

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 4

### An Alpha's Desire

He pulled on his trousers and spent some time in between f-king her, putting the furniture back away, muttering and cursing under his breath as he did so, and then sweeping up the broken glass. He summoned a maid using the servants bell which she made a point to never pull and requested food and new sheets for the bed.

She lay, still tied, his seed seeping slowly from her, peaceful after his taking her, but feeling the burn begin again, a slow fire building in the pit of her stomach. A wolf's first heat was supposed to be a beautiful thing, spent lovingly entwined with a mate, not tied to the bed and ravished by a man who hated her, she thought as she cried, her tears running into the gag.

He returned to the room and stood at the foot of the bed looking down at her, watching her cry, his expression hard and angry. "Such a f-king mess," he said to her, finally. "I -"

A knock at the external door interrupted him and he went to answer it. "Just put it on the table in here," he said to the maid and Heathridge. "The sheets too, please."

"Do you require a first aid kit, sir?" Heathridge asked.

"No, she's not injured and neither am I," Baron sighed. "Just bring meals and leave them in here if I don't answer."

"Yes, sir."

They retreated and Baron closed the door behind them. He brought the tray into the bedroom and slid it onto the bed before closing the bedroom door. "Are you hungry?" He asked.

She closed her eyes.

"No," he picked up the tray and put it onto the dresser. "Maybe later."

He returned to the bed, removing the ruins of his suit trousers, and just leaving them on the floor. The mattress depressed under his weight as he lay at her side and stroked his hand down the center line of her body, watching his tanned skin against her milky paleness.

"Hmm," he murmured, frowning, and reaching across her. He put his fingers around her upper arm, matching them to the bruises he had left on her the night before dragging her to his office. "You bruise too easily," he commented.

Weak, snivelling, runt of a she-wolf, she finished for him, having heard it all before.

He placed his hand over her breast so that the hard point of her nipple sat in the center of his palm, and the heat of his touch made her moan and arch her body, the heat flaring back to life, and hot tears of shame and anger at herself pricking at her eyes.

He cupped her breast, stroking his thumb over her nipple, teasing her flesh with the callous of his pad, before he leaned over and placed his mouth over it, the hot, wet of his tongue divine. She sobbed against the gag as he circled the dusky areola before closing his teeth on her nipple. His hand slid down her stomach, between her legs, and he sank two of his fingers into where she ached for his c-ck, slowly, and then withdrew, before beginning again, a slow rhythm of penetration that taunted but never quite hit where she needed.

She mewled against the gag, straining against the bindings, feeling the material pull tighter, lifting her hips so that his fingers sank deeper. He lifted his mouth from her breast and watched his fingers and her reaction to them, his expression all alpha wolf with a mate on heat, fascinated with how her body sought him.

He removed his fingers and wiped them on the gag beneath her nose so that she had no choice but to inhale the scent of her heat and his come. "You are on heat," he said unnecessarily. His pupils were dilated convex, his wolf rising. "You need to feel an alpha in your body, to be filled with his seed, to come around his c-ck over and over, until the estrus passes."

As if she didn't know that, she thought, angrily, trying to take shallow breaths as the scent made her body throb with need.

"And instead of accepting me into your body," he said darkly. "You barricaded the door and bound yourself to the bed I should f-king leave you like that. I should let you spend the next two nights writhing and sweating out your needs. But," he returned his fingers to her and she moaned, the sound dragged from her core. "I don't want to."

He lifted over her and kneeled between her legs reaching above her to draw a cushion down and shoving it beneath her hips to angle her how he wanted her. "You are dripping," he told her stroking his fingers through her sex and causing her the writhe. "You are so ready for me."

She wasn't the only one dripping, she thought. Pre-come beaded on the tip of his c-ck, glistening.

He braced a hand on the mattress and used the other to guide his c-ck into her, keeping the penetration slow, his eyes on hers until they lost focus and he groaned. His stomach muscles stood against his skin, and his arms and shoulders corded and twisted with muscle as he began to thrust, his chin against his chest as he watched his c-ck slid in and out of her.

He was beautiful, she thought with misery even as his body caused hers to tighten and clench as it neared orgasm. Beautiful, and cruel with it. Her heart twisted with pain because it wanted it to be different between them, it wanted him to look at her with love and desire, to touch her tenderly, to listen to her speak, and to speak to her.

At least, in estrus, it didn't hurt when he f-ked her, she told herself as she came, sobbing and weeping.

He lay heavy over her as he grunted out his release, pressing his hips tightly to hers, as if seeking to send his seed straight to her womb. That is what I bought you for, after all, he had said, she thought sourly, and imagined his anger if he knew that she had a contraceptive implanted.

"Not the best of timing, either," he commented, his lips against her neck. "I could almost think you did it on purpose, if it were possible. Right in the middle of a night club packed with drunk and horny alphas a betas, right in front of all the most important people of the city, you go on f-king heat, and then decide that no, you'd rather participate in a gang bang on the dance floor with a bunch of betas than go home with your alpha husband."

"F-king Corbyns snobbish b-tches," he pulled himself up and out of her.