

## Eternally Damned: Chapter 10

Alexander

“We’re going to have to go to Pa’s,” Maven, my fire-haired beloved states.

I shake my head, staring at a broken picture on the second floor. I bend down and pick it up. It’s an image of me and Atreyu as teenagers, standing in the sun, and soaking wet from taking a swim in a nearby lake. “I can’t leave him here alone. He never left me. He fought for me. He’s in a coma because he was protecting me!” I throw the picture down the hall and right before it smashes against the wall, it stops.

It begins to float back to me, and Maven snags it out of the air, smiling when she sees the picture. Her magic is getting stronger. The photograph is black and white since I’m from another time.

“I understand your worry. We are only going to Pa’s to get cleaned up, to shower, and to get you some clothes. Tomorrow, the first thing we will do is try to update the plumbing and electrical. Still, it will take time until we can be here every day. He will be safe here, Lex.” She tries to reassure me.

“We will be right back?” I say, unsure. My brother is my everything besides my beloved.

“Yes. You haven’t bathed in a while,” Maven crinkles her nose at me while plucking a cobweb from the tangles of my long hair.

I lift an arm and sniff, the smell pulling me from my depressed thoughts. “My god,” I cough. “How have you been able to be around me? The stench is making my eyes water.”

She giggles, standing on her tiptoes to give me a kiss on the cheek. I have to bend down for her to reach me, but gladly will I bend for her even if it means I break.

“The last thing I wanted to do was tell you that you stink when you’re still processing so much. It isn’t a big deal.”

“Maybe not to you, but I want to hold my beloved without her holding her breath,” I grumble. “The magic in the tomb preserved my body but I’m afraid the smell is finally catching up with me.”

She leans on her tiptoes to kiss me, and I lean away. “I haven’t brushed in 121 years, beloved. Please, don’t kiss me yet.”

Maven seems heartbroken for a second before her long hair sways behind her as she tosses her head back to laugh. “That’s fair. Come on, let’s go. The sooner we leave, the sooner we can come back,” she informs me.

I nod, taking one last look at the picture of my brother and I before I take her hand and leave. Her palm is warm and small, her skin soft as a flower petal. I got to experience her body once as the veil broke but even then, it wasn’t the same. The experience was dulled, muted since I was in another form. Even her blood, it didn’t do anything for me like it did when I woke from the coma and attacked her.

I *attacked* my beloved.

Guilt settles in my stomach. I have never lost control, but I smelled her, and her blood was all that mattered. My life, my need, it all zeroed in on Maven. I had to taste her, I had to feel the flow of warmth down my throat as her iron liquor encompassed my body.

I’m about to apologize when her foot goes through a step. We freeze, her eyes round with fear, an emotion I never want to see.

Everything happens in slow motion.

Her eyes, her gorgeous gems round in shock, and her hair sways from the force of gravity. Our eyes lock, a small gasp escapes her sweet lips– a sound of fear.

Something I never want to hear again.

The step gives way, the sound of wood splintering. She begins to fall, but I run, blurring at the speed of light and snag her before her body vanishes below the staircase. I hold her tight until we are in the living room, livid at myself that I let such a thing happen.

“Are you okay? Are you hurt?” I pat her body, checking for any wounds and inhale to see if I scent blood.

A low growl forms in my chest when I smell her ambrosia. Squatting, I grab her leg carefully and notice a few cuts along her ankle from the wood. The blood beading in small circles, gathering for me.

“I’m okay. You saved me before anything could happen,” she says in a broken breath.

“I’ll always save you. As long as I’m awake,” I add, knowing I can’t do much if I’m in ghost form again. Even then, I’ll haunt whoever harms her.

I bend down and wrap my lips around her cuts, closing my eyes as her blood rolls over my taste buds.

*Delicious.*

Making eye contact, I kiss her ankle before I lower her leg.

She’ll be able to heal when we fully mate. She doesn’t know, but me drinking from her is only half of it.

We have to have sex first. Blood surges south, hardening my cock and my hand drifts up between her thighs.

But then I remember why we are leaving.

I need a bath.

I yank my hand away as if she burns me, which in a way she does, being around her is like a constant sear to my self-control.

“Let’s go,” I grunt, grabbing her arm and speeding toward the car.

