

Chapter 5 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Alina's POV

No matter how much I think about it, it doesn't seem to make sense. The aphrodisiac I gave Tanya is the most potent one in the entire kingdom. It has taken me a considerable amount of money, energy and effort before I could lay my hands on it. The drug is so potent that even the most powerful werewolf will not be able to resist it.

I close my eyes and try to remember every detail of that particular morning. I remember that Tanya looked disheveled. Her hair was rough as though she had been in bed all night, yet she hadn't stepped into her room. I think I saw hickeys on her neck but I am not sure.

"I wonder who that stupid idiot is," I hiss. "If that stupid giant hadn't appeared, my plan would have worked."

Though my plan to make Tanya's break-up public and disgraceful has failed, that doesn't mean I have given up. In fact, it is the exact opposite. I am more determined than ever. Angrily, I decide to go to Brandon's place to come up with a solid plan. On my way out, I am too distracted by my thoughts that I crash into Tanya.

We both ignore each other and I go my way. I glance at my wristwatch and realize that Tanya is home early, which is very suspicious. Tanya loves her perfumes and often works in the shop till Malik has to make her go home.

"What is she doing home by this hour?" I ask myself. I sneak back inside and watch as Tanya dashes to the bathroom with great speed.

She is probably pressed and needs to use the bathroom, I think to myself and make to leave, but then again, I reason, the shop has a bathroom. Why will she come home to use a bathroom? I am suspicious of her and I hide by the door. Soon, Tanya comes out of the bathroom with a terribly scared expression on her face. She dashes to her room and dashes out of the house. When I am sure she isn't coming back, I come out of my hiding place and rummage in her room.

"I know it," I yell as I find a freshly used pregnancy strip. "She's pregnant."

A plan speedily forms in my mind and I call Rick, the rich businessman that adores Tanya. It is time to make another deal.

Marco's POV

"Just stop, Manuel," I growl at my inner wolf. He has been whining for the past thirty minutes about why I have let the girl go without getting any form of contact information from her.

"Why do I need to know?" I ask.

"Because she's a nice girl," I hear Manuel's voice, or rather, feel Manuel's voice.

Manuel is my inner wolf, and my most faithful companion. From the time he manifested, we've been inseparable and we share everything. Although he has grown to be a little independent from me, we both share almost the same feeling, emotions and thoughts. His minor independence means he can nag as much as he wants, which is exactly what he is doing at the moment.

Since Manuel is a part of me, I can hear his thoughts as though he is talking to me, though there is no voice. He can also hear my thoughts, but sometimes I speak out loud.

"You're always cold and terrifying," Manuel keeps mumbling. "If you keep this up you'd probably end up alone."

"Alone?" I am amused. "I have you."

"You know what I mean," Manuel scoffs, or rather, I imagine him scoffing. "You need to be warm and open yourself up to people. You are always like a wall of ice that no one could penetrate while Eric is a bundle of joy and warmth. That's probably why Lily..."

"Manuel," I scoff.

"Whoops, sorry," Manuel suddenly stops his mumbling, realizing I am still very sensitive on that particular topic. He is flustered by his excess of words and coughs a few times to cover up, "On the bright side, I never really liked Lily, even though she's your fated mate. Lily always seemed to have weird energy around her that I'm not comfortable with. So I'm quite glad she's not with you anymore."

"You are?" I chuckle, surprised that Manuel has a such keen interest in my love life.

"Which is the perfect reason for you to make friends with this new innocent girl," Manuel insists. "Even though she is weak and has no wolf, there's something different about her. She's special, unique; I can feel it, and I like this girl better."

Manuel is right. When I was inside her, I felt a strong, inexplicable connection between us. I don't know why I feel this special connection when it is clear that Lily, not her, is my fated mate.

"Lily is gone man," Manuel continues. "You need to move on from her. Why don't we explore the pack? Who knows, we might run into the girl."

“You’re too noisy,” I am indifferent to Manuel’s passionate speech. “I didn’t even realize I’d spent two weeks here. I guess it’s time to go back to the capital, but I could take a look around this pack; and not because you mentioned it.”

“Of course,” Manuel cackles, and I can clearly detect the sarcasm in his voice.

