

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 6

### Please F-k Me

She looked at him in alarm. "Again?" She whispered finding that her voice was hoarse from screaming the night before.

His smile was savagely beautiful. "Yes, again," he told her. "Why muck with something that works so well?" He took the cloche off the tray. "Eat, drink something, then get back onto the f-king bed before the scent of your need makes me lose f-king control."

She sat on the couch before the tray, but nothing appealed to her, the heat coiling tight within her. She tried to fight it back, pressing her thighs firmly together, but it was too much. "I can't eat," she sighed in surrender.

He caught her up from the couch, carrying her in his arms like a child, as if he had found waiting unbearable, and laid her onto the bed, pulling the robe open greedily, stroking his hands down her body, before dropping to his knees on the carpet, lifting her legs over his shoulders, and dragging his tongue over her.

She cried out, her fingers clenching in the bed clothes, the sensation of his tongue against where she ached for him lifting her hips from the mattress. He chuckled, placing a hand onto her stomach to hold her still, and continued to ravage her with his mouth so that she threw her head back, tossing her head from side to side, feeling the fine strands of her hair matting.

Her cries filled the room as she came, and as she sagged in the relief of that release, he rose to his feet and stepped in, thrusting into her in one stroke so that she bit her bottom lip from the pleasure of his c-ck within her, her fingers closing around his wrists where he gripped her hips, using him to lift herself into him.

"F-k," he groaned out, his body working hard against hers. "Who knew that you could f-k like this, little one!"

She did not know what to say back, and so said nothing, focusing on taking from him what she needed to satiate the ache of the heat within her, until her body broke apart and he arched his hips into her as he came.

"F-k," he panted, holding her up and tightly to him. His eyes were closed, and his face was spectacular in his release, his hair a heavy mess of dark curls around his face and sweat making his skin glossy. "Your timing is atrocious, but I could imagine worse ways to spend an enforced holiday than f-king like this," his eyes opened, and his grin was wicked.

"I am sorry," she said as he eased her hips back onto the mattress and stepped away.

“Not your fault,” he said over his shoulder as he went into the bathroom. After a moment she heard the run of water in the shower. He washed quickly, before stepping out, still drying his hair on a towel. “Use the bathroom quickly if you need to, and then I’ll tie you to the bed.”

“You don’t really... She began to protest, and then thought better of it, bowing her chin to her chest so that the tangle of her hair fell forwards. She went into the bathroom, cleaning herself quickly before returning to the bed. He had removed the sashes from the curtains, she saw, to fashion into bindings for her wrists and ankles.

She removed the robe and lay onto the bed. She watched him as he wrapped the sashes around first one wrist and then the other, securing each to a corner pole, and then repeated for her ankles. He leaned back and smiled, his face lighting with his enjoyment.

“Very nice.”

Annoyance flashed over his face as his phone rang, and he went to the dresser to check the display before snarling and swiping it off. After a moment, it buzzed with a message, which he read, scowling.

“Is everything okay?” She asked.

He looked up at her, startled by the question. “Nothing for you to worry about,” he said, and brought the phone to the bed. “Business.” He lay along her side, his skin against hers making her heart race, and the heat soar within her. He propped himself up on one side and placed the phone onto her stomach and proceeded to answer his emails whilst she squirmed beneath her rising need.

She tried to control her breath and body, but the throb or want disrupted her focus. She slid a look at him, and saw that although he was answering his emails, he was also watching her, deliberately torturing her with his skin against hers, whilst denying her his body.

“You need to stay still,” he told her. “It’s not easy to do this one handed and on a phone.”

“I can’t,” she whispered on the verge of tears because she didn’t want to need him this badly.

“Well, then, all you have to do is ask,” he said without looking up from his phone.

He wanted her to beg for him, she realised, and stubbornly refused to do just that, biting down on her back teeth, and closing her eyes. She drew in a deep breath and released it, and again, feeling sweat prickling between her breasts.

“Alright then,” he got up suddenly and walked to the bedroom door. “If you don’t want me so badly that you would rather endure the rest of your heat alone, that can be arranged.”

“Please,” it broke from her, a ragged plea, her eyes opening to see if she was too late.

He paused and looked over his shoulder. “Please what?”

“Please don’t leave.”

“No,” he shook his head but he was turning and walking back across to the foot of the bed. “Please, Baron Western, f-k me.”

Her moan was a sob of despair.

“Please, Baron Western, f-k me,” she whispered.

He smiled. “That wasn’t so hard, was it?”