

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 26

### Salted Cupcakes

He followed her up to the bedroom and dropped his cuff links into the little bowl, with a small exclamation of surprise when they rattled against other pairs he had been leaving behind. He chuckled a little as he toed off his shoes.

"I was wondering where I had put those," he commented, and then saw her inspecting her dress and shoes. "Buy another one," he said lightly. "You looked beautiful in it. Call the store tomorrow and tell them to send it to you, if you don't feel like going there."

"It might wash out," she said hopefully dropping it into the laundry hamper. She inspected the shoes and sighed. There were red wine stains in the lining, but the exterior was okay. She put them away into the closet.

"Let's rinse the red wine off of you," he said as he started the shower.

She paused in the doorway of the bathroom to look at him. His tanned skin stood out against the white tiles, highlighting the perfection of his body, every inch of him sculpted muscle without flaw. He glanced over his shoulder and smiled as he reached out to draw her against him. "You are overdressed," he observed and sent her panties to the floor so that she stood as bare as he was.

He stroked his fingers through her hair, his eyes searching hers as he lowered his mouth and tasted her bottom lip, before pulling her closer and deepening the kiss with a groan. She stroked her hands up his back feeling the flow of muscle over bone beneath the heated silk of his skin, emboldened by his mouth on hers.

He lifted her and she wrapped around him, leaning back against his hold in order to adjust his c-ck and take him into her. He groaned as he pulled her

tightly against him and stepped into the flow of water. She caught his face between her hands and kissed him as he began to thrust, arching his hips into her, the water raining down over them both.

His blue eyes held hers as she leaned back from the kiss, and the expression in them caused her breath to catch and her heart to tighten. She stroked her fingers through his hair and down his cheeks, without breaking the lock of their eyes. "Baron," she whispered.

Angelique's shriek of outrage was followed by the thud of her handbag against the glass of the shower cubicle. "I am out there," she screamed, taking off a shoe and throwing it at the glass. "Working my arse off for you, Baron Western, and here you are, f—king that little slut, gazing into her eyes as if she matters..."

Baron placed Jane down, and calmly took a towel from the rack as he stepped out of the shower cubicle. He wrapped the towel around his waist and then caught the outraged alpha she—wolf up, throwing her over his shoulder, and carried her out of the bedroom.

Jane turned off the shower, and grabbed a towel, chasing after them, to the sitting room door, and to the corner of the wall from which she could see the master and mistresses' suites. Baron kicked the door too behind him, but it did not quite click closed.

She could hear Angelique's shrieks, and the crash of something being thrown, and then the tone changed to moans. Jane pressed her back against the wall and wept. Eventually the alpha werewolves ceased f—king, and she heard their voices resume, the tone gentle, tender, loving, followed by laughter. Jane slid down the wall until she curled into a tight ball of pain, her face pressed into her knees.

"Madam," Heathridge murmured the word gently, but he managed to startle her, and she looked up at him her hair a tangle, her face tear stained, and suddenly remembering that she wore only a towel. He offered his hand and lifted her to her feet when she accepted it. "I am retiring for the night," he said, keeping his voice quiet. "Was there anything you need before I leave?"

"No, thank you," she rubbed at her face with her hands.

He nodded. "Good night, then, madam," and he went down the stairs, crossing the entry hall and out the front door.

She returned to her rooms, closing the door behind her, and then wedged one of the armchairs behind it, before pulling on pyjamas and crawling into bed. She had thought that she wouldn't sleep, but eventually she drifted off, only to wake confused, to realise that Baron was sitting on the chair where his clothes had hung.

Her armchair against the door had not prevented him entering, she thought. But then, he had broken a window when she had last tried to stop him from reaching her, so she wasn't at all surprised.

She feigned sleep, watching him through slitted eyes.

He sat, his elbows on his knees, his head bowed and resting on his hands. It was the utter dejection of the posture that had her sighing. "Baron," she whispered, and saw his head come up. She opened the bedding. He stood and slid in, wrapping his arms around her.

She held him, stroking her fingers through his hair. As the room greyed with dawn, he slipped away. She followed on tiptoes watching from her wall as he returned to his room, and then she crept back and dressed in her running gear.

She ran to the café and knocked on the door releasing the scent of cakes baking. "What wonderful timing you have, I have created the most fabulous mess this morning."

There was only the two of them in the kitchen, and he helped her by drying the dishes as she washed them whilst he waited for the cakes to bake, and then brewed coffee whilst they cooled. He made her an espresso and she sipped it whilst she watched him ice the cakes.

"I am doing a course," she told him. "Online."

"What type of course?" He glanced up from his piping.

"Hospitality. I thought it would look good on a resume."

"Oh, all courses look fabulous on resumes," he replied switching colours. "Which is about the only thing courses are ever good for."

"Well, there really isn't much else on my resume," she admitted. "My high school diploma is all that I have."

"You are so young," he pointed out. "You could hardly be expected to have more."

"I need to move far, far away from here," she whispered the words, the first time she had confessed them to anyone, the daring of their utterance terrifying her. "I need to go where no one knows me and I can't be found."

He paused icing and looked at her across the tabletop. "What about your family?" He asked her. "Can they help?"

She shook her head. "They are the reason that I need to get away," she confessed.

"Patrick might have said something to me about your situation," James slid a cupcake across the table to her.

“He thinks Baron hits me, but he doesn’t,” she peeled the paper away from the cake. “Baron doesn’t hurt me, or at least, not on purpose... He just,” she shrugged awkwardly the gesture far from carefree. “He married me because of my family. He has a mistress,” she felt the heat of her blush crawling up her cheeks. She flicked her eyes up to James and half expected to see him laughing cruelly at her, but he had his arms braced against the tabletop, watching her with sad eyes. “Who lives in the house, and I think that he loves her.”

“So you are trying to save money, and get your resume ready so that you can find a job? It sounds like an excellent plan.”

“Does it?” She felt lighter for the confession and approval.

“Absolutely,” he picked up a cake and took a bite. “Every great escape starts with a sound plan.”

The tear that landed on the cake took her by surprise.

“Darling girl, eat your cake, before you salt it.”