

Accidental Surrogate For Alpha By Caroline Above Chapter 15

Chapter 15 – Learn werewolf

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eyes which makes me think he knows exactly what I mean. “Human modesty.” He clucks his tongue and shakes his head. “So prudish, you’ll see soon enough, wolves aren’t nearly as repressed.”

“I’m not a prude! Or repressed!” I defend hotly, climbing down from the table and regretting it instantly. A second ago I was equal to Sinclair in height, now he towers over me..

“The Goddess made our bodies perfect as they are, why would we hide them?” He questions silkily, the same devilish smile on his face.

Narrowing my eyes at the big man, I grumble, “fine.” Whipping the gown off over my head, I stomp over to the corner where I left my clothes neatly folded. I tug them on quickly, but not so quickly that Sinclair will think I’m

embarrassed about being exposed before him. When I turn back, he looks mildly impressed.

“I didn’t think you’d actually go through with it.” He confesses. “But I’m sure glad you did.”

I notch my chin up defiantly. “I don’t back down that easily. You might have seven senses or whatever, but it will take more than that to figure me out.”

His smirk only grows as he closes the distance between us, invading my space with his powerful presence. “I can’t wait.”

“What do you think?” I ask a few hours later, as I stand in front of a full length mirror in a gown which costs more than my apartment.

“I prefer the green one.” Sinclair responds thoughtfully, his penetrating gaze running up and down my body as I try on yet another dress.

I don’t know how to feel about this shopping trip. I’m enamored by the stunning clothes around us, but it seems so extravagant to spend so much on material things. I’m only too aware that orphans are starving in this very city, wouldn’t the money be better spent on charity?

I say as much to Sinclair, but he only smiles at me. How has our relationship changed so quickly? A couple of days ago he only glared at me, now he always seems to look at me fondly. “Did you find nothing about my finances when you were snooping?”

“Research is not snooping.” I answer tritely. However then the memory rises, and I recall that he gives at least half his fortune to the less fortunate. “If you still have this much to spend on mere clothes after giving away so much, maybe you should give more.”

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Sinclair shocks me completely. He nods thoughtfully. “Maybe I should.” I can only blink, Mike never listened to my advice – or indeed anything I said – with so much attention. It’s only now that I see what true consideration is like, that I realize just how deficient he was as a partner. Trying to shake myself out of my thoughts, I change the subject. “So the green one?” I confirm, knowing precisely the dress to which he’s referring. It’s the same emerald shade as his eyes, and studded with gemstones and rose gold accents that precisely match my hair.

He nods. “It suits you, besides, it covers your shoulders.”

“Why should that matter?” I question in confusion.

“Because I haven’t marked you, and I don’t want people to notice.” He explains.

“Marked me?” I squeak, not understanding what this means.

“I take it Aileen didn’t get that far?” He guesses, rising from the dressing room chair and prowling towards me. My pulse spikes as he approaches, and suddenly I realize why I’d felt like a rabbit facing a wolf when I went to plead Cora’s case with him. That’s basically what we are, he could snap me up in one bite, and I’d be helpless to stop him.

“A mark,” He begins, hooking his finger under the spaghetti strap of my gown and tugging it off my shoulder, “Is the way a wolf claims his mate.”

I gulp, too focused on Sinclair to fully process his works. “Mark how?”

“It’s a bite, right here.” He traces a finger over the spot where my neck meets my shoulder. “A deep bite, one that leaves his scent permanently on her skin.”

“I – doesn’t that hurt?” I fret.

Sinclair laughs, a dark, husky sound. “No sweet Ella, not if you time it right.”

“Time it right with what?” I inquire innocently, furrowing my brow.

The next thing I know, Sinclair’s eyes are glowing with his wolf, and my knees go weak. “Maybe I’ll explain it to you one day. In the meantime I’ll just scent mark you.” He remarks

cryptically. “Now stay there, I’m going to fetch one more dress to try.”

When he steps away, I realize just how attuned I am to his

presence. I wasn’t aware of any of my other surroundings when he was near. He consumed my attention completely, barring all else.

Once he’s gone I notice a pretty blue frock on one of the racks just outside the dressing room. I move to examine it, but as soon as I take the dress from the rack, a second set of hands lands on the hanger and tries to yank it out of my hands. “Hey, I saw that first!”

The woman in front of me is blonde and pretty, but sneering with an awful expression. She pulls so hard on the hanger that I start to lose my balance. She must be a shifter, I think, she’s too strong to be a human.

At this point, I’m only hanging onto the dress because it’s the only thing holding me upright, but the woman is soon trying to pry my hands free.

“I said let go!”

I’m about to simply give up and fall to the ground, when a pair of powerful hands catch my waist, guiding my feet back to the ground.

“Take your hands off of her, right now!” Sinclair barks, his snarling voice silencing everyone in the store. The petty woman releases me quickly, seeming to shrink into herself in the face of the infuriated alpha.

“I’m so sorry, Alpha.” She apologizes. “I didn’t know she was with you.”

“That shouldn’t matter.” He declares, coming to my side. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine,” I insist, but before I can say more, another man speaks from behind us.

“Brother, don’t tell me you’re attacking defenseless woman now.” The shifter speaking turns his attention to me now. “And who’s this?”



