

Chapter 8 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Cathy's POV

A small crowd has gathered before the fitting room to see the results of the girl's stupidity. I am mortified that the clerk has allowed that pauper to wear the most valuable clothes in the whole kingdom. I have tried that dress multiple times and it never seems to fit, no matter how hard I tried. After many trials, I gave it up. I don't understand what gives that beggar the audacity to think that the dress will fit her when it won't fit me, the Princess of the entire Wolf Kingdom.

The curtain to the fitting room slowly pulls apart and I am ready to burst into deep laughter at the monstrous figure that will appear behind the curtain. The girl slowly steps out of the fitting room and faces everybody. Instead of the mocking laughter that I've anticipated from the small crowd, they are all shocked; indeed, so am I.

The clothes fit the girl perfectly. She looks like a perfect Luna but even that is an understatement; she looks like a divine goddess. The clothes hug her feminine curves so perfectly that I can't help but gasp in shock. She seems to have a faint glow around her and the bright, green color of the dress complements her bright blue eyes perfectly. I've never seen anyone as beautiful as her and I am thoroughly shocked at how the clothes have transformed her from a hag to a divine goddess.

"Cathy," Ayana, Lily's friend that comes with me to the store, gently nudges me. "You're gaping."

"What?" I mumble and immediately compose myself.

Suddenly, the crowd bursts into wild applause. I expect them to ridicule and mock this girl until she breaks down in tears, instead, they are praising her beauty and the girl is smiling and blushing as though she is getting married.

"She's beautiful."

"She's glowing."

"I can marry her right now."

"I want to be her friend."

The crowd keeps murmuring and praising her amidst very wild and loud applause.

“Do something, Cathy,” Ayana mumbles. “She’s making us look bad in front of all these people.”

I can’t deny that the girl is extremely beautiful but no one is allowed to make a fool out of me, especially not in the capital.

“What are you all clapping for?” I snarl at the crowd and the applause fizzles out. “You think she can afford it? She’s a pauper, a beggar from the streets. It doesn’t matter that the dress fits her, because she can’t afford it. Even if she slaved for a thousand years, she would not be able to afford it. So take off that dress,” I turn to her. “And go back to the streets where you belong.”

“She doesn’t have to,” a smooth, silky voice rings through the store and the store owner walks towards the girl.

A quick murmur sweeps through the crowd at the appearance of the most talented designer in the whole kingdom. She is a recluse who almost never appears in public, yet she is making an appearance because of this stupid girl.

“I will give her this dress for free, she deserves it.”

Another quick murmur sweeps through the crowd before they burst into a bout of loud and wild applause. It is obvious that I have lost and is about to become a laughing stock, but I am determined to have the last word.

“You,” I turn towards the girl. “If I see your ugly face again, I’ll make you regret it,” I threaten her and storm out of the store, barely keeping my anger in check.

Tanya’s POV

The whole scenario looks surreal to me. I will believe I am hallucinating if not for the fact that I am clearly staring at my reflection before a very big glass. I know I am pretty, but never have I imagined that I can be that beautiful. I have to repeatedly pinch myself to make sure that I am awake.

“See?” the clerk chuckles. “I told you you’re perfect. You should wait here. I will go attend to other customers.”

I am too dazed to reply so I just nod. My heart is racing faster than I think possible. From a ridiculed pauper to a beautiful goddess, the transformation is mind-boggling.

“Tanya,” Marco calls as he enters the store, looking for me and I turn towards him. His eyes light up when he finds me and he drags his gaze up and down my body. A soft smile plays at the corner of his eyes but it never gets the chance to grow before it suddenly disappears and Marco’s face returns back to its default placid state.

“You’re pretty,” he murmurs and shows me a colorfully wrapped box. “Let’s do this the right way,” he chuckles slightly.

I am shocked when he goes down on one knee, opens the box to show me a very beautiful ring and asks me to marry him.

“Yes,” I mumble, unable to believe the windfall of good luck that befalls me. I am dressed in very beautiful clothes and engaged to an incredibly handsome man. At that moment, my life seems perfect.

