

## Chapter 71 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

### Unknown POV

I have always existed in the dark. Hidden from view. Invisible. Nestled in the darkest corner of my master's mind. Despite my yearning to be known, to be seen, it remains impossible. An impenetrable mental barrier blocks me from stepping into the light. And I lack the strength or power to overcome this barrier. So for years and years, I remained in the dark, as I worked tirelessly to accumulate small bits of power day by day.

But all of that changed momentarily when I felt my master fall from the cliff. I wanted to save her; I was desperate to save her. And so, I fought against the barrier with all my might, pushing against the walls that caged me in. And finally, I did it. The wall cracked, and my powers slipped through to give my master the strength to survive the fall.

From then on, the small slit in the barrier allowed me to venture out for little bits at a time. When my master was unconscious and asleep, the defenses of the mind were weaker, and I was able to slide through to take over the wheel and control the body during the night. Course I was never fully conscious, as it mostly felt like a lucid dream. My vision was also skewed, and I could never see clearly. Nevertheless, I was excited. Thrilled that I could venture beyond my hole, it was a step forward.

Of course, because of my actions that day when trying to save my master from her fall, I had used up a lot of my power. So, despite the crack in the wall, my powers slowly grew weaker with each use. Then came the day my master's baby was to be born. But the birth proved of great difficulty for my master, as complications meant she and the baby were at risk. Despite my weakened state, I still wanted to help.

And so, with the last bits of my weakening power, I helped my master successfully give birth to the child. I was at ease, despite the pain. I knew I had done the right thing. I felt myself drift away that morning, my power now gone. I slipped into a deep slumber that I didn't think I would awaken from.

It was years later that something wolfish stirred me awake. The sweet scent of something familiar roused me from my coma. I was alert again. Alive. Something drew me to a man who was a reoccurring figure in my master's life. He had been the one to rouse me from sleep, and day by day, my strength was growing as his presence remained. I once again came out to play

during the night, wanting to find the man. I followed the source of the delectable smell since my vision remained blurry.

Despite the limitations, I remained confident as my power started to grow again once more. And that man even ripped off the mental barrier that day! From that day on, every day I started to believe more and more in the possibility of meeting my master!

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It's tonight that I find the power and the strength to take control of the body again. I'm also particularly hungry. I've been growing in strength, and in turn my hunger and need for sustenance have grown too. But of course, I remain visually impaired. So, I stumble about the room, groping the walls for the door handle as I sway clumsily.

Eventually, I do find the handle, and step into what I perceived to be the hallway. With growing confidence, I march onward, insistent on finding the fridge. But before I can start waving my hands about to locate it, the body I'm in bumps into a stiff wall.

Trying to identify the thing blocking me, my hands and fingers go to feel the object, rummaging up and down its form. The wall is a strange one indeed, the texture completely different from what I would assume it to be. It's almost like I could feel human abdominal muscles, running my hands over them with intense curiosity, noticing how they've constricted and stiffened as I touch them.

And once again, the scent I so desperately desired and savored wafts past my senses. I'm further intrigued, sniffing eagerly at whatever is before me, like a child enticed by their favorite candy. Eventually, my lips brush against something soft, which surprises me. I repeat the motion, growing ever more curious.

Silly as the thought is, I wonder if the object is jelly. It is so squishy, spongy, smooth and soft, like a person's lips. Unable to control my desire I begin to lick at it hungrily, again and again and again. The exquisite and flavorful taste only urges me to lick more, whilst my hands run up and down the object that continues to tense beneath my touch.

Eventually, I find myself satisfied. With a content smack of my lips, I smile. Renewed with energy I saunter back into my master's room.

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Tanya's POV

My fingers swipe through the pages of Margaret's notebook with haste and desperation. It feels like I have caused a permanent wrinkle to form on my forehead with my brows narrowed in concentration. I could barely focus on eating breakfast, the piece of egg on the end of my fork somehow making its way into my mouth while my eyes remain trained on the scribbled notes.

I have already read through Margaret's journal multiple times now, soon learning that not only did she create perfumes that could cure illnesses caused by black magic, but she also had recipes for perfumes that could cure other natural diseases. It is indeed a riveting read, and I consider Margaret a pioneer of her time.

But despite how much I enjoy looking through her notes, the trouble I'm finding is that none of the listed perfumes combat Peyton's disease. More problematic is the fact that Peyton's illness doesn't match any diseases I recognize, since she doesn't have any particular symptoms. There'd be no guarantee that any of the perfumes would cure her if the symptoms don't match. It'd be like shooting in the dark.

Course, during my futile search, I suddenly feel like I'm being watched. My gaze lifts, looking across from me where Marco is sat also having his breakfast. Although, instead of eating, he's glaring at me, a heavy frown on his face as he stares.

"Is there something wrong?" I ask hesitantly.

He scoffs. "Don't you have anything to say to me?" he says as if I should've already known about what is on his mind.

I shake my head, clearly confused. I watch Marco's mouth twitch in aggravation. He considers saying something, but after a pause, his gaze only hardens, and he purses his lips, withholding whatever he has originally wanted to say.

Unable to understand what's going on, and believing that Peyton's illness is more important, I return my attention back to the book. Again, flicking through pages as I try to find a perfume that solves the puzzle to my madness. Another couple of minutes pass before finally I hear the harsh clatter of Marco's fork that he deliberately drops onto the table.

My gaze shoots up to him as he blurts out. "You have nothing to say to me about last night? No explanation at all?" his accusatory tone confuses me, and my brain racks itself trying to decipher if anything has happened the night before to upset him this much.

I couldn't think of anything. "But nothing happened last night," I say, still puzzled. Although, what I do remember is the wonderful dream I had. "But I do recall dreaming about jelly..." I chuckle to myself, realizing how silly that sounds, hoping my laughter would lighten the mood.

But it doesn't. "Nothing happened last night...jelly..." Marco only grunts at me, before continuing to eat in silence, leaving me still bewildered over what I have done to anger him so much.

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Trying to ignore Marco's strange attitude, I head off to visit princess Peyton again in the hopes of gathering more clues. Since my decision was sudden, I didn't have the time to preface the

princess that I'd be arriving, but I hoped she would understand. I really want to get to the bottom of this as soon as I could.

Despite my knock on her door, I think the princess fails to hear me. Her back faces me, and I watch curiously as she applies makeup powder to the space at the back of her neck with a powder puff. The powder is yet to set, and so I can still see the skin beneath, revealing the pattern of a flower that looks vaguely familiar to me.

But before I can get close enough to confirm my suspicions, the princess senses my presence. Almost in a startle, she whirls around to face me in panic. I raise my hands quickly in apology. "So sorry princess, I didn't mean to scare you."

She presses a hand against her chest, chuckling at her shock. "No no, it's okay. Sorry, I'm very easily startled."

I smile. "I don't think you heard me knock. But I just wanted to come to see how you were doing."

She mirrors my expression. "That's very kind of you Tanya. I'm okay. Is there something I can help you with?"

The image of the flower is nagging me immensely. And despite initially wanting to conversate with the princess about her health, I feel like I really need to take a look at Margret's notebook. "Um, I'm okay for the time being. I'll be back in a bit."

Despite her obvious confusion, I have little time to explain. I rush off, looking round the castle, I finally come across the maid that specializes looking after the princess from the day she fell ill. "Hi, do you mind if I ask you a question?" I ask with a sense of urgency.

She smiles. "Course dear. What is it?"

"Well, I was wondering if you could tell me about the day that princess Peyton fell ill?"

"Of course," she says. "It was the same day the king passed away. A few hours after his death, everyone had gone to bed. Princess Isabella went to check on her sister but found she couldn't wake Princess Peyton from slumber. So, they rushed her to hospital."

My eyes sparkle with realization. I thank you profusely before rushing home. Upon entering, I head over to the book and look through the pages before coming across exactly what I was looking for.

"Found it!" Marco walks in just as I cheer in triumph, and so I turn to him to share my revelation. "Princess Peyton isn't just sick. She's been poisoned!"

Chapter 73 He Marries Me Because He Wants

# Chapter 72 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

I show Marco the page in the notebook where I have seen the pattern of the flower that appeared on the back of the princess's neck. Our eyes both scan the page to read that the poison that the perfume cures is colorless and tasteless. It fails to leave behind any traces of poisoning which explains why Peyton displays no symptoms.

The page also explains that if a large enough dose is introduced into the body suddenly, and if the inflicted individual does not receive timely treatment, then the person will die within hours after exposure. And as stated before, no symptoms will reveal themselves. It will look like a natural death. Except for a flower pattern that will appear on the back of the neck of the deceased.

However, at the bottom of the page, a small asterisk displays an additional note, stating that if the person poisoned gets the right treatment in time, or the dose of the injected poison is relatively light, then the person can still live a half-life from half a year to one year.

But the toxicity of the blood will slowly increase with time. And at the back of their neck, a flower pattern will slowly form, with the trace of the pattern shifting from light to dark as time progresses.

