

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 19

### Promises and Threats

By the time the car pulled up outside the house, Jane had managed to stop crying. Baron's phone started to ring as he handed her out. "I have to take this, but it won't take long," he told her, walking across the entry hall to his office. "Angie," he answered as he closed the office door behind him.

Jane took the staircase up to her room and removed the beautiful dress, hanging it carefully until she could take it to a dry cleaner, and stepped into the shower to remove her makeup. She brushed her teeth and left the bathroom in her robe, to find Baron already in the bed. He looked, she thought, perfect amongst her pillows, his tanned skin dark against the pale sheets, his hair dishevelled, and his hands folded behind his head causing his biceps to bunch with muscle. He turned his head and rolled to the side as she removed the robe and slid into the sheets beside him.

"I am creating layers of bruising on this arm," he murmured, leaning over her to touch the arm which wore yellowing bruises from when she had gone on heat and red marks from the party.

"We seem to be getting into some patterns of behaviour, Jane, that I don't think are quite healthy for either of us. What do you think?"

What did she think? She stared up at him in bewilderment. "Like a deer in the headlights," he stroked his fingers down her cheek.

"I can almost see your panic in your eyes when I ask you a question. Am I so frightening to you?" He did not wait for an answer but leaned over and kissed the point of her shoulder, before trailing his mouth up the curve of her neck to below her ear, turning her onto her side so that her back was against his chest as he did. His breath warmed her skin as he tasted the lobe of her ear with his tongue, his hand cupping her breast, teasing the nipple until it hardened, and then rubbing the palm of his hand over the point so that she thought that every nerve of her body existed there.

She could feel that he was hard, his c-ck throbbing against her back.

"The way you look at me," he whispered. "As if you don't know what I will do to you, but you know that you are powerless to resist, drives me

insane, makes me want to do all sorts of depraved things to your beautiful body, Jane...”

His hand stoked down her stomach and he wedged a knee between her thighs to open her for him, his c–ck positioned perfectly to enter her although he did not. She moaned, arching back into him, feeling the prickle of his stubble against her cheek, the warmth of his skin. “Yes,” he breathed. “Moan for me. I like to hear how much you want me to f–k you. You are so... innocent, so lacking in pretension, when you cry out, I know it’s for me, because of me.” His fingers penetrated her slowly and he pushed his knee forward, lifting her leg higher, removing any defense, any obstacle to his possession of her body. He dragged his tongue up her neck as she sobbed in whimpers of pleasure.

“So sweet,” he growled.

“Something so sweet is not designed to survive in this world. You need me, you need my protection. Mine, Jane, every inch of you.”

He removed his fingers and guided his c–ck into her. She cried out his name as he pushed into flesh swollen with need, seeping in readiness. He groaned. “Ah, yes,” he held a hand on her lower stomach, his fingers applying pressure to her clitoris as he began to thrust.

“Call for me, Jane.” He pushed her forward onto her stomach, so that every thrust of his hips into her ground her against his fingers, and she clawed the sheets, barely coherent beneath him, feeling much as she had during her heat, as if there was no satisfying her need for him. She came, writhing against him, and felt him follow, heard his cry of sharp pleasure near her ear.

He worked his arm out from under her and threaded his fingers into hers where they had relaxed their hold on the sheets near her head, and lay, hot and heavy over her, keeping none of his weight off of her, and the feel of him against her back was perfect. Utterly, devastatingly perfect.

Through the open curtains, the approach of headlights washed through the room. He groaned and lifted from her, rolling from the bed, and pulling on his clothing. He leaned against the window frame, watching below as the car paused, and then continued. Angelique returning home, Jane thought, and remained lying as he had left her as he finished dressing and left. In the darkness, Jane rolled onto her back. Jane, she told herself, don’t do it. But she rolled to her feet and pulled on her robe, before tiptoeing to the sitting room door. She creaked the door open. She could hear Angelique and Baron’s voices on the landing. She crept along the wall until she co

uld peer around the corner. "Was it a good impression?" Angelique asked. "Let me see. Ah, yes," her grin was brilliant. "Very good."

"It was too close tonight, Angie," Baron replied. "You are getting careless, drinking too much before."

"Oh, pooh," she scoffed. "I got the key back into his pocket, didn't I?" "Only because I distracted him."

"We are a good team," she leaned against his chest, her fingers toying with the buttons of his shirt. "All the drama has me excited," she purred up at him. "Care to help me burn off some excess energy?" "Not tonight, Angie," he stepped back from her. "Not tonight, Angie," she snapped, switching from seductive to angry immediately. "You are spending more nights out of my bed than in it, and don't lie to me and tell me that you are sleeping in your own bed. I have checked, and you are not there." "She is my wife," his voice darkened.

"In name only, was what we agreed," she snarled back. "Until we finish this, your family is restored to what they once were, and the Corbyn connection is no longer needed. Or did you forget your promises to me, Baron? You don't want to forget those promises," her voice became dangerous.

"Or, perhaps, that would be very stupid, wouldn't it?" He caught her chin in one hand and her arm in the other and tugged her up against him roughly, before leaning down and taking her mouth in a passionate kiss. She melted, her arms weaving up around his neck, her fingers threading into the dark curls. Jane heard material tear as he shredded the beautiful red satin dress and let the fabric puddle on the ground, lifting Angelique, gorgeous and perfect in just her underwear with her tumble of golden hair falling back, against him. Jane pressed her hand against her mouth to hold back her sob as Baron carried Angelique into the bedroom.