

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 3

### Tied to the Bed

She went to her room, passing through the grand entrance hall, her eyes to the precise joins in the expensive marble tiles so that she did not need to meet the butler Heathridge's eyes.

Heathridge usually poised between pity for her, and frustration in her failure to live up to the potential of her heritage. After tonight, she suspected frustration would win.

She went up the left arch of stairs, towards the wing that was hers. The right was Baron's and Angelique's. She wondered how the blonde she-wolf was getting home, seeing as Baron had not paused in order for her to join them, and then wondered why she cared.

She went into her room. A pretty room, decorated in shades of eggshell blue. Decorations selected before she had arrived; she hated the colour herself. It was one of the guest rooms on this wing of the house. Not the mistresses' room – Angelique slept there, adjoined to Baron through an internal door. This was the room for a wife that was not wanted, and was not loved.

She pushed the door closed behind her, her heart racing in her chest, her claws

rising and piercing the wood as she Vinhaled heavily. She leaned against that door, sucking in air, anger fierce within her.

She screamed her angst into a room lit only by the moon through the windows and gripped the dresser against the wall. Its weight would normally be too great for her, but, in her heat, she dragged and shoved it until it was against the door, and then pushed against it every other piece of furniture until there was an obstacle of furnishings between her and the portal, wedging the door firmly shut.

She was sweating, aroused, and frantic after building her blockade, and she shredded the remains of her dress with her claws, before turning on the shower at cold. She stood, sobbing, and dragging in air, under the frigid flow of water knowing one thing, and one thing alone, that she did not want Baron in her rooms.

As she stepped out of the shower, she heard the screech of furniture and a curse.

\*Jane!" Baron hit the heel of his palm against the door. "Jane!"

She stood there watching the furniture heave and not give, proud of her construction.

Eventually, he stopped trying, and the door stopped shuddering under his attempts.

She lay onto her bed, the moonlight silver through the windows, the glass closed to the night, but the curtains open, and writhed under the demands of her flesh. She slid her hand down her body, trying to satisfy its cravings, but without success and screamed and arced off the mattress in frustration, and heard him again at the door, calling out her name.

She found herself crawling across the room, pulling at the furniture, seeking to free it in order to admit him, and angrily tore her bed sheets, using them and her teeth to bind herself to the bed. She shrieked against the gag of cloth that she herself had placed, her body straining to the point that ligaments and bones popped and groaned, sweat breaching across her and sticking her hair to her face as she writhed and fought.

In the quiet moments, she would lie panting, listening to Baron fighting against the furniture piled against the door in the other room, roaring out her name through the slither of door.

And then a window shattered inwards, and she saw him lift himself in over the broken glass, shirtless, muscles standing out against his skin in an impressive display of strength, his eyes reflecting the light, glowing, as he crossed the room. He had wrapped cloth around the palms of his hands to protect them from the glass. He stood by the end of the bed, panting, growling, looking at her, frustrated into a state more wolf than man.

She had tied herself to the bed to prevent this, she thought, and in doing so had made her a perfect victim.

He took in the bindings, his expression raw, and turned his face away from her breathing in heavily. "You would do this rather than submit to me?" He snarled finally. "You would do this rather than bear a Western baby?"

She sobbed in a breath against the gag in her mouth that she had tied there too well.

"Well," his sneer was savage. "You failed. But if you want it as rape, it will be rape."

He tore the towel from her and groaned, his hand closing on her breast, squeezing to the point of pain. "Do you feel that?" He snarled at her. "That is a Western with his hands on your Corbyn breast. And this," he groaned as he forced his way into her. "This is a Western, f-king you."

She sobbed in against the gag, tears running down her cheeks.

"Yes," he said his lips near her ear. "You feel me now, don't you?" His hand closed at her hip, lifting her into his thrusts and she screamed, not because it hurt, but because it was exactly what her body craved, and she came, hard, arcing up against him. "Oh, yes," he groaned, and she felt the pulse of him within her as he spilled his seed. "That is what you needed, wasn't it, my little omega?"

He sagged heavily over her, his breath heaving, but then lifted over her again, his eyelids heavy over his blue eyes. "It is very convenient," he commented. "That you tied yourself up so well. I can f-ck you to my fill now, and I will," his expression was violent. "F-ck you to my"

"It is what I bought you for, after all," he groaned as she writhed against him, her body seeking its release even as her mind rebelled. "To have f-king Corbyn alpha cubs by."