The Lycan Princess and the Temptation of Sin Chapter 53: Ice to my Fire

SKYLA

The moment he cups the back of my neck,

his fingers threading into my hair, my heart leaps. His grip is firm but not rough. There's enough strength to show me he's in charge, yet not so rough that I can't relax and enjoy the feel of his touch on me.

And then his lips are on mine, making every thought leave my head, replaced by intense

passion and pleasure. I feel giddy and light- headed as intense tingles rush through me, sending a jolt straight to my pussy.

I can't help but whimper against his lips.

Lord… I get it…

Fuck, I get why I can't get over him since

that moment in the club.

This man has magic in his every touch

of our lips igniting a volcano of heat and desire within me. It's even hotter knowing he's trying to control himself. He doesn't kiss me to satisfy himself; he kisses me in a way that makes my toes curl from the pleasure.

I moan against his lips helplessly, feeling

like I'm in heaven.

God, he's such a good kisser…

I run my hand down his chest, savouring the

feel of his perfect body beneath my fingertips.

His arm tightens around my waist, the thumb of his other hand caressing my cheek.

Fuck, he may be ice but he's fire…

My entire body is burning with emotions and heat, and my stomach is fluttering.

The moment his tongue runs along my lower lip, I part them, allowing him entrance.

My pussy clenches with dangerous desire, wanting more. I put my legs under me,

getting up on my knees, wanting to show the guy between us.

He ravishes my mouth before he plays with

my tongue sensually.

I whimper against him. The kiss has shifted, from passionate and deep to dangerously erotic. There's something so sexy yet dirty with the way he's teasing me. I'm wet. Such I can feel it under this gown.

He pulls me into his lap, making me gasp, but he cuts me off, plunging his tongue into

my mouth, sucking on my tongue, his large

hand squeezing my peach.

Oh yes. Daddy, just like that.

Who would have thought he'd be the one to

pull me into his lap first…

I nap his face with my hands, kissing him harder and he allows me to. His hands run

up and down my back before resting them

on my ass.

He isn't so innocent. After all, he's the same

hunk from the club who was such a tease…

I sigh softly, my arousal evening the air as I sit on his lap, whimpering when I brush against his cock.

I really don't care if he can smell me, and the

low guttural growl that escapes him, tells me

he does.

Baby, I'll do whatever you want me to…

I moan when his cock throbs against my pussy, and I press down on him.

Oh fuck, he's only 4 sweats… I can feel him…

My heart thunders as I break away, gasping for air, trying not to grind against him. His

lips brush my jaw as he places soft sensual

kisses down my neck, but when his lips meet

the corner of my neck, I feel lightheaded.

He sucks on the most sensitive part, sending pleasure through me that I can't help but

moan loudly.

"Fuck…" I whimper.

My hand twists in his hair, and he thrusts against me. His hands squeeze my ass before

he places a soft kiss on top of where I know he's left a hickey.

"Yeah… fuck." He says breathlessly, in that

sexy accent of his.

Our hearts are thundering, and I know the

reality of what we have just done has settled

His nose brushes my neck, and I bite my

lip, trying to not feel so giddy.

Fuck, when did I turn into a little girl feeling

like mush?

I'm not sure… but I feel totally weak right

now and it's definitely not because I almost

became snake food.

I don't know, my head still on his shoulder…the other still cupping the back of his neck.

Will he pull away?

I smirk when his hand runs up my ass once

more.

Does the Ice Prince like my booty?

I arch my back, pressing myself against him and letting him enjoy feeling me up, because baby, I'm enjoying it just as much.

"Shoot." He mutters, taking a deep breath before exhaling and moving back slightly.

He tilts his head up and looks into my eyes.

Those gorgeous grey that I truly love look into mine and I know reality is sinking in, yet I can't deny they hold as much emotions.

"You're the guy I want to kiss again and again… Don't pull away…" I whisper seductively, as I search his eyes, licking a

strand of his hair behind his ear.

"Sky."

"Don't you want me…?" I murmur,

brushing my thumbs across his chiselled jaw.

His truly was carved to perfection… I can feel the slight prickle of the start of a very faint stubble beneath my fingertips.

He smiles faintly and even that makes him

look sexy, his dimples appearing on both

cheeks.

"That would be a lie, but if your father

shows up, I may end up as nothing more but dead meat," He says,

I can't help but smirk, pressing my lips

against his.

"Not on my watch." I whisper, pushing that through the bond. I feel the dull ache in my head for using that link and I know I'm overexerting myself.

I'm just not used to feeling so… weak.

He smiles slightly against me, as he kisses me back, his hands wrapping around my waist firmly.

"Alright, Little Miss Feisty…" He mumurs, but before I can deepen it, the faint sound of

Mama talking to someone reaches my ears, and I pull back.

"Mama," I whisper to him, quickly sliding

off his lap, almost tumbling off the bed in

the process.

But my Vetnir God saves me, grabbing hold of me and places me on the bed.