“You know, we don’t have to do the sonic speed everywhere we go.” She holds her stomach, seeming a bit pale.

“Beloved, I’m sorry. Are you okay?” I push her hair back and my nearness causes her cheeks to pink. Her eyes begin to swirl, the electricity whirling from my presence. The wind picks up and I smirk, seems like I’m not the only one who can’t control myself.

She could cause catastrophic storms if she isn’t trained to control her power.

I’ll put it on my ‘things to do after 121 years’ list.

I open the driver’s side door for her. “I’d drive but it’s been a while and this car is different than what I am used to.” I peek inside the cab, unsure if it’s safe.

“It’s a truck,” she giggles as she slides into the seat. “And it looks like you didn’t lose your manners while you were... sleeping.” Maven bites her lip, and her heartrate kicks up a notch.

The breeze decides to blow and carries the scent of her arousal to me. I moan as I inhale as much as I can. “You like it when I’m a gentleman?”

She nods.

I spread her legs with my knee and wrap a hand around her throat, elongating my talons until I press one against her bottom lip. Her breath catches and the pink flesh gives under the sharp point.

“I bet you’ll like it when I’m not.” The baritone of my voice deepening as the beast inside me surfaces.

Her nipples tighten under the layer of her shirt, the peaks dying for me to scrape my fangs across them.

Oh, to drink from such a sinful place would be demonic.

It’s a damn good thing I’m on demon time.

I swing her legs in the car, then shut the door, making my way to the other side. "Drive. The earlier I shower, the earlier I can show you the plans I have in store for you."

She swallows and my eyes catch the movement of her throat. I want nothing more than to scoot closer and kiss her neck while she drives, but I'm a bit self-conscious about my scent.

I was always a clean-cut vampire, one that exuded wealth and an amazing scent. Maven has only ever seen me at my worst, I just hope she doesn't mind me when I'm at my best.

"I'll need to trim this moss. It's gotten out of hand," I say, knowing it's bad small talk, but I feel comfortable talking to her about nothing.

"I love it. Don't, please," she says, taking my hand in hers. "It gives the property character." The moss covers the windshield, blinding our line of sight for a second.

I bring her hand to my lips and kiss her knuckles. "Whatever my beloved wants," I reply as we exit the iron gates.

The truck squeaks when we come to a stop, and she peeks in the rearview mirror. Curious, I turn to the side mirror and watch as the gates close. Roses engulf the metal until it can no longer be seen.

"So cool," she whispers in astonishment.

"Very impressive for a beginner. How did you do it?" I lift a brow, wondering how she's gaining so much power so fast.

"I just thought about it. I feel like it's never happened before though. Not until I came here."

"Like me, your magic woke up here."

She falls quiet as we drive. I take the time to memorize our surroundings, so I always know how to get to her Pa's. I used to know Salem like the back of my hand, but I'm afraid I've gotten a bit rusty with my sense of direction.

Anxiety begins to pour from her in rancid waves.

"Maven? What's on your mind? You're nervous."

She chews on her bottom lip, another habit she does that sends my lust into a frenzy. "I haven't spoken to Pa."

I stare off into the night, my vampire vision spotting an owl swooping down to snag a mouse. "He's family," I say simply. "Life is too short to have so much pride to not forgive the ones you love."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

"—Don't ever apologize. It's okay." I push aside my sorrow. "My family is dead. Nothing can fix that, but you have a chance with your grandfather. Don't let it go to waste, Beloved."

She nods and I tuck a piece of her hair behind her ear. "So stunning," I whisper. "Such a beauty."

She presses her thighs together while ducking her head bashfully, the two movements combined contradict themselves. I love it.

My cock turns to steel in the flimsy century old material. I want nothing more than to scoot over into the middle seat to be closer to her.

I can wait another hour to be inside her, where I belong.

I've waited so many years, surely sixty minutes won't kill me.

"Can you tell me more about vampires? Can you go into sunlight? Does garlic bother you? Why are werewolves your enemy and why can't you heal from wounds inflicted

from them? Can you see your reflection?" She rattles off question after question, bouncing in her seat from the excitement.

I chuckle, forgetting how new the paranormal world is to her. I keep a hold of her hand, stroking my thumb along the velvet skin of her knuckles. My nerves igniting from the softest stroke.