My eyes brighten in excitement. "This is the one Marco! This is what's causing Peyton's debilitation!" I'm nearly jumping for joy at the discovery. My eyes dart to Marco, but he almost seems paled by my revelation, as if he has accidentally discovered a terrible secret.

Despite my confusion, I didn't question it too much, as my eyes dart down to look at the ingredients, frowning slightly. "But I'll need Jade vine, which is a very rare flower. Maybe the princess will have some," I pack my things, and head out, unable to question Marco's frozen state.

I head to princess Isabella immediately and ask if she has the ingredient I require now that I know how to treat Peyton's illness. But Isabella seems slightly embarrassed as she responds. "Actually, there's a famous old doctor in the kingdom who has the ingredient. But I don't think he'll be willing to give it to us."

I look confused. "But why?"

She chuckles lightly. "Best I just take you to him and you see for yourself."

And so, the two of us head off to visit the old doctor. Obviously an elder of the pack, I assume he's had a successful career as a doctor. He has a grand house that sits on the edge of the street, the house appearing modern in nature. When we finally approach the front door and greet him, I waste little time explaining about the ingredient that I need.

He immediately scoffs at me, as if my request is somehow absurd. "You surely don't expect me to give you such a rare flower. You haven't got a shred of medical knowledge. You haven't worked as a doctor or a nurse for a single day in your life!" he proclaims with grandiosity. "You don't deserve such a rare specimen; the flower is a one of a kind! And I will not allow you to abuse it so you can play doctor. That's ridiculous!"

I frown, unable to understand why the doctor is making this so difficult. "But I'm sure this is the flower that will help save the Princess. Please doctor."

My words obviously don't convince him, and he shakes his head firmly, before saying. "I will not allow someone like you to tarnish the medical field! No, if you really want this flower, and you want me to even consider giving it to you, then you'll need to prove your perseverance to me first. I need to see how badly you really want this."

"I'll do anything," I mutter quietly.

"Well then," we follow him down the front steps of his home and into his backyard. "Then in one night, you must bring my garden back to life. Revive the flowers, grow the grass. I want a dazzling new garden by tomorrow morning. Then and only then will I consider giving you the flower you desire."

I take a gander at the doctor's garden, frowning deeply. The garden itself is large, a wide expanse of field left untamed and uncared for. Weeds litter the grass and flowers look poor and sickly, some already dead. I'm at loss of how I'm meant to change its appearance overnight, all on my own. The doctor is obviously trying to make this task nearly impossible for me to complete.

But I agree to the task, nevertheless. Soon the princess and I are walking back to my residence, when Isabella speaks up. "In all honesty Tanya, I haven't expected you to take this on so seriously. My impression of you is far different from when we first met. Especially with your mannerisms around Marco that were... no offense, slightly needy and overbearing."

Slightly embarrassed, I chuckle lightly. "Truthfully, I only acted that way because I heard you favored couples who showed off an immense amount of love and devotion. I heard you particularly liked watching happy couples, like a hobby of sorts."

Isabella looks at me bewildered and speaks. "Who did you hear this from? Why would I have such a strange and perverted hobby?"

The princess is right, it is in fact a very strange hobby indeed. "I promise you Tanya. I have no such hobby," I nod quietly, and apologize for my misrepresentation of her. However, my mind then wanders to the thought of Marco. He has been the one to tell me this. Why?

Had he been using it as an excuse to get me to marry him? And if so, then was it because he actually wanted to marry me? He married me not because he needed to, but because he wanted to?

I feel my heart growing lighter with the possibility that Marco might want me. But just as I and the princess reach my residence, I notice someone approach us. The man is a handsome fellow, and he beholds a sly smile.

“Hello ladies,” he saunters over to us like a prowling cat. He greets the princess who he clearly already knows. And she rolls her eyes at his flirtatious nature.

“Tanya this is James, his family has been in the kingdom for generations,” I’m quick to assume that James is a rich nobleman, as his pretentious mannerisms make it very clear. And although his attention is initially on Isabella, he suddenly turns to look at me.

His eyes immediately light up. “Oh, how have we never met before? Such beautiful lady deserves to be given a tour round the glorious kingdom of Fauna. And I’m more than happy to offer such,” he takes my hand in his, and lifts it to his lips to place a subtle kiss upon my skin.

His hand then lifts to gently brush across my face, stroking me strangely. Feeling highly uncomfortable, but not knowing what to do, I turn my face away from him. Upon doing so I see Marco in the distance, frowning. But he doesn’t say anything, and only turns away and storms back into the house.

I suddenly flinch as Isabella slaps James’s hand away. “Stop it! She’s married. You can’t just flirt with every pretty woman you see!”

James’s eyes shift to an expression of pity towards being told of my courtship to Marco. “Oh, what a shame…”

Isabella rolls her eyes, saying her goodbye before dragging James away.

I head back into the house, and something within me stirs. The thoughts of Marco’s true intentions play in my mind. And I finally decide I need to take initiative. I walk up to him and explain. “In order to get the ingredient I need for Peyton’s perfume, I must mend the old doctor’s garden. I would like you to join me.”

I say this with a smile despite his cold disposition. He stares blankly at me for a couple of moments before replying brashly. “Why don’t you just take that nobleman with you, I’m sure he’d be more than happy to.”

Is that jealousy I was hearing? Something in me becomes delighted with the idea that Marco is jealous, that he wants me. But I obviously am not totally sure. Either way, before Marco can turn away and storm off, I grab his hand.

“But I don’t want anyone else,” I say truthfully, staring up into his eyes with sincere grace. “I want you Marco, and only you to come with me,” my smile extends to my eyes. “Please.”

Not waiting for his reply, I pull him along, and I grow more excited as he fails to object. Together we head off to the doctor’s garden, with the goal to save Peyton’s life.

Chapter 74 Princess Peyton Has Just Fainted!

## Chapter 73 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya’s POV

Once we arrive to the doctor’s house, I immediately get started on the garden, rolling up my sleeves and putting on gloves I found in one of the sheds. Although I asked Marco to accompany me, I don’t wish to burden him, telling him he can relax on one of the garden chairs.

With the sun high in the sky, I can get on my hands and knees by the soil. One by one, with meticulous effort, I pull out the weeds that taint the garden grounds. I dump each one I extract into a wheelbarrow. And then once I’ve filled up the wheelbarrow, with great exertion I roll it over to the garden bin to empty it.

I maintain this systematic routine, pulling out the weeds, dumping them into the bin, and then starting all over again, going in rows and horizontally making my way across the large expanse of garden space. I’m of course mainly focused on weeding, but every now and then I spare a glance at Marco. He sits quietly, but his leg bounces subtly, almost as if he’s impatiently waiting for something.

Finally, he breaks the silence. He clears his throat loudly, forcing me to look up as he stands abruptly. “Why don’t you ask me for help? You could really use my help you know? I’m pretty good with tough work,” he says, as if almost trying to convince me, whilst I already knew of his capability. Without me asking, he strides over and bends down beside me, and starts pulling the weeds.

Unable to help the smile that bares itself on my face, I chuckle. “I didn’t ask because you’ve already said you didn’t want to be here to begin with,” I say with all honesty. “But thank you for still doing it for me.”

I don’t know if it’s the fact that I thanked him, or something else, but he immediately shoots down my appreciation. “I’m not doing it for you. I’m doing it for the Blue Moon Tree. We need to do this to get the doctor’s special ingredient, and only then can we gain the princess’s reward



that will help fund the Blue Moon Pack, and save the Blue Moon Tree. That's why I'm doing this."

His long, drawn out, logical explanation only confirms my suspicions even more. But I withhold my giggle, and don't try poke holes in his logical thought process. Instead, I choose to just appreciate the fact that he is here with me and savor the time I have with him.

And so, we work all day, and all through the night. Marco helps me remove all the weeds, to which I'm now completely forbidden from carrying anything heavy or doing any form of hard labor. He rolls the wheelbarrow to the bin each time. He heaves each bag of soil we need. And at one point he stops me from shoveling the old soil, using the excuse that he could do it quicker on his own.

Despite his brashness, I must refrain myself from giggling out loud with every excuse he finds to help me more and more. Nevertheless, what he does let me do is trim the bushes and tame the overgrown vines. I get to plant all the pretty flowers he picks up from one of the shops. And I water each and every one.

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I don't remember when I fell asleep, but the next time I open my eyes, the sun is rising in the distance, illuminating, and glorifying the gorgeous garden with all its fresh pretty colors. My head has been resting on a shoulder and I realize that it's Marco's.

I quietly lift my head, and my movement wakes him. His eyes flicker open to look at me, the blue of his irises contrasting with the pinkish sky. His blonde locks are shiny with sweat, and curly as usual. It's been so long since I've been so physically close to Marco, close enough to study the elegant yet strong structure of his face. The thickness of his brows, the curve of his lips, the sharpness of his cheekbones.

All exactly as I remembered.

