

Dark Obsession 3

Chapter 3

3. A Shock

EVANGELINE.

I walked through the crowds, thanking people for coming and for their gifts. They were pleasant to me, because Grandmother Philomena had eyes everywhere. After a while when Grandmother Philomena left the room, I walked over to the refreshment table and helped myself to a refreshing iced drink. I was so disappointed that Sinclair wasn't here... he promised me.

"Evangeline." I turned to look at the group of she-wolves who had approached me.

They were all older than I was, in their early twenties, and luckily, they weren't some of my bullies. I could see Celia across the room, talking avidly, or more like showing off to the others. But she was a high-ranked she-wolf after all.

I move a little further over, hoping they want to help themselves to food and not bother with small talk. "Hello." I said, smiling politely at the women in front of me.

Two of these were of Alpha blood, and I lowered my head in submission.

"Where's Sinclair?" One of them asked, helping herself to a drink.

I sip my drink, quickly. "I don't really know. I'm sorry." I said, looking around.

Another two rolled their eyes, whilst one of them shook her head. "Can you call him? We were really hoping he'd be here." My hands begin to tremble with nervousness, my eyes darting around. It was no surprise they were here for him. No one showed up for me, only him, and now I was wasting their time. Another reason for them to dislike me, yet still my eyes burned at the back, knowing the one person I thought would never let me down did. Sinclair broke his promise.

"I'm afraid I don't know where he'll be." I mumbled, feeling awful.

“Obviously, you’re just an omega. She doesn’t have any right to call him Katya.”

“So we came for no reason...” Katya murmured.

“I’m sorry. Excuse me...” I said politely, trying not to let my emotions show. It hurt when they said that... I was a person with feelings... I get it; no one wanted to come to my party. I didn’t either.

Unable to handle more of their snide comments and judgy eyes, I excused myself, no one really cared, carrying on with their conversations without even sparing me a glance.

“Great. I came here for him.” I heard one of them complain to the others.

“Same, why else would we attend an Omega’s party.” A third whispered.

“Shush, you don’t want Lady Philomena to hear you.”

I left the hall disheartened. I wanted Sinclair here too. He promised me, but I hadn’t seen him since last night at all...

Entering the bathroom, I felt disappointed.

He said he’d be here...

I looked in the mirror. Staring back at me was a woman who looked beautiful in a red gown, with black hair, tawny grey eyes, and pale skin, with a dusting of freckles over my slender nose and cheeks. I had more meat on me than the average woman. I prodded the top of my arm, very consciously aware of the curve of fat there. Even my cheeks weren’t refined...

I am of age now but... I didn’t have a wolf; would it make a difference to him? Is that why he wasn’t here?

I had grown up around Sinclair, and over the years, the admiration I felt for him soon changed to something more... I had even dressed up in the dress he purchased for me without complaint. Even put makeup on tonight too, hoping he'd realise I wasn't just the little omega girl he had saved.

I fixed my hair, smoothing my dress, before I slipped out of the bathroom, knowing that Grandmother Philomena wouldn't be happy if I was gone for long.

Walking down the hall, I hesitated, really not wanting to return to the room of young women who didn't want to be around me.

Silently I turned and walked towards the garden, I could use some fresh air. The best part of being an omega was that your presence wasn't noticed.

"...Aeron I assure you, we need her gone." Grandmother Philomena's voice came. It was filled with irritation and warning, and I froze, unsure of what was going on. But something told me this was not a conversation I should be listening in on.

Wasn't the Alpha meant to be out for work?

Should I leave?

"Mother, I understand, but are you certain?"

"Of course I am son, Sinclair's eyes have been on her for a while now... and I fear it might be more than just a sexual attraction."

"I don't know, I can't get my head around that. Evangeline is-"

I was about to tiptoe away when I froze, hearing my name, placing a hand to my chest.

"A beautiful young woman, and as much as I wouldn't care if Sinclair kept her as his, on the side. An emotional attachment to an omega is dangerous. She needs to go." There was finality in the old Luna's voice, and I wondered if Alpha Aeron would agree.

Terror began seeping into me as I waited, with bated breath for his reply.

He wouldn't agree... right?

That pause felt like an eternity.

"You're right, he is the only heir I have... I will have Evangeline gone soon. But do not speak a word to her, I will do it myself."

"Good and make haste. You know the charm of these Omegas." She added distastefully. It took everything in me to not break down. My world was crashing down just when I thought my birthday couldn't get any worse.

"Yes, so I'm assuming you have potential women lined up for him?"

"Yes, ones that will make ideal Lunas." my stomach sinks further and my eyes burn viciously.

