

# Let Them Kneel

## Chapter 4 Chapter Four

Kaelani's breath came in broken gasps, her body rigid as the Alpha's mouth replaced the muzzle, his tongue parting her with feral hunger. Her hands shoved weakly at his shoulders, but he didn't move – he couldn't. The sound rumbling from his chest was half-growl, half-moan, vibrating against her most sensitive flesh.

“Stop—” she tried, the word a ragged plea. But her hips betrayed her, jerking forward as the fire inside twisted sharper. His tongue slid deeper, circling, devouring, until the denial in her throat dissolved into a desperate cry.

Julian's grip on her thighs tightened, holding her open for him to taste every drop of her. Heat pulsed low in her belly, every nerve burning, every inch of her body begging for more even as her mind screamed against it.

She squeezed her eyes shut, nails clawing at the grass beneath her, trying to anchor herself. But the wave crested too fast, too hard. Pleasure tore through her like lightning, white-hot, wracking her body until her cry shattered into the night air.

Julian groaned against her, drinking down every sound, every shudder, his wolf triumphant. He had found the source. He had claimed it.

Kaelani collapsed back into the grass, trembling, wet strands of hair plastered to her flushed face. Shame warred with the raw, aching release still pulsing through her, leaving her breathless.

And Julian wasn't done.

He rose above her, his chest heaving, his mouth slick with her release. The moonlight caught his face, but it wasn't the polished Alpha from the bakery staring down at her – it was something far darker. His eyes glowed, wild, his expression twisted with pure, primal desire.

Her breath hitched as her gaze dropped. His cock jutted hard and heavy between them, the sight alone enough to make her pulse stutter. She knew exactly what he intended.

**“No...” Her whisper barely carried, trembling as she tried to scuttle backward, the grass damp and slick between her fingers.**

**But Julian followed, crawling closer, his body radiating heat like a furnace. He loomed, closing the space between them, the thick length of him pressing against her thigh as if his body refused to wait for permission.**

**Panic flared. Kaelani twisted, forcing herself to her feet. Somehow, she found the strength to tear free, bolting for the door. Her bare feet slapped against the cool earth, heart hammering in her throat.**

**She almost made it.**

**Something clamped around her ankle, yanking her off balance. She hit the ground hard, a cry tearing from her lips as she was dragged backward through the grass. Her nails clawed at the earth, desperate, but his grip was impliable.**

**And then it came — sharp fangs sank deep into the tender curve of her neck, right where a wolf claimed his mate. Pain and fire exploded through her veins, stealing her breath, her will, her strength.**

**“Mine,” he growled against her skin, the word guttural, final.**

**The bite still burned hot on her neck when Julian shoved her onto her stomach, his weight pinning her down. She kicked, twisted, but his grip was iron. His chest pressed against her back, his growl vibrating through her bones.**

**Fabric tore, the sound sharp in the night. Her thin top split down the middle, her panties shredded away in his hands until there was nothing left between her and the brutal heat of his body. She gasped, vulnerable, exposed, her nails clawing uselessly at the earth.**

**Then she felt him — hard, thick, pressing insistently against her entrance.**

**“No,” she gasped, tears pricking her eyes. “Don’t—”**

**But her body betrayed her. The fire raging inside twisted sharper, clawing for the very thing she feared. Her hips arched without her permission, seeking what her mind rejected. Heat made her desperate, trembling, helpless.**

Julian drove into her, hard and merciless. Her scream tore through the dark, high and broken, as fire ripped through her core. Agony flared red-hot like a burner on the stove, her body locking against the intrusion, trembling and slick but impossibly tight. His breath rasped hot against her neck, his jaw locking harder into her flesh as he dragged back—only to slam forward again, forcing her body to stretch around him like molten fire.

Her scream splintered into ragged gasps as he buried himself to the hilt, the fierce clutch of her body gripping him so tightly it stole his breath. For a heartbeat, he stilled—chest heaving, sweat beading his brow—feeling every tremor, every spasm as his cock nestled deep in the scorching heat of her tight pussy.

A growl rumbled low from his chest—part triumph, part hunger, part something darker. Then his hips snapped forward in punishing blows, the brutal rhythm wrenching another cry from her lips. Each thrust drove him deeper, stretching her raw and unrelenting, until her body had no choice but to yield beneath his will.

Kaelani sobbed, torn between agony and the desperate, unbearable relief flooding her body. The fire dulled where he filled her, every inch easing what nothing else could touch. Her walls clenched around him, traitorous, needing more, even as her heart screamed denial.

She hated him. She needed him. She couldn't stop trembling as the word echoed in her skull, burning into her blood with every savage thrust:

Mine.

Julian's hips continued to slam into her, her cries breaking against the night, muffled where her cheek pressed into the grass. Every stroke tore at her, stretching, burning — yet each time he filled her, the unbearable fire inside dimmed, replaced by a pulsing relief that made her shudder.

Her nails clawed at the ground, leaving streaks of dirt in her wake. "Please—" she begged, though she didn't know if she meant for him to stop or not.

He didn't. He couldn't.

His grunts rumbled against her skin, savage, claiming, the sound vibrating through her as his fangs stayed buried in her neck. The bite anchored them, bound them. Every movement of his cock inside her synced with the deep pull of his wolf: take, claim, keep.

Tears streaked down her cheeks, but so did heat – sharp, coiling, insistent. The ache shifted from pain into something heavier, deeper, pleasure threading through it until her sobs dissolved into broken moans.

Her body arched back into him, perfidious, desperate. She hated herself for it – hated him for making her feel it. But she couldn't stop. She couldn't breathe without him inside her, couldn't ease the fire unless he drove into her again and again.

Julian's voice tore against her ear, husky and raw. "Mine."

And in that brutal rhythm, with every savage thrust, he made sure she knew it.

Julian's thrusts grew harder, faster, the rhythm wild and iron-willed. Each stroke drove her deeper into the grass, his weight crushing her into the earth as though nothing could separate them. The sound of their bodies colliding filled the night – wet, frantic, feral.

Kaelani bit her lip until she tasted blood, fighting the sounds rising in her throat. But when his cock buried deep and ground against the spot that made the fire explode inside her, a strangled moan broke free, intense and helpless.

Her body clenched around him, pulsing, betraying her again. The fire that had tormented her all night blazed higher, but now it had an outlet – now it was being fed. Every thrust tore her apart and put her back together, until she was nothing but heat and need and the man consuming her.

Julian's thrusts faltered, hips grinding deeper, slower, desperate. She felt the thick swell of him at her entrance, stretching, locking – the wolf's knot, sealing them together.

Kaelani gasped, clawing at the grass, her eyes wide with shock. The pressure, the fullness, was unbearable. "No—no, no, please—"

But her plea dissolved into a scream as her climax ripped through her, violent and unstoppable. Her body convulsed, squeezing him tight, milking him as wave after wave shattered her.

Julian roared against her skin, the sound shaking her to her core. His release surged hot and heavy inside her, his body locked to hers, claiming her in the most primal way a wolf could.

**She collapsed beneath him, trembling, sobbing, shattered. Claimed.**

**And still, his teeth stayed in her neck, his wolf's voice echoing inside his head:**

**“Mine.”**

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