

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 12

Sex In Baron's Office

He had removed his suit jacket and it was slung negligently over the back of the chesterfield armchair of the less formal sitting area beyond the desk. His shirt sleeves were rolled up to his elbows and his tie knot had been loosened, but his hair was immaculately tidy, combed back from his face rather than in dishevelled curls falling over his forehead.

In his hand he held a crystal glass with a couple of fingers of whiskey within.

Under her gaze, he leaned back in the chair and placed an ankle on his knee, raising his eyebrow.

Jane's heart raced. She remembered vividly the things they had done with each other over the past three days, how his body felt against and within her, and she wanted suddenly to pull off her sensible dress and place a knee to either side of his hips so that she could free his c-ck from his pinstriped blue trousers and take it into her.

"What is it that you have there?" He prompted into the silence left by her wandering mind.

She moved forward automatically and placed the photo down on the desk. "I need some tape," she told him hesitantly.

"There's tape in the kitchen, no doubt... Ah," he dropped his ankle from his knee. "Like me, you are hiding from Angelique's guests, and my study is easier to get to than the kitchen. Plus," he looked up at her, a smile creasing the corners of his eyes. "They wouldn't dare come in here."

"I am sorry," she reached out for the photo, taking the comment as a reprimand. She shouldn't have come into his study, either.

"I was not telling you off," he took the photo before she could, setting the whiskey down, and fitting the two halves together. "Hmm," he opened a drawer and took some tape from it, and very carefully lined it up before taping it behind. "I think we can do better than that, though," he said, and stood, walking across to the wall of cupboards, and opening one to reveal rows of neat files, stationery, and a printer.

She could not see what he did, his back to her, and did not dare go closer to investigate. She heard the printer start, and after a moment he returned and passed her both the original photo and a copy scanned and printed onto photo paper, the tear a fine line across the print-out.

"A spare," he was pleased with himself. "In case of further incidents."

“Thank you,” she said. He did not, she thought, have any idea how precious that spare was to her, his kindness was offhand, because he was bored, hiding out in his office whilst Angelique’s guests took over the house.

He stroked a lock of hair back from her face, tracing the line of her cheek down to her chin. For a moment as he lifted her chin so that their eyes met, she thought that he would kiss her, and when he leaned forward, her eyes were already closing, her mouth softening for the caress, but it was not her lips that he kissed, but rather the pulse point below her ear.

He pulled her hips towards him as he sucked and nipped along the line of her neck and she arched her head to the side to grant him free access, his mouth against her skin causing her whole body to ache with need, as if she were still in heat.

He gathered the fabric of her dress between his fingers, bringing it up around her waist, and found the panties that she wore below, sending them sliding down her thighs until they fell to her ankles. She stepped free of them. His palms against her arse were hot.

He reached between them, and released the button of his trousers, the pressure of his c-ck against the zip sliding it down. “Do you know how to use your mouth on a man?” He asked her, his eyes flashing with his wolf and his voice hoarse. He saw the answer on her face. “I am sure you’ll work it out.”

She dropped to her knees, and he braced against the door with his elbow, angling his c-ck. He watched as she tentatively ran her tongue over the tip of him, where the slit beaded already with pre-come. His groan was encouraging and, emboldened by that evidence of his enjoyment, she took him into her mouth, keeping her teeth from his skin.

“Oh, f-k,” he moaned, his hips thrusting. “Press your tongue up against me... Oh, yes,” his eyes narrowed to slits but she continued to watch her as he slid his c-ck in and out of her mouth, watching as her cheeks hollowed.

She felt drool run down her chin, but ignored it, focused on bringing him pleasure. His fingers clenched into her hair, and he thrust to the point that his cck struck the back of her throat, causing her to gag. His exclamation was filthy. “You have a good mouth on you, little one,” he groaned releasing his hair and pulling himself free. “But I want to come in you.”

He lifted her to her feet, his hands sliding down her back until he could pull her dress up, and then he placed his hands on her arse and lifted her so that she wrapped her legs around his hips and her arms around his neck, the change of position pushing his c-ck into her so that she moaned.

“Good,” he breathed against her neck. “Missed my c-ck today did you, my little wife?” He began to thrust, the door vibrating in the frame beneath the force of his movement,

and she clung, her fingers in the thick hair at the nape of his neck, holding on for all that she was worth, whilst he pushed them both into orgasm.

He panted for a long moment, holding her up against him, his heart racing between them, and then he lowered her until her toes touched the floor and eased out of her.

“Well, run along then, I have things to do,” he stepped back as she released her grip on him and fixed his trousers, reclaiming his whiskey from the tabletop, before returning to his seat as she hastily pulled her underwear up to capture the slide of his come before it travelled down her thighs, and smoothed her dress down, embarrassed by his nonchalant return to the office desk and offhand dismissal.

He looked out his window, his whiskey held in his hand, as she closed the door between them.