I'm silent as I stare, and so is he, the two of us just sitting unmoving as the sun rises, neither of us able to utter everything we wanted to say to one another.

"Oh wow! You actually did it!"

The presence of the doctor startles us both, and we quickly pull away and take a stand. Marco turns away, and I pretend like I'm adjusting my dress before we walk up to the doctor. I see a little girl standing beside him, who he introduces as his granddaughter.

"You got rid of the weeds?" the doctor hurries down the steps and strolls over to take a look.

"Mhmm, and we changed the soil," I say softly, still a little tired after working all night.

“Oh goodness. And you trimmed the bushes too. And oh wow, all new flowers!” the excitement in his voice makes me smile, and finally he turns to me. “Alright. You’ve made your point; you deserve to be given a chance. Now tell me about this idea of yours.”

I’m beaming with pride. I hurry to grab Margret’s notebook and bring it over to him with it open on the page about the perfume I wanted to use. “It’s this one Doctor, I actually think Princess Peyton’s been poisoned.”

He scans the page, and hope within me grows as he nods his head in agreement. “Okay.... Yes, yes, this all makes sense,” he runs his pointer finger down the text, but suddenly pauses on a certain line. “Hold on. Wait. This is an antidote.”

Confusion invades my expression. “And?”

“And the ingredients of this antidote are very irritating, which means this perfume in this context is another ‘poison’ to Peyton. So, you’re basically using one poison to kill another. It’s very risky. Too risky.”

I frown. “But I think it’s necessary in this case. Princess Peyton’s illness is very serious. And this is the best method of curing her. The illness she has is already very harsh, so it’s understandable that the method of curing her will also be harsh on her body.”

He still shakes his head. “Sorry, no. I cannot allow this. I refuse to be responsible for giving you the ingredient if this somehow fails. I can’t take that risk.”

And just like that, all my efforts are in complete vain. The doctor only thanks me for mending his garden before walking off without another word. However, I can tell his granddaughter has taken a liking to me, she hands me a candy without realizing that the sweet does little to mend the major problems I’m having. But I thank her with a smile nevertheless and watch as she skips off after the doctor with childish innocence.

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I’m devastated that I wasn’t able to retrieve the special ingredient from the doctor. But I can’t give up. So, I head back to the palace to see Princess Peyton. Somehow, I feel like she knows that she’s been poisoned. And I have to wonder why she’s using the powder puff to cover up the signs of poisoning.

But before I can see Peyton, I encounter the maid I met earlier. She’s escorting a nobleman out of the house. When he leaves, I turn to her. “Hi, um, who was that?”

She gives me a wrinkly smile. “That’s the fated mate of Princess Peyton. Such a gentleman, he comes in often to take care of Princess Peyton. And he even helps Princess Isabella with political affairs,” the maid does her cleaning duties while talking to me. I follow her into Princess Peyton’s old room and ask her a few more questions about the princess whilst she fluffs the pillows, vacuums and wipes down the surfaces.

As she cleans and speaks to me, she opens one of the cupboards. It obviously hasn't been touched in a long time as it looks very cluttered and overflows with things. As the maid swings one of the doors open, out falls a small box. She and I both look down at the little item curiously.

From the fall, the lid of the box comes undone, and a few torn pieces of paper spill out onto the floor. I instinctually kneel down to help the maid pick up the pieces, and we both notice that one of the torn pages has a man's name written on it.

The maid suddenly expresses her revelation. "I know this name. It's the name of a gentleman from another kingdom that came to visit about a year ago, but... I don't know why his signature is here."

I take a look at it curiously, and something nags me in my gut, forcing me to say. "Could I take this? Just for a little while. I promise I'll keep it safe. I don't know why, but I really believe in my heart, that this might be the key to solving the mystery."

The maid nods her head in understanding. But just before I'm about to get up to leave, another maid rushes to the room we're in. She yells frantically. "Princess Peyton has just fainted!"

Chapter 75 Peyton Drank The Poison By Herself

## Chapter 74 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

Upon exiting Peyton's old room, I realize that the entire palace is in chaos. Everyone is panicking over the princess's physical state. Maids are rushing about with wet towels and water, nobles are alerting the neighboring royal families. Butlers are heading off to call the known doctors. I can see that everyone dearly cares for the princess. As do I. But my job is much different to theirs.

I hurry into one of the empty rooms, closing the door to shut out the cluster of apprehension that whiz about outside. I scrape away items off one of the tables and pull out the box, emptying the torn pieces of paper onto the workspace.

Step by step, piece by piece, like a child's puzzle set, I connect the pages, reconnecting torn words and linking the shredded pieces. Soon I have reassembled the entire page. Satisfied, I read through it carefully, my eyes growing wider as they trail down the page.

Shock, surprise, and dread ignite in my system. I know that I have to find Isabella immediately. I find her also bustling about amongst the chaos. “Whatever it is that you’re doing, you need to stop. This is important. This could save her,” I establish with a firm tone, leaving little room for Isabella to question me or protest.

As we walk back to the room I elaborate on the way. “I initially thought the Princess had been poisoned instead of just being ill. I still do. But now... I really believe that she’s been poisoning herself rather than being poisoned by someone else.”

Isabella looks at me with utter disbelief. “How could you say that? My sister would never do such a thing!” she says incredulously.

“Then look at this,” I don’t need to justify myself, instead I simply point to the paper which Isabella starts to read.

By the end, she gasps. “Oh God.”

“Now look at this,” I take out Margret’s notebook, and show her the flower pattern that I have seen on the back of Peyton’s neck.

Her eyes grow wide, and the Princess whirls around. She unlocks one of the secured cupboards and begins rummaging through it haphazardly. Almost as if she isn’t wanting to find whatever she’s looking for. Finally, she unveils a large bottle, and her face drops open upon seeing that it’s empty. She stumbles backward in utter shock.

“This was a bottle filled with poison, a rare poison that was accidentally owned by our kingdom. Peyton stole it, and now.... It’s empty...”

I have no time to comfort Isabella, I tell her that I must make the perfume immediately. I rush off in haste, heading for the old doctor’s house. But on my way, I suddenly notice a large group of people gathering by the roadside. Seeing it as they are on my way, I approach the group to simply see what is going on. But upon looking over some of the shoulders, I realize they’re crowded around a young little girl. And then my eyes widen, it is the old doctor’s granddaughter!

No matter the urgency of Peyton’s illness, I can’t continue on without at least seeing if I can help. I push past the people. Some of them are calling the emergency services, whilst others try and get a hold of the old doctor. I kneel down beside the young child.

She is cold to the touch, and terribly pale. Her silk blonde waves of hair cradle her sickly childish face. I check her pulse and lower my ear to her mouth. I sigh in relief, she is at least still breathing, but she is obviously unconscious. And then I realize I have seen all these symptoms before.

Although it was more than five years ago now, I still remember when Cathy collapsed at the palace ball from an allergic reaction. And just like Cathy, the doctor’s granddaughter is in a coma like state induced from the allergic reaction.

I hastily undo the satchel at my waist, and unveil my anti-allergy perfume, going ahead to spray it swiftly over the little girl.

Then, I'm left to sit and wait in apprehension, while listening to the chatter from the surrounding people. Some are confused over my actions, while others disapprove saying that perfumes with special functions are no match for actual medicine. But I ignore all of them, none of them matter right now. And eventually, the girl coughs her way back to life, eyes blinking widely as people around us gasp and cheer in utter relief.

Minutes later, the old doctor arrives, his eyes growing wide in realization that his granddaughter is alive and well again. And the surrounding wolves explain to him what I have done. He looks to me, with firmness. "Thank you, Tanya. You truly did save her life. You've proven that your perfume abilities can be trusted, I will give you the ingredient you need to save Princess Peyton."

My chest heaves a sigh of relief as the doctor unveils the flower I need, wrapping it carefully in a white cloth before handing it to me. I rush back to one of the rooms in the palace where I'm given the tools to make my perfume.

I get to work right away. However, I can't help the initial fear that sits in my stomach. Unlike the past few times when I've had to urgently make a perfume, this time, I even have no room for error. I can't waste the main ingredient that I have very little of, and I also don't have time on my side. Peyton's situation is critical, and if I don't get her the cure in time, all will be lost.

I pull my hair up and tie it in a ponytail, and roll up my sleeves, as my brows narrow in eager concentration. I begin the usual, cutting up each of the raw solid ingredients, and grinding them into fine powder. And I distill the liquid ingredients, so they are in their purest forms.

I begin the process of boiling the base solution before I begin adding the ingredients, all throughout I notice a slight shift to my inherent talent. There is somehow a difference this time about the way I was able to craft. Something new, something strange and invigorating with the way I was working.

The same can be said with the way I can articulate the words in Margret's notebook. Before it would take me ages to understand the wordings and techniques she used. But now, it feels like her journaled words are flowing off the page, through my soul and into my hands that work away.

