

Chapter Seven: Tethered Instincts

Hours passed in a haze of passion, the world outside their suite fading into irrelevance. Dominic’s mind was a storm of desire, consumed by Amber—her scent, her touch, her intoxicating sounds fueling the re burning between them. He’d never experienced anything like this before. His wolf was restless, prowling beneath his skin, clawing for release and control.

They had explored every inch of the suite. The bed had become their starting point, but it hadn’t been enough. He had taken her on the plush sofa, her legs wrapped tightly around his waist as he drove into her with fervor. Then, on the glass coffee table, where her body arched beneath him, her back slick against the cool surface as they moved together. The glass was cold under her skin, but their heat lled the room, creating an intoxicating contrast. He pressed her against the cool window, the city lights illuminating her naked body as he gripped her hips, taking her from behind, the view of the city forgotten as he lost himself in her.

Between their frantic coupling, they took brief moments to breathe, laughter spilling out between kisses. Dominic poured champagne into delicate utes, handing one to her as they lay together on the sofa. She was ushed from their exertions, her skin glowing in the dim light of the room.

“So,” she began, tilting her head back on the cushions, her voice still breathy from their earlier encounter, “this isn’t how most of my nights usually go.”

He chuckled, the sound low and rough. “Not your typical vacation ing?”

Amber shook her head, eyes sparkling with mischief. “No, but I’m not complaining.” She raised her glass, taking a long sip before resting it on her knee. “I’ve been... distracted lately. A lot on my mind. I guess I wasn’t expecting to meet anyone like you.”

Dominic’s gaze darkened, his wolf rumbling in agreement. There was no one like him. But he had to be careful, had to play this right. “Sometimes, you just need the right distraction.”

Her smile widened, teasing. “Yeah? And you think you’re the right one?”

“I think I’m the only one,” he replied, his voice thick with intent as he leaned closer.

The atmosphere shifted, an unspoken connection crackling between them. As the clock ticked into the early hours, they tumbled from one surface to another, the intensity between them never waning. By the time the clock hit three in the morning, they found themselves back on the bed. Dominic had her pinned beneath him again, her body face down on the mattress, her hips tilted up as he took her from behind, his hand wrapped possessively around her throat. His other hand snaked underneath her body, ngers expertly circling her clit as he thrust into her with slow, deliberate strokes that made her moan uncontrollably.

“Amber,” he growled against her skin, his voice thick with desire, “you’re mine. Every inch of you belongs to me.”

She whimpered in response, her body pressing back against him, urging him deeper, harder. Her desire matched his, and that only fueled him further. He tightened his grip on her throat just enough to make her gasp, his ngers never slowing on her clit.

The primal sounds she made drove him wild. He kissed her shoulder, tracing her neck with his lips, his teeth grazing her skin there. His wolf snarled beneath the surface, demanding more, wanting to claim her, to make her his forever. But he couldn’t. She was human. She wouldn’t understand.

Suddenly, Dominic felt her body stiffen beneath him. “Amber?” he asked, his voice softer now, concern cutting through his haze of lust. His hips slowed as he loosened his grip on her throat.

He looked up, catching her gaze in the mirror at the foot of the bed, and what he saw made his blood freeze. Her eyes were wide with fear, her face pale, her body trembling under him. It wasn’t just fear; it was horror.

Dominic’s chest tightened as he looked in the mirror and saw it—his eyes, glowing a bright, unnatural gold. His canines, elongated and sharp, peeking out from beneath his upper lip.

Fuck.

His heart raced, panic surging through him. He’d let his wolf slip, and now she’d seen it. “Amber, I’m sorry,” he murmured, his voice cracking. “I didn’t mean for you to see this.”

But before he could process her reaction, she gasped, pushing against him, trying to twist her body away. “Get off me!” she cried, panic lacing her voice.

Dominic’s grip on her tightened instinctively. “Amber, please! I won’t hurt you! Just breathe... you need to calm down. I won’t be able to control—.” His voice was a low growl, laced with desperation, but she didn’t let him nish.

“Let me go!” she shouted, struggling beneath him, her eyes wild with fear. “What are you?”

Before Dominic could respond, a low, menacing growl erupted from his throat. “She is MINE.” The voice wasn’t his—it was darker, deeper. His wolf had taken over. “You will not run from me,” the wolf snarled, his tone dangerous and commanding.

Amber froze, her breath coming in ragged gasps. “Dominic?” she whispered, terror evident in her voice.

“No,” the wolf rumbled. “Not Dominic. I am what you fear... what you desire.”

Her body trembled beneath him, trying to pull away. “What are you doing?” she gasped, the panic rising in her chest.

“You belong to me now,” the wolf growled, his grip tightening on her hips as he thrust into her, his knot beginning to swell. “You will never escape me.”

“Stop!” she cried, her voice breaking with fear and confusion. “This isn’t normal!”

The wolf let out a dark chuckle. “You do not understand yet, but you will. There is no going back.” His hips moved with feral intensity, his instincts taking full control.

“Dominic, please!” she begged, but the man she knew was gone, replaced by the beast. The wolf only responded with a possessive snarl, his hand wrapping around her throat again, holding her in place as his body claimed hers. He swelled inside her stretching her well beyond what she imagined possible. She whimpered struggling against him. Never had she been so full—the pleasure and the pain unbearable.

“You are mine to protect, to claim. Do not ght it,” the wolf commanded, his voice rough and unyielding as his teeth grazed her neck, dangerously close to breaking the skin.

Amber’s breath came in sharp gasps as he continued, each thrust sending her deeper into confusion and desire. “No...” she whimpered, but her body betrayed her, tightening around him, reacting to the intensity despite her fear.

“It is too late for second thoughts,” the wolf growled. “You will be mine, bound to me forever.” He bit down on her shoulder, his teeth sinking in deep, marking her with a possessive growl that sent a shockwave of ecstasy through her.

Amber’s scream was torn from her lips, a mix of pain and overwhelming pleasure. Her body convulsed around him, an uncontrollable orgasm shaking her to the core as the bond forged in that instant tethered them in ways she couldn’t comprehend.

Her vision blurred, her thoughts splintering as the sheer force of sensation overpowered her. The last thought that ickered through her mind was that this wasn’t normal. None of this was normal.

The wolf, satished with his claim, let out a low, triumphant growl as Amber went limp in his grasp. He cradled her possessively, his knot locking them together as he licked the mark tenderly—sealing their bond. He whispered, “You are mine, forever.”