

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 29

### Begin Again

He marched her out of the club, his fingers gripping her upper arm, snarling at anyone who got too close. A red Ferrari waited by the curb. He opened the door, pushed her inside and went to the driver's door. The engine roared to life, and he pulled out into traffic deftly.

He rolled the windows down. "Removing the implant must have disrupted your cycle," he commented, calmer. "We are very lucky the Heathridge called me immediately. An omega in heat is a powerful thing," he chuckled a little as he said it. "The guys at the club had no chance. No doubt many are trying to soothe their wives and girlfriends as we speak."

When she didn't respond, he sighed. "I didn't organise it, Jane," he said softly. "I would have left the implant in place. You are very young. There is absolutely no need to rush into having children yet."

"Except that the sooner I have children, the sooner you can divorce me," she muttered. "And marry Angelique."

He pulled up out front of the house but caught her wrist when she turned to try to get out the car. "There will be no divorce, Jane," his blue eyes glowed with his wolf. "You are my wife until death do us part." He released her and got out of the car.

She let herself out, and refused his hand when he offered it, tossing her hair, and stalking into the house, past Heathridge and up the stairs. Baron paused to pass the Ferrari keys to the butler and mutter instructions, running effortlessly up the stairs after her and following on her heels, allowing her no opportunity to block his access to the room.

He tossed his cuff links into the little tray with a chuckle. "I am going to run out at this rate," he observed.

The heat clawed through her, making her hands tremble as she pulled off her dress, her body aching with need, her skin crawling with it.

"I am glad," he came up behind her, leaning over her in order to draw her dress up and off, and the feel of his body against her back was almost more than she could bear. "That you are being much more sensible about this heat than the last."

"It is no use fighting you," she whispered.

He stroked his hand down her back to her panties, sending them to the floor. "I had hoped that you didn't want to fight me," he said softly. "That you fought so hard the last

time because you were afraid. Our time together up to that point had not been... the best that I can offer.

"I was very angry," he ran his hand from her wrist to her shoulder, and then lifted her hair back exposing her shoulder and neck to his mouth. "At our wedding, I overheard, as she no doubt intended me to do, Alice remarking about how you thought that you were marrying beneath a Corbyn and had to be dragged to the altar.

"People like Alice have an innate sense of what to say in order to deliver the most hurt with their words," he began to kiss along her neck, and she closed her eyes leaning her head to the side, giving in to the heat, to the demands of her body. "And I know that. I should know better than to feed into their poison, but I let those words in, and they festered the night away until I drank too much and came to your bed seeking to punish you for the pain of them."

He turned her to face him and framed her face with his hands so that she had no option but to meet his eyes. "I am very sorry for that, Jane," he said and leaned forward to brush his lips over hers, his kiss tender and gentle. She turned her face away.

He laid her onto the bed, and kissed her cheek, before following the line of jaw to the pulse point below her ear. She closed her eyes. Was this how he made love to Angelique? She wondered, for his hands were gentle and knowledgeable, coaxing her body to arc into his touch, each caress tantalizing, tender, passionate, his exploration of her skin causing them both to moan.

"Please," she pleaded, the heat cramping her for want of his c-ck.

"Kiss me, Jane," he lifted over her, the tip of his c-ck dragging against her and causing her to groan and lift her hips, seeking penetration. "Kiss me."

She threaded her fingers into his hair and dragged his mouth to hers, devouring him without gentleness, making her mouth against his as he had made his body against hers since their wedding day, hard and cruel.

He caught her hands, threading his fingers into hers and pulled back, taking the force from the kiss, taking control of it, gentling it, his eyes on hers as he shared breath and the softest brushes of lips that lingered. And only then, when she had stilled under the expression in his eyes, the same expression that she had seen in the shower before Angelique had surprised them, only then did he press his c-ck into her, slowly, so that the stretch, the fill of him, was felt fully, drawn out, exquisite.

"Yes Jane," he breathed. "Yes, my Jane."

He released her hands, tenderly stroking the hair from her face before lowering his mouth to hers. He did not lift back in order to stroke into and out of her with force, but kept his chest to hers, so that they were joined, eye to eye, lip to lip, skin to skin,

stomach to stomach, hip to hip. There was an intense intimacy to the way he rocked into her, and she found herself hypnotized by his eyes, by the taste of him on her tongue, the feel of his body so fully against hers and within her.

She pressed against her heels, lifting into him, and her hands stroked up and down his back, enjoying the softness of skin over the hardness of the man who wore it. Her orgasm was profound, building into a divine ache that broke, leaving her arching, head thrown back, her cries soundless as she clenched around him.

He kissed the exposed column of her throat and moaned as he followed. "Oh, yes, Jane," he

groaned the words as if they were a prayer. "Oh yes." His heart raced and his body strained against hers. He dragged in his breath, every muscle tense as he spilled his seed, until the tension released, as sudden as a line cut, and he sagged over her, his lips against her neck, still pressing kisses to her skin.

He dragged his hand down the length of her arm until her caught her hand in his, linking their fingers, and lifting their joined hands to rest near their heads. "We will start over Jane," he whispered. "And pretend that this is our wedding night. I will bring up some champagne and strawberries, and we will drink and make love for the next three days until we collapse from exhaustion."

"F-k," she said.

"I'm sorry?" He lifted his head. "What did you say?"

"You mean f-k," she repeated. "We will f-k until this heat is over."