

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 15

Ask Don't Tell

She could not find the words to speak to him, locked in her own shocked anguish, and he lifted her from the toilet, held her over the sink and brushed her teeth for her, before starting the shower, and stepping, bare, under the flow of water with her, holding her up against him whilst he washed the vomit from her.

Once they were both dry, he carried her out of the bathroom and curled around her in the bed. The contradiction was not lost on her that he was both her comfort and the source of her pain. "I am sorry," he whispered. "It was not taken with the intention that anyone other than I ever saw it."

She squirmed against his hold, the pain and shame too massive to be contained, her body contorting beneath its weight, the scream that built in her chest seeming to get stuck in her throat, choking her with it so that the sound that broke forth was a strangled sob of pain and betrayal.

She suddenly understood the sort of pain that would have inspired her mother to take her own life.

She curled tightly into herself, her fists pressed to her mouth, and wept until she slept.

It was late in the morning when she woke, and she knew that the job that she had won the day before had been lost in sleep, and that was another cut to add to the multitude of tiny wounds that she bled from that small hope pinched out like the flame of candle beneath the cruelty of others.

Baron slept next to her, his eyes shadowed, the stubble dark on his jaw, and his hands held onto her even in his sleep, holding her to the bed where he had photographed her spent and soiled by his f-king, and then shared it, so that now, it appeared that every werewolf had a copy on their phone.

She wanted to sleep again, to escape the reality of that, but she could hear both their phones vibrating with messages and calls, and she knew that there was no escape.

She didn't want his hands on her.

She managed to free herself of his grasp, and rose from the bed, dressing in the closet into an oversized sweatshirt and jeans that she normally only wore when she was sick and staying home. When she walked out of the closet, he was sitting on the side of the bed, the sheet covering his lap but otherwise naked. He ran his nails through his stubble, his expression grim.

"I can assure you Jane," he said his blue eyes trying to hold hers, but she would not look at him. "The person who took this image from my phone will be punished, and I will pursue everyone who distributed and ensure that they know how it came to be circulated."

She felt as if she breathed sandpaper, the sides of her lungs scraping against each other. He rose to his feet, gloriously naked, but his beauty did not arouse her, the taste in her mouth bitter, and her body too tightly coiled in pain.

He put his hand on her shoulder. "I am very sorry that this happened," he murmured and waited, seeming to expect a response, but she could barely breathe, let alone talk.

He sighed and released her and began to dress. "Stay inside today, Jane," he said quietly. "Until I sort this out."

Once he had gone, she returned to the closet and closed the door behind her, folding herself into the tightest corner in the closed, dark space, her heels tucked tightly against her arse, her arms wrapped around her legs, and her cheek against her knees.

She stayed there, listening to her phone vibrate on the floor where she had dropped it when she had fainted.

She heard the door to the sitting room open, and someone in the bedroom and bathroom, cleaning, opening the curtains, making the bed, and then, a while later, bringing up a tray and setting it out in the sitting room.

"Madam?" Heathridge called hesitantly. "Your lunch."

There came a yelling from downstairs. Angelique and Baron's voices raised in anger, distracting Heathridge, and he ran out of the room.

Jane fell asleep, curled onto the closet floor, with the argument still raging.

She woke when Baron picked her up off the floor. "We are making a habit of this," he commented as he carried her to the bed. "It has been taken care of, Jane," he told her firmly as he undressed her.

"An official explanation has been issued. Everyone knows the image was stolen from my phone, the image of a fond husband taken during a first heat, that should never have gone any further. You should feel no shame about that photo," he carried her into the bathroom and closed the door between them whilst she used the toilet and brushed her teeth. "I am not the first, and not the only husband to possess such an image," he said through the door.

When she walked out, he caught her chin in his hand. She slid her eyes to the side. "Jane," he said quietly. "Talk to me."

“What do you want me to say?” She wondered.

“Just... talk to me,” he replied.

“Thank you for issuing the statement.” she replied, and got into the bed.

He undressed, leaving his clothes over the back of the chair, and got in from the other side on purpose, so that she was facing him by accident and turning would be a deliberate act of defiance. They stared at each other across the pillows.

“There is much,” he said softly. “That you do not know or understand Jane. Much that I cannot tell you. As your husband and mate, I am asking for your trust and obedience.”

“I am an omega,” she whispered back. “You tell me. You don’t ask me.”

A muscle worked in the corner of his jaw, picked up by the moonlight through the window. “I am asking.”