"Let's see," I begin to think about where I want to start. "We only drink blood. I can eat normal food, even like it, but I don't need it. Blood is what sustains us. We can go out into sunlight, which I can't wait to feel. We have a heartbeat, it's just a little slower than a human's. I happen to love garlic, but pure silver is a real bitch." I sneer when I remember the arrow that lodged into my leg. I rip my pants and see the scar. It looks like it happened just a few hours ago. It's hard to believe it's been so long. "We can heal from silver; it just takes time. This is from a silver arrow, but I was already infected from the werewolf bite, so it made my healing abilities non-existent. I'll heal over time, but the scars will always remain. I don't know why werewolves affect us. It's said it is because the species do not mix, others say it is because werewolves are meant to be vampires, but the gene mutated. There's always a power struggle between the two of us. And to answer your last question, I can also be in pictures. We do not live forever, regardless of what you've heard. We live for two hundred years and if we meet our beloved, that's when we will live forever, if not, we die. Back in the 1900s, our kind only survived because vampires turned humans or vampires decided to mate and form a bond extending their lives by a thousand years. That's the only way children are born from us. Now," I blow out a breath. "I'm afraid I'm the only one alive. There will be no coven." Thinking I'm the only one left of my kind sends a loneliness to my reignited soul.

Having a connection with Maven is a gift, I adore it, but the connection of a coven is different.

It's power.

It's home.

It's... a settlement in a vampire's nature.

With Maven, I'll truly be happy for as long as eternity, nothing will change that. But there will always be that longing pain that will rear its head, reminding me I do not have a connection to others of my kind.

"Until we have kids," she adds.

I slam my fist against the door and run my knife sharp talons along the leather, ruining it. "You can't say things like that when I can't have you like I want."

A smug, playful smile teases her lips and plumps her cheeks. "I know, but you can soon," she says, taking a left down a long dirt driveway.

I pinch the bridge of my nose to try to gain some self-control. "How can I meet your grandfather when I am like this?" I point to my cock, wanting nothing more than to sink into her virgin heat, drink her blood, and begin building our coven.

"Just think how much I'll take care of you later," she whispers, which does not help my case.

I think about death, pain, howls, and darkness, which wilts my want instantly just as we park in her grandfather's driveway. It's a nice home, nothing large like the Monreaux Estate, which is massive because it held so many coven members.

"This is where I grew up," she says, pride in her voice and a slight edge that wants her to dare me to say otherwise.

"It is beautiful." It's true. The acreage is small, but wide and open. There's a tree with a tire swing hanging from it that looks like it hasn't been used in years. The rope tied to the branch is tattered and torn, unravelling with every passing year. There's a garden full of different herbs and flowers, taking me back to when I accidentally set fire to Mother's flowers.

I wince internally.

*Sorry, Mother.*



I climb out of the truck and hurry around the other side, opening the door for my beloved. I never want her to have to lift a finger again. I want to do everything for her. As long as it is in my power to give it to her, I will.

I sniff the air, the smell of dog overwhelms me for a second before I smell something else, something close to death. I spin around and step in front of Maven when I see an older man on the porch with a damn bear by his side.

The bear barks.

Ah, I see.

That's the dog.

This must be her grandfather. He stands there with his arms crossed and a toothpick between his lips.

"Pa," Maven begins, walking slowly toward him.

His eyes move from me and that's when I see that familiar spark in his eye, the magic Maven contains. "Fireball." He holds out his arms and she dash from my side, wrapping him in a tight hug.

A possessive sound rings from my chest and Pa chuckles, uncaring how much I want to yank her from his arms and pull her into mine.

"I'm so sorry for getting upset," she says, blinking up at him with teary eyes.

"I should have told you the truth long ago, Maven. Your anger was justified." He turns to me. "You must be her ghost?"

"Pa, yes. This is Alexander Monreaux," she introduces me with a big smile on her face.

I hold out my hand, then think better of it. "I apologize. I would shake hands but I'm filthy. I haven't bathed in some time."

He laughs so hard he coughs and that's when I smell it again, the rancid scent coming from him.

Does Maven know the man who raised her is dying? I doubt it or she wouldn't have stayed angry.

"A vampire as I live and breathe. I'll be damned. Never thought I'd see the day. I only have books on your kind now."

"I'm afraid that's all I have too," I state sadly as Maven's fingers intertwine with mine.

