

The Unwanted Wife's Unexpected Comeback novel by Idaline Miele

Chapter 1 Still A Virgin

In the dimly lit, opulent private cinema, the most exclusive jewelry auction was being broadcast live.

The rich cadence of the auctioneer's voice echoed through the room. "One million, going once, going twice-"

Alicia Bennett barely registered the words, her thoughts entirely consumed by the man under her.

His intensity overwhelmed her, driving her to sink her teeth into his shoulder in a desperate attempt to brace herself against the onslaught.

The man merely grunted in response, neither stopping nor slowing down.

"Loosen up, will you?" he rasped, voice thick with strain as he tightened his grip around her waist, commanding her body to bend to his will.

Alicia, still biting the man's shoulder, paused.

Slowly, she eased her jaw, her teeth releasing their hold.

Just as the apology began to form on her lips, he let out a low, almost teasing laugh. "That's not the part I asked you to loosen."

Alicia froze, heat rushing to her cheeks.

The apology withering in her throat, replaced by a searing embarrassment that turned her skin crimson.

But the intensity between them only grew fiercer as time passed, their bodies entangled in a battle of passion and control.

The auctioneer's gavel fell. "Sold for ten million! Let's give a round of applause to Mr. Joshua Yates!"

The name struck Alicia like a lightning bolt.

Her body instantly went rigid, something that the man couldn't help but notice. His movements paused as his eyes, half-lidded with satisfaction, flicked lazily toward the screen.

The camera zoomed in on Joshua Yates's face, every detail of his familiar features displayed in perfect clarity.

"Joshua Yates, the second son of the Yates family... an acquaintance perhaps?" he drawled, the corners of his mouth tugging into a sly smile as he playfully nibbled Alicia's earlobe.

Alicia's frown deepened. The last thing she wanted was to discuss it.

"Is gossip part of your services too?" she snapped, her voice cold, laced with irritation.

He chuckled softly at her retort, the sound reverberating in the space between them.

Services?

He didn't bother denying it. Instead, his grip on her waist tightened further, his movements growing more relentless, his rhythm chaotic and untamed, as if challenging her.

The room seemed to pulse with their passionate desires, the air thick with lust, their ragged breaths merging into one. Together, they reached a breathless crescendo.

When it was over, Alicia took advantage of the man's time in the shower and quietly made her escape.

She fished out a stack of banknotes from her purse and left them on the chair. Then she inched her way towards the door, quiet as a mouse, wincing at the soreness in her nether regions.

When Caden Ward finally emerged from the bathroom, his gaze instantly fell on the neat stack of dollar bills waiting for him on the chair. Amusement flickered in his eyes, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

Casually, he reached for a cigarette, lighting it leisurely before sinking into the chair, his fingers toying with the crisp notes.

Moments later, his assistant, Hank Ford, burst into the room, clearly on edge.

The faint, unmistakable scent of sex still hung heavy in the air, making Hank's scalp prickle with discomfort. "Er, apologies, Mr. Ward. I let my guard down. Give me a moment, and I'll have her brought back immediately."

They had just returned to the country, taking every precaution. And yet, a woman had managed to slip through the cracks of their security.

Caden exhaled a lazy stream of smoke, his features calm, almost indifferent.

"No need. I was... a willing participant."

Hank's eyes widened in shock.

Only then did he notice the faint red marks decorating Caden's chest.

Hank's vision started to spin. In all the time he'd known Caden, the man had never slept with a woman, not even for a casual one night stand.

There were even rumors that Caden might suffer from some secret ailment, which was why he had never been with a woman.

Yet now, those whispers seemed to evaporate in the face of this unexpected turn of events.

Before Hank could make sense of it, Caden's deep voice pulled him back to reality. "I want you to look into Joshua's personal life. Have the report on my desk in half an hour."

Tonight, Alicia had stumbled into his room, feverish and desperate.

It was obvious she'd been drugged.

And just like that, all his years of restraint and abstinence fell apart the moment he took her into his arms.

And then came the revelation- Alicia was still a virgin.

Two years of marriage to Joshua...

Yet she was still untouched?

The memory of last night's passion stirred something in him, and his lips curled into a satisfied smile.

The unexpected always had a way of intriguing him.

But as he reflected, one thing became abundantly clear-Alicia had no idea who she'd been with due to the drug's effects.

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By the time Alicia returned home, the first light of dawn filtered through the windows.

Only then did she realize how long she had been out. She paused at the door, gnashing her teeth angrily.

Even after she had pushed herself to the brink of collapse, he refused to let her go, as though his stamina was never-ending.

Who was supposed to be the client here?

But before she could dwell any further, her phone rang. It was her bestie, Monica Flynn, calling.

"Alicia!" Monica practically screeched from the other end of the line, her voice high-pitched with worry. "How are you now?"

Alicia exhaled deeply, kicking off her shoes carelessly. "I've been better," she murmured.

Monica's anger bubbled over, her words sharp and unrelenting. "Joshua's such a piece of shit! He's beyond disgusting! If he doesn't want to stay married, he should just grow a spine and divorce you already! What kind of sick man would scheme against his own wife?"

The sharp pain of betrayal shot through Alicia's chest.

Yesterday was their second anniversary. Joshua had texted her, suggesting they celebrate. Daring to hope he had changed, she had dressed up to the nine's, only to be met with disappointment and a drug-laced drink that sent her spiraling into a night of confusion and chaos.

Was Joshua really the mastermind behind this?

Swallowing the bitterness that tried clawing its way to the surface, Alicia forced herself to climb the stairs, her movements slow and weary. "It's fine, Monica. I'll handle it."

Monica, ever protective, wasn't convinced. "'Handle it'? What do you mean you'll handle it? Just say the word, and I'll be over in a heartbeat. I'll even put on my sharpest heels, ready to kick him in the nuts!"

Alicia couldn't help the small, tired smile that tugged at her lips, though her heart still felt heavy.

Monica's tone suddenly shifted, curiosity sparking in her voice. "But, seriously, who was that guy you were with last night?"

Alicia froze mid-step, a bad feeling creeping up her spine. "Didn't you hire that male escort for me?" she asked uneasily.

"I did call one," Monica said, her voice suddenly serious. "But you never showed up. He texted me this morning, saying he waited all night and didn't see you. So... who were you with?"

Alicia's breath hitched as the realization slammed into her.

Before she could respond, the door to her bedroom creaked open.

She lifted her gaze, and almost instantly, her stomach dropped. There, fresh from a shower, a towel wrapped loosely around his waist, stood Joshua. His damp hair clung to his forehead as he stared down at her, his voice low, menacing.

"What male escort?"