

## Chapter 97 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Queen's POV

I've been confined and restricted to my quarters for over a month now. No one has come to see me, nor have I asked to be seen. I remain in solitude accepting my fate, so long as my children are able to survive, I care little for my own existence. My children will carry on my legacy, they will live on.

Despite my acceptance of it, this reality still haunts me. And I find myself turning to books as a method to overcome my sadness. At least Joseph allowed me that. He could have easily left me within four walls that are empty and barren. But he permitted my love for reading.

I drown myself in the variety of genres I've collected over the years. Books about science, books on philosophy, bibliographies, and my favourite, fiction. But today is no day for reading, for as I sit beside my window, my hands are forced to put down the pages in my hand. My room faces the main gate, and I watch the guards fluster and run about like madmen. Something is amiss.

Even the guards stationed by my door appear distracted, they mutter words I can't hear to one another in subtle discomfort and tension. What on earth has happened? I wonder. Just then, I recognize the voice of my most capable and faithful maid yelling at them.

"What are you doing here? You know the situation is serious! You're needed at the front gates!" I can imagine their flustered faces, their armour clatters against itself as they rush off to wherever needed. I smile, knowing how intelligent Penelope is.

I shift off the windowsill, and lift the hem of my gown as I hurry towards the door. I hear shuffling from behind before the little carved window slot on the top end of the door clicks open. It's so small, I can only see her bright hazel eyes peering back at me.

"Tell me what's happening!" I hastily whisper, knowing there is little time for formalities.

Without misstep Penelope tells me how Eric has been defeated by Marco. And while immediately I fear the death of my son, she assures me that Eric is alive and has formed some form of alliance with Marco. I appear confused, until she elaborates.

"Dorian is Joseph's son."

"What? He's not my son."

“No. He isn’t... I’m sorry your majesty.”

It feels like a knife has just been wedged into my chest, and this invisible knife only embeds itself deeper as Penelope explains how Dorian captured Cathy and used sacrificial black magic on her to attempt to destroy the royal family. And whilst he’s dead now, Cathy is in a coma. And the only way to awake her is for one of her family members to voluntarily die instead of her.

My legs want to buckle beneath me, but what stops me from crumbling to the floor is placing my hand through the little rectangular peep hole. My maid understands my pain and she clasps her fingers with mine. “You must find a way to help me escape,” I grow desperate in my plea. “Even if it’s just for a moment. You must help me.”

---

### Tanya’s POV

Every day since we found about Cathy’s situation, I have been worried sick, especially when knowing the promise of survival is so close yet so far. Cathy feels just within our reach, her body lays waiting for us, no longer imprisoned and taken by a monster. But her soul... it sits in a realm I can’t see, slowly voyaging onwards. And if we are not quick enough, we may miss it.

Most notably, when we learnt about Cathy’s dilemma, Eric’s expression still haunts me. I can’t imagine, nor want to imagine the guilt and torment he must be feeling. I can’t help the dark blob of anxiety that sits deep down within me, like a sign that something terrible is about to ensue.

It’s nearly midnight, and I still can’t find myself comfortable enough to fall asleep. As my chest continues to rise and fall with great effort, like something heavy is pressed against my breast. But I try to focus, try to count, try to do anything to bore my mind and allow it to rest.

Eventually, I feel my eyelids grow heavy, only for them to spring up as the bed jolts beneath me!

I turn round to see Marco sitting up in bed, his bare chest pumping at a rapid rate as excessive sweat covers every inch of his skin. I sit up, hold him gently at the arm, and he flinches despite my softness. “It’s me Marco. It’s Tanya.”

I whisper, knowing how waking up from a terrible dream can be difficult. Yet I still brush his arm in slow soothing motions, trying to bring his mind back from whatever horrid place it may have been. I plant soft kisses against his shoulder and arm, being patient for him to tell me what’s wrong.

“I don’t know why, but I just have a terrible feeling that something bad is going to happen,” he says, turning to look at me with a tense expression that feels so unnatural.

I nod. “Me too, I can’t fall asleep. I just have this horrible feeling in my gut.”

