm, Skyla, and be reasonable... for Royce and your relationship.

Telling myself that isn't helping.

"Only time will tell." He says, his jaw clenched. "I know you think you can take the world on by yourself and it's clear no matter what I say, until that time comes and shit goes down which I hope never fucking happens, you won't fucking understand..."

Ok... not the way I thought this was going to go and his words are irking me already.

"He's a king of some fucking place that is far bigger than England-"

"Um yeah... the States? So you really do not know where that is or that we're talking America? I mean, I get you live in little old England."

"Do not fucking try me, we may be a small country but through history and even now we have proved that we are fucking strong-"

"Wow, you mean stealing lands from others?"

"I'm talking fucking werewolves, not those human fuckers! Even if every fucking decision we made wasn't right!"

"Umm... can you even say that? I mean, you aren't really English-"

"Skyla! Not the fucking point!" He snarls.

Hey, I tried to change the topic... shame it didn't work.

"Royce is embroiled in things that will hurt you and he didn't even consider telling me about all the shit that Ken-fucking-bastard is up to! You think that you two know what the fuck you are doing!"

Ah, there it is. The anger.

"We'll be fine, he'll prove he is the Solaris King. He. He will challenge his father for the title of Alpha, and he will protect me, Dad." I say, trying to keep my voice steady.

"The fact that Kenneth wanted one of his sons with you..." He clenches his jaw and I wonder who told him that. Was it Dante? Cus it sure-as-fuck was not necessary!

"He wouldn't have told us if that was the case, Dad." I say sharply.

"There's something called reverse fucking psychology,"

"Yeah, only answer me one thing first. Have you ever got an off vibe from him? Because as far as I'm concerned, everyone approved of him before this came to light. And remember it was Royce himself who told us that about his Dad" I reply.

"This could all be a fucking game, and Royce could fucking destroy you. You're my daughter, Skyla, and that obviously puts a target on your back. People will try to use you to get to me. To let someone, you barely even know, mark you-"

"Because I asked!"

"And he could have fucking said no!" he snarls.

I shake my head. "Yeah, that sure would have made me feel wanted. Whatever, just fucking whatever Dad. You won't listen because you never listen to anything!"

"I don't want you fucking hurt! He should have told you about being a fucking King before marking you!"

"And that is my choice! Who cares if he's a king or a fucking omega! I love him!" I shout.

I know I said I'll be calm but... I can't!

"There's something not fucking right. I'm not going to deny your feelings. I don't fucking know what you're feeling but he shouldn't have marked you... if something happens to you because of him Skyla, I will fucking-"

"You will what, huh? Because I really don't care! I swear to the gods I really fucking don't care because I'd rather be dead than live the fucking life I was living before he came into my life!" I scream, my emotions surging as my eyes blaze purple, blurring with tears of frustration.

My aura swirls around me as I glare up at him, ready for his wrath, but he is silent, his eyes returning to their glittering onyx shade. But what gets to me is the look in them.

It's not hurt, it's not rage... it's...

Guilt.