

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 27

### A Rose by Any Other Name

Jane had just finished dressing after her shower when Angelique walked into the room. The blonde werewolf inhaled and looked around her, scenting for Baron. "Well, come on then," she said to Jane. "We have an appointment, and we are going to be late."

"An appointment?" Jane asked, staying on her side of the bed.

"He married you for Corbyn cubs, runt," Angelique looked her up and down. "The implant has to come out."

Jane remained on her side of the bed. Getting pregnant would end all her plans. "No."

Angelique's eyebrows lifted. "I was hoping you would say that. You see, there's a nice way to get it out, involving a doctor and a numbing injection, and there's a not nice way, involving being tied down whilst we cut it out of you."

"Baron wouldn't.. Jane whispered.

"Oh, you don't know Baron very well at all, do you, stupid, little plain Jane," Angelique purred. "Do you know how someone with nothing makes a lot of money very fast?"

"No," Jane whispered.

"A general lack of scruples and an utter disregard for the law," Angelique replied. "I know all his dirty, dirty little secrets," she inspected her nails. "He might be enjoying f—king you, at the moment, sweetheart, but Baron and I, we go waaaay back, and he always comes home to his honey. So," she paused. "Are you coming? Or do I have to find a sharp knife?"

Jane picked up her purse.

"Yeah," Angelique smirked. "Wise choice, sis."

Angelique drove a bright red convertible Porsche. As she whipped them through the streets towards the city, Jane wondered why she was surprised by the car. Maybe, she thought, because she was only allowed to drive the very sensible black 4WD.

They pulled up at a discrete fertility clinic, and Angelique tapped her foot as they waited at the reception desk for the lady before them to check in. When it was their turn, she smiled sweetly. "I have Jane Western, for her eleven o'clock."

When they were sent to the waiting room with a pen, and a clipboard, Angelique muttered under her breath about delays and waiting. Jane answered the sheet, trying to find a way to signal for help. Surely an implant could not be removed, she thought, from an unwilling adult.

When her name was called, she met the doctor's eyes and shook her head, rolling her eyes to Angelique.

"Just Jane, please," the doctor said, smiling firmly.

"Oh, but she's my sister and so, so very nervous," Angelique protested, linking her arm through Jane's and smiling charmingly.

"I am sorry," the doctor said her eyes dropping from the alpha's but her stance solid. "For appointments of this nature, it's one on one."

As Jane followed the doctor she glanced over her shoulder and met Angelique's eyes. The she-wolf arched an eyebrow. Jane swallowed hard.

In the doctor's room, the female doctor sat and called up Jane's information. "Now, Jane," she said turning her seat to face Jane. "How can I help you today?"

Jane looked at her for a long moment. "I need help," she whispered.

"I am here to help," the doctor replied calmly.

"It is complicated..." Jane did not want the police called, or anything on record. The doctor was werewolf, but that did not mean that she didn't pregnant."

"And yet the appointment is to have a birth control implant removed."

"I didn't make the appointment," Jane held the doctor's eyes. She did not recognise her from any of the social functions. Whatever role the doctor held in her pack it was not Elite. "I am not here willingly."

The doctor turned her face away. "The rules for us are different to humans," she said quietly. "As a doctor, I must walk the line between when faced with a werewolf patient. I know who your husband is, Jane Western, and I know who your father is."

"Please," Jane whispered. "If I go back with the implant, they will cut it out. I need an implant somewhere it is not as easily found."

The doctor chewed on her bottom lip. "There is an alternative," she said under her breath. "I could get in a lot of trouble, Jane," she slid Jane a look out of the corner of her eye. "If it was found out that I went against an alpha's wishes."

"I know. Please, I won't tell. Ever."

The doctor considered and drew in a breath. "I will give you a contraceptive injection Jane and remove the implant. After the implant's removal and before the injection becomes effective, there

It is possible that it might trigger a heart, and ideally, I would say to use condoms during that time, but I am guessing that is not possible."

"No," Jane whispered.

"Well, we will just have to hope, then, won't we?"

The doctor rose. "One moment."

When the doctor returned with a tray of wipes and two injections, she met Jane's eye. "I don't like reproductive coercion, Jane," she whispered as she injected Jane with one and then the other injections. "It is despicable."

"Mhm."

Jane agreed. One of the injections had been to numb her skin and the doctor made a precise incision and slid the implant out. "Thank you."

"The packs do not protect their weak in this city." the doctor murmured almost under her breath. "Where I grew up, the alphas would defend the weak, here, they prey upon them. You need to get another pack will gladly take in an omega. Alphas value them."

"They do?" Jane was surprised. Some of the comments by Baron, by Charles Wolston, by others, had implied that omegas were not viewed by all packs as they were by the Corbyns'.

"Oh, honey," the doctor chuckled. "You have no idea. You will find another pack in a heartbeat and be taking your pick of alphas to your bed. Getting them out again, that's another problem."

As soon as she was in the Porsche again, Angelique tore back the bandage the doctor had placed on Jane's arm. "Good girl," she purred, and turned up the music, singing

along cheerfully as she drove. "Once you are fat with Baron's child," she crowed as she parked the Porsche in the city. "All this nastiness will be behind us."

The doctor's voice echoed in Jane's head. "Oh, honey, you have no idea."

Imagine, Jane thought, just imagine a world where omegas weren't just tolerated, but were celebrated. Where an omega had her pick of alphas... Where instead of being the runt, the scapegoat, the pack's outcast, a pack valued and welcomed her...

Her heart raced at the idea.