

Let Them Kneel

Chapter 5 Chapter Five

Julian didn't release her, not even when the last of his climax pulsed through her and her body went limp beneath him. His knot kept them locked, his weight anchoring her into the grass. She sobbed softly, her face pressed into the earth, trembling with the aftershocks that left her both sated and hollow.

When the knot finally began to ease, he shifted, lifting her as though she weighed nothing. Her legs hung weak around his hips, her body still trembling, but his grip was firm – possessive. He carried her inside, the back door banging open against the wall.

Kaelani stirred, weakly pressing at his chest. "Stop... please..."

But his wolf was relentless. He set her down on the kitchen table, her damp hair fanning across the wood, and pressed back inside her before she could catch her breath. Her cry echoed off the walls, but so did his growl, low and hungry, as he thrust deep, hard, merciless.

The table shook beneath them. Plates clattered to the floor. She clung to him, nails digging into his shoulders, torn between fighting and holding on as the fire rose in her again.

He didn't stop. He couldn't.

When he knotted her a second time, her scream broke into a sob, then into a moan she couldn't swallow. The knot stretched her impossibly full, locking her against him until there was no escape.

Hours blurred. Counter. Floor. Against the wall. Again and again he took her, rut-blind, her body pliant and trembling, her voice breaking into cries she couldn't swallow. Pleas, sobs, gasps – none of them formed his name. She didn't know him. Not really. All she knew was the burn, the overwhelming need, and the way his body drowned it out every time he forced himself inside her.

Every time his knot swelled, locking her to him, his wolf growled that same word against her skin:

Mine.

At some point, the frenzy blurred into exhaustion. Julian carried her into the bedroom, his body heavy over hers, his cock still buried deep. She whimpered as he settled them onto the mattress, the knot anchoring them together even as her eyelids fluttered shut. The fire dulled only because he stayed inside her, stretching her full, keeping the ache at bay.

Sleep came in fragments. Her body jerked with aftershocks, her thighs quivering around him. His body was sprawled over hers—heavy, protective, possessive. His lips brushed the mark he'd bitten into her skin like he owned it. Like he owned her.

Suddenly, Kaelani woke to emptiness.

Her eyes shot open, panic clawing at her chest as the burn returned sharper, vicious in his absence. Her body convulsed, desperate for what had kept the fire at bay. “No,” she gasped, clutching at the sheets.

The door creaked.

Julian stepped back into the room, chest slick with sweat, a bottle of water in his hand. He tilted it back, draining it in seconds, then crushed another before striding toward her.

Her lips parted, a plea forming, but he pressed a bottle to her lips. “Drink,” he commanded, voice hoarse.

She obeyed without thought, tilting her head back. The water slid cool down her throat, and only then did she realize how parched she was. By the time he lowered the empty bottle, her skin was already burning again, her hips shifting restlessly against the sheets.

Julian's eyes darkened. His cock swelled, already hard and ready, pressing against her thigh as he crawled onto the bed.

Before she could catch her breath, he thrust into her again, a broken cry tearing from her lips as the fire was consumed once more. His rhythm was brutal, demanding, but when he flipped her and pulled her astride him, the shift shocked her.

Kaelani trembled, thighs straddling his hips, his cock buried to the hilt inside her. He gripped her waist, forcing her to ride him, each thrust driving him deeper. The pleasure was unbearable, coiling tight, snapping sharp as she came around him, collapsing forward onto his chest.

Julian grunted beneath her, his hips jerking, his knot swelling impossibly thick until she was locked on him, helpless, exactly where he wanted her.

Pinned to him. Stuck.

His.

Kaelani stirred awake to the weight of him still inside her. Her body ached everywhere, her thighs trembling even in stillness, but the thick swell of his knot sat locked deep, anchoring her to him through the night. She tried to shift, but the movement only drew a sharp growl from the chest pressed against her back.

Then he moved.

The knot had softened just enough for him to slip free, slick heat spilling from her, leaving her hollow. Relief barely touched her before his hands tightened on her hips and he thrust back inside, burying himself in a single, punishing stroke.

Kaelani cried out, her palms fisting the sheets. “Please, I can’t—”

His answer was another savage thrust, rocking her forward against the mattress. His groans vibrated through her spine, rough and desperate, more beast than man. He didn’t ask. He didn’t slow. He simply took.

Her body betrayed her again, clenching around him despite the soreness, desperate for the fullness that dulled the fire. Every stroke ground the ache deeper, feeding that hunger she hated, until her protest dissolved into a broken scream of intense pleasure.

Julian’s breath rasped against her ear, his rhythm brutal, primal. His cock swelled again, locking her in place, sealing her against him until there was no escape. She sobbed into the pillow, trembling as ecstasy and pain tangled until she no longer knew the difference.

“Mine,” he growled against her neck, the bite still throbbing where his fangs had claimed her.

Hours blurred into darkness and back again, the world narrowed to the heat of his body pounding into hers, the weight of him holding her down, the knot stretching her until she couldn’t breathe without him. Kaelani lost track of how many times he took her — how many times her body shattered, only to be pulled into need again before she could recover.

At some point, he pulled away, chest heaving, sweat dripping down his temples. He stumbled to the nightstand, grabbed a bottle of water, and pressed it to her lips.

“Drink,” he rasped, voice thick with gravel.

Her lips parted on instinct, the cool liquid sliding down her throat. She drank greedily, not realizing how dry her mouth had been, how parched her body felt until the bottle was gone.

Before she could lower it, Julian crawled back over her, his cock already swollen and angry against her thigh. The demand in his eyes was clear, undeniable. He shoved the empty bottle aside and entered her again, hard and deep, forcing a cry from her chest.

Kaelani’s nails dug into his shoulders, her body clenching around him. The fire raged inside her, but for the first time, an urge burned sharper than the need for release. Her gaze locked on the thick cord of his neck, the place where a mate’s mark should be. Without thinking, she leaned forward, biting down hard.

Her teeth sank into his skin, but nothing happened. No spark. No bond. Just the taste of sweat and salt.

Frustration knifed through her. She wanted it — needed it — but she couldn’t leave a mark. She couldn’t claim him back.

Julian snarled, rut-drunk, grinding deeper into her as if punishing her for her failed attempt. His fangs sank into her neck again, reopening the wound, the taste of blood sharp on the air.

“Mine,” he growled, brutal and final.

The last knot swelled inside her, thicker, deeper, stretching her so full she screamed. Her body convulsed, pleasure and pain detonating at once, dragging her under until she was nothing but trembling limbs and shattered breath.

Julian groaned, his hips bucking, flooding her one final time. His weight crashed over her, his cock locked inside her, knot sealing them together so tightly she couldn’t move if she tried.

They collapsed tangled in sweat and blood and heat, her body wrecked, his wolf finally satisfied.

And for the first time in three days, silence followed.

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