

Chapter 3 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

At Present

Tanya's POV

The man is unruffled as I scream my lungs out. He just gazes at me with those wicked, cold eyes that send chills down my spine, making me scream louder. Although it is only for a few seconds, it feels like I am screaming forever; yet the man doesn't blink. He just keeps staring at me with those icy, cold eyes.

"Who are you?" I ask, confused and startled that I am naked, in bed, with a man that I clearly don't know. I subconsciously touch my neck. Luckily, at least he didn't mark me.

"I think I should be the one asking you who you are?" his voice is cold.

He drags his icy blue eyes all over me and when his gaze rests on my face, I shiver slightly as the room seems to get colder. His gaze is filled with raw, cold power that envelops me like an invisible cold fog.

"No, I should be," I whine nervously. "You're in my room. You're naked and sleeping on my bed." I wring my hands together, trying to hide the anxiety that threatens to overwhelm me.

I try to remember what happened and how I got there. The room is a mess. The man's towel hangs on the window railing while Alina's gown is crumpled at the foot of the bed. My pants and bra are on the opposite part of the room and the bed itself looks like it has survived a third world war.

"My name is Macro," he hisses at me, as if he thinks what I just said is ridiculous. "Who are you?"

As he speaks, sharp, long fingers grow from his hands and he nonchalantly snaps his knuckles. His movements are slow, mesmerizing, and very dangerous.

"My name is Tanya," I wheeze, gasping in fear as I stare at his terrifying hand. "This is my room. I was at the bar last night and I got drunk and came to sleep it off in my room."

"You lie," Marco suddenly snaps, startling me.

“I’m not,” I reply. “I’ll show you my keycard to prove to you that this is my room.”

He considers the thought for a few seconds before letting me go. I am awed and scared by his domineering ambience and scamper round the room trying to find the keycard that Alina gave me the previous day. He watches me closely, probably wondering what game I am playing. I breathe in relief when I finally find the keycard. It is crumpled and rough, and tossed in a corner of the room.

Excitedly, I fetch it from the floor and march triumphantly to the bed and stretch the keycard to him. His gaze shifts from my face to the keycard and I glance at his face. He is even more handsome as the morning sun casts a bright warm glow on his skin. I find myself staring at his body, wondering how such a handsome, hot man can have such a cold, expressionless gaze.

“Is this some trickery?” Marco asks, staring at the keycard as though it is the greatest joke he’s seen all his life.

“What do you mean?” I ask, startled by the deep timbre in his voice.

“This is room 410,” he announces. “And this keycard says 401.”

“What?” I gasp, unwilling to believe that he is saying the truth. There is no way I am the intruder, “Are you joking?”

“I don’t joke,” he says and tosses the keycard to me. If I were a wolf with powers, I’d have easily snapped the keycard out of the air; but I am me and I flail and stumble before I catch the keycard. I am extremely embarrassed as I subtly glance at him but he just keeps glaring at me without making any remark. I clear my throat and look at the keycard.

“4...0...1” I slowly read the number of the keycard. “This can’t be right,” I murmur, confused at the uncomfortable situation I am stuck in. “I...how...what...”

I walk towards the door but his cold voice stops me, “And where do you think you’re going?”

“To check the number on the door,” I reply solemnly while earnestly hoping that the door says 401.

“You’re naked, dummy,” he scoffs and I look down, remembering that I am naked. The ruckus of waking up beside a stranger has made me forget that I am stark naked. I dash to the bed, wrap the blanket around me and run to the door.

“Gosh!” I gasp, immediately hating myself. I walk back to the room, wishing that the floor will open and swallow me. I am the intruder.

“Now spill,” he says coldly that seems to say that he’s caught me red-handed and there is no point lying. “Who sent you? Eric? Lily? Joseph?”

I stutter, trying to explain myself out of a terribly awkward situation, pleading, “I don’t know those people,” I stutter as fear overwhelms me.

“I promise this isn’t a setup,” I say nervously. “I came here with my sister because it was my 18th birthday. I caught my boyfriend in bed with someone and I needed a drink. But after just one drink I started to feel dizzy and hot, so I came to my room to sleep it off. I must have wandered to the wrong room...”

I pause as my heart grows heavier in my chest. Memories of yesterday surface in my mind. Yesterday was the day I was supposed to have sex with Brandon for the first time. I wanted to wait until the day I turned 18. But I caught him with someone else. I never even saw her face.

“I wouldn’t use my virginity to seduce you,” I sob, meeting his eyes. “It is just a misunderstanding...” I say that last part in a whisper.

He reaches his hand up and toward my face, grabbing it with force. I flinch, closing my eyes, and trying to take in a steady breath to calm myself down. Suddenly, his grip on my face softens and his body stilled.

I open my eyes, and then I realize a single tear has escaped from my eye and is running down my cheek; it lands gently on his hand. He takes a step away, looking down at the teardrop on his hand.

Marco suddenly turns his back to me, “You should go,” his voice softens and his posture is very rigid. “Don’t forget the keycard.”

I am surprised by how much softer his tone is. I nod and hastily get dressed. I wobble outside, hoping to get to my real room and call Alina that I am in trouble. I am just a few steps away from Marco’s room when I hear familiar voices call my name.

“Tanya!!” Alina and Brandon chorus my name in unison.

“Alina? Brandon?”

“What are you doing here?” Alina asks in a cold, steel voice that scares me. She has never spoken to me like that before and I am baffled.

“What...” I stammer but she doesn’t allow me to speak.

“What are you doing in a hotel room?”

“Yeah, what are you doing?” Brandon fires at me in quick succession as though they had rehearsed before coming to the hotel.

“Did you have sex with another man?” Alina asks.

“She obviously did,” Brandon replies. “Look at how tired her eyes are and how messed up her hair is. How can you do this to me? To your boyfriend that loves you so very much?”

“How can you betray Brandon like this, my little sister? The most powerful wolf in the pack stoops so low to date you and this is all you do? Cheat on him? How could you?”

Alina is yelling so loud that she is attracting other guests in the hotel. From the corner of my eyes, I see a fat old man that I recognize step out of room 401, the room that is supposed to be mine. He’s always told me he likes me, but I can never see myself dating him. The moment I see him, it all makes perfect sense. All the clues that I have conveniently ignored, and pushed away from my thoughts, come swimming back into my memory.

“He loved you, protected you,” Alina is yelling, waving her hands wildly as she gesticulates how much Brandon loves me, and that is when I see it.

The same wristwatch that I saw in the hands that the girl Brandon was smashing, the same wristwatch that Alina has supposedly thrown away; that same wristwatch is sitting smugly on her wrists, and I know beyond doubt that Alina is behind it all. The way she urged me to drink so much alcohol the previous night and that foul liquid she practically forced down my throat; it is all her.

“It is you,” I murmur to myself, unable to believe it.

“How could you do that to me?” Brandon says, faking a sob.

“Do what?” I ask, baffled by their betrayal. I just cannot fathom what is going on. It seems as though my world is crashing down all over again. First it is Brandon, now Alina. I just cannot comprehend that my life can go horribly wrong in just one day. What did I do to attract such damned fate? I can’t help but cry as I reminisce on how damaged my life is. It is just too much to bear. Brandon and Alina’s betrayal crushes my spirit. To make it worse, I have just given my virginity to an absolute stranger; it is too much.

“See!” Alina yells excitedly at the small crowd that has gathered. “She’s crying because she’s lying and she’s being caught.”

I want to refute her claim, but all I can do is cry.

“She...” Brandon begins to speak but he is hushed into silence by a loud bang. Marco steps out of room 410, slamming the door as he exits it.