

Chapter 9 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Alina's POV

I am livid with anger when the guard finally comes to let us in after what seems like an eternity. I just cannot believe that he has totally ignored Brandon and me because of Tanya. My blood boils with so much anger that I am determined to make Tanya pay for the way she humiliates me. I am also angry at the guard and I barely pay attention when he hands me a device with which guests will bid with and explains to me how it works.

The device is small and can fit snugly in one's palm. It has a red, glowing button on top of it that alerts the Auction Master as to the exact person that is bidding for a particular item.

"...the button indicates you're willing to pay five thousand dollars more to the bidding price," the guard deftly explains but I wave him away.

"Let me carry that for you," a very young girl dressed in a red gown approaches Brandon and me and collects my small purse. "And lead you to your seat."

She leads us to an empty row and we sit directly behind Tanya. Even from the back, she still looks radiant and it only makes me hate her more. I am determined to humiliate her publicly before all these dignitaries but I don't know how. I lean forward slightly to spy on her and I see that she holds the bidding device gingerly in her hand, and a devious plan suddenly forms in my mind.

I lean back in my seat, smiling, and wait for the right moment.

Tanya's POV

I am quite nervous as I perch on the chair, surrounded by important people. I have never been in the midst of very important people and I can't help but feel inferior. The Auction Master's voice breaks through the small talks that are scattered around the hall and everyone pays attention as the auction starts. I am amazed at the incredible items that are put on display and the ridiculous amount of money that people are bidding for. I never imagine anyone can be that rich to splash millions of dollars on some ancient painting.

I glance around the hall, hoping to see Marco. I am starting to get restless as my anxiety increases and I want him to be around me. I glance around but I can't find him, instead, I see that

Alina and Brandon are sitting directly behind me. On the other side of the aisle, the Princess and her friend are sitting side by side and gently conversing. I remember her threat and immediately make to avert my gaze but she has already seen me. Her eyes widen in surprise to see that I am in the auction. Almost immediately, she frowns at me with such anger that it sends a cold shiver down my spine. I am very certain that if we weren't in the midst of an organized, important event, she would rush over to fulfill her threat.

I look away from her and turn my face sideways where I see a young man staring ardently at me. Even though I have caught him staring at me, he doesn't look away. He gazes at me as though I am a fascinating object that he is seeing for the first time.

I look away with embarrassment. I feel weird that someone in this noble gathering will pick an interest in me. I glance towards his direction once again and see that he is still staring at me and I shift uncomfortably in my seat. I look around the hall once more and realize that Alina is right. This is a gathering for Alphas, Royalty and Nobles. It makes me curious about the true identity of Marco. I wonder if he is an Alpha of a secret pack or if he is a nobleman.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” the Auction Master yells in a very excited voice that breaks through my thought and gains my attention. “We have arrived at the Headliner of this auspicious event. Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you the Marie Gorriete. This is a pair of Earrings like no other. It is a family heirloom that is made from the rarest of stones. The bidding starts at ten million dollars.”

I gasp at the huge amount of money that the pair of Earrings is going for. It is beautiful, no doubt, but I feel it is too expensive. Apparently, I am the only one who feels that way because the bidding war soon begins and the price quickly rises to eighty million dollars.

“Eighty million dollars going once,” the Auction Master yells, even he is flustered by the amount that the Earrings are going for. “Eighty million dollars going twice.”

I turn to see who has made the bid and realize that it is the same man that was staring at me earlier. Suddenly, I feel someone bump into my chair, making me press the red button on the bidding device.

“The young lady bids Eighty Million and five thousand dollars,” the Auction Master yells with incredible gusto. “Going once, Going twice, and it's a deal.”

I am dazed at the incredible switch of events. I turn back to see my stepsister with a smug smile on her face and I realize she has intentionally pushed me.

“A round of applause for the young lady as we invite her to the podium,” the Auction Master announces. “This item is so special that the buyer will pay for it immediately. Ushers, please lead her here.”

Shocked is an understatement of how I truly feel, I am terrified. Where in the world will I get million dollars not to talk of eighty million dollars? Before I can truly grasp what is happening,

two ushers have gently tugged at my hand and lead me to the podium. I am shaking with fear and I pray earnestly that the ground will open up and swallow me to save me from embarrassment and humiliation.

I try to explain to the Auction Master that it is all a big misunderstanding; that I have no money. I try to talk but my mouth is dry and my tongue sticks to my throat.

“She has no money,” Alina suddenly stands up and yells for the whole audience to hear. “She’s a poor beggar.”

“I’m not,” I mumble as I try to defend myself.

“It is,” the princess also stands up and points a threatening finger at me. “I saw her in the clothing store a few days ago and she was dressed in filthy rags. I wonder how she got an invitation.”

“She doesn’t have an invitation,” Alina smirks. “I’m sure she sneaked inside this place to seduce one of the dignitaries here.”

“I’m invited,” I murmur.

“Then show us your invitation,” Alina yells again. “Show everyone here. Show us you’re not a whore.”

“I’m not,” I reply. “I came here with my husband.”

“Husband?” Alina laughs. “You’re a cheap whore who slept with a stranger, now everyone here would see you for who you truly are.”

I am too stunned to talk or defend myself. The crowd is murmuring and mocking me and I feel as though I am the unluckiest person in the whole world. My feeble attempts to defend myself are unheard by the riveting crowd.

“I came here with my husband,” I can only mumble this again and again.

“And where is he?” Alina laughs. “Where’s your so-called husband?”

“He’s here. She’s brought by me,” a deep, powerful voice sweeps through the hall with such force that everyone immediately goes silent.

Marco’s voice gives me strength in a way that I cannot explain. Immediately I hear his voice, my racing heart slowly calms down. A comforting peace settles upon my nervous mind and a soft smile grows on my face. He walks through the aisle slowly and powerfully, with a folder in his hand. His every step screams confidence and power. His short-cropped hair is a bit ruffled giving him a ruggedly handsome look. The crowd suddenly goes wild as he approaches the podium.

“It’s the Second Prince!”

“Marco is back.”

“He is here.”

“The most powerful Lycan in the Kingdom.”

He has a cold smile on his face as he steps onto the podium and pulls my hands up, exposing my ring for everyone to see.

“Her name is Tanya, and she is my wife,” Marco speaks in a cold voice that no one can dare argue with. “And she’s here to buy back my mother’s Earrings.”

“What?”

“Marco has a wife?”

“Who is she?”

“Is she rich or powerful?”

“She’s very beautiful though.”

Murmurs sweep through the crowd and I can barely believe what I am hearing. Marco is the Second Prince? Marco is Royalty?

“Brother,” the princess suddenly yells. “Is this a joke?”

“No, Cathy,” Marco replies. “It’s not.”

Then it suddenly dawns on me. If Cathy is the princess and she calls Marco her brother, it means that Marco is a prince of the kingdom. The realization hits me with such brutal force that it knocks the wind out of me. I stagger slightly and would fall if Marco hasn’t caught me.

“Welcome back, buddy,” the man that stared at me earlier also says with a big smile, and I realize that he is Marco’s friend. He was just bidding on Marco’s behalf for the Earrings.

“How is this possible?” I murmur. “Is this real?”

I just can’t bring myself to believe it. All my life, I am always unlucky, unloved, unknown. I am just a surrogate’s daughter of an Alpha of a small pack. Yet, I am married to the Second Prince, the most powerful Lycan in the entire Kingdom. Does that mean my fate has changed? Does that mean I can be truly loved and be truly happy? All these thoughts rush through my mind when a soft, sweet, feminine voice sweeps through the hall and everyone turns their attention to the door.

“You’re finally back.”