

## The Alpha CEO's Unloved Wife Chapter 9

### Strawberries and Sex

When Baron returned to the bedroom, he brought with him a fresh tray of food, and another pot of tea. Jane had returned to the pretty gold and cream bedroom after her walk around the house, and had tried to tidy the bed, though it was impossible to disguise how well the bed had been used over the course of the night.

She opened the windows to let in fresh air and out the rich scent of sex, and leaned against window frame looking out over the green lawns and garden beds heavy with roses. The smell of come and sweat from the bed had caused the heat to rise again, and she pressed her thighs together, trying to control it.

She knew the moment he walked through the sitting room door, her instincts immediately identifying the arrival of an alpha, the heat craving him.

He placed the tray on the dresser. "You went out," he said.

"Yes," she flushed, wondering how he knew and immediately felt guilty that she might have been seen loitering under his open office window like a spy.

\*That was," he sighed heavily, unbuttoning his cuff links and setting them into a decorative plate on the dresser. "Very reckless. You are still on heat, and I only employ staff from the pack. If you have encountered any of our servants or gardeners, your scent might have led to something unfortunate."

"Oh," she cringed inwards and edged towards the bed, sitting onto the mattress, chastised. "I didn't think..."

"No," he agreed as he unbuttoned his shirt, the contrast of his tanned skin against its crisp whiteness as he opened it made the heat curl and dig claws into her belly. He eased it off his shoulders and hung it over the back of the chair as he toed off his Italian leather loafers. "It is your first heat; it takes time to adjust. By your fourth or fifth heat, we will perfect it," he smiled slightly as he poured the tea.

We will perfect it. "You... ah" she accepted the tea. "Haven't been through a heat before?"

"You are my first mate," he seemed surprised by the question. "So, of course, I haven't."

"You don't..." the teacup shook in her hand, and she lifted it off the saucer and to her lips taking a sip to disguise the tremble that the question caused in her. He waited, patiently. "You don't see Angelique through her heat?"

For a long moment he was silent, his expression introspective. "Angelique takes a suppressor," he said at last, turning away from her and lifting a cloche from the food. "On my insistence."

"Oh." She wondered why, and what Angelique made of it. A suppressor was not birth control, though it certainly had the side effect of it as it was during estrus that a she-wolf ovulated. But a suppressor did not just prevent conception, it prevented the release of an egg and the hormones that went with it, and used long term, there were heavy side effects.

He took her empty teacup from her and brought two bowls over to where she sat on the bed. In one was piled strawberries and blue berries, in another whipped cream. "You have not eaten since Saturday," he said. "I know it is not abnormal for heat to suppress the appetite, but, surely, by now, you are hungry?"

He selected a strawberry and lifted it to her lips. She bit into it, because not doing so had the potential to be embarrassing, with him pushing the food against her mouth. It was ripe and fresh, the flavour bursting over her tongue, and she chewed and swallowed, but when he raised an eyebrow and selected another, she shook her head. Her body did not want food. It wanted him.

"Ah, well," he set the bowls onto the bedside table. "I am hungry." He stood, but instead of returning to the tray, he pulled her to her feet, and loosened the ties that held her robe closed. "Starving in fact," he observed as he let the robe slide from her shoulders.

He scooped her up into his arms and laid her onto the center of the bed and then unbuttoned his trousers, removing them and draping them over the chair. He picked up the bowls and laid himself out along her side, his c-ck throbbing against her hip.

He was, she thought, a magnificent looking man in his own skin, broad shoulders, lean of waist, and heavily muscled. He had not styled his hair since she had begun her heat, and without the styling paste and careful combing, it formed thick, glossy curls that tumbled around his face, the perfect frame for the strong, regal bones, and his bright blue eyes. His was the sort of masculine beauty that had inspired artists and sculptors throughout history.

He dipped a strawberry into the cream but instead of taking a bite, he drew a line of cream between her breasts to her belly button.

She inhaled sharply in surprise, her eyes flickering up to his.

He was laughing without sound at her reaction, his grin wide and his eyes dancing. "Oh, dear," he chuckled and placed a line of blueberries into the cream, before placing the strawberry over her belly button. "I seem to have made a mess." He leaned over and dragged his tongue over her skin, capturing a blueberry as he did so, and chewed, smiling. "Delicious."

She sank back into the cushions her eyes closing as he continued to daub her with cream and fruit, and then lick it from her, taking his time, until she was lost to the sensation of his mouth on her, his breath over her skin, the caress of his tongue.

He moved slowly down her torso, until his tongue stroked over the rise of her hip bone, down the crease, to inner thigh, and he parted her legs with his shoulders, leaving the berries and cream to spill over the bed sheets as he feasted upon her, causing her to writhe and plead for his c-ck.

His eyes met and held hers as he thrust his c-ck into her. "Mine, Jane," he said darkly. "No others, not even professionals, do you understand?" He rolled his hips grinding against her as he pushed deep, and again so that she moaned. "Jane?"

"Yes," she would have agreed to anything with him f-king her in such a way.

"I will take care of you during all your heats," he would not release her eyes, the alpha in him pinning her gaze so that she could not look away. "Every one of them. Me, and me alone. Jane. Say it."

"Yes," she sobbed it out as she came. "Yes, Baron."