

Dark Obsession 2

Chapter 2

2. A Shopping Trip with Sinclair

EVANGELINE.

It was an hour later, and I had picked up everything Grandmother Philomena wanted me to get. Sinclair watched me, following me into every store I went into, not once did he complain when I took my time in the shops, and he was ready to take all the bags from me.

He really was a good person. It was these small things that made me feel all happy and fuzzy inside.

“All done?” He asked when I hurried out of the bakery, taking the bag of freshly baked croissants and scones from me.

I nodded, blushing faintly.

“Mm, all done.” Sinclair smiled, taking the bags in one hand and draping his other arm across my shoulders, and tucking me closer. His lips skimming my forehead before he presses his lips to my temple. “Great, then it’s my turn.”

I nodded; I was a little worried that Grandmother Philomena might get angry that I was late, but I couldn’t refuse Sinclair either.

“Where are we going?” I asked, tilting my head as I walked alongside him, at six foot three he was an exact foot taller than me.

He dips his head, brushing his nose against my cheek. “Patience Angel.” he whispers, pulling away, and I turn my face peek up at him.

Our eyes met, and my heart skipped a beat. That was a nickname he called me when we were alone.

“Sorry.” I apologised meekly, trying to pull away from him when he tugs me back in place before stopping.

He smirked slightly, reaching down and brushing my black locks off my face.

“Don’t apologise, and don’t hide behind your hair.” he growls before grabbing my hand in his, he kisses the back of my knuckles before giving them a squeeze, lacing his fingers through mine.

I chew my lip, my cheeks burning as we continued in silence. We came to a stop outside a florist, and Sinclair reached down, taking a single red rose, and handed it to me.

“Befitting.” He murmured, as the shop door tinkled open and out walked an elderly woman. He gave her a note that was worth far more than the rose, before he continued on, tugging me along with him.

We first dropped the bags to his car, before we got in, and drove towards the high-end designer store quarter.

I stared down at the rose, turning it between my fingers while my heart raced, it felt like a dream come true. I knew he was an Alpha... and I knew I was just an omega, but was it wrong to wish for more?

When we stopped, I left my rose in the car, making sure I placed it carefully on the seat, before we got out.

He entered an expensive dress shop, and I suddenly felt out of place. A saleswoman instantly came over, her eyes raking over Sinclair with approval.

“Good afternoon. Can I be of any use?” She asked, her eyes fixed on him, with obvious lust.

I couldn’t blame her, anyone could see he was a man of not only power, but looks and charm.

“Yes, please, we need a dress. Make sure it’s stunning, and the best you have. The price is not an issue.” Sinclair commanded. The woman’s eyes dart to mine and gives me a quick once over and smiles.

“Right away. Follow me this way.” The woman said, leading us to a couch. “Please take a seat. I will bring out several dresses that I think would suit Miss. Cassidy, refreshments for our clients, please.”

She added, turning to a woman who looked to be an assistant. In our world, she would be an omega.

Sinclair gave a curt nod and sat down, stretching his arm over the backrest and motioning me to take the seat next to him. It was only a two-seater... I sat down gingerly at the edge. Very aware of his arm around the back of the sofa.

“What is the dress for?” I asked, knowing how I was out of place here with my oversized, washout black hoodie, and dark jeans. I looked down at my boots, even though they looked dirty and scuffed compared to Sinclair’s polished black formal ones. When I don’t sit back, Sinclair fiddles with my hair, giving it a slight tug, making me slap at his hand. His sudden playfulness is quite unexpected, yet still made my heart sputter spastically in my chest.

“For your birthday party, of course.” He said, smirking slightly.

I tensed, looking at him with a glimmer of panic.

Birthday party? That meant there would be kids from school... Kids who hated me.

“I don’t want a party, Sinclair. Why can’t we do what we normally do?” I asked, instantly wishing I hadn’t spoken. Dread pooled in my stomach, I hated gatherings of any kind, let alone one designed specifically for me.

Sinclair leaned closer, reaching over, he brushed a strand of my hair off my face. I liked to keep my face hidden behind my hair, but he had a habit of moving it back. He tucked the strand behind my ear, his gaze scrutinising my face.

“It’s not a normal birthday, is it now Angel? You’re turning eighteen, that in itself is vital.” He said quietly. “But don’t worry, I’ll be there by your side, I’ll make sure you’re ok.”

“Thank you...” I mumbled, my stomach full of butterflies. “You promise?” I asked, Sinclair tilts his head to the side, before cupping my face in his hand.

“I promise.” He replied before pulling away when we heard the sound of heels and the saleswoman was back with several dresses on hangers. To my dismay, there were at least five that were red.

Why red? I didn’t want to stand out....

