

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 11

No Escape

Jane drove to the beach and spent an hour walking the beach holding her shoes in her hand and letting the waves suck at her feet. She found a little café and ate her salad watching the wash of the waves towards the shore.

What was she going to do? She wondered. Just over a month married, and her husband did not want her and openly kept a mistress who believed that it was just a matter of time until he divorced Jane and married her instead.

She turned her phone over in her hands. She finished her meal and returned to her car, sitting in the driver's seat, and dialling her father's number.

"Hello Jane," he answered promptly.

"Daddy," she fought back her tears. "I want to come home."

He sighed heavily. "Jane," he said with patience. "What is this ridiculousness about?"

"Baron doesn't love me," the tears fell free and tracked down her face. "He only married me because of the connection to you. He keeps Angelique openly as his mistress, and she says that he will only keep me as his wife for as long as the connection matters, and then he will divorce me and marry her instead, and, oh," her voice broke on a sob.

"Daddy, please."

He was silent for a long moment. "Why would Angelique think the connection would cease to matter?" He wondered.

That was he took from her babbled distress, she thought bitterly. "I don't know."

"Well, you need to find out," he was curt with it. "Call me back when you know." He disconnected.

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed out her grief.

The family home was not without problems for Jane. Her older sister Alice had been born alpha, next in line to inherit from Matthew both the family wealth and the leadership of the pack. Her two brothers, Jason and Anthony, were both betas, and as such had always followed Alice's lead, and that included keeping their omega sister, Jane, in her place.

Her childhood had been filled with their cruel games, the three excluding her, or telling her that she could play with them and then pretending that they couldn't see or hear her, or running away, and when she had complained to her mother, innocently telling her

that their cruelty was just due to the game they were playing, and that Jane was over-reacting. As they'd gotten older, their meanness had evolved, and any opportunity was exploited to humiliate Jane, from spreading mean gossip about her, to stepping on the hem of her dress as she stood so that it tore.

Angelique's red wine was nothing compared to what Jane had experienced at the hands of her siblings.

When she had met Baron, and their wedding had been arranged, she had foolishly thought that finally someone saw her for herself, despite her rank in the pack, and that she would escape the daily torment, and finally be able to relax her guard.

Fool, she thought angry with herself. Of course, there was no escape for her, because she was still her, still part of the pack, and still an omega, the pathetic, washed-out runt.

She started the car and returned to Baron's estate, finding the driveway blocked by a bright array of expensive sports cars, leaving her no choice but to park under a tree, and walk the rest of the way. Angelique had friends over, and they were enjoying the bright day, sun-baking in bikinis and sipping cocktails by the pool.

Jane took the back entrance, and the servant's stairs up, so as to avoid any that might be inside the house. Her bedroom door was open, and she pressed herself against a wall as mocking laughter rolled out.

"Oh, god, look at these hideous dresses," a woman declared. "This one isn't bad, actually. Could be cute if done up right." They were going through her things, Jane realised.

"These earrings are cute," another commented. "Do you think these diamonds are real?"

"Can't find a diary anywhere," Angelique declared. "Probably wouldn't be interesting to read anyway, her whole pathetic life is just tedious."

"Who is this?"

"Oh, she looks just like her. That would be her mother. Didn't she die?"

"Killed herself, I heard. Oops." They burst into laughter, and Jane felt a sharp strike of fear run through her at the sound of paper tearing.

Despite her fear of them, she hurried into the room, startling them.

"Oh, Jane," Angelique sipped her champagne. "You are home." The other two women laughed. Angelique knew them peripherally from when the various packs met, Elena Mason and Jessica Horn, but had never spoken to either.

"You are in my room," Jane wanted to sound brave and bold, but it came out uncertain and frightened. The bed was strewn with clothing and things from her drawers. Her make-up bag had been emptied on top, the compact of eye-shadows having broken, and the coloured dust covered everything as if it had been deliberately ground in.

"You are in my home," Angelique sneered. "Nothing here is yours. This is a room in my home, which you happen to sleep in. But, whatever," she rolled her eyes. "There is nothing of value in here anyway."

They crowded around Jane, bumping into her and treading on her toes as they passed, and burst into laughter in the hallway beyond. "Did you see her face?" One of them exclaimed.

They had torn the picture of her mother in half. With shaking hands, Jane picked it up and smoothed it carefully onto the dresser top. Her mother's smile was hesitant and uncertain in the picture, her eyes shadowed. Like Jane, Rose Corbyn had been an omega, and Jane's memories of her were of a woman in a constant state of fear, cringing beneath Matthew's impatience, and occasionally his fists.

After Rose's death, Matthew had destroyed most of the photos of her. Jane did not know if, like her, her siblings had managed to salvage a picture, even if they had cared enough to do so, but this mangled print was the only image that she now had.

She needed tape, she decided as she began to clean up the mess that they had left of her room. There might be tape in the kitchen, but Baron's office was closer, and she would not have to pass through areas where she was likely to encounter Angelique's guests.

She finished putting her room back into order, stuffing the makeup covered clothing into the washing hamper, not sure if washing would just make matters worse, and washed her hands in the sink to get rid of any coloured residue, before taking the two halves of the picture with her into the hallway.

She took the servants stairs down and waited a moment against the door when she heard laughter on the other side, until she was confident that the path between the stairs and Baron's office would be clear, before crossing, opening the door, and sneaking within.

She pressed her back against the door with a sign of relief.

"Well, I am hiding from Angelique's guests in my study," Baron observed from his winged office chair behind the solid wood desk. "But I am not entirely sure what you are doing here."