

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 23

Omega

As the limousine pulled out onto the main road, Angelique stretched and sighed. "Unfortunately, the Corbyn bitch stuck like glue throughout the run," she said to Baron. "I did not have the opportunity to double back. What a f-king waste of a f-king night."

"Not entirely a waste," Baron's exploration of the skin of Jane's arm had located the little implant of the contraceptive, and he stroked over it gently with the pad of one finger. "I overheard a great deal of your conversation with Alice," he released Jane's arm and turned his eyes to Angelique. The blonde woman paled under his hard-gaze. "What the hell are you thinking?" He demanded.

"I am sorry, Baron," she said hastily, trying to hide her reaction to his displeasure. "The she-wolves ask, of course, why I would stay with you married to another..."

"For the money, Angelique, as we both f-king know," he snarled.

"For love, Baron," she replied, sliding her hand up his thigh. "For love and adoration of you."

"Angelique," he pushed her hand off. "Inappropriate."

"How is it f-king inappropriate?" She demanded. "For me to show you affection?"

"We will talk about it later." In the reflection of the car window, Jane saw him turn back to her, and his eyes met hers in the glass. "I want to know who hit you, Jane."

"God," Angelique grumbled, "Who cares, Baron?" She demanded. "Who cares? She's the pack outcast. Every pack has one. Her own family loathes her. She is the runt of the litter. The only reason she hasn't been cast out completely is that runt or not, she is still a Corbyn."

"She is an omega, not a runt nor an outcast," Baron snapped irritably.

"In this pack, there's hardly a difference," she pointed out. "This pack is brutal, Baron, you know that. The weak perish, the strong rule, and the hierarchy is strictly maintained. She is weak, small, and only her family name protects her from the rest of the pack. The pack is f-ked up," she sighed. "There is a sort of beauty to how f-ked up they all are, it's all a little savage and primitive, but f-ked up is what it is. Makes me a little homesick, to be honest."

“Hmm,” he leaned his head back on the seat. “So, Jane,” he slid his eyes her way and raised his eyebrows. “Who hit you. No,” he said to Angelique when the alpha she-wolf grumbled. “Jane is mine.

A strike to her, is a strike to me. Jane,” he looked back at her.

Jane’s nails dug into the palm of her hands. “Who cares?” She asked him bitterly. “I am just the pack outcast, just the runt of the litter. It doesn’t matter who hits me, or that a photo of me in heat and exposed is still being shared amongst wolves I don’t even know by name, nor that my husband married me for my family name and that...” her voice broke on the words.

The limousine pulled up out front of the house and she opened the door and fought against her seatbelt before managing to pull free. “Nobody cares, is the answer,” she said, before closing the car door between them and bolting past the startled Heathridge into the house. She made it to her room, and almost managed to close the door before he caught it, and with one movement, forced his way in behind her before closing it behind him. She stepped back, panting, her heart racing, half frightened by her daring, half defiant because she had only spoken the truth.

“An omega,” he said softly, and she heard the internal lock click as he turned it without releasing her from his alpha gaze. “Is not a runt, and not an outcast. An omega,” he stepped away from the door and she retreated. “Is a she-wolf who is, by nature, smaller and submissive.

“An omega,” he was edging her towards the bedroom, she realised, and wasn’t sure, caught beneath his blue gaze, whether she wanted to attempt to flee, or whether she wanted to fling herself onto the bed. “Is the precise counter-point to an alpha with a dominant nature, the type of alpha who generally ends up leading a pack.

“Because an omega,” he had backed her up to the bed and he leaned over her, scenting her from the bone of her shoulder, up the curve of her neck to the crown of her head, and then down. “Instinctually knows precisely how to submit to that type of alpha. Stop thinking about how you think you should behave,” his voice was barely more than a growl and his eyes flashed with the backlight of his wolf. “And do what your instincts tell you to do.”

She inhaled, the air catching in her throat, and fell to her knees. Her hands stroked up his

legs, from knee to groin, travelling the sensitive inside edge, and she pulled the waistband of his tracksuit pants down, so that his c-ck sprung free.

She dragged her tongue up him, from balls to tip, before taking him into her mouth, and heard him groan, the sound deep and filthy with desire. Her hands gripped the back of his thighs, dragging his hips into her, until she gagged on him, and then again. His fingers closed in her hair, his head bowed back as he caught the motion of her hands, thrusting into her throat to the point that her eyes watered, and drool ran down her chin.

“Oh f-k,” his cry was ragged and abandoned, and he tore himself from her mouth, pulling her up, and throwing her face down onto the bed, driving himself into her so that they both cried out. His fingers clenched into the bedcovers beside her face as he rutted into her, a wild man, instinct overriding sanity.

Her orgasm was sudden and harsh, cramping her around him so that she was unsure as he continued to drive against her cervix, whether she was experiencing pleasure or pain until it broke, and she arched beneath it, her muscles wringing every last drop of pleasure out around him, and she felt his teeth clench on the flesh between neck and shoulder, holding her still down beneath him as he thrust deep and spilled his seed into her.

For a long moment, she panted, her mind awash in white noise, and then she felt the drag of his tongue, and realised that he had broken skin beneath his teeth and lapped her blood up, still lost in lust and instinct.

Baron was, she thought with sudden clarity, a man caught between man and beast. The wolf in him recognised her as his mate, as she had recognised it in him with absolute clarity from the moment of meeting. But the man... The man was already committed to another. He had taken her as his wife and as his mate, because of her family and the connections that came from marrying into it, but also because of that instinct, the same instinct that brought him again and again to her bed despite Angelique's availability.

Despite Angelique's claims that she was the true wife and mate, the wolf had chosen, and the man had legally married, rendering Angelique's claims impotent. But the man resisted where the wolf led, and as a result, the three of them were locked into unhappiness together. It was, Jane thought, as Alice said, as if Jane was a magnet for trouble. Only she would find her mate in a man already committed. A man who saw her as a means to an end, rather than the end goal.

She dragged in a breath as a sob, her fingers clenching in the bed clothes. "Jane," he whispered, pressing his lips against the back of her shoulder. "Did I hurt you?"

No, and yes, she thought, wounds that she might never stop bleeding from. "No," she told him because it was easier. But it was a lie.