

## Chapter Six: Surrender

Amber lay beneath Dominic, her chest rising and falling with rapid, shallow breaths as she tried to steady herself. The aftershocks of their lovemaking still pulsed through her, leaving her skin tingling, nerves alight with sensation. Her thoughts were muddled, tangled up in the storm of emotions swirling through her. Dominic had taken her somewhere new, someplace primal and raw, and now, in the stillness that followed, she was left to wrestle with the weight of what it meant.

His words—You’re mine—echoed in her mind, looping through her thoughts like a mantra she couldn’t escape. There had been something about the way he said it, a deep nality that resonated in the pit of her stomach. She should have felt trapped, wary of such possessiveness, but instead, she felt exhilarated, free in a way she’d never been before. With Dominic, there was no pretense, no walls to hide behind. He stripped her down to her core, laid her bare, and made her want to surrender to him, to this... whatever it was.

Dominic shifted beside her, his arm sliding around her waist, pulling her closer to him. The heat of his body was a comforting weight against her back, his presence grounding her in the moment. He nuzzled the back of her neck, his lips brushing against her skin in lazy, soft kisses that made her shiver all over again.

“You’re quiet,” Dominic murmured, his voice low and gravelly, still thick with lust. His breath fanned across her neck, sending goosebumps skittering across her skin. “What’s going on in that pretty head of yours?”

Amber smiled faintly, feeling the ghost of a laugh bubbling up in her throat. “Just thinking,” she said softly, her ngers absently tracing patterns along the smooth expanse of his forearm.

“About?” he prompted, his hand sliding over her stomach, ngers splayed possessively over her skin.

“Everything,” she admitted, turning her head slightly to catch a glimpse of his face from the corner of her eye. “About what we just did. About how you... how you make me feel.”

Dominic’s lips curved into a smirk, and he nipped at her earlobe playfully. “And how do I make you feel, Amber?”

She bit her lip, unsure how to put the overwhelming emotions into words. Her heart raced as she considered how vulnerable she felt in this moment, yet how safe it was to be vulnerable with him. “Like I’m on re,” she whispered nally, turning to face him fully. “Like I’m burning from the inside out, and you’re the only thing that can put it out. But at the same time, I don’t want it to stop. I’ve never felt like this before... with anyone.”

Dominic’s expression shifted, the playfulness melting away, replaced by something deeper, something intense. He cupped her face in his hand, his thumb gently brushing her bottom lip. “That’s because you’ve never been with someone like me,” he said, his voice rough with sincerity. “With me, there’s no holding back, no pretending. I see you, Amber. All of you. And I want you—all of you.”

Her chest tightened at his words, a ood of emotion washing over her. It was terrifying how deeply she felt for him already, but she couldn’t deny it. She didn’t want to deny it. “You have me,” she said softly, reaching up to place her hand over his. “I don’t know how or why, but I feel like I’ve known you forever, like this—” she gestured between them “—was always meant to happen.”

Dominic’s stormy eyes softened, and for a moment, the raw hunger in his gaze was replaced by something gentler, something almost tender. “I feel it too,” he admitted quietly. “From the moment I saw you, I knew. You’re mine, Amber. I won’t let you go. Ever.”

Amber’s heart skipped a beat, the intensity of his declaration sending a thrill through her. She should have been frightened by his possessiveness, but all she felt was a strange sense of comfort. There was something liberating about being wanted so completely, so utterly. She trusted him, trusted that he wouldn’t hurt her, that he would protect her no matter what. And maybe, just maybe, she was willing to let herself be his—completely.

A slow smile spread across her lips as she gazed up at him, her ngers trailing down the side of his face. “You say that like I have a choice in the matter,” she teased, her voice light but laced with affection.

Dominic chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that sent a shiver through her. “You don’t,” he said, his voice playful but edged with truth. “But you wouldn’t want to, anyway.”

Amber laughed softly, her heart swelling with warmth. He was right—she didn’t want to. Whatever this was, whatever was happening between them, she didn’t want to run from it. She wanted to see where it would take them, wanted to explore this connection, this re that burned so ercely between them.

“I guess I’ll just have to get used to being yours then,” she said, her tone light but lled with meaning.

Dominic’s eyes darkened, his expression shifting from playful to serious in an instant. “You already are,” he said, his voice low, a promise in every word. “And don’t you ever forget it.”

His possessiveness should have unnerved her, but instead, it made her feel safe, cherished in a way she had never known before. She smiled, her ngers tracing the line of his jaw as she leaned in to press a soft kiss to his lips. “I won’t,” she whispered against his mouth. “I won’t forget.”

For a moment, they just lay there, wrapped in each other’s arms, the world outside their bubble fading away. Amber closed her eyes, letting herself sink into the warmth of his embrace, the steady beat of his heart beneath her ear a soothing rhythm that lulled her into a peaceful haze.

But Dominic, ever the predator, wasn’t done with her yet.

“You’re thinking again,” he murmured, his lips brushing against her temple. “I can feel it.”

Amber chuckled softly, nuzzling closer to him. “I can’t help it,” she admitted. “You make it hard to think straight.”

Dominic’s hand slid down her back, his ngers tracing lazy circles over her skin. “Good,” he rumbled, his voice thick with satisfaction. “I don’t want you thinking when you’re with me. I want you feeling. I want you lost in it.”

She bit her lip, her body already responding to the heat in his voice, the promise in his words. “You make that pretty easy,” she whispered, her voice barely audible as the anticipation began to build within her once more.

Dominic shifted, rolling her onto her back as he hovered over her, his dark eyes smoldering with desire. “That’s the idea,” he growled, lowering his head to capture her lips in a searing kiss that left her breathless.

Amber moaned into the kiss, her hands tangling in his hair as she arched against him, desperate for more. Dominic deepened the kiss, his tongue sweeping into her mouth with a hunger that made her pulse race. Every touch, every kiss, was a brand, a reminder that she belonged to him now.

And she wouldn’t have it any other way.

As they moved together once more, their bodies intertwining in a dance of raw passion and need, Amber realized something. Dominic hadn’t just claimed her body—he had claimed her heart, her soul. And she was more than willing to give them to him, to surrender to the re between them and let it burn.

Because with Dominic, she was no longer afraid to lose herself.