I'm in utter awe as everything makes sense to me. I'm never confused over a certain step, I never find myself doubting a certain sentence, I never even hesitate with my actions. My movements are simple and rhythmic. I can't help but wonder on the how's and why's. But I know I don't have time for that. I don't have time to think about anything else other than creating this perfume.

Finally, on my first try, the solution swirls in perfect clarity. And without hesitation, I pour into a bottle and rush off to the Princess's hospital ward.

I see the familiar faces of Isabella, Marco, Caspian, Peyton's fated mate, the old doctor and even Peyton's maid. I don't even bother to explain my actions as I begin spritzing my perfume over Peyton's sleeping body. After I douse her form, I stand waiting in apprehension, praying that I am not too late.

Of course, as we expected, since the perfume is a poison in itself, her body reacts negatively to the infiltration of the foreign vapor. Additionally, Peyton's body is already very weak, and after using the perfume on her, she begins to look even worse. And the medical monitors attached to her body begin to scream loudly, alerting to something being wrong.

Something then dawns on me. Peyton had purposely poisoned herself. The only reason she has lived this long is because of her sister, which means that Peyton never really wanted to live in the first place. This is a means to an end, and subconsciously, Peyton isn't going to fight for her life. And in turn, her body is giving up on her.

Despite the horrible nature of the tactic I have in mind, I know it'd be the only way to stimulate Peyton's desire to fight for her life. I quietly approach her bedside, kneeling down to whisper into her ear.

"Your father is waiting for you here Peyton. I can bring him to you. I can let you see him once more."

Although Peyton is originally unconscious, I recognize that something stirs within her, her once lifeless face has a slight fluctuation, and I turn to see the slow but evident twitch of her fingers.

Chapter 76 Marco, Isabella Told Me She Didn't Have A Special Hobby

## Chapter 75 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

As I hoped, my words somehow inspired Peyton's desire to live. The wailing of the medical monitors start to quiet down, and soon they beep at a much calmer pace. The surrounding doctors look astonished, but reveal that the measuring machines are showing that Peyton's physical state is changing for the better. And that although Peyton remains in a coma, she should hopefully awaken within a day's time.

Finally, I turn to face the curious eyes that surround me. I sigh. No one is going to like what I'm about to tell them. But the truth needs to be known. "I found a letter written to Peyton by a gentleman who came to visit from another kingdom about a year ago."

I sigh, unable to face Peyton's fated mate, Russel. "The gentleman who came to visit secretly fell in love with Peyton and he convinced her that their love was real. I guess, she believed him, and felt like her original mate bond was a mistake. That she was mistakenly tied to the wrong person rather than thinking of it as the true blessing of the Moon Goddess."

Now my gaze turns to Isabella. "But knowing she was so to wed her fated mate, I believe she rushed to her father to tell him the truth and earn his blessing to marry the gentleman instead. But her father must've refused. I can understand he'd be very suspicious of the unknown gentleman's intentions and firmly rejected Peyton's wishes to be with him."

Isabella's eyes grow wide, "No wonder why father was so ill-tempered in the days leading up to the wedding."

I nod. "Eventually, Peyton decided that she would run away from the wedding. That she and the gentleman would run away together. However, I believe it must've been on the day of the wedding. She must've escaped and arrived at the place where she and the gentleman planned to meet. But instead, she only found this letter, where the entire truth was revealed to her."

I sigh sadly. "It turns out, that the gentleman's plan all along was to seduce Peyton to fall in love with him, because she was the Princess of the Fauna Kingdom and was very rich. And he would be able to covet the status and money Peyton would bring him. His identity was entirely fake. And he was actually a man that kept cheating on different rich ladies, promising love when all he would do was take their money."

My eyes trickle back over to Peyton's form, she appears peaceful and angelic, like a sleeping beauty, unaware of the truth I am revealing to the rest. "However as told in his letter, he was actually surprised that Peyton really wanted to run away with him. But if she escaped with him, then she would no longer be a Princess and his attempts would have been in vain. So, he left."

"We're obviously not told the rest of the story, but we all know what happens. And from what I can guess, the King must've realized Peyton ran away when she was late for the wedding. And his heartbreak must've induced a sudden myocardial infarction that in the end, caused his death."

"When Peyton returned, already devastated as it was, she found out that her father had died. And like I did, put two and two together in deciding that her actions had caused his death. She couldn't face the guilt and couldn't deal with it all. So, she drank the poison."

I look to the group once more. "However, because Isabella took Peyton to the hospital in time, she didn't die immediately, but was given an extra year to live. But Peyton knew that her medical case was hopeless, and her guilt towards her father's death led her to no longer have the will to live. That's why I saw her secretly pour out the healing tonics when no one was around."

Everyone is left speechless. But no one is more shocked than Peyton's fated mate Russel. He stumbles backwards, holding a hand against his head. "I can't believe this... no wonder nobody could find Peyton when the Alpha King was taken to the hospital, she only showed up on her own much later."

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### Third POV

Her surroundings aren't anything new. For nearly a year now, Peyton has awakened to a room filled with beeping monitors and bright lights. The smell of hospital food and overly sanitized surfaces. However, this time is different. She has felt more alive this morning than she has ever felt since the day she chose to abandon her fated mate and wanted to chase after another man.

Her breaths aren't shallow and hollow. She can finally breathe with ease, eyes blinking awake with a strange excitement. The poison drowned out most of her senses, everything around her used to be dull and muffled. But not today. The fact that she can smell hospital bleach puts a funny smile on her face.

But before she can react to anything else, Peyton sees Tanya quietly enter the room. The princess hasn't forgotten the omega's promise. But before any questions can be asked, Tanya sprays her down with a misty perfume. The scent is intoxicating, suddenly her eyelids feel heavy, and the world begins to swirl in magnificent color.

Little did Peyton know that Tanya has sprayed her with a hallucinogenic perfume that induces very life-like hallucinations. The same type that Tanya sprayed Dorian with, although she has improved the formula this time round, allowing Peyton to slip into a scene that feels very real.

The rest of the world is washed away, and all that remains in Peyton's field of vision is a bright light, and there stands her father. He stands solid, strong, noble, looking much younger as if still in his thirties, probably the way Peyton remembers him best, when she was a little girl.

Peyton's eyes well up, and suddenly begin overflowing with tears. He smiles at her. "What have I told you about crying my dear girl?"

She snuffles, using a hand to try and swipe away at the water on her cheeks. "That crying is weakness.... But I'm really sad daddy. Surely I can cry when I'm sad."

He chuckles softly. "Of course, sweetheart. But why are you sad?"

Peyton once again weeps out a couple of sobs before being able to respond. "Because I upset you daddy. I hurt you."

The King tilts his head with a sad smile. "My dear girl. You made a mistake; we all make mistakes."

Peyton shakes her head. "But this is a really big one."

"Doesn't mean you run away from it."



Peyton's eyes widen, believing her father knew that she tried to kill herself. "We all must face our mistakes Peyton. No matter how bad. The people that truly love you will stick by you through it. But no more running away? Understood?"

Peyton nods, before finally getting out what she has been really wanting to say. "I'm so so sorry daddy. I'm so sorry."

He smiles. "I forgive you darling, always."

Before anything else can be said, with a gasp, Peyton awakes from her hallucination. Finally, the darkness in her heart has disappeared, and she can finally start healing. Right beside her sits Isabella, and Peyton turns to her, wanting to tell her all about seeing her father.

But before she can say anything, Isabella stops her. "I think there's one more person you need to apologize to," Peyton's eyes widen with realization. And after she gets discharged from the hospital she heads out in a hurry to find her fated mate.

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#### Tanya's POV

I say goodbye to Isabella and let her have some alone time with Peyton, but just when I leave the hospital building, it's Marco that's there waiting for me by the doors. I can't help but quicken my steps as I hurry towards him, excitement bubbling in the pit of my stomach.

However, I slow upon seeing how pale and disheveled Marco looks. So, I only initially greet him with a soft tone of voice before we head back to our residence together. Whilst walking, I can't help but ponder on Peyton's entire situation that has come to light.

I think about her love affair and then her desire to poison herself out of guilt. But the reality was, if she had just voiced her fears and had been honest about her feelings, maybe an entire year wouldn't have been wasted away. This draws me back to my situation with Marco. I need to take initiative if he isn't going to.

"I spoke to Isabella. And she told me that she doesn't have a special hobby that involves watching happy couples," I choose to be straightforward, wanting to see his reaction. Marco does indeed stiffen, and there is a slight falter in his steps. But other than that, he doesn't let any more emotion slip. So, I push for more.

"I don't think you made me sign the marriage contract because of Isabella." Again nothing, not a single glance in my direction. "I think you made me sign the marriage contract because you actually want to be with me. You just don't want to admit it."

# Chapter 76 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

Marco suddenly plants his feet in a stop. I watch him trifle with his emotions as his mouth opens and closes awkwardly. For once. I have caught the Lycan Prince by surprise.