"I'll have Maven catch me up on everything. Why don't you go take a shower?" He offers.

"Thank you...?"

"Walter Wildes."

"Mr. Wildes. I'm indebted," I tell him, giving a curt bow of my head. The Monceaux's owe everything to the Wildes' anyway.

"I'll find some clothes for you and show you the bathroom." Maven's cheeks pink and I know not to disrespect a man in his own home, but I think that's the only way I'll make it till tomorrow.

"Maven, I'll wait for you in the kitchen. Alexander, it's a pleasure to meet you." His eyes fall to Maven, then back to me before scooting his feet along the floor, disappearing into the kitchen. The putrid scent of death lingering in his wake.

Maven takes my hand and leads me up the stairs. I look at pictures of my redheaded beauty that are on the wall. From the time she was a little girl, to her most recent picture of her and Dottie.

Something is off about that woman; I just can't figure out what.

The steps are lined with carpet and the walls have a vintage floral pattern that's peeling from the corners. The house is old, but it's stood the test of time.

Unlike mine.

Maven clears her throat and opens a door. "This is my bedroom and that door over there is the bathroom," her voice cracks, her hand pausing at the base of her neck, her fingers stroking the skin. Her scent changes, arousal thick which makes it hard to breath. Beads of perspiration gather along her hairline and her fingers rub back and forth along the droplets. I lick my lips, my gums tingling and my mouth watering to lick and suck.

I can hear the whoosh of her blood pumping under her unmarked flesh.

Hearing the life in her veins is a song I'll never get tired of listening to.

Her bed is small and there's a window with a bench to the side, perfect for reading and admiring the stars.

She has bookshelves lining the wall and a desk to the side. It's clean, minimal, but I have a feeling my beloved has only ever had minimal possessions.

No more.

She'll desire and have everything.

"Towels are in there too. I'll be right back." She sprints out of the bedroom as if she can't get away from me fast enough.

I frown, lifting my arm again to sniff and I want to run away from myself. "Remind me never to get bit by a werewolf again," I mumble, hoping to never be in a coma for the rest of my days.

Wanting nothing more than to look around her room and get to know my mate, the urge to bathe wins out the impulse. I head to the bathroom and undress. My boots are rotted, my pants so thin, I'm surprised they haven't torn from my body, and my shirt but a string covering my torso.

I take everything off and leave it in a heap on the floor, then stare at my reflection. For 191 years old, I don't look too shabby. I need a shave and a good haircut. I rub my hands over the scar on my side and flinch, the screams of death still echoing in my head.

It's hard to fathom so many years have passed when I'm standing in front of a mirror seeing the dirt on my skin, the dried blood, and the wounds. It's as if it all happened today.

But the truth wins in the end, bittering my mood.

With a sneer, I step into the shower stall and turn on the water, uncaring that it's cold. It isn't long before the hot waterfall drenches me, seeping into my tight aching muscles that haven't felt peace for years.

The glass fogs from the steam and I hang my head, letting the water flow down my body. I watch as the water swirls down the drain, tinted red and brown. My hair hangs in my face, a curtain to hide the pain.

*Their screams.*

*Atreyu's shouts.*

*The growls, the tearing of flesh.*

*Blood.*

*So much blood.*

*Maven.*

I rub my hand down my face and over my head, flipping the gnarly strands of hair back.

The heat feels wonderful against my naturally cooler skin and after standing there for too long, I quickly scrub my entire body five times and wash my hair until the water runs clear. I use some of her peach scented shaving cream and slather it on my face, stealing her pink razor for a quick shave.

I inspect the feminine razor, so different than the one I used so long ago. I shrug a shoulder, there isn't another option. The pink contraption will have to work. It takes a

few tries for me to get the hang of it and chunks of my hair fall to the bottom of the shower stall, the man in me being set free as the past swirls down the drain.

Next, I find a toothbrush in a cart attached to the wall and I steal it, promising myself I'll buy her another. I use half the bottle of toothpaste to scrub away the years. When I'm done, I turn off the water and open the shower door to find Maven standing there with a towel in hand.

Her mouth opens.

I can only imagine what she sees now. I'm about to ask if she likes what she sees, but the scent of her blood gives her feelings away.

Her heart pumps faster as she looks her fill.

