

# CEO's Unwanted Wife

## Chapter 4

The elevator doors slid shut with a soft hiss, sealing Alex and Emma inside the confined space. His arms held her firmly, her body pressed against his chest as her weak protests faded into a heavy silence.

"I'm not taking no for an answer," Alex said, his voice low and commanding, the CEO's authority cutting through the quiet hum of the elevator.

"Fine," Emma muttered, her tone bitter and strained. "But not the hospital. I can't handle that right now."

Alex's jaw tightened, a flicker of concern passing through his piercing gaze. "My penthouse, then. No arguments."

Emma's eyes narrowed with frustration, but exhaustion dragged at her limbs, her body swaying slightly against his after nearly collapsing earlier from fever and stress. She said nothing more, the tension between them simmering as the elevator descended towards the parking lot of the building.

The ride back was quiet, with Emma breathing a sigh of relief that she had convinced Alex to abandon the idea of taking her to the hospital.

Inside Alex's luxurious penthouse, the air felt heavy with unspoken words as he carried Emma straight to his bedroom. The luxurious space—dark wood, sleek lines, and a massive bed draped in silk—screamed his dominance over every part of her life.

He set her on the edge of the bed and knelt in front of her, his fingers moving to the buttons of her blouse with deliberate care.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, her breath hitching as his fingers brushed against her collarbone, sending a jolt through her, making her heart skip a beat.

"Taking care of you," he said, his voice softer now but still edged with authority. "You can barely stand."

"I can do it myself, Alex," she protested, her eyes searching for any hint of what he truly meant. "I'm not helpless."

"You're not fine either," he countered, his gaze locking with hers as he eased the blouse off her shoulders. "Stop fighting me for once."

Alex led Emma to the bathroom, where a warm bath awaited, steam curling lazily in the air. The marble tiles and dim lighting only heightened the moment's intimacy.

"Get in," he instructed, his voice a mix of care and command as he helped her out of the rest of her clothes, his fingers grazing her bare skin.

Emma hesitated, her breath shallow, then stepped into the water, sinking down as warmth enveloped her. "You don't have to do this," she murmured, her eyes never leaving his.

"I know," he said, the words heavy as he knelt beside the tub, rolling up his sleeves. His gaze locked on hers, intense and unreadable.

"Why?" she asked, her voice trembling. "Why act like this when your girlfriend is back?"

"Stop bringing her up," Alex snapped, his tone sharp for a moment before softening. "I'm here now. With you."

"For how long?" she pressed, her voice barely above a whisper as the water lapped around her. "Until she needs you again?"

He didn't answer right away, just watched her, the silence stretching thin between them. "You don't have to understand. You'll know everything in time."

Emma bit her lip, the heat of the water mixing with the heat of his presence, memories of their past closeness flooding her mind. "I don't know if I can trust this."

"Then don't," he said simply, his voice low. "But I'm not leaving you like this."

After the bath, Emma, wrapped in a plush towel, tried to shuffle toward the bed, her legs still shaky. Alex's hand caught her arm, guiding her instead to a chair in front of a large mirror.

"I'm not done," he said, his voice firm as he grabbed a hairdryer from the counter. He stood behind her, his body close, the heat of him mirroring the warmth of the dryer.

"I can do this myself," Emma said, her tone weak but defiant, her reflection meeting his in the glass.

"Hmm," he hummed barely in acknowledgement, switching on the dryer, the hum filling the quiet. His free hand brushed through her damp hair, his touch sending shivers down her spine.

"Why are you so stubborn about this?" she asked, her voice softer now, almost lost in the noise of the dryer.

"Because I can't stand seeing you like this. You are my wife, my responsibility," he said, his tone darkening as he leaned closer, his breath warm against her ear.

Her heart jolted at the possessive edge in his words, her reflection showing the confusion in her eyes. "You don't even act like I matter most of the time."

"Enough," he cut her off, his voice sharp as he switched off the dryer, the sudden silence deafening. "You have talked enough about her for the night."

Once her hair was dry, Alex's demeanor shifted, a mix of care and dominance in his movements as he set the dryer aside. He tilted her face up, pinching her chin gently between his fingers, forcing her to meet his intense gaze.

"What now?" Emma asked, her breath catching, her resolve wavering under the weight of his stare.

He didn't answer with words. Instead, he leaned down, pressing a lingering kiss to her forehead—a gesture that was tender yet possessive, sending a rush of warmth through her skin.

"Alex..." she started, her voice trembling, unsure if she wanted to pull away or lean into him. "What does this mean?"

"It means rest now," And as a good wife, you will listen to me," he shot back, his voice firm as he picked up his phone. "I'm calling the housemaid for porridge. You're eating."

"I'm not hungry," she protested, crossing her arms, though her stomach betrayed her with a faint growl.

"Doesn't matter," he said, already speaking into the phone with clipped instructions. "You're eating, even if I have to feed you myself."

Emma's cheeks flushed. The thought of him spoon-feeding her was both intimate and overwhelming. "You don't have to go that far."

"Try me," he said, hanging up and turning back to her, a glint of challenge in his eyes.

She nodded slowly, flustered by the closeness, questioning if she could ever break free from the hold of this secret marriage. "Okay. But just this once."

The quiet moment shattered when Alex's phone buzzed on the bedside table, the harsh sound cutting through the fragile warmth between them. He grabbed it, his expression darkening as he answered.

"What is it?" He snapped into the phone, his voice tense, his back turning slightly away from Emma.

Emma watched from the bed, the warmth of his care slipping away as she caught fragments of the conversation—something about Vicky, a hospital, critical condition. Her chest tightened, the familiar sting of being second place creeping in.

"I'll be there," Alex said curtly, ending the call with a heavy sigh. He didn't turn to face her right away, his shoulders rigid.

"You have to go," Emma said, her voice flat, already pulling the covers over herself as if to shield herself from the inevitable hurt.

"Yes," he replied, finally looking at her, though his eyes avoided meeting hers directly. "It's urgent. I owe her this much, but I hate leaving you like this."

"It's always urgent with her," she said, bitterness lacing her words as she turned her face away.  
"Go. I'll be fine."

Alex stood there for a moment, the silence heavy, before his footsteps moved toward the door.  
"Rest. I mean it. I'll be back as soon as I can."

The door clicked shut behind him, leaving Emma alone in the vast bed, staring at the ceiling of his penthouse.

"Don't make promises you can't keep," she whispered, her words muffled by the pillow as she curled deeper under the covers..