

Chapter Five: His Possession

Amber's body still hummed with the aftershocks of her orgasm as Dominic slowly lowered her from his shoulders, his hands rm and possessive around her waist. Her legs felt weak, her pulse racing, and before she could catch her breath, he scooped her into his arms, lifting her as though she weighed nothing.

Without a moment's pause, he carried her to the massive bed that dominated the suite, his eyes locked onto hers. With a smirk that twisted her insides with anticipation, he tossed her onto the plush mattress. Amber bounced slightly, a soft gasp escaping her lips as she looked up at him, heart pounding in her chest.

Dominic stood at the edge of the bed, his chest rising and falling with ragged breaths, eyes dark with a hunger that seemed to consume him. The air crackled with tension as he reached for the buttons of his shirt, moving slow and deliberate, almost teasing. But as each button slipped free, he turned the seduction into a display of raw dominance.

Once the last button was undone, he shrugged the shirt off, revealing inch after inch of hard, chiseled muscle. He removed his pants and boxers in one swift movement. He didn't just undress; he stroked himself, his hand wrapping around his thick c**k, giving it a few slow, deliberate pulls as he locked eyes with her. For a moment, Amber almost thought his eyes ashed gold. That couldn't have been right though, it must have just been the light reecting off them and Amber dismissed it.

"Do you like what you see, Amber?" he asked, voice low and dangerous, a wicked smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Her breath caught, arousal coursing through her veins. The primal energy radiating from him made her heart race, but a thrill of fear mingled with the desire.

"Y-yes," she stammered, unable to tear her gaze away from him.

"Forget about any other man," he growled, taking a step closer. "Because after tonight, no one else will ever satisfy you. I'll make sure of that."

The possessiveness in his voice sent a shiver down her spine. He approached her, towering over her, every inch of him radiating power and dominance. His eyes locked onto hers, intense and unyielding.

"Tell me you belong to me," he demanded, his voice dropping to a growl that sent her heart racing.

Amber's breath hitched, the weight of his words settling over her. "I... I belong to you," she whispered, feeling the truth of it settle deep within her, even as doubt ickered at the edges of her mind.

"Louder," he commanded, his voice rough, a primal need creeping into his tone.

"I belong to you!" she cried, the declaration bursting from her lips, and the way he growled in response sent waves of heat coursing through her.

Dominic's eyes ashed with something wild and feral, his wolf clawing at the surface as he advanced. "Good girl," he said, a dark satisfaction lacing his voice.

With a low, guttural growl, he crawled onto the bed, his powerful body hovering over hers. His hands reached for her, pulling her bra straps down her arms before expertly unclasping it and tossing it aside. His gaze was hot, almost reverent, as he stared down at her now completely bare before him. Amber's breath quickened, her heart racing as she felt utterly exposed beneath him.

"You're perfect," he growled, voice thick with desire as his hands cupped her breasts, thumbs brushing over her n*****s, sending sparks of pleasure shooting through her.

Amber gasped, arching her back off the bed as his touch ignited every nerve in her body. His ngers were rm yet moved with a tenderness that made her ache for more, but there was an underlying intensity that warned her of the storm building within him.

"Dominic," she breathed, her voice a soft plea, but he was already on a mission, his body moving with a erce urgency.

His hand trailed lower, down her stomach, until his ngers slipped between her thighs, nding her already slick and ready for him. He chuckled, low and dangerous, as he pressed his ngers inside her, curling them just right.

"Look at you," he murmured, voice rough with lust. "Already so wet for me."

Amber whimpered, her hips lifting off the bed to meet his hand, body desperate for more of his touch. His ngers moved in and out of her slowly, teasingly, while his other hand continued to toy with her breasts, pinching and rolling her n*****s until she squirmed beneath him.

She felt tiny beneath him, completely at his mercy. His body dwarfed hers, his hands so much larger as he dominated every inch of her. But God, it felt so good. It felt like he was made to touch her, to claim her, and she couldn't get enough.

"Tell me what you want," he growled, lips brushing against her ear as his ngers slid deeper inside her, thumb circling her clit with just enough pressure to make her gasp.

"Please," she whimpered, her hips bucking against his hand as her body begged for release. "I need you."

Dominic chuckled darkly, lips grazing her neck as he pulled his ngers out of her, leaving her empty and aching. "Not yet," he murmured, his voice low and teasing as he positioned himself between her legs. She could feel the heat of him, the hardness of his c**k pressing against her, but he didn't push inside her. Not yet.

Instead, he teased her, rubbing the head of his c**k against her swollen clit, making her gasp and moan as her hips jerked in response.

"Do you trust me?" he asked, voice a low growl.

"Yes," she managed to breathe, heart racing for reasons beyond pleasure.

Without waiting for another response, he placed a hand around her throat and applied pressure, sending a thrill of fear and exhilaration through her. "Good. I want you to feel every part of this, every inch of me. Don't ght it."

With that, he thrust into her, his c**k lling her completely, stretching her in ways that made her gasp and cling to him for dear life.

"f**k," he groaned, voice thick with pleasure as he buried himself inside her. "You feel so f*****g good."

Amber's breath came in ragged gasps, body trembling beneath him as he lled her, the sensation of being stretched so perfectly overwhelming her senses. She felt tiny, overwhelmed by the sheer size and strength of him, but God, it felt good.

"You're mine," he growled, lips brushing against her ear as he began to move, thrusting slowly at rst but with a growing intensity that left her breathless. "Do you hear me? You're f*****g mine."

"Dominic..." she gasped, nails digging into his shoulders as he set a relentless rhythm, each thrust sending shocks of pleasure coursing through her. "Yes... I'm yours."

"That's right," he replied, voice rough and possessive. "You belong to me, Amber. And I'll make sure you remember it."

He picked up the pace, driving deeper into her, the sound of their bodies colliding lling the room. Each thrust sent her spiraling higher, and the tension in her core coiled tighter with every movement. Just before she was about to reach her peak, Dominic's hand tightened around her throat, grip rm yet controlled.

He thrust into her harder, the added pressure on her throat making her gasp and moan, sensations overwhelming her senses. Her body was now fully his, and the world around them faded away, leaving only the two of them entwined in their primal dance.

"Dominic," she gasped, body trembling, on the verge of release. "I... I can't hold on much longer."

"Let go for me, Amber," he urged, grip tightening just enough to remind her of his dominance. "I want to feel you break apart around me."

The combination of his possessive hold and the relentless rhythm of his thrusts pushed her to the edge. With a nal, desperate gasp, she surrendered to the wave of pleasure crashing over her. "Dominic!" she cried out, body convulsing as she came undone, pleasure washing over her in exhilarating waves.

"Goddess, yes!" he growled, his own release following closely as he buried himself deeper, lling her completely. The sensations mingled as they both surrendered to the intensity of the moment.

As they both collapsed against each other, panting and trembling, the reality of what had just happened settled over them like a warm blanket. In that moment, as they lay entwined, their bodies still throbbing with echoes of their passion, Dominic fought against the instinct to claim her fully.

The beast within him roared, demanding satisfaction, demanding to mark her as his, but he pushed it back, wanting her to come to terms with the depth of their connection rst.

"Amber," he said, his voice a low rumble, lled with a mixture of possessiveness and care.

He pressed his forehead against hers, his breath hot and heavy. "I'm not letting you go."