The steam swirls around us, giving us a faint amount of privacy. Her eyes roam down my body, stopping at my cock, then up to my face.

Then down.

Up.

Down.

I rub my fingers over my shaved jaw, smirking.

She doesn't know where to look.

"Look all you want, beloved. I'm yours."

I'm hard, the heavy girth weighed down by the blood and sheer size of the muscle between my legs.

My vision flips as my lust becomes uncontrolled.

Before she can utter a word, I have her on her back in the bed, my naked body aligned with hers.

The towel is clutched tight in her hands, and I tug it free, dropping it on the floor.

“We can’t,” she moans quietly as I inch my hand under her shirt to toy with her nipples.

“We have to,” I whisper into her ear. “We’re only half mated. I can’t wait any longer.” I rip her shirt off, the material useless and unable to be worn again. I do the same with her leggings, needing her skin-to-skin with me before I go insane.

“Half mated?” she asks, confused. “But we’re marked.”

“On the outside.” I tease the tips of my talons over her skin, watching irritated lines appear. I grip a hold of her hips, locking them in place so if she moves, my nails will pierce her skin.

I hope she does.

I want to lick the wounds.

I bend down and moan in delight as I take her soft breast into my mouth, my tongue swirling around the sweet candy. My fangs unsheathe and I scrape one along her nipples, loving how her body begins to wiggle under me.

“But inside? You’re not marked.” I snag her leg and lift it over my hip, pressing my thick crown to her core. My eyes drift to the door and notice it’s locked.

She wanted this to happen.

This won’t be gentle or kind. Foreplay can happen later. The need for her is too strong, I feel the agony for my mate in my muscles, in my fucking bones, and in my blood.

God, I can’t wait another fucking minute.

Her body was made for the taking.

And I’m going to take.

And fucking take.

Until forever comes.

Then take some more.

Bending down, I kiss her for the first time since waking, groaning down her throat as I become possessed. With one hand on her leg, the other wrapped around her throat, I control every inch of her.

I'm unable to mystify her like other humans.

I'm unable to read her thoughts.

I'm unable to love another woman.

My beloved is my eternity. There are no others. She'll always leave me guessing. She'll be the only one I feed from for the rest of our lives. She's, my life. My heart. My reason to live.

Maven will never have to worry about not having enough blood after we fully mate. Her blood will replenish for me and only me.

Our tongues collide and hers flicks over one fang, caressing it as if she's sucking on my cock.

I almost lose control.

She begins to take deep breaths, having to stop kissing me to try to get her bearings back, but I attack her mouth again, her lips reminding me of clouds, assuming they would be giving like her.

Reaching between us, I rub two fingers down her slit, her honey coating me. I suck my fingers into my mouth, the ecstasy her taste brings has me breaking. She's a drug, consuming the molecules in my blood.

Now, I need more.

I'm addicted.

I couldn't taste every bit of sweetness when I crossed the veil.

I'm incapable of stopping myself from loving her. I was created to give her my life.

I slide down her body, just a quick taste, nothing more. I don't have the control to wait much longer. I skim my fangs down the sensitive skin of her belly, loving the tremble in her muscles.

My tongue flattens along the dip of her hips. She tries to tighten her legs around my neck, but I yank her thighs apart, her clit engorged and swollen.

She needs me.

Her petals are slick with dew, and I lick down her flower, gathering the nectar for pure selfish reasons.

"Lex." Her fingers slide through my wet hair as my name pours from her lips.

My lips kiss and suck onto her bud, her legs trembling from the overstimulation. The harder I suck, the more she grinds herself onto my face.

Where I am, between the valleys of surrender, I hear the race of her blood pumping through her femoral artery. I slide my attention from her tits, her pink nipples tight and pointed to the ceiling, and lock my sights on the side of her thigh.

I growl as I eat her pussy, my need for her blood stronger every second that passes. It won't be a mating mark, but a mark it will be, nevertheless.

Shoving two fingers inside her hole, I pump into her hard and fast while skimming my nose along her thigh, inhaling.

Savoring.

Sucking a purple mark onto her milky flesh, I gently pierce her skin, my teeth sinking into the vein without issue.



She erupts, clamping on my fingers as she comes. Her blood becomes sweeter in her orgasm, her pleasure coursing through me with every swallow. The taste of her orgasm triggers my own. I snarl into her leg as I feast, her essence dripping from the corners of my mouth as I grind my cock into the mattress.

