

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 25

Red Wine and Rings

As they re-entered the night club, his eyes scanned for Angelique, locating her with a group of other she-wolves, all beautiful and glittering both in their confidence and their jewels and beautiful dresses.

Her entire life, Jane thought, she had never been permitted into their cliques, despite being born one of the pack, and yet Angelique had been accepted within such a short period of time, and, in fact, had taken up a lead role amongst them. The pain of exclusion was sharp and lonely.

"Ah, Baron," Toby Longford greeted him. "I had wondered where you had disappeared off to."

"Ah, well, you know," Baron laughed, the implication being that he had taken Jane up to his office for a quick fuck, she realised, and cringed, seeing the sneer on Barbara Longford's face.

"What can I do for you, Toby?"

Jane hovered, not included in the conversation, held in place by Baron's hand on her waist. A sudden rush of wet down her front caused her to gasp, and she looked down at the spreading dark stain that dripped down her beautiful dress – one she could not now sell, she added to herself bitterly.

"Oh, dear," Angelique exclaimed. The she-wolves she had been with moments before burst into laughter, and Jane saw Baron and Angelique exchange the notebook. "Jane, you are eternally underfoot when I have a glass in my hand, it seems. I am so sorry, Barbara, I do hope she didn't spill any on you."

"No, thankfully," Barbara assured her, and then shook her head reprovingly at Jane. "Really Jane, you always were such a graceless creature. Her mother was just the same, of course," she told Baron. "Pretty, but always such a pathetic embarrassment to poor Matthew. I think he was grateful when Rose put herself out of her misery."

"That is.." a muscle worked in the corner of Baron's jaw. "A despicable thing to even say, let alone in front of one of her children."

Barbara looked startled by the reprimand, and then embarrassed. "Of course," she said, flustered. "I forget that you are new to us, you and Angelique have fit in so well and easily. It is not something that is considered a secret amongst our pack, Baron, I

am not being rude in stating the truth of it. Rose Corbyn was a pathetic creature whose only one good act was removing herself. That is simply how it was.” “Come, Jane,” Baron took her hand. “I think we are done here.”

Out the corner of her eye, she saw that Angelique was dancing again with Davis Wright, her hands against his chest and his inappropriately low on her back, and both looking at where she stood and laughing, along with many others, who openly pointed as the red wine trailed down Jane’s leg into her shoe.

Jane pulled back against Baron’s hand, and he paused looking down at her with a frown. She stepped out of her shoes and caught them up by the heels, following on bare feet. They wove through the patrons towards the entrance.

Whilst they waited for the limousine to pull around, he put his arms around her, pulling her back against his chest. “I am very sorry about what that b–tch said,” he said near her ear.

She let her hair fall over her face. “Ah, Baron,” Matthew Corbyn said as he and Alice entered the club. “Leaving already?”

“Oh, god.” Alice saw Jane’s dress and sighed in sneering exasperation. “What is it about you, Jane, and red wine? What an embarrassment.”

“I think the fault lies in the one holding the wine, more than the one left wearing it,” Baron replied, his tone hard. “Jane was the victim of someone else’s clumsiness.”

“It is funny how it is always someone else’s fault,” Matthew observed dryly his expression disapproving as he looked down at Jane. “The same story since childhood. It was Alice, Ben or Jake’s fault for the scrape that she was inevitably always the only one caught red–handed doing. Well,” he looked back to Baron. “A shame to cut your night early, Baron. Send Jane home in the car and join me for a drink.”

“Thank you,” Baron said, “but I have a busy day tomorrow. An early night is needed. There’s the car now.”

“Another time then,” Matthew and Alice continued into the club as Baron led Jane out.

“I can go home alone,” Jane told him. It would be a relief, she thought, to have the car to herself and let the tears that threatened have their way without having to worry about being watched, other than by the chauffeur who simply wouldn’t care. “If you wanted to stay.”

"Hmm," he handed her into the car and slid in behind her. "With your luck, Jane, I would rather not risk it. And I don't want to stay." As the car pulled out from the curb he sighed. "I hate every f—king one of them."

She looked at him in surprise. "You do?"

"That surprises you," he put his arm around her and pulled her against his side, leaning his face into her hair and breathing in her scent.

"Someone in this pack or one of the packs of this city was responsible for my grandfather's murder, the theft of our treasure, and the destruction of our pack.

Everyone else turned a blind eye whilst it happened. Even your grandfather, and he was the only one to offer my grandmother aid, did not speak out for my family.

"So, when I find out who was responsible, I will take them all down together," he told her threading his fingers into hers. "Every last one of them. Except for your father, of course," he amended.

"David Corbyn's kindness hasn't been forgotten by the Westerns, and your father has continued the tradition in easing my way into this city and his pack."

"What are you looking for?" She wondered.

"A ring. A special ring. One of a kind," he explained. "The ring that my grandfather was wearing the morning that he died and wasn't wearing when his body was discovered. The ring which had the code for my family's strongroom of treasure. Whoever has that ring, has to be the same person who murdered my grandfather and stole from my *family*."