Course not for long, his slip up is quickly corrected, and I frown as he hardens his expression again, and he talks with immense stiffness. "I made you sign it because of Claire. She needs a father, as well as a mother. So, I want us to play the role of the perfect loving couple so that she grows up in a happy home. It's for her."

I sigh. I still don't believe him. Something in my gut feels like he is just telling me this to avoid embarrassment. However, I can't prod any further because he then says in somewhat of a retort. "Even if I maybe concealed the truth a little. You also lied to me. You kissed me the other night and the next morning you acted like it was nothing! You completely denied it when I asked you."

I look at Marco with immense surprise and almost slight discomfort, a blush creeping up on my face in shyness. "I- I must've been sleepwalking. I honestly didn't mean to deny it," I say sincerely. "I really don't remember what happened that night."

"I sometimes sleepwalked. Actually it hadn't attacked for some time, but since I met you again, I began to sleepwalk at midnight again from time to time."

"Sleepwalking..." I find Marco lost in thought at my words, and our conversation on the topic comes to end as we approach our residence. Although, something still pokes at me to ask. "You also don't look too well. Has something happened?"

His tone turns cold. "When my mother died, she also had the same flower pattern on the back of her neck like Peyton did."

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Third POV

Peyton is now in the presence of Russel, her fated mate, who is evidently angry and distraught after learning what she had done. Despite trying to maintain his gentlemanly appearance, his anguish is slipping through, and Peyton can't bear to see how much pain she's caused him.

“I’m so sorry Russel. I truly am, I didn’t mean for things to happen the way they did. I was torn, and heart-broken over everything. I felt so much guilt. I couldn’t bear it. I was a coward, trying to run away from all my problems.”

Russel stares at her for a moment, trying to bottle up his feelings, but he can’t help the seething tone that elevates his voice. “You shouldn’t just be apologizing to me Peyton. Isabella also deserves an apology. Your sister was devastated not only by your father’s passing, but then by your getting ill. She fought so hard for your life, getting the best doctors from all over to try and cure you. And little did she know you were just throwing it all away.”

Peyton’s eyes obviously start to dispel tears, slowly beginning to recognize the consequences of her actions that she had chosen never to face. But Russel isn’t done speaking. “You had every right to mourn your father, that’s a type of pain I will never blame you for. But you still had a responsibility for the kingdom’s affairs. As the princess, your sister needed you there, and instead you chose to be a coward and run.”

He huffs. “The past year Isabella has been handling the kingdom’s affairs and has been working so hard to keep it all together whilst still looking after you. Isabella could’ve decided to run too. But she didn’t. And I hope you’ve learned a valuable lesson Peyton, you can’t run from all your problems, nor be naïve to whatever short-term happiness that comes your way. Life is hard. And Isabella deserves your help now, you have obligation to the Fauna Kingdom.”

Peyton nods her head solemnly, averting her gaze in embarrassment and shame, making Russel sigh. “And I hope you’ll return to being the girl I once knew. The girl who was free-spirited and full of life, always confident, lively, and always finding a reason to smile.”

Feeling like he has said his peace, Russel turns to leave, but Peyton snags the collar of his sleeve, pulling him back to face her. “Please don’t go... please- please stay with me. I want to go back to the way things were, to have you at my side. I’ll take the responsibilities of being a princess seriously. I really will. I just- I don’t know where to start... could you teach me? Could you ever forgive me?”

Her pleading eyes lead Russel to release a slow calm breath before taking her hand gently. “Of course, I will teach you. But my forgiveness can only come with time. Prove to me, fight to live again Peyton.”

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### Tanya’s POV

All feel right in the world again. For helping solve Peyton’s mystery illness, Isabella rewards us with buyers and funding for the Blue Moon pack, which means the Blue Moon Tree is saved! I’m overjoyed with the news, as are Marco and Caspian.

Finally, we are fixing to leave the Fauna Kingdom when Isabella comes to see us off. “It was so lovely to have you all. And thank you again for all your help,” she says warmly.

Marco and I both smile back at her, expressing our gratitude to Isabella and how much we loved staying at the Fauna kingdom. Although she does acknowledge our praise, as I expect, she's more interested in Caspian, turning to him with a cheeky smile. "So, have you considered staying in the Fauna Kingdom hmm? Why don't you just stay and marry me? Be my prince charming or 'princess' Caspian."

I watch as her flirtatious prodding causes Caspian to tense us immediately, stiffening at the proposal and replying way too formally. "I'm the Alpha of the Blue Moon Pack, how can I marry into the Fauna kingdom? I will not leave my pack."

Despite the sternness of his words, Isabella doesn't seem the least bit flustered, and only giggles in response to Caspian's anxious appearance. "I've got matters to attend to here, but trust me, I will come to settle our relationship another time," winking, she playfully adds. "You're my fated mate after all. Don't think you can escape me."

Marco and I can't help but give each other knowing looks as we watch the comical dispute, but remain silent till we're all in the car. Finally, I can't hold in my curiosity any longer. "So..." I can hear a gruff from Caspian as he's clearly aware of what I'm about to ask. "What's the status of you and Isabella?"

He rolls his eyes. "Well, it's impossible for me to marry into the Fauna kingdom."

"So, then you don't have feelings for Isabella at all?"

Immediately Caspian fumbles over his words, stuttering and mumbling as a blush sprouts onto his expression. This in turn causes Marco to snort in slight jest. "Oh, just give it up Caspian. You'll have to surrender to Isabella's advances one way or another."

I can tell this prod at Caspian's masculinity, and he retorts with a similar amount of wit. "Oh, don't you start. You only want me to marry Isabella so you can have Tanya all yourself!"

Now it's Marco's turn to go red. I bend over in laughter whilst Caspian continues his playful brigade. "But as you know, Tanya is a part of the Blue Moon Pack. She's family to me. And you know damn well if you do anything to hurt her, I'll come after you."

"Ooh Caspian, you truly are terrifying," the flat tone yet immense sarcasm in Marco's voice has me buckle over further in giggles. "You wouldn't hurt a fly," says Marco.

"Not true!"

And so, the rest of the trip is filled with these playful jabs and continuous laughter as we mock our silly and yet complicated lives.

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In the end however, we do part ways. Caspian heads back to the Blue Moon Pack whilst Marco and I return to the capital. Marco is about to head to consult with Eric about the Blue Moon Tree, but momentarily turns to me to say. “Hey, so there’s going to be a party this evening, and I’m wondering if you’d like to join me? Philip and Thomas would be there, and I’m sure they’d really like to see you.”

It takes me a moment to reply. Whilst I really do want to see the two men, and it has been quite a while since I’ve seen anyone from the capital. Yet, someone else needs me more. “I’m sorry, I would, but I haven’t seen Claire in ages, and I’m sure she’s missing me. I’ll visit Thomas and Philip later, but I would like to spend tonight with Claire.”

Marco understands and respects my wishes. He heads off to see Eric whilst I go to see Claire.

Later that evening, I’m reading Claire a bedtime story, the both of us intending to fall asleep after it. However, just as I’m about to finish, my phone rings. I reach for it, but just before I can pick up the call, a lively voice rings out loudly from within my mind.

“Hello, Tanya! We finally meet!”

Chapter 78 Marco Is Drunk

## Chapter 77 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya’s POV

I’m completely frozen solid in place, unable to grasp the situation. My brain is trying to come up with all sorts of reasons that didn’t imply the obvious. There is no one else in the room with me other than Claire, and she is now softly asleep. My eyes snap to my child just to be sure, but as I assume, she’s snoring away.

My eyes glance to my surroundings, trying to find another person, not knowing if I really want there to be another person... But all I see and hear is my phone crying out for my attention. To the which the voice once again speaks out. ‘Are you not gonna answer it?’

I don’t have time to respond to the mysterious voice, instead I pick up the phone, hearing that it is Oliver on the other line. “Hey Tanya, I’m very sorry to bother you but...” he sighs, and for a second I worry something bad has happened. “Could you come take Marco home? He’s really drunk.”

A sigh of relief escapes me, for I'd rather Marco be drunk, than hurt. Before I can respond, my ears pick up a female voice from over the line, sounding very similar to someone I knew, and particularly disliked. "Is Lily there too?" the words tumble out of my mouth before I can filter them properly.

"Um. Yeah, a lot of people came tonight," Oliver seems slightly confused by my line of questioning, but I don't give him time to ponder it.

"Alright, I'll be there soon, send me the address."

I hang up the phone, rushing to put on decent clothes. I kiss Claire goodnight before heading out to the specified bar. And as I walk briskly, I'm once again reminded of the strange voice that has greeted me earlier, affirming that I'm not going insane.

'It's so nice to finally meet you Tanya!' she sounds immensely bubbly and carefree, although I can't exactly see the individual physically, I imagine she's very expressive in her mannerisms. 'I'm Freya, your wolf.'

The bombshell of information weakens my knees, making me stumble about, and I must quickly stop myself from falling. But Freya barely notices, continuing to talk energetically. 'I'm sorry it's taken me so long, there was a strong barrier preventing me from speaking to you. But I was able to break through! I'm free now! We can be together now!'

