# The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 29

The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin Chapter 29: A Hard Truth

SKYLA

A game?

He's so close. His thundering heart and those brilliant blue eyes are too much. All I can see is him, his scent wreaking havoc with my mind and I suddenly feel as if there is no air and I'm drowning in his rage.

I let out a shaky breath, trying to control my emotions. I exhale, and I'm surprised to see the puff of visible air.

It's so cold in here? Is a window open?

"He told you." I state quietly, looking into his eyes.

I don't even know how to feel about that…

Why would Alaric do that?

He almost smirks, his cold eyes boring into mine.

"Of course he did," he scoffs. "Why not goat right?"

"That wasn't."

"Of course it was. The thing is, Skyla… don't mess me about. You thought since you couldn't have one brother, why not just have the other? Correct?"

I stay quiet, his words hitting a nerve. 2

He sees right through me.

"You know what? You and Aleric seem to be

the perfect match… carry on. I wish you both all the best, because this Anton is not going to be added to your list of fucks." 5

He pushes away from the wall, turning away from me as if he's too disgusted to even look at me and, for the first time in my life, I'm regretting dealing with someone.

"Move." His command emanates through me and although it does nothing to bend me to his will, the power in it stuns me. I can feel it in the air and my heart thunders.

He isn't normal.

I try to think of a sassy comeback but I have

fuck-all to say.

I slowly step aside, and he doesn't even

bother looking at me as he pulls the door open, but then he pauses.

"Tell your father that I have his fur as dinner invitation, but something has come up, and I needed to leave."

He doesn't wait for a reply and swiftly exits.

I close my eyes, slumping back against the door as it thuds shut and sigh heavily.

That went downhill fast…

Taking a few deep breaths, I shiver at how

cold I feel.

I open my eyes, unsure how to process my emotions. His words stung, but I don't care. I know deep down that I did what I did to prove a point. What did I think, that he wouldn't find out? Yeah, that was a stupid

assumption to make.

I feel stupid, angry, irritated, and hurt. 2

But fuck, it's my own doing.

I scan the bathroom, frowning when my attention falls on the large mirrors that line

the wall behind the sink basins.

Frost? I push away from the door and slowly

walk over to them, looking at the corner of the glass that meets the ceiling.

There's ice…

I tilt my head, frowning. Earlier I had felt as if the temperature had dropped in here. I'm certain when I came in here it wasn't this

cold.

What is going on?

I'm about to reach for my phone when I realise it's not with me. I glance at the door before I quickly climb onto the marble

counter and reach for the corner of the glass.

Ice cold.

It is not even just steam, it was solid ice coating the corner of the mirror. The glass around the ice was frosty and had partially

steamed up.

Strange…

I jump down, feeling my unease and restlessness rising. I'm trying to distract myself from Royce's words, but it's hard to

do so.

Why do I feel so… upset by his words?

I take a deep breath, knowing I need to get

out of here before I lose control. I exit the

bathroom and return to the table where Dad

is smirking over something Kalaleya has

said.

"Only you princess." Dad's saying to her as he hooks his arm around her neck and pulls her close, kissing her forehead. 1

My steps falter. my emotions slamming down on me like a fucking tidal wave, and I

want to run…

I need to get out of here before my emotions fuck everything up.

"Sky!" I see telling Dad about the ice cream tub incident with Alessandra." She giggles.

I force a smile and nod. "Oh, that was fun."

Hide it all.

I have to.

Just the way I always do.

"Oh yeah! I caught your quest on the way to

the bathroom and he said he has to leave and

to thank you for the dinner." I say lightly, feeling Dad's gaze burning into me.

"Oh yeah?" He says. "His fucking loss, Kat just ordered the entire fucking dessert

menu."

Kalaleya pouts. "I only wanted to try them

all…"

The girl loves food and I'm sure even the food is probably grateful to be devoured by

her. I mean, who knows, maybe food are little foodies who talk and chat and their goal in life is to be eaten.

I shake my head, pushing my random thoughts from my mind. I

Dad smirks before jerking his head at me, motioning me to sit on his other side.

I don't argue, sliding into the space from

Royce's side. His scent lingers, and it only makes that punch to the gut even worse.

"So what dessert am I devouring?" I ask, glad when Malevolent silently brushes

against my leg, comforting me.

"As Dad said, lots." Kat says with a sheepish

smile.

My heart thuds and I scratch Malevolent's

neck.

"Perfect. Any wraps left for Malevolent?" I ask, not wanting to feel so upset. I had hot her bits in between, but I had been so distracted that I'm not sure how much she

has eaten…

"I fed her." Kalaleya whispers.

"Thanks." I say as Dad turns to me.

He doesn't say anything as his eyes meet

mine and I hate that it sends my heart down

and cry. Instead, I stare back at him

defiantly, those dark eyes glinting with emotions and the one thing I know is that no matter how many men hurt me, or how

many times I fuck up. Dad will always be

here for me. 4

But I can't tell him.

As if he knows what's going through my mind, he wraps his strong arm around me, pulling me close. I close my eyes, inhaling his woody scent that always holds that touch of smoke. His steady beating heart and the warmth of his embrace make me lean into him, trying to ease the pain in my chest.

This is a place that will always be safe… 3

My heart's thudding and I'm so fucking

messed up right now that I'm grateful when he doesn't ask anything as he rubs my arm.

Something tells me he hasn't our

conversation, no I'm sure, and I know that

he will bring it up… 3

The dessert arrives soon after but I'm too

distracted to eat. My emotions are a mess and no matter how much I pretend I'm enjoying the different desserts, I'm not.