“I don’t know what it is...” Marco says. “But something is telling me to go back to the cave where Cathy is trapped. I’m drawn to it in my dream. Over and over again, and it’s like I never reach it in time... I think we need to go there, now.”

“Then we must go. We must trust your intuition, Marco. Let’s go.”

Without another word the two of us get dressed and shift into our forms, galloping hastily through the woods as wolves, weaving between the trees and blending in with the dark forest as we move with purpose. Finally, we approach the cave, shifting back and hurrying through its gaping entrance that’s eerie and laced with foreboding.

Upon entering it is Eric who is standing within the magical sacrificial circle beneath Cathy’s body. His clothes are drenched with sweat, his chest rising and falling so rapidly I can imagine his heart rocketing out his chest. I don’t think I’ve ever seen tears spill from Eric’s eyes, and I don’t think has Marco either, as my husband looks at his brother in absolute horror.

Eric is holding a knife to his throat. His hand is shaking as he holds the blade sideways to the flesh just beneath his chin, ready to slide it round. “Eric No!” I scream.

“It must be done. I did this. I did this to her. And now, this is the only way I can give back to her. To save her.”

I can’t help but scream his name once again as Marco bolts in Eric’s direction. I can sense Marco’s terror as he rushes at his brother at full Lycan speed. But it appears to be too late as Eric moves his arms, closing his eyes in surrender to his fate.

But suddenly, someone else materializes from the shadows, snatching hold of Eric’s arm and twisting the blade out of his grip. The weapon suddenly clatters to the ground as a woman’s sobs can then be heard.

It’s the Queen...

The bags beneath her eyes and frazzled hair starkly contrast to her magnificent robes that she’s still dressed in. But she sobs and sobs, cheeks wet and red with tears as she forcibly pulls Eric into her embrace, screaming almost as she breaks down and shakes.

“How could you?! We’ve nearly lost your sister and you thought taking your own life was the solution!”

“It’s the only way to save her,” he says with a stifled sob.

“No! I will not accept that response from you. You are my child, my only boy. There is a way. Marco and Tanya will find another way.”

Despite the fact the Queen is technically meant to be on house arrest, I can’t deny how heart breaking the situation before me appears. I rest a hand on Marco’s arm, knowing he can’t deny

that the Queen has prevented Eric from killing himself. As a family, they were already so torn, offering them an ounce of sympathy is the noble thing to do. And so, we leave them be.

The next couple days are immensely stressful and disorderly, as everyone searches for another way to save Cathy. Marco continues having terrible nightmares, he jolts awake in hot sweats, unable to breathe. There are times he wakes and whispers how his dreams torment him. How he feels obliged to sacrifice his own life for Cathy.

But I do my very best to soothe him, trying to coax him out of his despair and remind him that we still have time. That we'd eventually find a way to save Cathy. I of course hide my own anguish, for hours and hours I read through hundreds of books, flipping through pages as I scour the library for any information, hoping, praying, that there'd be another way.

But in the end, our efforts are futile. One afternoon, Marco enters our room with a solemn face, and I rush towards him in fearing the worst. "The Queen has died," he whispers. My eyes grow wide. Together we rush to the cave, finding the Queen being held in the arms of Eric whose bloodshot eyes look upon her limp body in great sorrow. And as her blood trickles round the circle, the dark magic dissipates, and Cathy is saved.

Chapter 99 Epilogue

## Chapter 98 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

I've been laced up in the most beautiful dress I've ever seen. The heart shaped bodice is covered in magnificent rhinestones and crystals that glitter and shimmer as I move. The corset hugs my figure and is connected to massive angel sleeves that slip past my wrists. The bottom of the dress flares out around me in layers of a brilliant shade of emerald green. And the veil that's placed over my head cascades down and out in a long train that's fit for royalty.

For a Queen.

I can't help eyeing myself in the mirror in disbelief. With my hair pulled into a tight bun, it's only the little twirled whisps of my hair that are left to frame my face and green eyes that stare back at me in astonishment. To consider all the events leading up to this very moment, baffles me. Eighteen-year-old Tanya would never believe she is standing here today, about to be married to the King of the Mador Kingdom, to be declared Queen.