“You should save the dress for the auction,” Marco says. “It’s in a few days. In the meantime, I’ll show you around.”

The next few days zip past in a blur and it is soon time to go for the auction. I dress up in the beautiful dress that I got from the store and Marco drives me to the venue. My hands are wrapped around his as we walk towards the front door and I am incredibly happy. We are just about to climb the staircase that leads to the front door when Marco receives a mind link.

“I’m sorry, Tanya,” he says apologetically. “I would have to leave you for a few moments. I’ve got an urgent contract to deal with. I’ll tell one of the staff to show you inside.”

“What about the invitation?” I hurriedly ask before he walks away.

Marco seems to be amused by me, “We don’t need an invitation.”

He doesn’t allow me to protest before he walks away and I am left to myself. I don’t know why, but I suddenly have a bad feeling that something terrible is going to happen as I look at his back. The peace and comfort that I felt earlier when he was with me suddenly disappear and I panic. Nevertheless, I continue towards the front door with my heart beating faster with every step I take.

Alina’s POV

“This auction is strictly by invitation,” I tell Brandon as I wrap my arms around him. “Only a very select few of nobles and royalties are invited. If you had stuck with Tanya, then you would never have been able to attend a function like this.”

“You already mentioned that,” Brandon smiles.

He looks very handsome in his black suit and I am very happy that I have gotten rid of Tanya. Though I’m not satisfied that she has slept with a rich, handsome man instead of Rick like I planned, still, I feel good about getting rid of her.

“Aren’t you worried that the man she slept with had a cheque with ‘Royal Bank’ written on it?” Brandon asks. “What if he’s royalty?”

“What? Royalty?” I laugh. “Which member of the royal family would be interested in Tanya? I’m very sure that the man she slept with is probably a rich man in the capital. And I’m very certain that no matter how rich he is, he can’t buy his way into this function. This function is strictly for Alphas, Royalties and Nobles. We’re only here because I’m representing my dad as the Alpha of our pack. If you play your card very well and network properly, you can gain the popularity you need to succeed my dad.”

“I know,” Brandon laughs. “Thank you Alina, this wouldn’t have been possible without you.”

“Of course it wouldn’t,” I laugh and hug him. “There’s no way we could run into Tanya in such a prestigious event.”

Then I immediately sense something is wrong with the way Brandon suddenly goes rigid and I follow his gaze.

“Impossible,” I exclaim. There is Tanya, dressed in the fabled Treasure of the Store, waiting by the front door. She is so beautiful that Brandon is staring at her lustfully. Intense anger, fueled by jealousy, burns within me and I march towards her.

“You wretch?” I snarl at her. “How did you steal that clothes and sneak in here without being detected? Why are you here? To seduce Brandon?”

“No,” she stutters as she is very surprised to see me. “I’m here with…”

“Here with who? The fool that saved you from Rick?” I smirk. “You want me to believe he got invited? He might be some rich merchant in the capital but he’s no Alpha and he’s definitely not Royalty.”

“But…”

“How dare you try to sneak in here and steal my boyfriend?”

“I’m not, I…”

“Show me your invitation then,” I snigger at her confidently that she doesn’t have one. “If you were truly invited you would have your invitation.”

“I…I don’t have one.”

“I knew it,” I laugh. “No matter what you do you will always be a slave, a surrogate’s daughter that would never amount to anything. Brandon dear,” I turn to Brandon. “Let’s go inside while this wretch rots in the cold.”

I wrap my arms around Brandon to show her that he is mine and there is nothing she can do about it. I am just about to give my invitation to the guard when he suddenly speaks into the earpiece that is lodged in his ear. He hastily apologizes to me and suddenly turns towards Tanya. I am glad that they have found her out and will throw her out. Instead, he fawns over her as though she is some very important dignitary while he absolutely ignores me.

I have never felt such huge humiliation in my entire life. As the guard leads Tanya inside and leaves Brandon and me in the cold, I vow that Tanya will pay dearly for humiliating me.