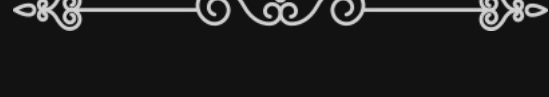


The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 96



The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse Chapter 96

12. Father to Daughter

I don't like that look.

It's a look I've seen in the mirror so many fucking times...

He looks away, as if not wanting me to know what he's feeling.

A tense silence falls between us, and I hate where we've come to. I close my eyes, trying to calm down. Now I fucking feel guilty for saying that.

"Well... I'm sorry, that you felt like that... I..." He pauses as if trying to recollect his thoughts.

"Dad..." I exhale, opening my eyes and looking at him. "You don't need to be sorry. You're not responsible for the way I feel."

"I kinda am when I'm your father. You being a Lycan is my fucking fault. I know how it feels to be isolated, wondering why the fuck I'm even alive when I don't fit in anywhere... it wasn't exactly the entire truth but it's how I felt." He says, his voice is quiet, and even though he's trying to hide them, there are so many emotions in them.

I don't know if I can do this. I feel too damn emotional, and he only makes it worse when he cups my face and looks into my eyes with eyes filled with emotions. I thought he wanted to hide.

I don't think I've ever seen him this vulnerable since Katalaya was taken and he broke down... he didn't know I saw him, but I did. That image of my father, the all-powerful king sitting there with his head in his hands, always remained...

I'm about to turn away, but he doesn't let me, pressing his lips against my forehead before looking into my eyes.

"I know how it feels trying to fight the darkness that's constantly trying to consume you. I've done things that I regret. I've killed people and hurt people, some that still carry those scars until this day. The guilt of it all won't ever go away, but I'm trying every fucking day. I'm trying to be better.

Your mother is my tether. She pulled me from the darkness that was drowning me..." He stops, his eyes glinting and he closes his eyes.

"I see myself in you. The poisons, I've done the same. I've drunk bottles of wolfsbane to cope. At the age of thirteen, when I shifted, I killed my parents in rage. The scars on Maria's back. I did that to her... I used to beat Raf to within an inch of his life just because I was fucking pissed off. I've done far worse..."

My heart thuds. Sure I knew Endora faked her own death, but we were also told it was at the cost of her mate... Dad did that?

Everything he said from Uncle Rafael to the wolfsbane... it hits home.

"Did you really... kill them?"

"Endora may have faked her death, but I assure you... my father was a victim of hers and I was the one who ended his life... instead of saving him from her spells and control, I ended his life." He says quietly.

Killed his own father. Just the thought sends fear rushing through me.

That's a nightmare that haunts me often enough that I'll hurt someone I love to the point that nothing can be done to save them.

"You won't." He answers my unspoken thought, and I look up at him again.

"You did..." I whisper, knowing he had his brother who always supported him there for him, but what happened is horrible.

He shakes his head, letting go of my face as he wraps his arms around me tightly, and I can hear his racing heart as he holds me close. There's a different kind of comfort in a father's embrace.

"I know you won't do what I did, because whether I selfishly hate it or not, you have found your tether, your light. You found the calm to your storm, just as Kiara is mine. You found yours sooner. I can't imagine a life without her and I know even when I lose my shit, when I upset her and test her limits. Even then, just a touch from her and I have something to hold onto."

"That's Royce for me." I whisper.

I hate being so vulnerable. I hide behind my attitude, and this is too fucking much, but he's trying too...

"I know... and I'm fucking sorry for losing my shit... but when I heard of his possible death... and you weren't answering your phone. A thousand thoughts were going through my mind. What if you can't cope with his loss? What if... what if you were gone too? Why did he have to mark you so soon and so much fucking more and so I channelled my fear and worry into..."

"Anger... because it's the easiest way to express your feelings without showing the world that you're scared, because we tell ourselves we have to always be fucking strong." I finish and I'm glad he's hugging me because I'm breaking.

I clutch onto his shirt, the feel of his chest reminds me of those nights he'd carry me when I was a child and I'd fall asleep on his lap... I remember the way I used to try to pinch his nipples when I could see the outlines of the little barbells and cackle when I succeeded. The way I used to play with his necklaces and memorise every tattoo on his neck.

"One hundred fucking percent... I see myself in you Sky, but like they say, when two people are so fucking alike... it's hard, right? Not to clash?" His voice sounds thick too, and I nod.

