

Chapter 2 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

"Who are you?" the menacing voice growled.

"I..." I stuttered as I tried to say something, anything; but my mind was blank. It took all my willpower to stay awake and I lacked the energy to form any coherent sentence. The room was dark and all I could see was a dark figure in the shape of a man. The only source of light in the room was the dim rays of moonlight that spilled into the room from the open windows, but it wasn't enough to fully illuminate the room.

"Who are you and what are you doing in my room?" the voice said.

I wanted to say this was my room; that he was the intruder; that he had no right to interrogate me, but all I did was stagger and stumble into his arms. I was shocked when I saw a pair of icy blue eyes and realized that it was the same man I saw in the crowd. His face lacked any emotions as he stared at me, patiently waiting for me to respond. He was naked, save for a small towel wrapped around his waist. The sight of his naked body completely disoriented me. It felt like I was in a trancelike state and all I wanted to do was wrap my hands around him.

"You..." he sniffed me and stammered. "Lily? Is that you? Lily."

"Who's Lily?" I thought to myself, unable to make my mouth move. "Why did he call me that name?"

The name felt strangely familiar as though I'd just heard it recently. I tried to remember the name but I was too hazed to think. I wanted to tell him that my name was Tanya, but all I managed to do was groan softly as he pressed his nose to my neck and inhaled deeply.

"You smell..." he muttered softly into my ears while inhaling deeply. "You smell very good, Lily."

I wondered what he was raving about. All wolves have their own unique scent, all wolves except me. Then how could he say I smelt good? Oh! The perfume. It finally dawned on me that he was referring to the perfume.

I was helpless as he tenderly carried me to the bed. He gently put me on the bed and lay beside me. I could feel his breath on mine and it reeked of alcohol. His vision must have gone blurry because he was drunk and he relied on his sense of smell. Because Wolves had a faster metabolism, it took a long while for Wolves to get drunk though which meant he must have been very determined on getting drunk. I forced my eyes open and as I locked my gaze with him, I wondered what was so painful that he wanted to forget so badly.

His icy blue eyes were more terrifying now that I was staring at them up close. It seemed to cut through my soul; but as terrifying as they were, I could not look away. I was enthralled by his gaze and it felt as though I was melting in his arms. The dim light of the moon allowed me to slightly see his face and it reeked of hunger, sexual hunger. He ran his thick hands all over my body, eliciting soft, sensual moans from me. His eyes bore into mine and I could see that he clearly desired me. His desire to have me, to dominate me and make me scream with ecstasy was so palpable that it hung over our heads like a dark, ominous cloud.

I didn't want to surrender to him. I mean, I shouldn't. He was a stranger and he seemed dangerous. I didn't want to give my virginity to a man I didn't even know his name. The more I tried to resist the touch, the more it seemed impossible. Electricity seemed to jolt through my body as he ran his hands on my thighs. He moved his hands forward with each passing second until his hands were inside my gown.

"Hugg" I moaned. I wondered what was wrong with me. I was hungry for his touch, craving it. I'd never felt like that before and it was scary and exhilarating at the same time. I thought about what Alina said. I needed to have fun and payback Brandon for cheating on me. What better way than to give my virginity to a strikingly handsome man I didn't know?

"Lily," he moaned into my ears, nibbling my earlobes as he spoke. "Why did you leave me?" he wrapped his hand around my neck and he seemed conflicted between snapping my neck or massaging it.

He planted a soft kiss on my neck while the hand inside my skirt inched closer to my drenched pant, slightly rubbing my inner thighs. His warm tongue ran through my neck like a predator savoring the helplessness of his prey. His tongue clasped on my ruby necklace and he made to pull it off, but I stopped him. He growled, hating that I obstructed him.

"Don't," I moaned. "Please. It's my mom's."

The necklace was a handcrafted chain my mother made for me before she died. It was attached to a bright red ruby that seemed to glow in the dark. In my fugue, sensual state, I didn't want to take it off. His hard gaze softened when I mentioned my mom and his lips slid to mine, kissing me with incredible strength and vigor. His kiss woke up something primal in me that I didn't even know I had. The desire to have him inside me was so intense that I thought my body would burst into flame if I didn't have him immediately.

"Lily," he called me this name again.

Why did he keep calling me Lily? I could not figure it out and did not bother to think about it. All I wanted at the moment was for him to have me. His incessant talks just made me get more impatient.

"Just kiss me," I growled and clasped my lips against his. I wanted him so badly and he was taking too long before he dominated me.

I was too inebriated to say anything; I just laid there, waiting for him to dominate me as I wanted. He must have sensed that I craved him just as much as he craved me and he pulled off my gown with such speed that I gasped in anticipation of what was to come. My mind told me I was doing something wrong, but I was distracted by his incredible body that I pushed the thought to the back of my mind.

"I..." the words choked in my throat as pain and pleasure balled together and pierced my soul. It was such an incredible feeling that I got lost in the myriad of emotions that swirled through me. With each passing second, the pain receded and the pleasure got so intense that I thought I'd pass out.

Alina's POV

"Where the fuck is this guy?" I groaned impatiently and stared at the horizon waiting for Brandon.

I was standing in the hotel that overlooked the open-air bar. I felt a bit guilty for what I was about to do, but only a tiny bit. I had intentionally drugged Tanya with the strongest aphrodisiac I could find. I stood in front of the hotel the next morning hoping my plan worked. The plan was simple; drug Tanya and lure her to hotel room 401 where a rich businessman was waiting for her. The businessman was a fat and greasy middle-aged nobleman in the pack

who'd had a crush on Tanya since she was young. I approached him to set up Tanya, and I did it all for Brandon.

Tanya was never supposed to come to Brandon's apartment; the dork had assured me that she wouldn't show up. Tanya had almost caught me with her boyfriend which would have ruined all my plans. I had been seeing Brandon behind Tanya's back for weeks, and I'd come up with a perfect excuse to separate both of them. Since Brandon couldn't break up with Tanya without any real reason and he couldn't be caught cheating on her as that would hurt his reputation, I had to come up with a convincing excuse for a breakup; hence the rich old businessman.

Tanya would be under the influence of the aphrodisiac, the businessmen would take advantage of her and I would show up with Brandon, frame her for cheating against Brandon, take pictures as evidence and Brandon would break up with her; clean and easy.

"He should be here before she wakes up," I groaned. "The whole plan will come to nothing if we aren't in the room before Tanya wakes up."

"Looking for me?" Brandon's bubbly voice filled my ears as he hugged me from behind, but I quickly shrugged him off.

"We talked about this," I rebuked him. "We can't hold each other in public until you break up with Tanya and make our relationship official."

"Sorry," he laughed. "I 'got carried away by your beauty."

"Save it," I scoffed. "You have the camera?"

"Yea," he replied, his smile faded slightly and he seemed guilty about what we were about to do.

"Listen here," I snapped at him. "I want to be with the most powerful wolf in the pack and become the Luna, while you want to be with me because I'm the daughter of the Alpha and it would increase your chances of becoming the next Alpha. So we need to get rid of Tanya and there's no chance for remorse."

"I know, but she's so beautiful and I haven't slept..."

"No buts," I groaned. "Here."

I reached into my bag, pulled out an invitation and slammed it on his chest, "That's the invitation to an upcoming charity auction in the capital where only important dignitaries from all neighboring packs are invited. You get to network with them and increase your chances of being the next alpha. You only get this chance if you are dating me, not Tanya. Now, are you with me?"

"Of course," Brandon smiled, glaring greedily at the invitation. "Of course."

"Then let's go," I replied and led the way to the elevator. "Tanya is about to receive the greatest shock of her life."