

Chapter 1 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

Well, I never thought I'd end up like this.

Awake, naked, on a soft woollen bed that isn't mine, and wrapped in the arms of a terribly handsome stranger that I absolutely do not recognize. As if that isn't bad enough, I have no memory of what happened the previous night.

I shut my eyes for a few seconds, hoping, praying, that I'm dreaming. But I open them again, only to be faced with a pair of icy blue eyes, and I scream.

I have no idea who the man is or how I got to the room. All I know is that the previous day was my eighteenth birthday. And just like everything else in my life, it was a total nightmare.

One day earlier

“Fuck me, Brandon! Yeah, baby, that's it!”

I was standing in the doorway of my boyfriend's room. We'd been dating for years, and yet... I was not the woman in the bed that he was pounding senselessly. The horror encompassing me at this moment contrasted starkly with how I felt this morning.

I woke with an elated buzz in my system. Even if no one cared but me, I deserved to enjoy the day. After all, turning eighteen was a major milestone.

To my surprise, my boss at the perfume shop let me leave work early as a birthday present. And with a heart soaring with excitement, I made my way to my boyfriend Brandon's house.

Brandon was the only person in my life who had shown me love and care despite what others thought of me. I trusted him, and in a matter of seconds, that illusion disastrously shattered into a million pieces.

Nothing could blind my eyes to the awful visual I was exposed to. They were both stark naked and had their backs to me. The girl was on all fours, hands clutching the bedsheet, whilst Brandon was situated behind her, panting like a hungry dog as he thrust into her.

“You like that? Tell me you like that.” he said in a voice that was ravenous.

“Yes baby. Fuck yes. Harder baby! Faster!” the girl’s plead only edged Brandon to ramp up the speed, gripping her at the waist to smash himself against her with a frenzied quickness. “God-you. You feel- so damn good!” she said erratically, trying to speak as her body jerked in motion to Brandon’s pounding.

And then, as if he wasn’t close enough, he threw himself forward. His large hand found the back of her head, smushing her face into the pillow whilst he humped her wildly.

“Fuck I’m close!” with each second his manly grunts grew into wolfish growls as his body got ready to explode in release. Whilst beneath him the girl’s feminine moans morphed into screams of pleasure, loud and high pitched, even when muffled by the pillow she’s shoved into. Together they hit peak and made the bed rock like a boat swaying to rough seas.

I didn’t know what snapped me out of my frozen state of shock, but just as they slumped down, I found the courage to scream. “How could you Brandon!”

He looked startled as his sweaty face whipped round to face me. But I didn’t dare wait for his response. I fled, rushing out of the house, only barely catching a glimpse of the girl in his arms, and too heartbroken to care her face.

I should’ve seen this coming... I should realize by now that my life was destined to be one of misery.

I, Tanya, am a complete disappointment.

My father, Richard, is an Alpha of the Blackhide Pack, a small but very powerful pack. And like most Alphas, he desired a son that would take up his legacy. Unfortunately for me, Richard’s wife could only give him a daughter. And so, it was Richard’s quest for a son that made him turn to surrogacy. The surrogate turned out to be my mother, an ordinary omega wolf in the pack.

And so, my father was infuriated when I was born as a girl. He vowed never to have anything to do with me. Course when mom passed away soon after, he had no choice but to take me in. Richard hated me since I was a girl. And it didn’t help that I turned out to be an Omega wolf.

Worst of all, at the age of thirteen, most werewolves manifested their “wolf”, allowing them to shift forms. I was eighteen and my wolf was yet to appear. I had no wolfish powers; no strength, or durability. I didn’t even have a body scent like other wolves.

In fact, I was weaker than a human. Richard hated weakness, so he hated me.

Richard’s wife also despised me. She hated my mother for sharing her husband with her and that hatred was transferred to me. I was treated with disdain and lived no better than a slave in my father’s house. I probably would have committed suicide a long time ago if Alina, my step-sister who was older than me by two years, was spiteful to me like her parents were.

Everything in my life was an absolute nightmare, everything except, Brandon.

Brandon was one of the most powerful wolves in Richard's pack. He was smart, intelligent, and very handsome. Most people had hinted him to be the next Alpha after Richard. He had the attention of the prettiest girls in the whole pack, yet, somehow, he had his eyes on me.

Brandon was the light in my darkness and he deserved my virginity, so I wanted to give myself fully to Brandon on my 18th birthday. However, now that belief had been destroyed and scorched by reality. In the end, I truly was an abomination that could never be loved.

I didn't make it back home before I crashed down in a dark alley, crying my eyes out. It felt as though my whole world was crashing down.

Alina found me soon after. I didn't know how she found me, or how she was aware that I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, but I didn't care. I needed someone to comfort me and she was there. I gently narrated what happened to Brandon amidst tears and sobs while she calmly listened and comforted me.

A car, shining its headlight, sped by us, illuminating the dark alley for a split second before it joined the highway. In that split second, I saw that Alina's watch was identical to the watch that was on the wrist of the girl that Brandon was having sex with.

"That stupid girl even has a watch identical to yours?" I wailed as the pain and hurt of my boyfriend's betrayal made a dent in my heart.

"She did?" Alina replied and immediately took off the watch. "There are probably lots of watches identical to this," she stuttered while staring down at her watch.

Alina seemed flustered as she stared at the watch and I thought I caught a glimpse of fear and panic in her eyes. But it was only for a moment and she quickly regained her usual cheerful demeanor. I knew my stepsister would not betray me so I did not dwell on the thought. She was probably perplexed that her wristwatch was caught in a such bad situation.

"You know what? I'll just throw this away," she chuckled and tossed the wristwatch into a far distance. "We don't need any bad memory to ruin our night."

"Our night?" I asked confused.

"Come on," she laughed. "You don't think your big sister's going to allow your eighteenth birthday to end on such a sour note? Come on," she dragged me along as she walked away. "Let's get you dress, time to get drunk!"