I have gone my entire life accepting the fact that I would forever be wolfless. That I'm an abomination to the species. So, I can't help the fact that I'm speechless. But Freya doesn't seem to mind, instead almost childlike, she's much more interested in other things. 'I've never gotten the chance to say, I think Marco smells really nice! I don't know what it is, but I felt so much stronger whenever he was around.'

I can't help the slight upturn to my lips upon hearing this, and what she says next makes me feel even better. 'And just so you know, you do have the scent of a werewolf Tanya. But because I was awakened not so long ago, the scent is very weak. But it will strengthen with time. And soon you'll be able to shift into your wolf form!'

Freya goes on to chatter about how she excited is now that she's finally able to talk to me, telling me about all the times she has been there but couldn't speak to me, and how now she is overjoyed to get to experience the world together. And somehow, this diminishes my initial sadness when I heard that Lily was at the bar too.

My conversation with Freya ends as I finally arrive at the bar. I recognize all the familiar faces that I haven't seen in years. Philip, Thomas, Oliver, Cathy and Lily, including other royals from the palace. But the crowd appears to react coldly to my presence. They're not abruptly rude, but I can tell they're displeased by me being there, probably due to what Lily has told them, and how I chose to leave Marco for the money.

Of course Lily doesn't hide any of her resentment. She gives me a dangerous glare as she glides over to Marco's side who I now lay eyes on. His sits pretty much unmoving, like a marble statue crafted with divine expertise. But no matter his godly figure, something is ultimately off about him, and Lily clearly doesn't care. What obviously matters more to her is inflicting my heartbreak.

She giggles at Marco flirtatiously. But the moment her gaze snaps back to me, it is imbedded with the pure evil I know she's capable of. "No one wants you here," like a ballerina, she struts towards me with intimidating grace, forcing me to step back in cowardice. "Stop being such a bother Tanya. Just do everyone a favour and go home."

Despite the pain in my heart, my eyes still waft past Lily and onto Marco, as she turns her back to me hoping to be taken into Marco's arms. I use the opportunity to approach him, at least let him know I'm here. But I don't have to. Marco's head lifts immediately, as if he senses me. He ignores Lily and his hand reaches out to take mine and he tugs me closer with desperate fierceness that makes me freeze.

A strong hand wraps around my waist, forcing me to lean in, and before I know it, his head has dropped into the crook of my neck, nuzzling against my bare skin that causes my senses to tingle with an exponential buzz. My astonishment matches that of everyone else's, including Lily, who storms out with definable anger and immense disappointment.

Although the expressions of the people around me change as they realize that it seems I'm still very important to Marco, I dislike the amount of attention on me. I quietly turn to him. "Let's go home Marco," I say in a soft whisper, to which I feel him nod and comply.

And although he's sluggish, Marco is conscious enough to walk, and I only have to place his arm over my shoulder to allow him to lean on me for balance. We reach home in a decent amount of time. Marco had made sure we weren't staying at the palace, and before our arrival from the Kingdom of Fauna, he had the palace maids clean up our old house.

Upon entering the house, I can feel Marco's body beginning to slip. He needs to sleep, so I whisper words of encouragement, wanting him to at least make it to the bed so he can crash there without waking Claire who is in the other room.

My aim goes almost to plan but as we approach the bed Marco immediately drops in my arms, making me stumble and collapse into the mattress with him. Without warning, Marco's arms encircle my waist and back, and pull me in close against his chest. Although I'm initially surprised by his actions, I soon relax in his embrace.

My head lowers against his chest, and I can suddenly feel and hear the racing pace of his heart. "Why's it beating so fast?" I blurt out quietly, somewhat confused. Beneath me Marco stiffens, before stating with a drunk slur in his words.

"Water... I need water."

I blink myself back to reality and pull myself off him. “Course, wait here,” I hurry back into the kitchen. Although as I fill a glass my mind can’t help but wonder. I decide to ask the newly found voice in my head. “Is it normal to have a fast heartrate when you’re drunk?”

As if on cue, my wolf makes herself known with a response. ‘It’s possible.’

I’m not totally satisfied. “But how come I feel as if nervousness can also cause a racing heartbeat?”

‘Well, that also makes sense!’ she says with a perky disposition.

I’m slightly amused by her childlike answers, leading me no closer to a proper conclusion. “Why are you just agreeing with everything I say?” I ask with a chuckle.

In response, Freya playfully defends herself. ‘Hey! I was woken not so long ago. I’m still little in terms of my knowledge of the world! I just feel both your statements make sense.’

I softly smile., she is right in a way, I couldn’t blame her for not knowing. But it still doesn’t help clear my confusion. Either way, I head back to Marco and hand him the glass, and after that, he falls asleep right away. I watch him quietly and can’t help reaching out to gently stroke his face, feeling his skin beneath my touch.

Something stirs with me as I think about how Freya has been very interested in Marco, and how enticing his scent is to her. It makes me wonder.... Could we be mates?

But everyone already believed that he and Lily were fated mates? But could they have been mistaken all along?

I shake my head, there is no proof beyond speculation, and without proof, I can’t assume anything. I’d just have to wait and see. Other than that, what I can prove is that the barrier that had been restricting Freya all this time must’ve been from my ruby necklace. There is no other explanation for that.

I brush a hand across my neck to where it had once been in thought of it. But it was the only thing my mother left me, something I cherished so dearly. It confuses me to no end, and makes me somewhat sad and frustrated, why would my mother’s necklace suppress my inner wolf?

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### Third POV

With no true answers to the questions that boggle her mind, Tanya sighs, brushing her hand across Marco’s face one last time before making her way out of the room and heading to sleep. As she does so, the eyes of the Lycan Prince flicker open, bright and clear as always, and with no hint of drunkenness displayed in their oceanic shade of blue.



## Chapter 78 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Marco's POV

I wait to hear Tanya step out of the room and that's when I finally open my eyes again. Trying to pretend I had been drunk was such an annoying affair, but it was necessary in order to have Tanya all to myself without her questioning the truth of my feelings. Course that's when I hear Manuel speak up.

'Come on man, just tell her you love her. I can't stand it any longer. I've felt so drawn to her, and now she's starting to emit a scent that I just can't ignore. She almost smells like Lily. Wait. What if she's our fated mate? She must be!'

I don't discredit Manuel's assumptions entirely, but I'm not confirming them either. Not till I'm sure. Instead, I withdraw Tanya's ruby necklace that I've kept hold of. "Don't worry, I've come up with a plan."

'Another plan? First you used Isabella as an excuse to marry her, which she later found out about. And then you were using Claire as your reason. And then you pretended to be drunk and got Oliver to call Tanya to come pick you up just so can have intimate contact with her. Oh Marco... I strongly doubt if you can come up with better plans!' he says in a playful tease.

I just roll my eyes, choosing to ignore him, and connect with Oliver on the mind link.

'I need you to do two things for me.'

'Of course.'

'First, I want all the information you can find about the day Lily and Tanya were born, including the exact hospital, the delivery room and the doctors and nurses involved. And the other thing,' I can't help but pause, taking a deep breath in before saying. 'I want you to help me find information about my mother's death. Particularly about the maid who was in charge of my mother's food and living situation, and where this maid went after my mother's passing.'

I can sense Oliver's discomfort over the mind link, but like the loyal friend I know him to be, he doesn't question my requests. We end the mind link and I return to look at the ruby necklace, saying to both Manuel and also to myself.

“It’s time for Lily to tell us the truth about who she really is.”

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Tanya’s POV

The next morning Marco greets me in the kitchen as I prepare coffee for the both of us. “Eric’s agreed not to cut down the Blue Moon Tree.”

I look at him with surprise as a broad smile graces my lips. “Really?”

He nods, softly smiling back at me in return.

“Oh, that’s wonderful!” I hand him his mug of coffee before picking up mine, and he clinks our drinks together playfully.

“Cheers. We did it Tanya. We saved the Blue Moon Tree.”

I nod in agreement, sipping on what feels like liquid gold with renewed enthusiasm.

“I also got you your job back at Eau de Lune Parfumerie.” Again, my eyes widen in utter shock as he explains further. “That’s why I went to the party last night, so I could talk to Philip and Thomas. They spoke to their mother and Vivian gladly agreed to have you go back to work.”

The butterflies in my stomach flutter chaotically at the promise of being able to work at the famous perfume store again and being able to continue doing something I am so passionate about.

“Also, I didn’t invite Lily to the party, she came on her own accord. Nor did I interact with her intimately. Not last night and not in the last five years,” I can feel the sincerity of his words, his eyes looking ever so seriously into mine as if to prove that his words are true.

But I believe him. I always would. And nothing can stop the happiness that rummages my system when hearing this.

---

Not wanting to waste any time, I plan to head straight there. I pack my things and give Claire a kiss goodbye knowing she’d be looked after by one of the palace maids. Marco drops me off at the shop and I once again thank him for giving me the opportunity.