"I'm sorry we pushed you to that. I never meant to make you feel fucking suffocated. We only wanted you safe and to be able to talk to us, but we weren't always like this Sky... you started closing yourself off and shutting us out. Where did I go wrong?"

You didn't.

I'm unable to stop the soft sobs that escape my own lips as tears spill from my eyes, and when the first few fall, it opens the dam to so many more.

"You didn't. Kat was going through so much, her nightmares and trauma. I had to do better... I didn't want to be a burden but, in the end, I still became one. I was trying to deal with it my way, Fuck, I'm not crying for sympathy. I just hate this!" I say, trying to wipe my eyes. He loosens his hold on me and I look up at him defiantly.

There I said it.

He shakes his head, his eyes glinting with sadness as he wipes my tears away, only for more to replace them.

"Na, you're not a fucking disappointment. People can fucking judge or say shit, but you are my daughter and in fact, you dealt with shit better than I did. Trust me when I say that... there was a time I wished I never had daughters because I feared the day, I'd have to give you to some fucker, but I wouldn't exchange any of you." He says as I dare to look into his eyes.

He's emotional too, and I know this is also hard for him.

"Good, cus you can't get that much more amazing than this." I say weakly, pointing my thumb at myself.

He smirks. "Well, I did once say I fucking created the hot gene. I guess that's you." He winks at me, and I can't help but smile.

"Yes, exactly my point! Ah, you're good at this," I say, slapping his arm.

He crosses his arm and looks down at me. "Then give me a chance, talk to me. You know that shit won't go past me. Yeah, I drop stuff when I fucking want to, but I can keep a secret. Trust me."

"I know..." I say,

"I know me being king gets in the fucking way of being a great father. I'm not Elijah and I'm not Rayhan or Leo, but I never fucking wanted you to feel like you can't talk about shit to me. I would fucking kill for the four of you. Yeah, you fuckers do grate on my fucking nerves, but at the end of the day, you're my fuckers and as long as I'm alive, I'll always be there for you."

Our eyes meet and I nod, he smirks, looking away, and I swear he brushed his eye.

"I think this is the fucking part where you hug me." He says and I can't help but chuckle as I pounce on him just as I used to long ago.

"Time to suffocate you, Grumpy Bear!" I say, squeezing his neck. He chuckles as he hugs me tightly.

"You need to be more than a scrawny beanpole before you can tackle this old man." He says, tickling me and I move away from him.

"You know we still got to talk about that fucker." He says, and I pull a face as I brush my hair back. "But, if you're serious, then there's not much I can do. But I still want to fucking break his pretty nose."

"Dad, I like his nose and honestly, I know you don't trust his family, but he isn't bad. One day you'll believe me." I say confidently.

He nods. "Yeah." He says, ruffling my hair, and he jerks his head to the door. "Shall we? We have to leave soon too, and I do want to get some shit sorted before we do."

I nod as I wipe my face, hoping I don't look too bad. "Yeah let's... just no breaking noses ok, my man is more handsome than all the Rossis." I say as I pull the door open.

"I wouldn't agree."

My heart skips a beat and we both turn to see Royce leaning against the stair rail, arms folded.

I blush slightly, but I'm relieved the hall is empty of the others.

"And why wouldn't you?" I say as I walk over to him.

He was nearby if I needed him...

He catches me by my waist, tugging me close. I smile up at him as I lock my arms around his neck.

"Because you are a Rossi, and you're goddamned beautiful." He whispers, brushing my hair back.

'I'm proud of you, Love.' He adds through the link and we're about to kiss when Dad clears his throat and I turn to him.

Usually, I think I would get annoyed, but I don't think I'll forget that talk we just had and... I'll try. I will try to be more open and talk to those around me and, if not everyone, at least him...

He shared things with me today that he never told me before, and I'm certain not everyone knows that.

"Well, well, well, aren't you supposed to be fucking dead." Dad says, lighting a cigarette now turning his gaze to Royce.

Royce simply raises an eyebrow slightly. "Not a chance when my entire life is before me." He replies calmly and my heart soars when he looks down at me.

He's right though... We are one another's world.

"Yeah, well, let's get all the details and shit and go from there. I have an hour before we need to leave, and I fucking need to know exactly what the fuck I am missing."