I can't help but let my mind wander to the days before. How the Queen's death did indeed save Cathy. The only remaining daughter of Joseph, rose from her slumber still weak, but alive. And her health is getting better and better by the day.

Course, Eric remains troubled, and I sense his turbulence whenever I see him. He blames himself immensely, believing his excessive thirst and greed for power were the cause for all this. He's inevitably changed very much because of this. He no longer seems to have an obsessive attachment towards the throne.

Despite his betrayal, because he admitted his fault in all of this, and helped Marco defeat Dorian, he was given leniency with his sentence. He's been stripped of his royal title and will be banished from the Kingdom of Mador for five years.

In all honesty, his meddling with magic has garnered him a much worse fate than his sentence. Eric's Lycan powers have vanished due to the negative backlash inflicted on his body from the inferior black magic. I assume it's because Eric used black magic through unnatural means, and that's why either the darkness engulfed his Lycan abilities, or a more superstitious belief is that the Moon Goddess took away her gift as a consequence for his actions.

Either way, we don't know how severely this will affect him, or for how long. We've consulted many books relating to it. Some say that the black magic will keep invading Eric's body and will eventually kill him in a few years. Whilst others say that the black magic will only temporarily cause the loss of his Lycan abilities, and maybe within a few years the Lycan power will return to him. But there's no way of truly knowing.

After Joseph learned that Dorian turned out to be his, and that it was because of his past deeds that led to the terrible war between his three sons, he seemed to have aged a few dozen years from being filled with regret and guilt.

The poison he had consumed already made him weaker than what he used to be, but the mental torment caused him sickness again. The King feared he might not have many years left to life, and felt he was no longer capable of ruling. So he's passing the throne to Marco before his death.

As for Lily, she was once again sent to prison. And this time, she would be imprisoned for life. Somehow, I don't think she'll be able to escape a second time, mostly because she's gone insane. When the soldiers found her hidden in one of Dorian's rooms she had already gone mad, unable to accept defeat. Rumours from the maids say that throughout her entire trip back to the palace prison, she repeatedly wailed and screamed. "I'm the queen, I'm the queen!"

But none of that matters now, I'm marrying the love of my life. All we have worked for and all we have fought is finally returning to us.

About an hour later, Marco and I are attending the enthronement ceremony hand in hand. We walk towards the throne, crowds on either side are cheering as we wave and smile. Flower petals are tossed all around us, the kingdom celebrates our union and our accession to the throne.

Upon reaching the podium, we stand facing the masses as the words of our accession are read out. Finally, the servants approach us with the crowns and I bend down as it's placed on my head. However, my gaze quickly turns to Marco, watching as he diligently allows the glistening symbol of royalty to be placed upon his own head.

This is what he is truly meant for. I knew it in my heart. Marco is a leader, a warrior, and a father not just to Claire, but to the entire kingdom. He's not just a symbol of power, but of loyalty and devotion to what he cares for most. I'd trust him with my life, and I know the kingdom trusts him to rule Mador with grace and strength.

The crowd claps and cheers and we seat ourselves, Marco on the throne, and me on the chair beside him. Suddenly my hand feels warm, and I look down to see his fingers intertwined with mine, signalling of what's to come.

Later that day we return to the palace to have a more private wedding ceremony. It's still with the presence of many royals and nobles from the Kingdom of Mador as well as from other Kingdoms. And the wedding will be broadcasted live for the public to watch.

I remain in the same gorgeous dress, my arm linked with Alexander's, my real father, as he walks me down the aisle, smiling proudly. I come across many familiar faces as we slowly make our way forward. Such as Caspian and Isabella. The Princess from the Kingdom of Fauna playfully winks at me as I notice her arm is gingerly tucked in the embrace of Caspian's. I guess she tied down the stubborn Alpha after all, and I can't help but giggle at the sight.

I also pass Peyton and Russel who seem to have reconciled. And Eric and Cathy, I offer them both a solid nod of respect. Eric would leave the Kingdom of Mador after the wedding ceremony, but I and Marco both understood he knew of his faults and allowed him to attend.

