50 Chapter 50 Lost Control

Author 1

The thin line of control between them finally broke. Dominic leaned down and kissed her lips.

Something was wrong. The heat under Elara's skin felt too strong, too weird. She knew she should push him away.

But her body wouldn't listen. She was melting into him like she'd been starving for his touch.

The warmth spread from her stomach down between her legs. She made a small sound against his mouth.

"The soup..." she said, pulling back.

Dominic felt it too. Fire was racing through his blood. His heart was pounding and everything looked fuzzy.

"You..." His voice came out rough and broken. He stared down at her red face and wide eyes. "You drank Linda's soup too?"

Elara was breathing hard. Her tank top strap kept sliding off her shoulder. Her skin looked hot and flushed. "Yeah," she said, still breathing

hard. "I drank it."

Now he understood. His father did this.

Dominic tried to clear his head, tried to think past wanting to touch her so badly it hurt. But whatever Linda put in that soup was stronger than his willpower. 1

Elara was losing the fight. Her whole body felt like it was on fire from the inside. Every part of her skin wanted to be touched. She hadn't felt anything this strong in months. The ache between her legs was getting worse.

She tilted her head back. Her neck looked beautiful and smooth.

Dominic stared at her throat, watching her pulse beat fast. His eyes moved down to her chest. His mouth went completely dry.

"We should stop," he said, but he didn't sound like he meant it. His hands moved to cup her face. His thumbs rubbed her cheeks.

"I know," she whispered. But she didn't pull away. Instead, she leaned into his hands like she needed them to survive.

"Should we keep going?" He was giving her a chance to say no.

Elara bit her lip so hard she tasted blood.She tried to stand up, tried to get away from him. But her legs shook and the room spun.

Dominic grabbed her arm. His fingers felt like fire on her skin. Just that simple touch sent electricity up her spine.

"I'm sorry," he said, but he held her tighter instead of letting go. "I'm the one who wants to keep going. I can't think about anything else."

Then his mouth was on hers again—hard, hungry, no more pretending.

His hands moved down her back, gripping her ass through her shorts, pulling her against him.

He broke the kiss and looked down at her. Her eyes were glassy, her lips swollen.

"You have no idea how long I've wanted this," he said, then dropped his mouth to her neck. He sucked hard on the soft skin below her ear, and she cried out, her hips bucking up into him.

His fingers found the hem of her tank top and yanked it up over her head. Her tits spilled out, no bra underneath.

Her nipples were already tight, and he bent down and took one in his mouth, sucking hard while his thumb rolled the other.

Elara's back arched off the bed, a broken moan escaping her. For a second, she looked almost surprised by her own reaction, her cheeks flushing deeper.

"I've never..." she started, then bit her lip.

He hooked his fingers in the waistband and pulled them down her legs, along with her panties.

She was bare underneath, and the cool air hit her wet cunt, making her shiver.

Dominic sat back on his heels and just looked at her. Spread out on the bed, naked, flushed, her pussy glistening.

"Fuck," he breathed. "You're so beautiful."

He ran his hands up her thighs, pushing them apart.

Then he lowered his head and licked her. One long, slow lick from her opening up to her clit.

Elara screamed. Her hands flew to his hair, gripping tight.

He did it again, and again, his tongue circling her clit before sucking it into his mouth.

She was already close, her hips grinding against his face.

"Don't stop," she begged. "Oh god, don't fucking stop."

"I can feel you getting close," he whispered against her skin, his voice rough with want.

She nodded, unable to speak. Her whole world had shrunk down to just his touch.

"I want to see you." he said, lifting his head to look into her eyes.

Her breathing got faster and her body started shaking. "I can't... it's too much."

"Yes, you can," he said firmly. He moved one hand to hold hers. "Trust me."

She gripped his hand tight, like she was drowning and he was keeping her afloat. This closeness scared her and thrilled her at the same time.

"Let go," he said softly. "Just let go. I've got you."

She looked into his eyes. What she saw there wasn't just desire. There was something gentle that made her heart race even faster. "Dominic," she said his name like a prayer. "That's it," he whispered. "Say my name again."

Then he pushed two fingers inside her, curling them up, and that was it.

Her orgasm built slowly, then crashed over her like a wave. She cried out his name, her hands clutching at him like he was the only solid thing in the world.

He lifted his head, his chin wet with her. His eyes were dark, almost feral.

"We're not done," he said, reaching for the nightstand.He pulled open the drawer, grabbed a small box, and ripped it open with his teeth.

He positioned himself between her legs, then leaned down to kiss her forehead gently.

The head of his cock pressed against her entrance, and he paused. "Last chance to say no."