Gently, I retract my fangs and lick the pinpricks, taking care of her like she cares for me.

Which is what she chooses to give every time she lets me drink.

I inch up her body, hovering over her looking crazed. Blood is smeared on my mouth, my hair hangs wildly in my face, and my eyes are that of the devil.

Her eyes fall to my stained lips, and I drop my mouth on hers, delving my tongue inside. She tastes herself, licking and humming from the flavor as I settle between her legs.

The fat crown of my cock slips slightly into her hole and another savage sound escapes me, slipping down her throat.

I've waited 121 years; I'm not waiting a second longer.

Thrusting my hips forward, I don't take her virginity gently.

I own it.

I possess it like I want to possess her.

She cries out, clamping around me from the pain I've caused. The hint of her virgin scent fills the air and my mouth waters. I bring my lips to her ear, "In order for us to fully mate, I have to pour every ounce of my come inside you," I end, nipping my fang along the shell of her ear.

The pain and lust come off her in waves, her nails digging into my shoulder, and the sting is so much better than the veil experience together. To take her mind off the agony, I lick and nip along her neck where my mating mark is.

She sighs, the tender caress of my tongue against where I feed easing her.

The lights darken in her room and her roses spread along the floor, up the walls, and cover the door until we are submerged in a botanical garden.

Her green eyes finally open, her red lashes blinking at me innocently yet full of mischief all at once. Her nails turn from a harsh pinch to a tickle causing goosebumps along my skin.

I shiver.

She has the power to send me to my knees.

I begin to move, a rumble erupting from my throat as her scorching velvet walls grip me like a vise.

Her pulse races against my fingers and my vision zeroes in on the vein. I'm an animal for blood, after all.

I tighten my grip around her neck and with a sneer, I flip her onto her stomach. I almost hate how much I want her, yet at the same time, I fucking love it.

I crave it.

This feeling of how much I want to tear her apart and put her back together boils my blood and throbs my cock.

Her back arches and her ass presses against me, the globes thick and round as I peer down. "You're so fucking beautiful." I tease my talons down her spine, watching as I ease back, seeing the blood of her innocence coating me. "Fuck." I curl over her and pull her back by her neck. "You have no idea how much I want to ruin you knowing I'm your first, your only, your last."

She turns her head and her arms spread out, gripping the edges of the mattress.

It's a good thing crosses have no effect on vampires, or the way she's laid out, her legs between mine and her arms across, I'd be the one burnt at the stake.

But damn it, the one thing I am going to do is prey on her body.

“Yours,” she whimpers. “I was made to be yours.”

“Words I will never be tired of hearing.” I lick down her spine, relishing in the taste of her sweat, of my beloved.

My awakening.

I press my chest against her back and slip my fingers through hers. The veil doesn't stop us this time. Her fingers lock with mine and her mouth parts as I sink inside her, again and again.

Manhandling her once more, I flip to my back, wanting to see her body above mine. Her hair tumbles down her shoulders, hiding her breasts.

We can't have that.

I gather the strands and hold onto them, revealing the curves of her perky tits. Maven's hands land on my chest and my eyes drift to where she is grinding against me, and I can't tear my attention off her ruby hair trimmed above her decadent center.

I close my eyes when they begin to hue red, the monster is clawing at my chest, begging to be released.

“Don't hide from me,” the words drift over my lips in a whisper. Her palm lands on my cheek.

I open my eyes as she wishes. Her fingers glide over my fangs and I tremble while an unhinged moan leaves me. “Oh, you like that,” she teases, but then that unsure expression pinches her face.

“What is it, beloved?” I manage to say through strangled breaths.

“Am I...” she rocks back and forth, gasping. “Am I doing it right?”

“Fucking perfect, beloved,” I grit, trying to make sure I don’t finish before she has a chance to begin. I help her move faster by clutching her hips. Her clit rubs against me which causes her to stutter and her lips to part.

What a beautiful sight.

A privilege.

To be in a coma for so long and to wake up to her, what a fucking gift.

To feel this, to feel us, to be alive for all eternity and have her by my side, it’s all a vampire could ever want.

I flip us so she’s on her back again and I sink in as deep as I can all while raking my nails down her shoulders and arms.