Ahead of me, my little Claire is the flower girl. Dressed in a pretty pink gown, she skips along the way, tossing flowers in pure excitement and joy, making me smile. Finally, I and Alexander reach the podium, and he hands me over to Marco who appears dashing in his black and white suit laced in gold royal patterns.

The music dies down as the priest begins to speak. I only stare into Marco's eyes as the words of marriage are spoken. My hands laced with his, I can't help but squeeze them every now and then, trying to ensure that today is real.

Finally, we say our vows and exchange our rings. But that is the regular doings of any ceremony. I and Marco have something else especially planned for ours. Some special to commemorate our initial first encounter.

We each are given a page where we've written our promises to one another. Kind words, and loving thoughts expressed in little letters we wrote to each other before today. And then at the bottom of each of these pages are two places to sign.

The first is titled 'marriage contract', which we both found particularly hilarious when typing it out.

And the second... is timeline, which is equal to a: lifetime.

Eventually I and Marco sign our names on both agreements with a smile, which amounts to a promise that we will always love and protect each other for the rest of our lives. No matter what.

The final act of our ceremony is I turn my back to the audience and toss the bouquet of flowers behind me. I hear the excited giggles from the girls and turn around to see Cathy hugging the flowers against her chest with a massive bashful smile.

Finally, hand in hand, amidst the loud excited cheers from the crowd I and Marco exchange a deep and passionate kiss, sealing our love and our fate and everything else that falls in between.

Chapter 100 Bonus - Honeymoon, Mark & New Baby

## Chapter 99 - Pregnant After One Night With The Lycan

Tanya's POV

For our honeymoon, Marco takes me somewhere far away. Far from the royal families and the kingdoms. Far from civilization. We delve far into the woods and into its depth is where he brings me to a beautiful clearing. And there lies a small and quaint log cabin, big enough for just the two of us.

“It's beautiful Marco,” I whisper in awe.

Like little fairies, the bees and little bugs float and dance about the fields of lavender that surround us. The sun sparkles down and makes the grass glisten a vibrant green. And the log cabin sits quietly amidst the beautiful scenery.

Marco brings me in and we drop our things in the room. I immediately go to kiss him, but Marco shakes his head with laughter. “What?” I ask playfully.

“Put on your bathing suit first.”

“Oh?” I chuckle, but oblige, pick up my bikini and quickly change as does he, and the two of us head off again. He takes me down a trail. “Close your eyes,” he says. So, I do, and I take his hand, he leads me further and further, till I start to hear the roar of rushing water. I can even feel droplets sprinkle my body with the cool liquid and my excitement grows.

“Open them...”

I open my eyes, staring in awe at the magnificent waterfall that's dauntingly gushing water and majestically forcing the river to go in its desired direction. The surrounding forest is just as loud,

and my wolfish senses take in all the sounds, sights and smells, able to pick out the details and intricacies of what may lay invisible to some.

As I lay entranced by the world around me, I can't help but squeal in surprise as Marco sweeps me off my feet. I wrap my arms around his neck in excitement as he brings us near one of the hot springs that surround the massive waterfall.

He lowers me in before climbing in after me. The water is hot yet soothing, and I find myself sinking with great ease and comfort. And of course, I waste little time asking for what I want. As Marco stands next to me, I grab his perfect face, smooshing our lips together suddenly.

And I feel his body rumble in happiness beneath me as his hands go to caress my body, feeling through my bathing suit. My skin tingles with excitement as his fingers move sensually down my sides and back, sliding past my thighs and back up to my waist.

Our lips meld together, moving with ease as he opens his mouth, allowing me to slip my tongue past his lips in growing hunger. I have to rise on my tip toes to remain at his height. And before I know it, I feel Marco's fingers slip through the waistline of the bottom half of my bikini.

And before I can do anything about it. Well not that I want to. He slips them off, helping me out of them and setting it on the ground beside the hot springs. "That will be a funny thing for someone to find don't you think?" I tease playfully, and he chuckles with laughter.

