

The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 5

A Submissive Omega

The wind blew through the window, pricking the hairs to standing across her body, causing her nipples to pebble. The cold was a welcome counterbalance to the heat that was building within her again as she watched Baron.

He sat and picked blueberries out of a bowl from the tray, utterly comfortable in his own skin, unselfconscious, knowing, she thought, that he was breathtakingly gorgeous. He ate a single berry at a time, frowning thoughtfully out the broken window, though what he saw out there to displease him, she did not know, as the extensive gardens were beautifully manicured and up-kept by a team of gardeners.

"We will have to change rooms," he decided. "There is a storm coming in, and someone will need to board this window up to stop rain damage. I can't very well have that done with my wife naked, in heat, and tied to the bed, can I?" His eyebrow lifted in amusement.

He set the bowl down and found his trousers, moving into the other room and pulling the bell pull. After a moment, there was a knock on the door.

"Yes, sir?" Heathridge asked.

"I need another room prepared and someone to fix this window before the rain comes this evening." Baron told him. "Let me know when the room is ready, and I will move my wife."

"Of course, sir."

Baron returned to the bedroom. "You will probably be wanting to use the bathroom," he said and began to un-work the knots around Jane's ankles.

What she wanted was to have a long shower and scrub him from her, or at least, that was what she told herself she wanted. Her body had other plans. He inhaled and grinned. "Or maybe not," he commented sliding his hands up her calf to her knees and then from knees to rest against the curve of her inner thigh, his fingertips tantalizing close but not touching her where she wanted him to touch.

His smirk was smug, knowing exactly what he was doing, before he removed his hand and untied the other ankle. "I do like this," he commented, crawling up the bed between her legs, and wrapping them around his hips as he brought himself closer so that the tip of his c-ck pressed against her but did not penetrate. "Having a submissive omega tied to a bed for my pleasure."

He rocked his hips forward so that his c-ck pierced her. "Oh, god," his eyes closed as he savoured the sensation.

"And it is a pleasure."

The press and stretch of him within her was exactly what her body craved, and she wrapped her legs around his waist, crossing her ankles against his arse, pulling him tighter to her. She could feel the flex of his arse muscles against her heels as he thrust and longed to run her hands up his stomach where the muscles tensed and released with his movements, to feel them shift beneath the palm of her hands, to stroke up over the tight muscles of his arms and shoulders that held him up over her.

His face slackened, the golden-brown of his eyes caught between the sharp points of his eyelashes as they narrowed in bliss and sweat dewed his forehead as he slaked them both with his body, and she came, crying out against the gag, the wet clench of her around him causing him to groan, deep and filthy with his pleasure, as he followed.

He lay on top of her, his breath hot and heavy against her skin, his heart racing between them, and reached up lazily to release the knots tying her wrists to the bed. She tugged the gag free, her mouth dry and her lips chapped.

She lay, her hands to either side of her head, palm up and fingers curled inwards, with him over her. Now that she was free to touch him, she was too scared to do so, she admitted to herself. The times he had come to her bed between their wedding and this estrus, he had come late in the night, often waking her, pulling her nightgown up and pushing himself into her, and then left as soon as he had spilled his seed into her. A perfunctory mating that had left no time for foreplay or cuddling afterwards.

She did not know if she could touch him and was frightened of being rebuffed if she did, and so she kept her hands to herself and just lay beneath him, silent, until he groaned and lifted from her. "Go to the bathroom," he told her. "Then put on a robe."

She rolled to her feet, her limbs clumsy and uncoordinated from being bound so long and half-staggered across the room into the bathroom, gratefully closing and locking the door behind her. She used the toilet and then started the shower, washing herself thoroughly despite the heat rising again within her, demanding that she return to the bed with the big alpha on

She tried to satisfy the heat herself, leaning against the tiles and rubbing herself against her fingers, but it only exacerbated the demands of her body.

She dried and pulled on the robe that hung on the back of the door, fighting back tears of frustration as she stepped back into the bedroom.

He was not there, and neither was the tray.

For a moment, she did not know what to do, and then she heard his voice. “No,” he said. “It all needs to be rescheduled until Wednesday. It is bad f-king timing and send them my apologies... I’m sure they know,” he chuckled. “I am sure half the f-king city knows that she’s on heat after last night... Hmm... Thanks.”

He walked back into the bedroom. “Ah” he nodded, and she saw his nostrils flare as he scented her. “At least with the window open in here,” he commented, putting a hand on the small of her back and guiding her out of the bedroom, through the sitting room, and out into the hallway. “Your scent should have cleared by the time the repairmen arrive to replace that window, or they’d be too busy wanking to do their job.”

He opened a door into the next room, this one in neutral whites and creams, with touches of gold in the sashes that held the curtains open, the light fittings, and the diamond patterns on the upholstery. The bed was a four-poster draped with sheer fabric and dressed in creams and golds. Her eggshell blue room, she thought, had not even been the grandest of the guest bedrooms.

“You should eat and drink something.” he gestured to the tray set on the low, bone inlaid table before the elegantly.