My heart was thundering as I silently backed away from the slightly ajar door.

Why was she so hateful towards me? Didn't she like me?

But it made no sense, she had never let on anything of the sort, that she wasn't happy with me... Unless she saw it from Sinclair, and not me.

I placed a hand on my thundering heart, suddenly feeling very alone when I realised I was about to lose the only family I had. Lose the only life I could remember.

Alpha Aeron would make sure I was gone... Maybe it's best I leave before then.

How could I be so foolish? Obviously, Grandmother Philomena would want only the very best for her grandson. After all, he was the only heir and the future Alpha. Only an Alpha-blood female would be fit for Luna, since he never found his chosen mate... He couldn't just have anyone, let alone someone like me.

Goddess, I was so stupid!

I brushed the tears that threatened to spill from my eyes away as I turned, hurrying down the hall. I didn't want to return to that party anymore.

I ran into the back garden, staring down at the water in the fountain, my heart racing rather fast.

The weather was cool, and the moon was shining, but I felt devastated.

I didn't think the day could get any worse, but it just had.

"Evangeline." I froze as I realised who had called me, and I wasn't sure if I should turn.

Sinclair...

I turned, knowing it would be disobedient to my future Alpha if I didn't, and so I turned slowly and gazed up into his handsome face, trying not to let my anguish show. Was the Moon Goddess out to get me? Not only did I lose one family, but now two. And now I was being removed from the one man I wanted with every fibre of my being. Was she trying to break me, because I can assure her right now there was nothing else to break.

He tilted his head, those sexy eyes observing me.

"Is something wrong? What is it, Angel?" He asked using the pet name that got me every time...

I opened my mouth, wanting to tell him what was said inside, when I remembered Grandmother Philomena's words. I observed Sinclair intently, not missing the way his eyes flickered to my breasts.

I liked him too... and I would love to be a part of his life, but there could be nothing between us... Now that I couldn't even shift, I really was of no use... It would be selfish of me to even beg that of him.

"Nothing's wrong." I mumbled quietly. I realised this was the first time I had lied to him.

His eyes narrowed calculatingly, before he reached down and caressed my cheek.

"Are you sure?" He asked, stepping closer.

My heart was racing as his gaze went to my lips.

"Yeah..." I replied, trying my best not to back away. His hand didn't move from my cheek, his touch making my body react.

"You're lying to me." He said quietly in a raspy voice as he leaned closer, his gaze dipping to my lips.

"Sinclair..." I whispered softly, as he cupped my face.

I knew we shouldn't... not after what I had just heard inside.

He didn't respond, his lips pressing against mine in a tender, deep kiss that stole my breath away. I gasped, daring to place my hands on the much taller man's chest.

Sinclair was kissing me... I should make him stop, but I couldn't bring myself to push him away.

The kiss that started off gentle, suddenly became hungrier and rougher, and I felt him throb against me. I tensed, only for him to plunge his tongue into my mouth, and it was then that fear enveloped me. His hold became tighter, painful even, and I no longer was enjoying this.

I forced myself back, unable to stop myself from pushing his chest with what little strength I had. He stared down at me with his eyes blazing.

“What’s wrong?” He asked, his voice sounding almost harsh. “You were late, you promised me.” I murmured. His eyes flickered darkly, his jaw clenching. “Sinclair..I-” I try to speak yet words fail me as the look on his face turns darker.

I shook my head, feeling scared, and I stepped back, my heart thundering.

For a moment, I didn’t recognise the man before me. “I asked you a question. What is wrong, Evangaline?”

He was looking at me with an animalistic hunger that was so different from the Sinclair I knew...

“It’s nothing-”

“Isn’t this what you wanted?” He asked, sounding frustrated.

I shook my head, making his frown deepen.

“No, I mean! It is... it was... but- but don’t you need to take a Luna of Alpha blood?” I asked quietly.

He raised an eyebrow.

“And? What’s that got to do with you?” he snaps angrily, making me flinch.

It would have hurt less if he had just been slapped, and realisation dawned on me.

He just wanted me for my body... a toy. Exactly what Celia said. A side bitch. One to worship his cock when his Luna couldn't be bothered. Nothing more and nothing less. Why did I think there was more? Why did I believe he would want me for more than what my body could offer? I was just something to use to him now.

Grandmother Philomena was wrong... This was nothing more than just sexual for him. Alpha's needed strong Lunas, but they enjoyed submissive omegas...

"Evangeline, you're an omega. Your body is made for me, and all I'm doing tonight is making you mine." My eyes lift to his, and he steps closer to me, hands reaching for me.

His! How for so long I wanted to be his, want him to be mine. But not like this...