"Oh, and you think I'd let you lose that? It looks absolutely spectacular on you. I better be seeing more of it during this trip."

I laugh and nuzzle myself into the crook of his neck from sheer delight. My hands go to slip hold of his swim shorts pulling down and doing the same he has done with my bikini by placing it on the ground beside us.

We remain on the edge of the pool of water. With Marco's back to the natural wall, my hand finds his member and I begin stroking it gently beneath the water, whilst I continue to kiss him with growing hunger. I can feel his body growing more excited by the minute, our wolves begging for more.

Finally, Marco grips my thighs, and with ease lifts me up. Without any trouble he holds me up, and my arms go to wrap round his waist to secure myself, whilst I take the initiative of doing what needs to be done. I giggle into his lip as I search through the water for his manhood, finally finding it again I gently press against my flower and watch him gasp with absolute delight.

"Stop being a tease," he mumbles softly.

Course I can't help it, I rub his flesh back and forth just over my opening as the movement causes sparks and vibrations that give me the shakes. But eventually I press him just against my opening and with a sharp thrust of excitement, Marco slips through my folds.



I gasp as he starts pumping. Knowing he's unworried of being particularly quicker from the start. I go to mouth his neck as he holds me at the waist, moving my body up and down with ease, each slam of my body against him being more pleasurable than the last.

Our loud moans are almost drowned out by the sounds of the forest and the colossal waterfall. But we still somehow rise above it as I begin to scream with more joy and pleasure. Marco's grunting escalates as he moves me against him quicker and harder, each thrust of his manhood sending another wave of sensations that have my eyes roll in joy.

"Faster Marco faster!"

I hear him grunt again, but to my displeasure he slips out of my body suddenly. And I can't help the pout that sprouts across my face. Although his laughter in reaction to this does make me smile. "I won't leave you hanging don't worry."

He switches us around, dropping my legs back on the floor and moving me so the front of my body is now against the rocky wall. Marco places both arms on either side of me, caging me in his domain as he once again slips his throbbing member into me.

We start again, even faster this time. I'm screaming for joy, sending birds rushing off in the distance from the disturbance. Marco thrusts hard and fast, and leans forward to nuzzle my neck as he pounds me to climax.

Our bodies rock to their peak and the two of us let out animal sounds of pleasurable joy as slowly come back down from the sexual high. And when Marco finally has the energy to pull out, I suddenly turn round to face him.

"I want to mark you," I whisper confidently.

He eyes me curiously, but doesn't object, going to kiss me before allowing me to slip past his jaw and down to his jugular. My canines erect in want and need, and I sink my teeth into his flesh. The sensations are spectacular, and hearing Marco moan only adds to the fire. He wraps his arms around me tightly, pressing me harder against him and his slowly re-erecting manhood.

Finally, I release my hold, unable to stop myself from licking at the wounded flesh. And being triumph to see the mark. My mark, now etched in his skin. "You're mine and I am yours," I can't help but whisper.

He rumbles, before quietly adding. "Always."

---

One Month Later

Marco is hard at work in his office, typing away at his laptop as I sneak up behind him. Of course he probably knows I'm already here, but doesn't bother to ruin my fun as I come up from behind him, covering his eyes with my hands.

"Who am I?" I giggle.

I feel Marco smile and chuckle against my fingers before I unlace my fingers and swivel his chair round to face me. "It should be no one but me!" I say in playful confidence.

Marco chuckles and pulls me onto his lap. "So, then what brings my one and only to my office?" he asks curiously.

I smile up at him. "I brought you a gift,"

He lifts a brow in question, but I don't answer him directly, instead, I take out the pregnancy strip I have been hiding, showing to him the two lines situated so clearly on the strip. Marco's eyes widen. "You mean I'm going to be a father?!"

I give him an enthusiastic nod, and Marco excitedly hugs me, lifting me up and getting us both off the chair to spin me around with excitement. I can't help but squeal for joy.

"Oh god! That's bad for the baby! Okay no more spinning," I laugh at his mannerisms as he puts me down again. He eventually silences my laughter as he pulls me into a sweet and long kiss, that will never fail to make my heart soar up to the heavens.