

## Dark Obsession 18

### Chapter 18 A Risky Meeting

EVANGELINE.

My heart was racing as I glanced at the door behind me and then up at the man before me feeling completely confused. "H-How did you get in here?"

What if the guards saw him?

"By luck, I was out here getting some things for Grandmother, and I saw you shopping. You look happy..." He said softly. My head was spinning far too much to focus on his words. "I know Omega Lucia always stops by this shop, and so I thought I'd wait here... How have you been, Angel?" He asked, stepping closer

to me.

The room was far too tight for two people. I stepped back, hitting the door behind me, and stared up at him. A thousand emotions coursed through me. Shock, happiness, confusion, fear, worry..

Nervously I chewed on my bottom lip, "Y-you shouldn't be here." I whispered. If Zedkiel found out, he'd kill

him!

Raising his hands he cupped my face, "But I missed you..." He said softly, looking down at me, my heart soared, and I couldn't help but smile softly at the man I had loved for so long... His eyes flashed as he took in my clothes. "Has he hurt you?"

I shook my head, reality settling in, and tugged free from his hold. I looked away from him, remembering the mark on my back. He caressed my neck and remembering Zedkiel's touch, I moved away. I didn't know why, but Sinclair touching me was making me uncomfortable. All I could think of was Zedkiel's rage and those piercing gold-green eyes.

"You should go. You know the rules, Sinclair. I'm his now." I murmured, slowly turning around and lowering the jacket I was wearing, letting him see my back, that was now scarred by Zedkiel's mark.

I heard him swear. Closing my eyes, I could feel his aura around me.

"He marked you." His voice was low and menacing, but the truth was he could be as angry as he wanted, but nothing could be changed. I belonged to Zedkiel for life. That sounded like an awfully long time, but it depended on how long I survived.

Fixing my jacket, I turned and looked up at him. "I'm his now, his property. He can do what he wants with me... What do you want, Sinclair? Why are you even here?" I thought I'd be happy to see him... but right now, I just felt uncomfortable and scared.

This was wrong. I felt like I was doing something wrong...

"Angel... I thought you'd be happy to see me?" He was frowning in concern.

So did I...

Shaking my head, I looked down. "No, it isn't that I'm not happy. I just don't think meeting me in secret like this is safe. What if he finds out?" I whispered.

His gaze softened, and he cupped my face, stepping closer. "So you're worried about me?" He asked, his voice sounding dangerously flirty.

My heart thudded, and I stared up into those beautiful eyes. "I am worried... I don't want you getting hurt, and he kills people first and doesn't even ask questions later. You need to go from here."

"No. I'm going to help you get away from here." I looked up at him, shocked. "I mean not right now, but when the time's right. I'm going to save you, Angel."

He was.... He'd help me escape? A hope that I had long given up on now ignited within me and I stared at him. "You mean get away from here?" I whispered.

"Ye-" A knock on the door made us both freeze.

I didn't even hear anyone approach...

"Evangeline? Have you tried it on?" Lucia's voice came as Sinclair placed a finger on his lips.

Omegas were silent after all. Did she overhear?

"It's fine, it-it fits well! I'm just going to take it off now." I called back, praying she didn't hear anything.

"Oh, ok perfect." She responded. "I've chosen some other items for you."

"Thank you!" I called back. "Could you get me some more... nightwear?"

"Really? Did you like it? Oh, of course right away!" Lucia's footsteps retreated, and I looked at Sinclair, who was staring at the fabric in my hand, frowning deeply.

I looked down looking at the string and lace fabric of some sort that Lucia had given me and quickly hid it behind my back. "Where will I go where he won't be able to find me, Sinclair?" I asked quietly. "He'll hunt me down to the end of the earth."

"I'll find a way." He replied confidently.

Would he? "I don't know Sinclair, I'm just about learning to adapt. Maybe it would put us both in danger if we did something..." I replied hesitantly.