I sigh, ignoring his sarcasm. I stand up and take a shower; don nice clothes and step outside. It is refreshing to breathe in the fresh air and have the sunshine on my skin so I take a walk around town.

For some reason, I am attracted to a nice perfume shop at the end of a street. Maybe it is because Lily is an excellent perfume designer, which leads me to pay more attention to perfume stores by habit, and even now I can’t break it.

I walk inside this shop, and it is lined with many different perfumes, but when I sniff bottle after bottle, my brow furrows. Most of the perfumes in the shop smell very similar to the perfumes that Lily designed. However, those perfumes designed by Lily should not be available for public sale. How can this shop have these perfumes?

Then, to my greater surprise, I smell a familiar scent. It is faint at first but it gets stronger with each passing breath. It is Lily’s scent that I smelled on that girl. I trace the scent to a small bottle of perfume hung at the end of the cabinet. I am quite surprised that their scents are exactly identical.

“Oh,” a man saunters towards me. “Welcome to Malik Perfume’s shop. I’m Malik. You smell anything you like?”

“Could you tell me the designer of this perfume?” I ask, staring at the small bottle of perfume.

“It’s Tanya. She’s a perfect perfume designer in our shop,” Malik replies. “But I’m afraid that isn’t for sale. I mistakenly hung it on the shelf. But she’s created almost all the perfumes in this shop and you can make your pick.”

I gaze quite intently at the perfume and he must think that I like Tanya’s work very much. That is probably why he feels compelled to tell me how talented and awesome Tanya is. He praises her with extreme enthusiasm and tells me her story.

“She’s a surrogate’s child so not many people like her, but that doesn’t stop her from being happy and helpful to everyone around her.”

My body slightly goes rigid when Malik mentions this. She is also a surrogate’s child?

“Clara!” Malik calls a girl at the other end of the shop. “Where’s Tanya? I didn’t see her when I came back.”

“She seems sick,” Clara replies. “She’s been vomiting since morning. If you ask me, I would say she’s pregnant.”

“That’s impossible,” Malik laughs. “She’s a virgin.”

My gaze shifts at once from the perfume to Clara and Malik. Although I wish it weren’t true, I clearly hear Clara and I understand what it means. My voice grows colder as I speak, “Where does she live?”

Tanya’s POV

Even though I see the result, I cannot believe it, not to talk of accepting it. How can I be pregnant? It is impossible. I quickly dash out of the bathroom and shove the strip into my closet. I need fresh air to clear my mind, so I dash out of the house and take a walk.

I can scarcely believe my ill fate. It seems the universe is out to make my life more pitiable than it already was. Everyone still believes I am with Brandon, and then I turn up pregnant. Brandon will obviously deny the pregnancy with Alina as a witness.

“What would then become of me?”

After walking aimlessly for an hour, I decide to go back home and sleep it off. It might be a nightmare that will disappear when I wake up from sleep. I walk back home and instantly know that something is wrong. Richard, Maya, Alina and Brandon are sitting on the couch, obviously waiting for me. Alina has a cold, sly smile on her face while Brandon would not even look at me; and I know I am in serious trouble.

“Would you mind explaining this?” Maya says, tossing the pregnancy strip on the table.

My eyes almost pop out as I stare at the strip that has two bold lines displayed on it. My first instinct is to lie, but I know it is useless. Everyone will see through it.

“I guess your silence speaks volumes,” Alina snaps at me. “You did betray Brandon and sleep with Rick that night. You just cunningly covered up the fact.”

“We’ve made arrangements with Rick,” Maya announces. “He’s agreed to keep you as a mistress and save you from shame.”

“What?” I moan in disbelief.

Though there is no evidence, everyone knows the stories. Rick is a sexual pervert whose mistresses can never keep up with his sexual demands. Rumor has it that most of his mistresses disappear, or rather, die, after a few months because they cannot keep up with his perverted sexual demands.

“Dad, please,” I wail, unable to believe that my family will do this to me. “Don’t send me to Rick. I will die.”

“Your fate is sealed,” my father replies, his voice cold and angry.

“Father, I…” just as I am about to continue pleading with my father, a sharp knock on the door cuts me off.