

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 7

Baron's Revenge Plans

They had both fallen to sleep as the afternoon wore into evening and the storm broke overhead, the steady beat of rain against the window glass soothing them. He lay big, hot, and heavy over her, and still within her, and that sated her heat for long enough that she had slept and woken before him, allowing her the opportunity to enjoy the novelty of her handsome husband sleeping over her.

There was a false intimacy to it, she thought with sorrow as she felt the rise and fall of his chest, the steady beat of his heart, the caress of his breath against her skin. False because although they lay skin to skin, and joined, he was not her lover, she could not stroke her hands over the hot silk of his skin, nor feel the tumbled curls wrap around her fingers as she combed them back from his face.

He would not wake and lift, smiling, to kiss her. The only kiss they had ever shared had been the perfunctory, closed mouth kiss on their wedding day, and he had kissed her and released her as quickly as possible.

And then spent the reception talking business amongst the pack hierarchy, before disappearing when they had returned to his home, only returning to her in the early hours of the morning, whiskey fumes heavy on his breath.

He had never slept the night in her bed. When he came to her, he would leave again immediately after, often without even exchanging a word. Even on the wedding night, when, drunk as he was, it would have seemed natural for him to roll over and go to sleep, he had gotten up, rearranged the clothing he had not fully removed, and left.

She had been shocked and bewildered on the night. It was only in the morning when she had gone down to the breakfast table to find Angelique already seated there, beautiful, elegant and alpha, in an almost sheer lace slip and matching robe that had slipped off her shoulder and all but exposed her breast, sipping tea and eating grapefruit, that Jane had realised that there were three in the marriage, and she, Jane, the legal wife, was the unwelcome third wheel.

She had skipped breakfast every morning since.

He shifted against her, the change in his breathing telling her that he was awake. "I will untie you so that you can use the bathroom and eat," he said softly.

"Mmm," she swallowed hard, and turned her face away as he lifted to untie her wrists, in order to hide that she wept. As soon as he released her, she rolled out of the bed, her legs almost giving under her as she stood.

“Carefully,” he recommended over his shoulder, sitting on the edge of the bed on the opposite side. “You don’t want to cause yourself an injury.”

She had a shower, washing the slime of seed from her inner thighs. She had lost count of how many times they had f-ked, but she was beginning to ache from it, her stomach muscles sore from the clench of orgasm, and her skin felt as if she had been painted in come and sweat. She had to condition her hair twice before she was able to run her fingers through it without catching on tangles, it had become so matted from being pushed against the mattress and pillows as he thrust over her.

She dried and put on the robe. When she stepped out into the room, Baron was not there, and the scent of sex was thick and heavy inspiring her to open a window despite the rain in order to air it out. The sheets were twisted and tangled, with the tide marks of come and sweat stains ringing where she had lain causing her to blush and strip off the top sheet, bundling it up and pushing it deep into the hamper in the bathroom.

Another day, she thought. Estrus in werewolves normally last two to three days, although being her first cycle, it could be longer or shorter. Please, she thought, please let it be a short cycle.

Baron returned as she finished putting the bed to order, carrying a fresh tray, which he placed on the dresser.

There was a pot of tea on the tray. “I wasn’t sure if you took milk, or not?” He said, and there was a hint of something to his voice that had her turning her head to look at him. He was embarrassed, she realised, that he did not know how she took her tea.

“With lemon, like you, or black if there is no lemon,” she told him.

“You know how I drink my tea,” he was surprised.

She knew, she thought, because of that agonizing breakfast the morning after their wedding. Every detail of that meal was engraved into her mind. “Yes.”

“Hmm,” he was frowning when he turned with her teacup and saucer. She took it from him and sat on the bed to drink it. He leaned his hips against the dresser and flicked through his phone as he sipped his tea. “What am I doing?” He asked her.

“Working, I guess,” she wondered what he expected her to say.

“Are you not even the slightest bit curious?” He held the phone carelessly in his hand, the heel of his palm against the dresser.

She finished her tea and stood to place it back onto the tray. Under the cloche was cold meat and fruit. She dropped the cloches back into place, the idea of eating impossible with so much tension in the air. “Yes,” she said softly. “But I am an omega. We exist to

serve those higher in rank. It is not my place to interrupt you with questions whilst you are working.”

“Hmm,” he caught her around the waist, holding her against him whilst he considered her. “I just bought a building. Asset by asset, I am slowly reclaiming the position that my family held before my grandfather’s murder. I intend to re-establish the Western pack and discover who murdered my grandfather and masterminded the demise of our pack.”,

She stared up at him in shock. “That is. quite an ambition” she told him nervously.

“One that I am well on the way to achieving,” he was quietly confident. “Though there is no way to reclaim the lost treasures of the pack without bringing my grandfather’s murderer to justice.”

“Whoever killed your grandfather, Baron,” she could feel the rise of the heat again creeping slowly through her, the scent of him, the proximity at which he held their bodies with only the thin satin slip of their robes between them adding to its power, but she didn’t want to interrupt such an important conversation, the first real conversation they had had and one that he had instigated. “They would have had to be very powerful, and they will not want this secret to come to the light.”

“No,” he agreed. “So, for now, we will just keep this conversation between us, hmm?” He leaned forward and brushed his lips against the side of her neck, and she closed her eyes, leaning her head in order to expose her throat to him, to his touch, his breath and the soft caress of his mouth causing her to moan.