

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 155



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71. The Darkness Within

A/N: Contains slightly dark content.

RAIHANA.

It is a trap, the poison in the air, the side of the building caving in to trap us here. The only thing that she isn't counting on, is the fact that I'm not alone.

Aunty Red had seen us duelling and came to my assistance.

Just as Sephora brought down the wall trying to trap me alone, Aunty Red had managed to jump in before the walls came down. 2

Sephora now stands there, magic tingling at her fingertips, a smirk of confidence on her face.

"You heard the High Witch Magdalene! Raihana is your new leader." Scarlett warns, her voice a menacing snarl as she clutches her waist. 1

Sephora sent several shards of crystal at her when the wall came down, simultaneously releasing a wolfsbane poison in the air.

If it wasn't for her rapid healing ability, Aunty

Red wouldn't have even been able to stand after that crystal shard pierced through her hip. to play, and she is Sephora is here to win, not proving that through her merciless attacks. If it wasn't for the poison that I have inhaled, she would have been mine already.

"A hybrid as the ruler of the coven? One who is not of pure blood?! That's madness!" She scoffs, laughing as if she had just heard a funny joke.

"Clearly it isn't Hecate's command that you are obeying right now," I say coldly. The witches under the command don't look happy with what they are doing, but Sephora... well, it's an entirely different case with her.

She tenses, her gaze flicking to Scarlett before she looks at me.

"We are but our Goddess's pawns. What she wishes for is a duty we must obey! Like she'd bless you to be the next High Witch!" she sneers, sending another wave of power at me.

I deflect it, my eyes burning with rage.

She may have weakened my werewolf side, but she didn't think this through... I am not only a werewolf, meaning I can function pretty well... I just need a little tim

"Stop dodging!" She snarls as I move my head to the side, letting another blast she sends my way rush past me.

"Then up your game, Sephora! You want what I have, then show me you are worthy of it," I taunt coldly.

"You are the daughter of Endora! An outcast! A traitor! A Dark Witch! How can the coven allow you to be chosen instead of me?!" She hisses. "When he is in charge, I will rule as his ally as the head of the coven! Why was I not chosen?!"

"Because you are irrational, stupid, and power- hungry," I say coldly, deflecting another attack, as she starts chanting again, her voice angrier and more powerful. 2

I just need a little time... just enough to gather enough power...

I glance at Aunty Red as she clutches her waist. She has protected me but in return...

I look at the large pool of blood beneath her, my stomach churning.

I need to end this fast.

Sephora's eyes blaze as she runs at me. Streams of her power travel across the ground and wrap around me before she throws me to the ground.

She grabs my jaw, as I try to focus on my powers, almost there...

I can feel my energy returning, despite the wolfsbane clinging to the air.

"Well, this irrational, stupid and power-hungry witch was able to kill your Alpha without batting an eyelid," she whispers tauntingly into my ear. 2

My heart thuds as my mind goes blank, her words ringing in my mind.

Chris.

I look into her eyes. She's smiling, an amused glint in her eyes.

She killed my baby... 8

The numbness vanishes as fast as it came and, with it, excruciating pain wraps around my heart.

The painful reminder that he is no longer here returns with ruthless, cold-blooded vengeance. chris..."

I breathe, my heart

"Chris... You kille thumping.

"Do you have another Alpha, Serafina? Yes, Chris, your mate," she taunts, smirking at the look on my face.

She throws her head back as she begins chanting, louder, powerful magic swirls around her.

I remain still, but the thunder of my heartbeat is ringing in my ear.

"Why?" I ask, as I feel her magic whirl around us, but I can't do anything.

"Raihana! Snap out of it!" Aunty Red shouts.

"Because he was your weakness," she whispers in my ear.

I close my eyes, trying to breathe through the pain.

Chris, who never hurt anyone... because of me he was killed...

"You wanted to weaken me so you could become the head of the coven?" I ask, my eyes snapping open, but I already know the answer. 1

I see the flicker of fear in her eyes as my own eyes glimmer orange.

"I have every right!" she hisses, as my aura rages around me.

"You will never be the head of that coven, because you will not be making it out of here alive!" I hiss. A blast of power throws her off me and I get to my feet.

There's a different kind of power burning through my veins.

One that wants her blood spread across the rubble of this destruction.

I look at Aunty Red, whispering a spell of slumber, my eyes burning orange.

"Rai..." Her flutter shut, and she slumps to the side.

yes

Rest... you don' can become... need o see the monster that I

"What are you... What are you doing?!" Sephora hisses, looking between me and Aunty Red, unease flitting across her face. 2

"Showing you what happens when you hurt one of my loved ones... Oh wait, you didn't hurt him, you killed him." I snarl as I walk towards her. Each step I take pushes through her barriers, my own power raging around me.

Fire licks the ground around us, wanting to eat all in its wake.

My eyes are blazing with an inferno of pain and rage.

She killed him...

I want her dead.

I don't care what anyone thinks. I am going to kill her.

And not just a quick, easy chivalrous death.

I will drive her insane to the point she'll beg for death itself. 1

And even when she begs for it, I will not let her go, not until I have driven her beyond the point of madness. 9

My heart is pounding as I begin to chant the spell that is perfect for this situation.

Her face turns ashen as she backs away.

"No... you're using dark magic!" She shouts, a glimmer of panic in her eyes.

"As did you... when you carved that symbol into his chest." I say emotionlessly.

I close my eyes, my head spinning as memories of Chris flood my mind; his words, his promises, his love, all the memories of the past, burn through my mind. Watching my life like it is a movie reel...

