

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 30

### Alice's Malice

He went down to the kitchen in just his trousers, as elegant and gorgeous bare chested and bare foot as he was in his full three-piece suit, and returned with champagne, flutes, and a bowl of berries. Even in the brief absence, her body had begun to ache for his again, and she squirmed, trying to repress the need whilst he popped the cork and poured, dropping a strawberry into the flute to float in the bubbles.

He slid onto the bed and handed her one of the flutes. His skin against hers made the rage of the heat almost unbearable.

"To my beautiful wife," he said, tapping his glass against hers. He was determined to play his foolish game, she thought sourly. "And to the many decades of happiness before us."

She drank the wine, because she could see that he would not give her what she needed unless she complied with his charade. He laughed, watching her finish the glass.

"You have no appreciation for wine," he commented taking just a sip from his before setting it onto the bedside table.

She didn't bother replying, rolling to set the glass onto her bedside table before rolling back. She straddled him, seeing his pupils dilate and the flashing reflection of his wolf rising as he inhaled in surprise. She released the button of his trousers, freeing his c-ck, and took him into her, her eyes closing as the press of the heat immediately eased, her body's craving met.

He used his fingers to collect the wine, painting it along her collar bone, leaning forward to lick it from her, as he pulled her hips to his, lifting into her. "Delicious," he said, and held her to him so that he could roll her under him, his mouth finding hers, his kiss breath taking in its sweetness.

Despite herself, despite her anger with him, she reached up, running her fingers through his hair, trailing them over his shoulders, before cupping his face and lifting in order to kiss him back.

"So very beautiful," he said as he lifted and stroked his hand down her body, wrapping her leg around his hip before stroking back up and cupping her breast as he leaned down to kiss her. She moaned, her body lighting up beneath his caresses, beneath his kisses, beneath his body on hers.

Unlike during the first heat, he was not taking and demanding, he was giving, she thought, and it was beautiful. Heart breaking, but beautiful.

She was crying as she came. He cried out his orgasm, and there was a sharp tone of pain behind the pleasure. He lay over her, his head beside hers and watched the tears that ran down her cheeks. He reached up and caught one on his fingertip, bringing it to his lips as if seeking to taste her distress.

“Jane,” he said softly. “What I need to do is almost done. A couple more weeks, at most, and I will have exposed my grandfather’s murderer. Hold on. my beautiful wife. Hold on until then. Every couple of days, Angelique and I eliminate another family. There are only a few left. The ring, or some other treasure, will be in one of their safes and we will find it and expose them as the murderers that they are.”

“Is that what you are doing?” She was distracted from her own misery. “Breaking into people’s safes?”

“Yes,” he chuckled. “We are getting rather good at it. Angelique pick-pockets them at one function, we determine a list of potential passwords, and then, when the opportunity arises during house parties or meetings... We use the codes to break into their safes and look at what they are hiding. It is actually,” he trailed his fingers from her wrist to her shoulder, and down to circle the breast that his position over her left exposed. “Very enlightening the secrets that the werewolves of this city are keeping.”

“That’s why you married me,” she realised. “Because you needed to establish yourself high enough into the Corbyn pack that you would be invited to the house parties. Just being taken into the pack wouldn’t place you high enough to be invited, but marrying myself or Alice.”

“No,” he said softly his fingers stilling over her heart. “That is not why I married you. But I am more interested in why you married me,” he lifted onto his elbow so that he could look down at her. She bit onto her back teeth and scowled. “Well Jane?” He prompted. “You hate me for letting you think that we were true mates, you said. That was a very interesting thing to say, because it implies that you now think that we aren’t true mates, whereas you did before,” his eyes searched hers. “And I want you to explain that to me.”

She managed to tear her eyes away from him despite him being an alpha and wanting to hold her gaze, her humiliation was so strong. “I was upset and angry,” she said softly. “I spoke out of turn. We only met the one time, and the only thing that we said between us was when you asked my name, so, of course, I was just being foolish to ever think it was anything more than just because you wanted to marry a Corbyn, and Alice turned you down, so you had to take me instead...”

“Wait, what?” He blinked, his expression blanking. “I never asked for Alice.”

“Alice said,” she was startled enough to meet his eyes. “Right before the ceremony, that it could have been her wedding, except that she had refused you.”

“F-king Alice,” he muttered, *frowning*. “Someone should cut out her tongue. I am tempted to do it myself. Jane,” he caught her chin in his hand and leaned over to kiss her, lingering, before lifting his head to meet her eyes. “I saw you at the run, which was my official entry into the pack. I saw you. I wanted you. I asked your name because I was determined I would have you and it is generally useful to know the name of your mate in order to approach the right family. I paid just over two million dollars in order to marry you. Alice was never part of the discussion. It was always you.”