I smile broadly, looking up at the shop sign with sincere delight before heading inside. I notice that there are many new employees who I’m glad to see. And they all greet me kindly. Course, my excitement doesn’t last long as Lily comes into my field of view, and she appears to mirror my discontent.

For most of the day, I'm unfortunately forced to spend it with Lily. Despite the fact that she's no longer able to work on perfumes as I have been told, she still plays a major role in the management of the company. And sadly, I would still be in direct contact with her on a regular basis.

Nevertheless, I am getting to work at my favourite perfume store and I'm willing to suck it up because of it. Since it's been nearly five years there are obviously a couple of changes to the workflow, so Lily shows me my station and how things are run now.

Eventually we come across one of the old employees, Kathy, who I used to work with, and she greets me with a friendly smile. Although I notice a flash of confusion cross her face. "Are you both using the same perfume?"

My face scrunches in puzzlement as I don't know how to first respond. Kathy sniffs the air near me, before finally coming to a conclusion. "No wait... actually, it's not perfume. It's your scent. The whiff I got smelt like Lily's body scent. Why is your body emitting her scent?"

I'm frozen in place, still not totally sure what to say, nor do I know the answer. Instead, I see Lily stiffen beside me. She hurriedly attempts to negate the presumption. "You're wrong," both I and Kathy look at her, surprised by her abruptness. But I watch as Lily corrects her panicked state, calming her tone of voice. "I just mean, Tanya has no wolf, so she has no body scent. So, it would be impossible for her to emit anything," she says logically.

Kathy goes to sniff at me again, and her brows narrow in confusion. "Oh, you're right Lily. The scent's gone. Maybe I was just imagining things," although I can see Kathy finding it slightly strange, she nevertheless chooses not to disagree with Lily.

The incident is soon forgotten, and I finally get to work. Only for a couple of hours, however. Eventually Lily comes down to 'check up on me'. When in fact I know she is going to continue to bully me just like she used to five years ago. "Tanya!" she calls out to me with an arrogant air and I hurry to her. "I need you to tidy up the warehouse."

I look at her first with confusion, and then with narrowed brows. I know what she's up to, and for once, I'm not going to stand for it. "That's not my job."

She's obviously surprised by my retaliation, but she maintains a cold expression. "When I ask you to do something. You do it."

I cross my arms over my chest. "No. I'm a perfume designer and not a warehouse worker. And I will not be forced to do jobs that I'm not employed for."

Lily's nostrils flare with rage and disbelief. But she doesn't cause a scene, she whirls round and storms back into her office without another word. For once, I feel victorious, and proud, not realizing I'm going to regret this later.

Later that day I have a meeting with the management with a proposition for a few of my perfume ideas that I have in mind. I'm so excited to present my different ideas, I had been working on some of these perfumes on my own for years and having the funding from a proper shop and the proper equipment to work on them meant I could bring a lot of my ideas to life.

I feel like I've got a lot of the team on board as they all seem very interested in my ideas. However, after I finish my presentation, I see Lily firmly shake her head, and my shoulders ultimately sag as she says. "These just won't work. They're not on brand for us, and they require too much funding. So, no. I'm going to have to reject these proposals"

I huff. "But I've created a spreadsheet detailing all the finances, and it's doable. Also I can tailor the perfumes to fit the brand- "

Lily puts up a hand to stop me. "Don't forget I have the final say in this company. And I refuse to fund them. Do not speak out of turn Tanya. Just because you were given this job because of your connections, doesn't mean your ideas are worthy. I'd suggest working on your abilities and not thinking everything will just be handed to you."

Although she wasn't saying it directly, I know she's basically implying that only my relationship with Marco is what got me the job. It's so aggravating.

Just then, Marco walks into the office with a massive bouquet of roses. My eyes are wide in disbelief. And then I remember. Today's Valentine's Day!

Chapter 80 Where's Your Ruby Necklace?

## **Chapter 79 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan**

Tanya's POV

Lily and I are glaring angrily at each other just as Maroc walks in, and he doesn't hide that he's overheard the conversation between the two of us. "Tanya has talent. She is not incompetent," he suddenly states proudly whilst walking over to my side.

"Her getting the job wasn't just because of me. I only mentioned to Vivian through Philip and Thomas that Tanya desired to return to work at the company. It was Vivian who was more than happy to have her, and even praised her talent and her achievement for winning the perfume competition. So Vivian invited Tanya to return to Eau de Luna Parfumerie as a special consultant."

It warms my heart tenderly as Marco defends me, and I'm sincerely touched by his words. But he's not done. His icy glare then snaps to Lily. "You have no right to belittle her talent," he cocks his head in piercing look that makes me shiver. "Was it not you that lost to her in the competition?"

Lily's obviously flabbergasted by the confrontation, she flusters with her words to begin with, before releasing them in a fit of anger. "Have you forgotten what Tanya did to you 5 years ago? She's a terrible person! Why are you defending her?"

Marco barely reacts, and only says in a cold voice. "That is not a matter that concerns you. Or anyone else. It's between me and Tanya, and I have the right to choose whether to forgive Tanya or not. But no one else has the right to bully her. Not you."

Lily is flustered, her shoulders sagging as she doesn't know how else to respond. Marco simply huffs before turning to me with a smile. "Happy Valentine's Day," I'm astonished and undeniably adore the roses he hands me. I can't help but drop my head into the large bouquet to inhale the sharp romantic smell, before my eyes lift back to him, sparkling with inner joy.

But that's not all. I watch him reveal a box from a gift bag he brought along, opening the box to reveal a dazzling diamond necklace. I'm left speechless, stammering as I try to respond. "Marco... this is too much- thank you."

He chuckles softly. "Nonsense. Turn around so I can put this on you."

I comply without a hint of protest, allowing him to clasp the silver chain round my neck so the diamond pendant sits fresh and bright against my collar bone, as if it belonged there all along.

I truly am overjoyed, and I'm swimming in pride that he would get me something so beautiful. Marco really spends Valentine's Day with me as he promised 5 years ago. I don't have to receive fake, malicious roses on Valentine's Day anymore.

But my emotions are contrasting heavily to Lily's. She appears shocked and in some form of disarray that she tries to hide, before pointing out. "But where's your ruby necklace Tanya?" I look at her with slight confusion, I didn't think Lily would notice something as simple as a necklace when she disliked me so much.

But Marco answers for me. "Tanya took it off and left it in my room at the palace."

I don't seem to understand Lily's rage, but I know Marco. Although everyone may not have noticed, I caught a glint in Marco's eyes when he answered Lily, as if he had predicted Lily's fluster and had been waiting for Lily's inquiry.

Nevertheless, my thinking is interrupted as Marco takes my hand, and we head home together. It's late in the afternoon by now, and Claire is already home from school. She greets us enthusiastically by the door, although I notice her eyes dart excitedly to our hands that lay intertwined.

Before I can ask about her day, Claire cuts me off with a sudden statement. “Will you and Marco sleep in the same room tonight?” she winks mischievously as we both look at her with considerable surprise.

Since we don’t answer her immediately, she chooses to elaborate. “My friends at school told me their mom and dad sleep together,” again, Marco and I really don’t know how to respond to her childish inquires, and we both try to change the conversation one way or the other. But throughout the entire evening, Claire periodically brings it up again.

Eventually we have to pretend that we’re going into the same room together for night. Finally, alone I say to Marco. “What are we meant to do? Marco, she’s insistent. She won’t let this go.”

He sighs. “I know, I know....” his head tilts in thought. “Maybe, to ensure she believes that we’re in love we should sleep together in the same room tonight.... Just for the time being, until she forgets.”

I’m obviously shocked. I blink at him, and then blink again, unable to understand or comprehend his proposal. But before I can say anything else, Marco turns away from me sharply, as if to hide embarrassment. He then suddenly puts on a rather confident air while saying. “Well, I’ve already done my part pretending to be a good husband, I’m sure it shouldn’t be too hard for you to help me out a little.”

I can’t help but only playfully roll my eyes as he continues. “Look, we will just sleep in the same bed, that’s all. Also, I think I’ve given you enough compensation for holding up your end of the deal,” he points at the box, which withholds my new diamond necklace that I’ve put back.

My mouth gapes in the form of a smile in response to his teasing. “Excuse me? The necklace was a gift! You can’t use it as a bribe,” I say in jest.

“Sure I can,” he grins, and before I can grab it, Marco swiftly snatches the box that contains the necklace.

“Hey!”

He toys with me, dangling the necklace out of my reach, and I can’t help the giggle that escapes me. He uses his height against me, lifting the necklace high up whilst I continuously jump, trying to catch it. Eventually I jump and barrel into him accidentally, and we tumble onto the bed with me on top.

But Marco still doesn’t give in. Every time I try and snag the piece of jewellery, he yanks it out of reach with a playful laugh. I straddle his torso and pin his legs in place with my weight as best I can to stop his wiggling. “Give it here Marco!” yelling with laughter as I miss to catch hold of it once again.