He's busy moving the sheet back when my gaze falls on his package.

Oh yes, please…

I reach down and steal a quick feel of his semi-hard cock, giving him a playful wink and smirk when he throbs in my hold.

He tilts his head, moving back as he narrows his eyes. I place a finger to my lips, and it's obvious from his glarse towards the door

that he can now hear them too.

He sits down on the chair, much to my dismay, even though he reaches out and takes my hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"You were brave out there, reckless and dangerous, but incredible." He says quietly

and I can tell he means it.

I want to know what exactly happened.

I'm about to reply when the door opens.

"You're awake." Mama says, her eyes full of

emotion.

She doesn't seem as shocked as I would have

thought she would be at seeing me awake.

Did she expect me to wake up? And if she's here, how did she possibly leave me alone with Royce?

She's holding two Styrofoam cups that she quickly puts down on the table and rushes

over to me before enveloping me in a warm

hug.

"I'm ok Mama."

I close my eyes, a Mama's comforting

embrace.

There's something so special about it. Telling you, I know it's ok to cry and be vulnerable… but I never really let myself.

"I'm glad my Angel." Mama whispers,

kissing the top of my head.

I hug her back, giving her a gentle squeeze, but I do feel pretty exhausted and it's clear

there's not much strength left in me.

I move back and Mama plumps up the

pillows behind me. Lifting up the hospital bed so I can relax in an upright position.

I just wish Royce hadn't let go of my hand…

My attention now falls on the blonde girl standing next to Royce holding two cups as

well, a curious look in her eyes as she

observes me, or more like my lips.

Fuck, can you tell I've been kissing?

I glance at Royce to see even his look a little

redder.

Awe fuck, can this guy get any sexier?

I turn my attention back to the blonde in

front of me.

Who's this chick?

Our eyes meet and I see a bit of Royce in her.

"I'm Charlotte Sophia Arden. Royce's

sister." She introduces, observing me

keenly. "Has he never talked about me?"

"Charlotte, let her rest," Royce says, looking

up at his sister, and I take the chance to admire his square jawline.

She nods. "Mmm, just like you let her

rest." She mutters, making Royce's eyebrow

shoot up.

He makes the mistake of looking at me, and his stormy eyes soften a little before he swallows, looking away.

Oh fuck…

I want to know where do we go from here?

What are we?

Was that kiss just one in the moment for

him?

Will he regret it?

But I also know I won't get those answers

for now.

Makeover!!

My heart thumps as everything rushes back

"The girls! Makeover!!" I say, trying to get out of bed, but Mama firmly holds me back.

I've never realised how strong she is… argh!

I'm damn exhausted!

Why am I so weak?

Mama sees me, meaning I'm healed!

"Sky… calm down, Makeover! is with one of the guards. She's out of the rain and safe…as for the girls, they're both dead I'm

afraid." Mama's voice is full of sadness.

I frown, so I failed… I couldn't even protect

them.

"How did the last one die? I thought she got away." I whisper, trying to hide the emotions that are threatening to overwhelm

I.

My Lycan is becoming restless, and the frustration I feel threatening to take over.

"She was found in the forest." Mama explains sympathetically. "The high level of venom on her body killed her, unlike the one who died from fatal injuries alongside the

venom."

"And the third?" I ask, my heart sinking.

Mama and Royce both look up sharply, exchanging looks with each other before glancing at me.

"Third?" Royce asks.

"There was another witch. I told the two in

the forest to run, but… she left her friend and ran. She wasn't injured." I explain, my heart thumping.

She's got to be ok…

"Wow, so she abandoned her friend…"

Charlotte says, glancing at her brother, but

there's no sarcasm in her voice. She's genuinely shocked.

"I will notify Alejandro immediately." Mama says, turning away to mind-link him when I hear the sound of his voice approaching.

"Dan's coming." I say, lifting my head when

I realise I recognise the voice of the man he's

speaking to.

Uncle Marcel?

I frown as I tilt my head, wondering what he's doing here

There's someone else with them, someone with lighter footsteps, a woman.

Suddenly the door opens by Dad, his

concerned gaze finding me.

"You're awake." He says to me, and I can

see the relief in his eyes.

"Yup, you know me. I can survive

anything." I say with a flick of my head.

Thanks to Royce, of course…

"Good." Dad says stepping inside and

coming over, he kisses my forehead.

He frowns slightly, his gaze flicks to Royce, his frown deepening, and I know he can

smell him off me.

Oh fuck.

"Hello there Skyla." Uncle Marcel, Dad's older brother, and also Leo's Dad says as he holds the door open.

"Hi Uncle." I say, just as Uncle's pretty little

mate enters.

"Hello, Skyla." Winona says, a gentle smile

on her beautiful face. Her blond hair is styled in a stylish bun and from her sexy dress, I think they must have been on a date nearby.

"Hi, Winona." I respond before I smirk. " Damn girl, you look fine."