

## Chapter Four: The Beast

Dominic's pulse pounded like a war drum in his ears as the door to his suite clicked shut behind him, the sound resonating through the quiet room like the nal note of a symphony that had been building since the moment their eyes locked. His wolf, ever-present but usually in check, was on edge, primal instincts buzzing beneath the surface, ready to break free. He was on the verge of losing control—no, he already had.

Every step he had taken to get Amber into his arms felt like a battle against himself, his human restraint barely keeping his feral nature in line. He had fought it for as long as he could, the gentleman in him, the part that wanted to protect her from what he was—what he could become. But now, there was no holding back. The air around them crackled with electricity, every breath she took fueling the re inside him. Her scent—delicate but intoxicating—mingled with his, an intoxicating mixture of desire that clouded his thoughts. It was overwhelming, a storm of sensation that raged too ercely to be ignored.

Amber hit the wall with a soft thud, her back arching as her lips found his again. Her breath was ragged, each exhale carrying the tension that had built between them. Her lips, swollen from the fevered kisses they'd shared on their way to the suite, parted eagerly, inviting more. They had barely made it into the room before his control had slipped, the door shutting behind them like a nal surrender to the inevitable. His wolf had been pacing, clawing to be let free, to take her, to claim her.

His hands gripped her hips, his ngers digging into the soft esh as he pressed his body against hers. A low growl vibrated through his chest, barely contained, a sound that spoke of hunger, of need. His need for her.

"Do you have any idea what you're doing to me?" His voice was rough, a gravelly whisper laced with the desire that threatened to consume him.

Amber's lips curled into a wicked smile, her eyes dark with a mixture of lust and mischief. "Then why are you still holding back?" she teased, her voice sultry, a challenge as much as an invitation.

That single statement, that daring little push, shattered the last of his resolve. The tenuous thread of control that he had clung to snapped, releasing the primal force within him. With a feral snarl, a sound more beast than man, he claimed her mouth again, this time rougher, more desperate. His kiss was a declaration, a demand. There was no more pretense of restraint, no more holding back. She was his, and he would make sure she knew it.

Amber's legs wrapped around his waist without hesitation as he lifted her effortlessly, her body molding to his as he pinned her against the wall. The heat of her seared through the thin fabric of her dress, a heat that only served to fan the ames of his desire. Every ber of his being ached to claim her, to mark her as his in every way that mattered.

He couldn't wait any longer.

Dominic tore his lips from hers, his breath hot against her neck as he trailed feverish kisses down her throat. His teeth grazed her sensitive skin, eliciting a gasp from her as her ngers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer, urging him on. He could feel her pulse racing beneath his lips, the rapid rhythm mirroring the pounding in his own chest. Her scent was intoxicating, a drug that sent his senses spiraling.

"You're mine, Amber," he growled against her skin, his voice thick with possession. "You have no idea what you've done by stepping into my world."

Amber gasped, her nails biting into his shoulders as his hands roamed lower, the rough pads of his ngers lifting the hem of her dress higher, baring her thighs to his touch. The heat between them was unbearable now, the desire nearly suffocating. His wolf paced within him, eager, impatient, demanding. But Dominic held him back—just barely.

"Dominic," Amber whispered, her voice a soft, breathless plea. It was tinged with confusion, with need, her body betraying her even as her mind tried to make sense of the intensity between them. "What are you—"

"Shh," he cut her off with a dark, teasing grin. His lips trailed lower, brushing over the swell of her breasts as his hands continued their exploration, his ngers skimming the delicate skin of her inner thighs. He could feel her muscles tense beneath his touch, her anticipation building with every kiss, every whispered word.

"Do you trust me?" he asked, his voice a low rumble, his lips hovering just inches from where he knew she needed him most.

Amber's breath hitched, her ngers still gripping his shoulders as though they were her only anchor in the storm of sensation he had unleashed. She opened her mouth to respond, but no words came. Instead, she gave a small, shaky nod, her body betraying her desires before her mind could fully comprehend what was happening.

A wicked smile crossed Dominic's lips as he slipped her panties down, letting them fall carelessly to the oor. The rst touch of his lips to her core sent a jolt of pleasure through her that was almost overwhelming. He growled low in his throat as he tasted her, the primal satisfaction of claiming her in this way sending a wave of possessiveness through him. His grip tightened on her thighs as his tongue moved over her, slow at rst, savoring her taste, teasing her with just enough pressure to make her moan.

Her body tensed, her hips bucking instinctively against his mouth. "Dominic, please," she whimpered, her voice breathless, lled with the kind of desperation that sent his wolf into a frenzy.

He chuckled against her, the sound vibrating against her sensitive skin. "You're so perfect," he murmured, his voice thick with lust. "I could stay here forever."

But he wouldn't. Not tonight. Tonight was about something more than just pleasure. Tonight was about showing her what she meant to him. About making her understand that from this moment on, she was his in every way that mattered. He increased the intensity, icking his tongue against her in just the way he knew would drive her wild. Her ngers tightened in his hair, pulling him closer as her body trembled, teetering on the edge of release.

But he wasn't ready to let her fall. Not yet.

With a wicked grin, he pulled back, his breath hot against her damp skin. Amber let out a frustrated whine, her body aching for more, but Dominic simply smirked, his eyes dark and lled with intent. He shifted his grip, lifting her effortlessly into the air once again. Her back pressed against the wall, her legs draped over his broad shoulders as he held her suspended in his arms, completely at his mercy.

"Dominic—" Her voice was shaky, but before she could protest further, his mouth was on her again, devouring her with renewed intensity. The sensation of being held like this, of being pinned to the wall while his tongue worked her with relentless precision, was overwhelming. She was utterly at his mercy, and the power he held over her in that moment was intoxicating.

"You're going to come for me, Amber," Dominic growled between kisses, his voice low, dangerous, commanding. "And when you do, you'll know exactly who you belong to."

Her body responded before her mind could process his words. The heat inside her coiled tighter and tighter, every nerve alive with the pleasure he was giving her. She could feel the climax building, this time more intense, more inevitable, her body trembling under his touch as she fought to hold on.

"Dominic, please," she gasped, her voice barely more than a whisper. "I can't—"

"Yes, you can," he growled, icking his tongue against her clit one last time. "Come for me. Now."

And just like that, her body obeyed. With a sharp cry, Amber shattered, her orgasm crashing over her like a wave that she couldn't control. Her thighs clenched around his head as she arched against him, her body surrendering to the pleasure as it consumed her. Dominic held her through it, his mouth never leaving her as he drew every last ounce of her release from her trembling form.

When it was over, Amber slumped against him, breathless and trembling, her legs weak and her mind spinning. Her body felt like it was oating, her senses dulled from the intensity of what had just happened, but Dominic didn't let her go. He stood, his arms still wrapped securely around her, holding her close as though he never intended to let her out of his grasp again. He carefully lowered her from his shoulders still holding her.

His eyes, glowing with the satisfaction of a man who had just claimed what was rightfully his, met hers as he leaned in, his lips brushing against her ear.

"You're mine," he whispered, his voice a low, possessive growl. "And now that you know that, nothing will ever be the same."

Amber's breath hitched at his words, a shiver running down her spine despite the heat still lingering between them. His grip on her was rm, unyielding, a silent promise that she would never escape his hold—not that she wanted to. Something had shifted between them, something primal and undeniable, and Amber knew in that moment that her life had just changed forever.

And there was no going back.