There’s a rough playfulness in my actions that I can’t help it at the moment, as I do whatever I can to win our silly game. I pull his clothes and try and hold down his other hand whilst reaching

out for the necklace. We're so closely pressed together I can hear the erratic rise and fall of his chest as he laughs.

But suddenly, I feel Marco stiffen beneath me, and despite lying down, his head lifts to look at the doorway. My head turns to his line of sight, and I immediately flush red with embarrassment as Claire stands there looking at us both curiously. Although her smile is infectious, and we all burst into laughter.

Marco helps me off him and he grabs Claire and pulls her onto the bed with us. No longer than ten minutes and she's fast asleep. Although Marco and I remain awake, somehow both knowing that we need to talk. He whispers into the darkness. "Have you felt any changes to your body recently?"

Somehow, I thought he might've known, or at least guessed that something had changed within me. I nod. "I actually have a wolf," I can't help the excitement in my voice as I say this. "She spoke to me a few days ago. She told me that even though other werewolves don't sense my wolf yet, they will soon. And..." I almost feel the same amount of disbelief as when Freya first told me. "I'll be able to transform into a wolf soon."

Despite the blackness of our surroundings, I can clearly see his blue eyes widen in surprise, before he smiles at me. "That sounds amazing."

I don't reply to him immediately, and he senses my discomfort. "You're not excited?"

I sigh. "Don't get me wrong, course I am. All this time I believed I'd never have a wolf, and now finally know I have one and that I can transform one day. It's surreal.... But."

"But what?"

"It just sucks because I suspect that the barrier that was suppressing my wolf for so long was the ruby necklace my mother left me... I just don't know what to believe anymore. Why would she leave me something that would hurt me?"

Marco reaches over Claire whose still fast asleep, and gently rubs a hand over my shoulder, trying to comfort me. He gives my arm a squeeze, forcing me to look back into his eyes. "I promise we will find out who did this."

"But how?"

He smiles confidently. "Lily also has a diamond necklace that she always wears. I suspect that your necklace and hers are the keys to solving the mystery surrounding your birth. We will finally know the truth."

I smile back at him, not sure if that is even possible. But I trust him. "I hope so."

"Don't worry. The plan has already started. I'm going to get Lily to us the truth herself."

## Chapter 80 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

### Tanya's POV

Eventually the weekend rolls around, and with Claire off school and me off work, we decide to go visit Vivian's family for lunch. Marco suggested it actually, and I'm happy to oblige, since I always enjoy Vivian and her son's company.

We arrive and are escorted by the maids into the main sitting room. And whilst I have been to Vivian's home many times before, I went straight into her perfumery room to work with her. I have rarely seen any other part of the house.

The living room is gorgeous. The space compliments Vivian's personality so well, bright and covered in soft spring colours. Massive windows surround us, letting tons of light filter through to brighten the space.

Whilst pastel purples and cream tones are the main thematic colours of the furniture and rugs. Funnily, I don't know if I can smell actual lavender or it's just my perception of the room that makes me feel like we are surrounded by a field of wild lavender flowers.

Nevertheless, I'm delighted by the room. And soon Vivian and her two sons Philip and Thomas enter and greet us. And finally, Vivian's husband Alexander, who I have never seen or met before enters the room.

He's a man of few words. He's tall in frame with a trimmed beard and short sharply cut black hair. And he moves with purpose and swiftness. We learn that Vivian's husband has been in charge of training the soldiers of the royal army. He has to be away a lot to do his job, but comes home periodically.

Lily is also at the house and joins us, but her presence doesn't cause me too much discomfort since everyone else is delighted to have us over. Vivian is ever so kind to us, and so very glad we came to see her. She serves us lunch that's lovely and delicious, and later we sit back down in the sitting room for afternoon tea.

Everyone is in love with my little Claire, and they all interact with her fondly and with an abundance of delight. All except for Alexander, Vivian's husband, who appears a bit more withdrawn and quieter in nature. He's still very polite, but I can sense he's not entirely use to



having people over or interacting with others on a more casual basis. As I can imagine working in the army, he's forced to put on a tough exterior.

Claire doesn't seem to be too bothered by this however and appears unafraid of Alexander's tough disposition. And just like a cat who knows that someone isn't a cat person, Claire chooses to approach the person not giving her as much attention as the rest. Her bright, wide curious eyes dawn him and she shuffles over cautiously, before reaching up to touch his beard when he isn't initially paying attention.

Everyone stills. Silence befalls the group as Alexander goes rigid. I can tell everyone is worried, I am particularly concerned that he'd take offense to Claire's childish actions. Claire also appears decently nervous as Alexander initially fails to smile. And so, she speaks out in a soft cautious tone.

"Grandpa has a beard, which is so handsome! I never have a beard," her innocent eyes are filled with admiration as she goes to touch her bare chin sadly.

Suddenly, Alexander breaks his stillness, and his lips crack into an amused smile. His guard drops and his body relaxes as he picks up my little girl into his arms, softly smiling at her.

"You're a young lady. You don't need a beard," he says with a deep chuckle. But Claire still looks immeasurable sad that she does not have Alexander's impressive facial hair. Which he notices, eventually, he takes her hand in his, and lifts it up to his beard. "But you can touch mine all you like."

The happiness in her expression is a joy to see, and we all burst into laughter as she continues to touch and run her hands through Alexander's beard. Calming the nerves of the rest of us, as Alexander appears to adore Claire.

After this cute display, I can't help but let my gaze trickle over to Marco. And while earlier he seemed comfortable and happy amongst everyone else, I notice a subtle shift in his expression. His eyes daze off, and gloss over in thought, and I recognize that he must be receiving a mind link.

Whatever's been said to him, immensely changes his facial expressions. I want to reach over and ask what's upset him so deeply. But before I know it. His face draws back into one of nonchalance, hiding any and all of his feelings once more.

I don't have the chance of speaking to him as he suddenly waves over one of the servants, taking out a key that he hands to them. "I need you to retrieve my wax seal kit from my room in the palace. So, I can seal letters when I'm working from home and I'm not in the palace," he says with a strict and rigid tone.

The servant bows his head in understanding, but just before he takes the key, Lily snatches it out of Marco's hand with a broad smile. "I can do it!" she says with an excessive amount of

enthusiasm. “I’m going there anyways; I can pick it up for you,” my brow raises in curiosity and slight discomfort. But it isn’t my place to question her.

And for some reason, Marco doesn’t refuse her request. He nonchalantly hands her the key and she whirls off in a strange sort of excitement and hurries to his room.

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### Lily’s POV

As I walk through the palace and towards Marco’s room, I can’t help my mind trickling back to the chaos that I have endured over the past couple of days. No one knew or understood how panicked I was when I realized that Tanya was no longer wearing her ruby necklace. It trifled my inside with nerves and unsettled me so deeply.

It was the only thing that was suppressing her inner wolf. Her body was now releasing her natural canine scent like a normal werewolf, though it was still faint and soon... her wolf would reappear and she’d be able to shift into her wolf form! And worst of all, Tanya would realize she’s an Alpha and not an Omega and the true heir of the Montenero family.

This I can not allow. No. I must stop this from happening at all costs if I ever want to keep my life and noble status. If anyone finds out the truth... I’d be ruined.

The anguish makes my hand unconsciously go to rub the diamonds round my neck as a coping mechanism. I’ve always worn the necklace, knowing that it’s in fact not what it actually appears to be. It’s in fact a ruby necklace, with diamond plating on the surface to hide the cluster of rubies underneath.

If one chose to look really closely, they’d see that the diamonds have a swirl of black in their plating, illuminating to the black magic embedded in the necklace that allows me to give off Tanya’s body scent, making me appear and smell like an Alpha instead of the Omega that I truly am.

Growing my anxiety by the second, I finally reach the door to Marco’s room, I look to my surroundings to confirm that no one is nearby. And when I feel like I’m truly alone, with the key in hand, I unlock the room, and quietly step inside. Apprehension fills me to the brim, but I inhale a deep breath and start looking for the ruby necklace.

Although I try to return everything to as it was so not to alert anyone that I have been snooping. I can’t help but be hasty in my movements. I tussle through his drawers. I wrench open his cupboards. I shove aside clothes and belongings, and scour through folders.

When the necklace doesn’t show itself in the obvious places, I start looking at more discreet hiding spots. In books, under objects, even in the flowerpots. I become evidently more desperate in my search, pushing aside furniture to check underneath, and checking in shoes.

Nothing but dust...

Of course, the harder part is trying to find a way to get Tanya to wear the necklace again, but that won't happen until I find the damn thing.

I grow anxious by the minute, feeling nearly hopeless when I realize so much time has gone by and someone will inevitably come looking for me. That's until, I open a small box that's nestled in the darkest corner of his cupboard. And that's when my eyes grow wide. I open the box, unveiling the glistening crimson piece of jewellery.

I've got it!

But just before I'm about to celebrate, the door behind me clicks open, and a sense of dread sprouts from deep within me.