

Chapter 6 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

The sharp knock on the door rings again, accompanied by a greasy voice, "It's Rick."

My heart sinks with that sound. My first reaction is to run away, but this is my home, and where can I escape? I huddle in the corner of the living room as if that would make Rick unable to see me.

"Welcome Mr. Rick," Alina greets the fat pervert with a very bright smile. "We've been expecting you."

"Well," he cackles. "I'm here and I hope I'm not too late."

"No, Rick," Richard says, his voice reeking of indifference as though he is bored and would rather be somewhere. "Come, let's get this over with."

"Oh, there's my bride," Rick laughs. I know I shouldn't cry, I shouldn't show my cowardice in front of Rick, but when I muster up my courage to glare at Rick, my tears still fall from my eyes indefensibly. Rick seems to enjoy my tears very much.

His face gleams with lust and he repeatedly smacks his lips as he looks me over.

"Well, let's get to business," Maya announces.

"Father!" I sob and wobble to my father's feet. "Please, please save me."

"I told you I can't, cub," he snarls at me. "You did this to yourself when you got pregnant for him. We should be grateful he's generous enough to accept a cheat."

"But I didn't cheat," I deny, desperate to tell my father my side of the story, hoping he can change his mind after that. "Brandon is the one that cheats on me with Alina. They've been seeing each other behind my back for a couple of weeks. Please believe me, dad, Alina is the one that drugged me with a strong aphrodisiac and set me up with Rick. Dad, I..."

A sharp sting on my cheek cuts off my words. Maya has slapped me so hard that I see stars dancing around my head. I was so focused on Richard that I didn't see her coming.

“How dare you accuse my daughter and your boyfriend of this treachery?” she snaps. “They already told us you would try to lie your way out.”

“Dad, please,” Maya’s slap makes my cheek hurt a lot, but I ignore the pain and continue to plead with my father. Even though I know there is little chance my father will change his mind, it is my last hope, “Please believe me.”

“No, cub,” Richard says in that same indifferent voice. “You lie.” His words carry a tone of finality that weighs me down. My father gives me his final trial, and this is my fate.

“Don’t cry, princess,” Rick chuckles and moves closer to me, running his rough, scaly hands on my face. “I’ll take care of you.”

I close my eyes and recoil from his touch. At that moment, it feels like I’ve just been thrown into a deep, inescapable well of despair and hopelessness. Despite all the hardships that I’ve faced in life, I always have a positive outlook. I believe that I will pull through and I just need to find the silver lining. But as Rick caresses my cheeks, there is no silver lining to this death sentence. I am going to be a sex slave and die a miserable death. Tears streak down my eyes as it dawns on me that this is the end of my pitiful life. There is no light at the end of the tunnel, just darkness.

Suddenly, Rick’s nauseating touch disappears and is replaced by his painful groan. I slowly open my eyes to see what is happening. When I open my eyes, Marco’s blue, beautiful eyes gaze back at me. I initially think I am dead and gazing into the eyes of an angel or I’m having a hallucination so I can escape my painful reality, until he speaks, and I realize that it is real.

“Are you okay?” he asks and I slowly nod, still confused about his sudden presence in my house.

Marco moves swiftly and Rick yells in pain, crumpling to the ground.

“How dare you?” he yells. “You dislocated my shoulders.”

Marco merely turns towards my startled parents, totally ignoring Rick who is writhing in pain. His gaze sweeps through the room and falls on the strip which is on the table. He stares at it for a couple of seconds before he addresses my parents.

“My name is Marco. I’m the man that impregnated your daughter.”

“What?” Richard yells. “Rick is...”

“Lying,” Marco cuts off Richard. “I’m sure he would tell you the truth if he doesn’t want his other shoulder dislocated.”

“He... He’s right,” Rick groans in pain, having no choice but to be honest. He tells the whole truth, “He’s telling the truth. I never slept with her, I just want her for myself regardless.”

“There you have it,” he says. “And I will be Tanya’s husband.”

I gaze at Marco as though I'm seeing a divine deity. His voice is just as calm as his face, placid even. It is as though, he is unaffected by the environment, like a cold wall of ice that nothing ever penetrates. Even when my father locks his gaze with him, Marco doesn't flinch. He is unruffled and shows no emotions.

"You come to my house, break the arm of my guest and you expect me to believe your words?" Richard asks in an extremely angry voice but absolutely does not ruffle Marco. Usually, any wolf in the pack that stands before Richard is quaking with fear when Richard gazes at them, but Marco is unbothered by the devilish gaze.

"Dislocate," he corrects Richard calmly. "Not break."

"You insolent fool. Get out of here," Richard yells, backing his words with immense powers that make everyone in the room shiver with fear; everyone except Marco.

I cannot believe the scene that is slowly unfolding before me. Richard is the most powerful wolf I know. In fact, I believe he is the most powerful wolf in the whole world. Other wolves quake in fear before him, shivering and cowering in fear whenever he unleashes his full wolfish powers. There is an obvious strain on Richard's face as he pushes his wolf powers to the maximum. Maya has taken several steps back from him, Alina is cowering in fear, Brandon is trying to be brave but he is obviously affected by Richard's angry wolfish power; and me? I think I'd pass out from the strain of the wolfish powers. While everyone else, even Richard himself, is feeling the strain of Richard's power, Marco seems bored.

He is extremely calm and is unbothered by Richard's blatant display of power, 'Do we really have to do this?' he sighs. "Fine. Stop!"

He only says one word, but that word carries enough power to level the whole house. Everyone is shaken by his powers, and Richard groans in pain. Just as fast as his power sweeps through the room, it disappears and everyone breathes in relief. If he keeps it up, we will all die from the strain, the house will collapse, and he will walk out, unscathed.

"Now that we've gotten that out of the way," he sighs. "What's your response to my proposal to your daughter?"

For the first time in my life, I see that Richard is afraid.

"But he's already paid for her, in full," Richard tries hard to maintain his majesty, but still can't help but tremble a moment as he speaks. "Rick is very generous with his payment and I am under obligation to honor my side of the bargain. I..."

"So this is all about money?" Marco snorts and pulls a blank check from his pocket. "Write your price."

Richard and Maya exchange a fearful glance as they gaze at the check, which has "Royal Bank" written on it. I don't know what it means, but they obviously do.

“Get on with it,” Marco prompts them. “I don’t have all day.”

Richard writes a hefty figure on the check and Marco shakes his hands. Richard has a sly smile on the corner of his lips. He is obviously happy with the amount and is willing to hand me over to a perfect stranger that he has never seen before. I realize with horror that Richard doesn’t care about me at all. I’ve always thought he regards me as his daughter, even if he treats me like a slave, but I am obviously wrong. I am just a slave that should be sold for the right amount.

He trades a knowing glance with Alina and I realize that he knows all along. He knows the truth. He knows Alina has drugged me and set me up. He knows Brandon and Alina are cheating behind my back. He knows everything but doesn’t care. All he cares about is money. At that moment, I’m really disappointed. Though they treat me badly, I actually love them. I’m so disappointed that they don’t feel anything for me.

“Tanya,” Marco’s deep voice resonates in my ears. “Let’s go. I’m late already.”

He stretches his palm towards me, waiting for me to take his hands. I realize that he wants me to know that it is my choice. He wants me to make a choice so I won’t feel like I am forced to follow him. But do I really have a choice? Between a family that hates me very passionately and a handsome stranger that I’m pregnant for, what choice do I really have?

I put my hands in his, “Yes,” I say. “I’ll go with you.”