He shook his head scoffing, "Tell me, Angel, tell me that your heart hasn't already changed, and you are enjoying being his whore?" (1)

I blinked at the sudden change in him, his words stinging. "You can tell that he hasn't mated with me.... why would you say that?" I whispered, not caring that he could see how hurt I felt. How dare he!

He closed his eyes, exhaling sharply. "I'm sorry. I just don't want you to end up dead. I will take you far from here, somewhere where I will take care of you. You will live in secret, yet you'll be safe. You care for me, right Angel?" He stroked the strands of my hair that framed my face, making me frown deeply.

Live in secret... what kind of life is that?

"Of course, I care.... But we can't talk now, nothing is making sense right now. If they find out-"

"I know Angel, so here I got you a phone. Just keep it switched off unless you need to call me or text. I'll always have my phone close. I will also text if I have a plan or anything, ok?" He said, taking out a small slim phone. He held it out to me, and I took it with trembling fingers.

This felt so wrong... but why? I didn't want to be here tied to the castle, right?

"Evangeline?" Lucia's voice came, making me quickly shove the phone into my pocket as I cast Sinclair one last look. I was about to grab the door handle when he took hold of my upper arm and spun me around, pressing me up against the door.

My heart was thudding, my eyes widening, and shock flitted through me when his lips met mine. I froze as he kissed me. His taste, the feel of his touch... pleasant yet... I was unable to bring myself to kiss him back. and gently pushed him away. "I need to go."

His expression was unreadable, but there was one emotion I could read... The flicker of annoyance that remained there as I quickly opened the door and stepped out.

Lucia was observing me intently, and I wondered if she had heard something.

"Finally, was it hard to take off?" She asked, taking the flimsy fabric from me and holding it up. Well, held. up like that, it looked to be a lacy slip dress with a lot of strappy strings along the back and chest area.

I nodded quickly, taking it from her, not wanting the entire shop to see what we were purchasing. "I-I'll go pay. Come on." I said hastily.

"Oh sure, here are the rest of the items I picked out for you." She held out the basket, and I took it, not even bothering to argue. My mind was spinning, and I just wanted to return to the Castle. I couldn't believe I was actually wanting to go back there.

It was a while later and we had spent the last hour at a fragrance store before we headed to a body care store where I purchased some items I wanted. My head now felt funny with the number of scents Lucia had sprayed on me and insisted I purchase a few so Zedkiel could choose, which he preferred.

"Is it ok if we stop for a hot drink before heading back?" Lucia now asked the guards, who took the bags from us.

"Of course, miss." One of them spoke instantly, and I realised she indeed held power. Was this what they meant, Omegas of status?

We entered the café alone; the smell of coffee and hot chocolate filled my nose, and I realised I needed. this. Lucia sighed in relief, her smile faltering.

"Are you ok?" I asked, concerned.

She nodded, pointing to the menu board above the counter. "What would you like?"

I tilted my head, pondering over the options for a few moments. "A hot chocolate is fine."

“Take a seat. I will go get our order.” She commanded before hurrying off.

“Yes, ma’am,” I whispered, taking a seat in the darkest, most secluded corner possible, ignoring the few glances that came my way.

Sinclair’s words kept returning to me. The phone in my pocket felt like a terrifyingly enormous burden, almost as if it alone weighed several kilos. His visit had been risky... How long had he been watching us? What if someone had spotted him?

That kiss...

Frowning, I touched my lips just as Lucia returned, placing the tray on the table, and sitting down.

“Evangeline, may I say something?” She asked, taking one of the chocolate concrete cake and custard plates from the tray and putting it down before me.

“Hmm?” I asked as she placed the large mug of hot chocolate in front of me, one that was topped with whipped cream and mini marshmallows.

Oh, yummy!

“Who was in there?” She whispered, mixing her latte slowly.

I froze, my heart thumping as I looked up at her slowly, my face draining of all colour.