

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 22

Swimming and Drowning

He was spectacularly gorgeous, she thought, in the moonlight, with his hair slicked back from the swim, and water beading over his skin. It was almost unfair how beautiful he was, and the effect that just being near him had on her body, let alone when combined with the sensual slide of his wet skin against hers. "Admittedly," he said bringing her arms up around his neck so that her bare breasts were pressed tightly to his chest. "When I saw you sneak away, my first thought was that you were sneaking off to a lover..." He lifted her so that her legs wrapped around his hips, and she could feel his c-ck hard against her, and he bowed his head to press his lips against her throat, following the line of her jaw to her ear. "It is the perfect little tryst spot that you have here," he murmured, and her head sagged until her forehead rested against her arm as he adjusted, groaning as he penetrated her.

He pulled her hips tightly to him so that his thrusts were into her rather than withdrawals, and she moaned, his body against hers, the water lapping against their skin and the moon bathing them in silver, a heady combination. "Yes," he pressed his cheek against hers, against the bruise that her sister had placed there, and his grip on her tightened as his thrusts increased in force.

"Oh, yes, my little omega," he ground out between his teeth.

"Always so ready for your alpha even when you don't want him." She tightened her hold around his neck, and arched her back, rocking into his thrusts, wanting more, and he moaned, his eyes closing and his head falling back on his neck as he gave into the sensation of their bodies against each other. Her lips were against his throat, and, lost in the passion, she ran her tongue over his skin, tasting the water that clung to him, before surrendering to her desire and threading her fingers into his hair, exploring without reserve the taste and texture of his skin beneath her mouth, leaving her kisses behind as bruises.

"Oh god," he cried out, and she felt him come, his final thrusts and the pulse of him within her pushing her over, so that she sobbed out his name as she followed. His head sagged forward onto her shoulder, and his arms wrapped around her. They remained that way, clinging to each other in the moonlit pond until he sighed heavily. "We will make a habit of this," he decided. "Every full moon. I would have enjoyed pursuing your beautiful little wolf through the trees if it hadn't been for what I was expecting to find at the end of the chase."

"I have never had a lover," she whispered.

"No?" He seemed surprised. "Never taken a lover amongst the undergrowth on a full moon after running as a wolf, when your blood is racing, and your passion is high?"

"No," she regretted making the confession and wriggled, wanting to be free of him, humiliated by his surprise, and the memory of losing her virginity to him grieving her heart.

"Never," he repeated, releasing her, and turning on the spot to watch her as she made her way back towards the bank. She paused, realising that it was still early, and that if she left the water, she would either have to shift to wolf, or sit, naked on the rocks under his gaze, and she already felt raw and exposed as it was. "Our wedding night... Was your first time?" She didn't answer and couldn't look at him.

"I am a fool," he said under his breath. "It makes sense why... Jane," his voice was gentle, and she couldn't bear it any longer. She shifted into her wolf form, working her way swiftly through the rocks and blackberries, her wolf-self recognising her human name as he called it out behind her, but paying it no heed. She returned to her tree and shifted back to her human self, pulling on her clothing hastily, and shoving her feet into her shoes. She heard women's laughter and leaned against the tree in order to look around it without exposing herself. Alice and Angelique, she thought, thick as thieves despite being fairly recently acquainted.

"So why do you stay?" Alice asked Angelique.

"If it were me, and my mate married another, brought her into our home, and paraded her around on his arm, I would leave him with a few scars to remember me by and find myself another."

"She might be his wife in name, but I am his wife and mate in truth," Angelique replied. "So, I tolerate her because it is good for him. Without the connection to your family, he would not be in the position he is in now."

"Surely you will not tolerate her forever?" Alice pointed out. She was, Jane thought, trying to ascertain the future of the connection for herself.

"Oh, well, you know," Angelique was used to alpha manipulations, and was aware of the direction of Alice's questions. "Once there is a child or two, the connection will be established, and he will no longer need to be married to Jane. I will be an excellent step-mum."

“You will be wanting to remove her contraceptive implant then, quickly, I imagine,” Alice commented.

“She has an implant?” Angelique’s interest was piqued.

“Oh, yes, she had to get father’s permission last year when she had it done as she was under eighteen. It made sense at the time, of course, because we didn’t expect her to be married for her first heat, and first heats, as you know, can be difficult to predict exactly when they will occur. The last thing we wanted was for the family to become responsible for the runt’s litter by a contracted stud. Can you imagine?” “Isn’t that interesting?” Angelique said thoughtfully.

“Isn’t it just?” Baron murmured into Jane’s ear, causing her to jump.