The assistant was back, and I thanked her when she placed the tray down on the table beside the sofa.

I didn’t get a chance to say anything about the clothing as Sinclair stood up and skimmed through them before he took a satin red dress. His eyes ran over it before he looked at me.

My eyes widened at the figure-hugging dress with the sweetheart neckline, and my heart sank.

“Try this one on.” He commanded, and I knew I couldn’t refuse him. So, I slowly stood up and hesitantly took the dress from him with shaking hands. Now even more self-conscious with the dress, he asked me to try.

I was in that dress within a few minutes, with the saleswoman being far too helpful, although I wished she wasn’t. I wanted to delay in here. It was too little. My arms were fully on display. I wanted to pull my hoodie back on...

“You have an incredible figure; we just need to bring the dress in from the waist...” She mused, as she fixed the strap and clipped the back of the dress at the waist. “Take a look.”

Take a look? All I could see were my boobs!

I turned slowly, staring in the mirror, my breath caught in my throat.

The woman in the mirror wasn’t the me I recognised...

“Come, let’s show Mr. Sinclair.” She said, and I wondered how she knew his name.

I let her pull me out, very self-conscious about how much skin was on show. I stepped out slowly. My heart was racing when I dared to look at Sinclair. Feeling a nervous mess when our eyes met and I froze.

His eyes were almost fully black, his wolf surfacing as he looked at me with an expression of pure hunger. My chest was heaving, and I almost wanted to run back into the changing room, but I didn’t move.

Inside I felt happy to see Sinclair’s reaction, it meant he liked what he saw... When he spoke, his voice was a guttural growl that startled both me and the saleswoman.

“We’ll take this dress.”

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“Happy birthday dear.” Grandmother Philomena said, placing the beautiful cake in front of me. Covered in black fondant with red roses of edible icing.

The lit candles on the cake danced before my eyes, blurring into glimmering spots as I looked at the cake. Something that was meant to be a happy moment for me really wasn’t...

Last night I hadn’t shifted, although I should have...

Of everything, I hadn’t expected this. When I stood under the moon, nothing happened. I didn’t even feel her presence... I was devastated. Without my wolf, I was useless, even as an Omega. I wouldn’t survive the Alpha’s knot, nor would I be able to carry a pup.

Sure, Alpha Aeron said, it might just be the fact that there may have been a mistake in my date of birth, as I had lost all memories of my past... but Grandmother Philomena had taken me to the oracle years ago to determine my age. Surely, she couldn’t be wrong.

No matter how shaken I had been, I had simply smiled at the Alpha and nodded, although I knew no one believed that either. I was just a failure, I bet they regretted even bringing me back... yet what hurt me most was the look of disappointment on Sinclair's face when I didn't shift. Sinclair had silently turned and left, and I didn't blame him.

The distant chant of "happy birthday" from a room full of fake friends, still reached my ears. Despite being consumed by my emotions, I couldn't shut them out completely. Grandmother, Philomena, had organised this for me...

"You're eighteen, congratulations Evangeline, here cut the cake." Someone passed me a knife, and I heard myself thanking them.

It wasn't a big party, just a few young men and women that Grandmother Philomena had invited. It still felt like too many people, this was the first time that I was actually getting a party after all.

I'm surprised she didn't cancel, especially since I never got my wolf, but I guess it was too late to cancel. My eyes scanned around the vast space, looking for him.

Where are you, Sinclair? You promised to be here...

I was scared that he was disgusted with me, since I never got my wolf... It still hurt to know he had just turned and left yesterday.

Usually Alpha Aeron, Sinclair and Grandmother Philomena would give me a present, and we would have dinner together, something I cherished. Despite the fact that Alpha Aeron was a busy man leading one of the most powerful packs in the country, he still made time for me.

"There you go, dear." Grandmother Philomena smiled endearingly as she fed me a bite of cake.

"Thank you, Grandmother Philomena." I smiled as I ate the cake.

Chocolate, my favourite.

“Smile child.” She murmured as she gave me a hug.

Wasn't I acting normal? Of course, with guests, she wouldn't want me behaving like I was miserable. I was being ungrateful... She had thrown me a party, yet here I was acting all gloomy.

I looked around the room, smiling gently, but inside, I still felt uneasy and was chastising myself for upsetting Grandmother Philomena.

This was a room full of people who knew I was not one of them, I was just an Omega, and they were all ranked she-wolves, but of course, they would want to attend. What better chance to get a glimpse of, or spend time with Sinclair, than this?

I scanned the room looking for him, my heart skipping a beat at just the thought of him.

Why wasn't he here?

Although I was different, I never let it get to me.

“Go mingle.” Grandmother Philomena ordered, and I had to obey.

Taking a deep breath, I ventured into the midst of the guests...