Promising him we'll be together every blood moon... 2

Finding out he is my mate...

Our first night... 2

Marking one another...

My first pregnancy...

Our wedding...

Our children...

Our love...

Happiness, sadness, excitement and amusement

Emotions we experienced as we travelled on the path of life together.

Tears trickle down my cheeks as his final words echo in my mind.

A night that was never meant to be...

He's gone, forever. 1

There won't be any more late-night family nights where he teases us, brings us snacks and pizza, and always makes me happy...

No more helping Heaven when her powers begin to spiral. Despite not having any magic, he was always there for her, never afraid to stand before her and tell her she could do this. 2

My eyes sting, as a picture of him on his knees before her telling her she had this, without fear or judgement. 1

He truly treated his girls like queens.

Him training Tatum, that serious, responsible side of him...

Taking Tatum for a boy's night out, which he loved, getting to bond with his father.

Chris didn't have favourites because he treated all three of us with the utmost level of love and made us feel like we were the most precious things on this planet.

To him, we were.

There won't be any more warm embraces, no more of his comfort, his scent, his touch... his kiss...

It's all gone.

Because of her.

My eyes snap open, my aura bursting like an erupting volcano.

"When you killed him so selfishly, only thinking of yourself and this position, you didn't only take away my mate! You took away someone's father! Someone's brother!

Someone's friend!" I scream in agony as a fresh wave of pain and clarity hits me.

He truly is gone. -6

Dark tendrils of fire begin to claw closer to her, as she keeps chanting, trying to push them away, but she forgets, I am stronger...

"Even in death, he is my strength, because he never wanted me to fall weak!" I scream, as I raise my hand making a grabbing motion. Dark tendrils of fire mimic my movement, wrapping around her arms and throat.

A scream leaves her lips, but it's cut off when the tendril wraps tighter around her neck, choking her, burning her and torturing her at the same time.

She gags as her power flickers around her hands as she tries to pull at the tendrils, only for them to burn her.

"I won't kill you so fast," I whisper.

Walking over to her, I place my fingers on her head. I whisper a spell, and with each word I speak, her face becomes paler.

Oh, the spell hasn't come into effect, but she knows what this is.

"...For eternity," I whisper, making her struggle violently.

"No- no, please!" She chokes out.

"Bound by blood," I whisper, cutting my own finger and letting a single droplet spill into her open forehead.

A shrill scream of agony fills the area around me as her eyes roll to the back of her head.

My own burning with the rage that consumes me, as I dig my two nails into the centre of her forehead, twisting them slightly and making her scream in agony as she experiences exactly what I want to do to her.

I step back as the dark fire drops her and she begins writhi on the

She won't experience simply baking in agony. moments of torture but within this spell... she will feel years go by... 1

She screams to be let free... for help... oh and forgiveness, but right now even Hecate herself could beg before me and I'd not care.

A ring of orange runes dance around her forehead as she writhes and twists on the floor as if possessed.

She's drowning...

Her nails dig blindly into the ground, breaking and splitting until she's drawn blood. She scrambles back and begins clawing at herself.

Ah... being stung by scorpions...

The worst kinds of pain... I want her to feel it all.

Her skin is being peeled from her body.

Her terrified screams grow louder, the smell of blood growing as she sobs in agony.

Lashing...

She cries and whimpers.

Each limb, each bone, is being broken... one little piece at a time... 3

Her body writhes and twists violently before she stills and begins convulsing.

Now she's being stabbed repeatedly...

An eternity of suffering, she shall feel it all. 9

Blood pours out of her mouth from her self-inflicted wounds, which are nothing compared to what I have put her through.

A spell created by Endora... I know I shouldn't have used it, but I really don't care... 2

Before my very eyes, I can see her succumb to the torture.

The screams, begging and sobbing begin to die down after several minutes.

The power to keep someone awake whilst they think they are being tortured is not easy, but Endora had mastered it.

I hate that woman to the very core, but this might be the second most useful thing she's created in her life, after her sons.

There's something incredibly satisfying to witness someone driven mad by torture.

They say that those who are good do not seek revenge... but move on as long as justice is served... but if me enjoying this means I am not good, then I don't want to be. Because she deserves this! 2

Crouching down, I touch her forehead. Closing my eyes, I slip into her mind.

The sight before me is sickening. She's hanging there, her arms tied to two dark pillars. She's aged... her limbs broken, and her skin has peeled off her as fire licks up her legs, but the most satisfying thing to see is the haunting look in her now dead eyes.

They are wide with horror, her mouth open in a silent scream as a knife stays lodged in her throat, blood gushing out and painting her body with it.

The pillars begin moving apart, the sound of bones stretching and breaking fills my ears and I can't help but smile as I slip back out of her mind. 1

I wonder if hell is like this?

Soon her screams stop, and her body stops moving.

She won't last much longer... but she has lived over fifty moons of torture...

Her heart is beating irregularly as she lays there, her mouth hanging open, wide with horror and anguish.

A woman tormented beyond reckoning and to the point of no return.

I don't move, as I watch her heartbeat slow. She's dying...

I take out my blade, and bending down, I drive it through her forehead, as I rip out her heart with the other.

"For Chris," I whisper, my blazing eyes glaring down at the woman who ripped apart my world just as I ripped out her heart.

My heart is still empty, but there is: satisfaction within me...

Who said you don't feel happiness when you seek revenge? 1

I stand up and turn away. Time to join the battle above... 4

I can hear the thundering, the roars of the beasts and the power that is radiating through the earth itself.

I hope... wherever you are Chris, that you know, I will always love you... rest in peace, my love. 47

1