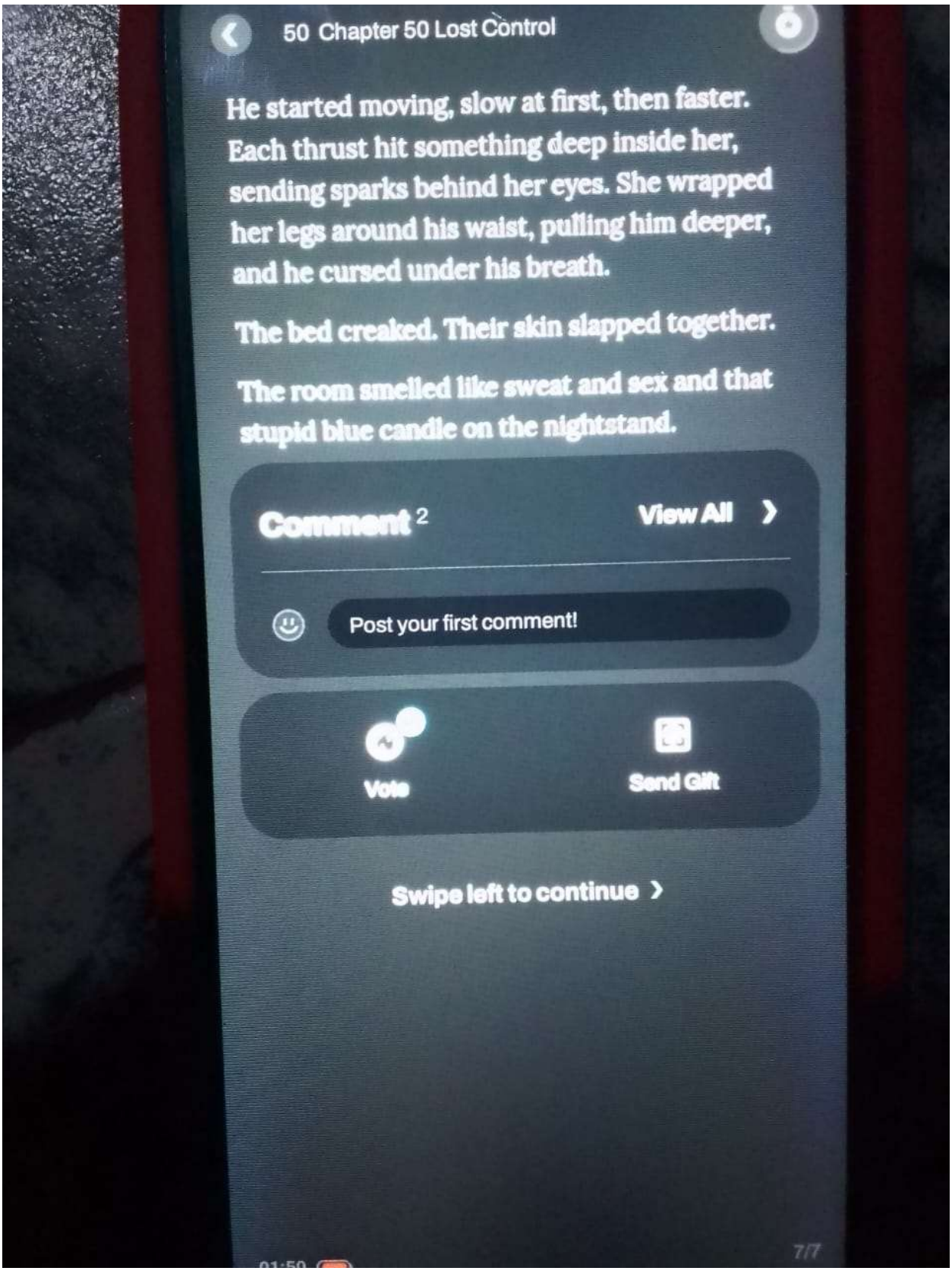
"Stop asking questions," she breathed, pulling him closer. "I need you. Right now, I just need you."

He pushed inside in one hard thrust.

Elara's mouth fell open, but no sound came out. He filled her completely, stretching her, and her pussy clamped down around him like it was trying to keep him there forever.

He groaned, his forehead dropping to hers.

"So tight," he gritted out. "So fucking tight."


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He started moving, slow at first, then faster. Each thrust hit something deep inside her, sending sparks behind her eyes. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, and he cursed under his breath.
The bed creaked. Their skin slapped together.
The room smelled like sweat and sex and that stupid blue candle on the nightstand.
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