

Chapter 10 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

I am curious to see the owner of the voice and I peer towards the door. A very pretty young woman enters the hall, and she is not alone. Her arms are intertwined with an equally handsome man and they look like a very lovely couple. They both exude a majestic and noble aura and I am very certain that they are either Royalty or Nobility. My suspicion is confirmed when the crowd suddenly bow their head very low and part ways for the couple to pass through. They are flanked by bodyguards with a few maids and servants trailing behind them.

“The First Prince, Eric and his fiancée, Lily,” a servant yells and almost immediately, everyone genuflects, everyone except Marco and I. I don't understand what is going on and I am certain that Marco, as the Second Prince and the most powerful Lycan in the kingdom is not obligated to genuflect.

“You can all rise,” Eric says in a rich, smooth, baritone voice that I am certain can charm lots of women. The whole crowd rises while Eric and Lily continue walking towards the podium. From the uneasy murmur of the audience, I can tell that it is unusual for the Royal Family to gather together in public.

The more I listen to the murmurs of the crowd, the more I realize that I've heard those names before. Lily and Eric! They seem so familiar as though I've heard the name from somewhere before today. I rack my brain and I suddenly remember where I heard it. It is from those two girls at the open-air bar. I have eavesdropped on their conversation about the royal family and the details slowly come to me.

Lily and Eric are the couple that got engaged and sent the whole Kingdom in a festive mood. But Lily is Marco's fated mate. They were in love before but finally Lily engaged to Eric, instead of Marco. I have a brief recollection of Marco in the open-air bar. He had a very cold aura around him when Lily and Eric kissed. Also, he called me Lily in the hotel room when we had sex. That can only mean one thing...

I suddenly feel an uneasy emotion with me. I don't know exactly what I feel; perhaps it is fear, panic, turmoil. Whatever it is, it grows rapidly within me and I slowly become confused and sad. Marco was in love with Lily! That thought sends a deep shiver down my spine and my panic grows massively. But Lily is engaged with Eric, and that means Marco no longer loves her right?

Marco suddenly wraps his arms around me, something he has never done since we spent that night together. I look into his eyes and see that there is something different about him. He is

always in control of his emotions and no one can tell whatever he is thinking or feeling just by looking at him; but at that moment, he is terribly angry. The anger simmers beneath his eyes but never seems to spill out.

When Lily and Eric reach the podium, Marco's hands suddenly tighten around me and I hiss in pain.

"I'm sorry," Marco hastily replies, and eases his grip on my arm before he turns back to the royal couple standing before us. I wonder what can make Marco lose control like that but it doesn't take long for me to find the answer. He is staring at Lily and Lily is staring right back at him. I feel sick as I watch both of them and my panic grows.

"Hello brother," Marco greets Eric, smiling, before he turns to Lily. "It is sister-in-law now, isn't it?"

Somehow, Marco has managed to put his emotions back in check before anyone can notice, but I notice. I am the only one that sees how Lily and Eric's appearance angers Marco so much, and it terrifies and saddens me at the same time.

"Hello brother," Eric replies, grinning. "Glad to have you back."

"We were beginning to worry you wouldn't come back," Lily chuckles. "So we had to lure you back by putting up your mother's Earrings for auction, I hope you don't mind."

Marco laughs, "I appreciate your worry but it was this pretty damsel that kept me back."

I will blush and be extremely happy that Marco has complimented me in front of so many people, but I know he doesn't mean it. He is only doing it because of Lily.

"Is that so?" Erick laughs. "Who's she?"

"Her name's Tanya," Marco replies.

"So you went on and find yourself a damsel as I did," Eric chuckles and steps towards me. "Come sister-in-law," he smiles. "Give your brother-in-law an embrace."

Eric seems truly excited to meet me and I know I should match his excitement with my own but I can only manage a faint smile. The thought of Lily and Marco heavily weighs on my mind and it kills any joy I felt when Marco told everyone I was his wife.

A few pleasantries later, two ushers lead me to a separate lounge to give me the special earrings while Marco goes to pay for them.

"Here you go ma'am," one of the ushers says to me with a bright smile on her face while handing a small box to me. "The Marie Gorriete."

“Thanks,” I murmur my reply and collect the box. The ushers immediately exit the lounge and give me privacy. I slowly open up the box and there is a pair of earrings sitting smugly in the cushioned box. The Marie Gorriete is even more beautiful up close than when I saw it on the podium. The rare stones are immaculately embroidered together to give an incredible design.

Just like the clothes I am wearing, it is also one of a kind. I desire to look at them more closely so slowly pull them out of the box when I see a small handwritten note placed inside the box. It is addressed to Lily and it is signed by Marco.

“For my love,” I whisper as I read what the note says.

I realize that the earrings are not just a family heirloom, they are also a testament to the love between Lily and Marco. That is why they are very important to Marco. The desire to take a closer look at the earrings suddenly disappears as it only makes my emotional pain grows more.

Moments ago when Marco introduced me to everyone as his wife, I thought he truly loved me; that he was marrying me because he wanted to spend the rest of his life with me, that he saw something special in me. I thought I had changed my fate and finally found someone that truly loved me; but I am wrong. Marco is only marrying me out of pity and responsibility. He feels pity for me because of my deplorable state and he wants to be with me because of his child that is growing in my belly. I can’t even shake the thought that he is marrying me to have revenge on Lily.

Just when I think good luck has finally swung my way, it dawns on me that I am in the miserable position that I’ve always been in. I feel even worse when I realize that I am beginning to have affection towards Marco, while he feels absolutely nothing towards me. The thought is so painful that a tear falls from my eyes and into the note, staining it.

I hear a knock on the door and I hurriedly clean my eyes, shove the stained note back into the box, and place the earrings back in the box before placing it on the table and I go to open the door. Marco walks inside when I open the door and apologizes for his tight grip on my arm earlier.

“It’s fine,” I reply.

“I’m really sorry for acting all close and romantic towards you,” he continues. “It must have been confusing. I momentarily lost control.”

“I understand,” I reply and an awkward silence ensues between us. I want to ask him why he marries me, but I am scared. Then again, I reason, this is my life, and I need to know so I gently ask him.

“Why did you decide to marry me?” I murmur with my head bowed as I am too nervous to look him in the eyes.

Marco sighs deeply and pushes a folder into my arm.

“Now that you know who I am,” he says. “You also know the rumors flying around about Lily, Eric and me, right?”

I gently nod.

“My mother died when I was young, just like yours, so I know how difficult that is,” he continues. “I would not want our child to grow up without a father around. The one-night stand is my responsibility and I want the child to grow safely. Also, our marriage would help pacify the Council of Elders that I’m not angry about Lily and Eric’s engagement and I have nothing against them.”

“So you’re only marrying me out of pity and politics?” I ask. Although I don’t mean it, I cannot hide the pain and disappointment I feel in my voice. Marco must hear it too.

“I’m sorry,” he replies. “I’ll give you everything you want in our marriage; everything except love,” he says and leaves the room, giving me some space and time to calm my mind.

I open the folder he gives me and pull open the document inside it. With teary eyes, I slowly read what is written on it.

“Three-year Marriage Contract,” I whisper.