Once we're done and Malevolent has

enjoyed her ice cream. Dad asks for the bill.

"Oh, the other sir who was with you already fucked the bill." The waitress says, flashing Dad a flirty smile.

Dumb bitch, he's my Mama's. 2

He paid for it all? Dad frowns.

"Yes, he left a generous amount that covers a hefty tip too and the desserts," She replies,

blushing lightly.

Great.

Now I fucking ate the food he paid for… I place my spoon down as Dad nods.

"Sure, thanks." He says, frowning slightly."

He's a hard one to read…?

"Oh, can we please have these packed?" Kat asks politely before the waitress turns away, pointing to the left-over desserts.

"Of course." The waitress smiles at her, glancing at Dad a final time before she takes the dessert away. 3

I don't say anything, waiting for the packed desserts to return before we leave the restaurant and head to the car. Kat's holding the leftovers carefully as we get back into the car. This time I tell her to sit in the front, not wanting to be in Dad's view.

I sit back against the leather seats of Dad's car, trying not to let Royce's words mess with my head space. I have tried not to replay that scene in my head, but I'm struggling… so fucking much.

His disgust… his anger…

I'm angry too, mainly at Aleric. Why would he even tell his brother who is such a damn goody-two-shoes? What if he told Dad? I know I'm looking for an avenue to release my anger, and Aleric is the one who seems to be my best shot to target.

Oh, I'm fucking going to sort that pretty little shit out. 3

My eyes flash purple but I focus my gaze out of the window until we finally reach my home. Kat's singing along to the songs and we're silent. She's a good singer, but she's shy. Only a few lucky people get to hear her sing.

The moment the car comes to a halt, I jump out with Malevolent in my arms and rush around to the front and open Kat's door.

"Bye Kat, see you tomorrow!"

"What's the fucking rush? Not going to

invite us in?" Dad asks as he steps out of the

car unlocked and looks around.

Shit, I don't want Dad around… I want to be

alone.

"You want to come in?" I ask knowing if I

denied him, he'd get pushier.

"I wish, let's check this shit out."

Kalaleya happily jumps from the car and

closes the door. "It's such a beautiful

cottage."

I nod, pulling a face as I sidestep dad and get to the door first, unlocking it. I push open the door and hold it open.

Dad steps inside and although I know it's been some days since Aleric slept over, my mind is uneasy.

I don't want him to think anything of it.

"Decent size." Dad remarks as he walks

through and pokes his head around the

lounge door before he moves on to the kitchen.

Nosy much?

Kalaleya smiles as she admires the paintings

on the wall.

"It's so quaint." She says. "It's not like you,

but I love it."

"Yeah, it's not, but it's far away from people. Just the way I like it." I reply with a smirk, as I glare at Dad's back pointedly.

Just then, Dad opens the bathroom door and

I realise that I have not had the broken window boarded up.

"The fuck happened here?" Dad growls, stepping inside. "Do I need to fucking talk to Pressoir?"

"I was trying to open it and it was stuck so I broke it. Nothing to do with the Alpha." I lie instantly.

"Hmm?" Dad growls as he crosses the bathroom to look at the window.

"The day I moved in?"

"Do first me some fucking wood. I'll board it up. The fuck Sky, at least be careful when you're out here alone. I'm already fuckin stressed out that you're out here alone!" Dad growls, turning towards me.

I frown. Now is not the time for his attitude.

"It's a tiny window. Nothing can come through there! It's fine if it's broken, Dad, chill out. Just go, I can handle it."

"Do not tell me to fucking chill out when you've been living here with a fucking broken window. Sky. At least ask for fucking help if you can't deal with this shit."

My eyes flash as I glare at him. "I'm eighteen, ok, stop treating me like a kid! I get it! I fucked up again. Just… go. I said I'll deal with it." I say, storming out of the room.

"Wood. Now." Dad's voice comes, making my anger flare.

My heart thuds as I storm to the kitchen, my gaze falling to the kitchen table and chairs.

I pick one of the chairs up and smash it into the ground. The sounds of the splintering wood makes Kalaleya scream in the hallway.

My heart is thundering, and I can feel my anger seeping out of control.

I need to hold on…

"The fuck are you doing?" Dad growls, and I hear his footsteps.

I grab the splintered chair seat, pulling off the last broken leg that is hanging on, as I

storm out of the kitchen.

"You wanted fucking wood, remember?" I growl back.

He frowns as I storm over to him and shove

the wooden seat into his arms.

"I'm going to bed. Do not disturb me. Shut the door on your way out," I snarl.

"Sky." Dad calls warningly.

"Sky." Kat tries, but I'm honestly fucking

done.

I know they care. (1)

But hey what else is new aside from the fact

that I like to fuck things up.

Every. Damn. Fucking. Time. 1

I reach my bedroom, slamming the door shut behind me, just as Kat reaches it and I quickly lock it.

"Sky, please talk to me. Let's not end the evening like this? Please?"

I ignore her as I drop onto the bed. The beast

within me wants to come out and I'm

struggling… My claws elongate and I turn to

the drawer.

Getting up, I walk over to it and pull it open. Grabbing one of the vials, I down it in one go, letting the pain rip through me.

"Skyla… please open up." Kat's soft voice tries to coax me, but it's too fucking late.

The dull ache on the side of my breast where

I'm injured still isn't healed thanks to my daily doses of poison and I clutch it,

flinching as it burns from the new poison. It's healed over, but it's still left a dark

bruising.

I stagger over to the bed, curling up as pain

consumes me.

I just want to be left alone…

I'm an… fucking…

Weak.

Self-destructive.

Useless… 3