

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 24

The First Kiss

She examined the bite mark he had left on her neck in the mirror, there was a bruise where his teeth had closed on her, but the skin had only broken at two points where the sharp canines had pierced through. She touched it thoughtfully. She had seen scars like this on other werewolves, both male and female, but most often on the females. Mated pairs often marked each other with their bite, deliberately sinking all the teeth in to cause a scar as unique as a fingerprint.

Baron had reacted on instinct, during the passion of their f—king, she acknowledged. She was his wife legally, and he was a possessive man, even if it was just a marriage of convenience. She suspected, however, from his behaviour, from the bite that was only just restrained from being a full claiming mark, that Baron did not intend to divorce her, that he liked having an omega Corbyn available to f—k at his pleasure.

Which was going to anger Angelique and make Jane the subject of her vitriolic hatred.

She sighed heavily and wore a full t-shirt to hide the mark rather than a singlet—style running top.

She ran to the café, and paused at the solid door, framed by foul stinking garbage bins, and hesitated before knocking. It seemed forever before the door swung open. A whip thin man in a frilled apron and pink singlet, his blond hair pink tipped, looked down at her and raised his eyebrows.

“Well, well,” he commented. “Not what I expected, but it is interesting,” he caught her by the elbow and before she had the chance to reconsider, hauled her into the warmth of the kitchen. “This is Jane,” he announced whilst wrapping an apron around Jane’s waist with astonishing deft efficiency. “Patrick’s latest stray. Oh, don’t be insulted, darling,” he whirled Jane so that she found herself before a sink full of soapy water and

a pile of dishes. “We’re all his strays.” That was her introduction to the kitchen and its crew, she found out. There were seven staff, all up, four, like herself, came and went, and did the low—skill work of washing and wiping surfaces, but the other three, which included the pink haired James, were skilled, bakers and chefs, who prepped and cooked in preparation for the day ahead, with the transient help providing grunt labor of washing and peeling.

The conversation was sociable, light, and harmless. At the end of four hours, she was set free with another wad of notes, and air kisses. She ran back to the house, bewildere

d but light-hearted and added the new collection of notes to the growing pile inside a hollowed-out book before returning to the course work on her laptop.

In an idle moment, she flicked through real-estate and quickly decided that buying was out of the question. The best she could hope for, she realised, was a room sharing a house with others. The bond for an apartment, otherwise, was intimidating.

She had nothing of value to sell... Or did she? She stood in the door of her closet. It would be dishonest, she told herself, to use Baron's credit card to resupply her wardrobe, when her intention was just to sell her worn clothing online... But when she listed the velvet dress and matching underwear and shoes, the offers made her eyes water. It would take days to earn the same amount at the café. She took the dresses out of closet one by one and photographed them on her, with her face obscured, and saw the bids begin, with a rush of excitement. By early afternoon, she took a bag of clothing down to the local post office and spent an hour parcelling it out and sending it out, watching her account increase.

Why not? She asked herself. Baron had married her despite having a mate who was all but his wife, because he wanted the entry to the Corbyn pack. It was only fair, she thought, that she use his credit card to buy clothing, that she would wear, then sell, in order to fund her future, free of him and the pack. It wasn't like her modest spending would even register, she told herself as she drove to the nearest designer store, when Angelique went out and spent what she did...

In the store, she began to drape random selections over her arm.

"Madam," the clerk hovered attentively. "Can I start a change room for you?"

"Yes," Jane told her. "A big one, if you can. I need... Oh, everything."

She walked out in the black lace dress with its sheer panels, enjoying the swish of the skirts around her ankles and waited whilst the clerks piled the back seat and rear of her 4WD with her purchases. "Thank you," she told them before starting the car.

She parked out front of the house and carried in only a handful of bags. As Heathridge opened the front door for her, she paused. "There's a lot more in the car," she told him. "If you don't mind."

"Madam," his smile widened. "I am glad to see that you have had a pleasant day."

"Thank you, Heathridge," she didn't tell him that all her purchases had been made with the intention to sell them as soon as she had worn them. Or before, if the opportunity arose.

She leaned against the handrail of the banister as Heathridge summoned the servants to empty the car, the procession of bags occupying the left hand of the hall and the staircase.

She saw the limousine pull up and Baron and Angelique entered the house, watching the procession of servants with puzzlement. Baron's eyes lifted to where she leaned against the handrail, and she met his eyes, before turning and walking into the gold and cream bedroom.

She was hanging the clothing away into her wardrobe, there being plenty of hangers and space created by the sale of her other clothing, when Baron came up behind, stroking his hand down the bare skin of her arm, and pressing his lips against her neck.

"I am glad to see that you went out today, Jane," he murmured into her ear, his hands cupping her breasts through the dress. "And I like this dress on you, very much."

She turned within his arms and looked up at him, and for a moment he inclined towards her as if to kiss her, but she opened the top button of his fly and sat onto the edge of the bed, pulling his hips

toward her, and taking him into her mouth. He groaned, his hands falling onto her shoulders, the palms hot against her skin.

She pressed her tongue up against him as he had taught her to do and was rewarded by his sobbed in breath "F-k Jane," he looked down at her and cupped her chin, his thumb resting on her bottom lip before deliberately smearing her lipstick across her cheek. "The things you make me want to do to you," he whispered, and then went to his knees, pushing her back onto the bed, amongst the bags of her shopping, and used his teeth to draw her panties down, before standing and lifting her hips from the bed, arcing her like a bow, and thrust into her. Several of the bags of shopping fell off the bed under the force of his thrusts.

He leaned forward and wrapped her arms around his shoulders, lifting her so that he could kneel on the bed with her straddling him, and used the lift from his knees to increase the force of his thrusts, making them both moan breathlessly.

She threaded her fingers into his hair stroking it back, and he groaned, his eyes closing beneath the caress. His lips grazed her chin and jaw and along her cheek, but he

never kissed her, his mouth hovering there as if in invitation his eyes meeting hers, his breath on her skin.

She closed the distance, her lips brushing across his hesitantly, and then with more confidence when he pulled her tighter, his eyes smouldering on hers, and opened his mouth so that she could slide her tongue in to meet his.

It was her first kiss, she thought, her first real kiss. He had brushed his lips across hers during the wedding ceremony, but otherwise had never kissed her. Her fingers slid through his hair, and she moaned as he deepened the kiss, breath mingling, passion hot and heavy between them.

The taste of him was divine. She had not known that a person could taste as good as he did, like fresh rain caught on the tongue.

His thrusts

changed pace, becoming less forceful, so that they rocked together gently, tangled, and lost in each other, as they explored each other's mouths, the contours of lips, the texture of tongue. Their lips were against each other when she came, the wave of pleasure breaking over her, causing her to gasp.

His eyes opened and their gazes locked, their foreheads against each other and breath on each other's lips as he followed, his pupils dilating, and his hands holding her hips tightly to him as he pushed deep. She stroked her hand down his cheek, feeling the rasp of his stubble.