She cries out and I’m about to throw myself on to a bed of silver when I see the wounds I’ve inflicted, but she orgasms around me, clenching me tight.

I hurry to clean up my mess, flattening my tongue across her chest as a river of blood begins to spill over the ridges of her ribs.

“Mmm,” I moan, her flesh stitching together under me as I lick her clean. I take my time with each scratch. “I’m sorry. I should have warned you,” I murmur, continuing my journey over the destruction I’ve caused. “I couldn’t control myself. I needed...” my voice deepens an octave. “I needed to mark you.” Pale pink lines remain from my scratches, but I know when our mating is complete, they will disappear entirely.

“Use me for all your needs,” she slurs lustfully, giving me permission to rip her to ragged bits.

I lift her up, wrap my arms around her, her breasts pressing against my chest, and I balance her on my thighs. We kiss, we bite, we groan in unison as I slam into her harder with every stroke.

I swallow her cries of pleasure and the way she touches me, submits to me, it has me pulling back on my self-constraint and I let my instincts take over. My ability to think clearly is submerged under my vampire nature.

All that matters is what I want.

Nothing else.

“Oh, fuck!” she yells as I begin to move at a blurring rate, unable to subdue myself.

For me, it’s normal.

For her, it has orgasm after orgasm exploding through her.

Before I can truly think, I have us against the wall, cushioned by her thornless roses. When I feel her legs shake and see her offer her neck to me, I strike. My fangs pierce her skin, giving like butter from the sharp edges of my teeth.

Her blood flows into my mouth, sweet and smooth, my favorite drink. I growl at the thought of her never being mine, sinking my sharp cuspids in further.

*Mine.*

*Mine.*

*Mine.*

For all eternity and universes this world can change into– in every future.

Fucking *mine*.

She comes around me one last time, milking the orgasm out of me.

I explode, throwing my head back as I don’t contain my roar. If other vampires were around, they would know I’d just claimed my beloved.

With every spasm, I try to sink in deeper, and I latch onto the other side of her neck, making sure each mating mark gets attention.

We slow our movements, our skin slicking together, our breaths mingling, and the area in my chest stings again. I glance down to see her making her mark on the other side. Loving that she likes her claim on me just as much as I like mine on her. I grip her chin, slowly meshing our mouths together, the taste of sweat reminding me of the ocean in summer.

The roses begin to disappear, the vines sinking into the ground, disappearing as if they didn't just take over the room. The scars down her shoulders I inflicted earlier vanish, but her mating marks remain.

I tumble backward and sit down on the bed, holding my beloved close. I kiss her mark again. If anyone ever tries to take her from me, I'll kill them.

She's forever in my blood.

I begin to kiss every inch of skin I can see, our breaths a mixture of bliss while we regain control of our bodies. She doesn't know this, but in a few hours, we will need to do this again. We'll go into a beloved mating heat. It will last for days. We have to be together at all times.

Being apart would torture us, sending us into a slow, agonizing, insane death.

She kisses my cheek and whimpers when she slides off my semi-hard cock. I grumble in displeasure when my come spills from her, dribbling down her thighs.

A waste.

Even the sight has the heat taking over me and my cock begins to harden.

"If that's what I have to look forward to forever, I'll die happy."

I grin. "It will only get better with time, beloved."

"Better?" she scoffs in disbelief, disappearing into the bathroom. She comes out with a rag and before she can say her next words, I have her on the bed, face up, snatching the damp rag from her. "It.. doesn't get better," the heat glazes her eyes.

We really need to get out of here. I feel bad— okay, I don't feel bad— for claiming her in her grandpa's house, but I do *not* want to do it again.

"I take care of you," I state, cleaning my come from her skin in a huff. The predator inside me is unhappy. She should always smell of me.

I gently rub the cloth over her swollen pussy, wiping away blood and come. Unable to stop myself, I bend down and shove my tongue inside, needing a taste of what I've claimed.

My eyes roll as another orgasm flows through me. I catch my come with my hand, four, five jets into my palm before I'm pulling my tongue free. I clean off my hand and my mouth, but not my cock.

I want her staining my flesh. If other paranormal scent me, they will scent her.

I lift her up, toss the rag into the laundry bin, then wrap my arms around her, kissing her tenderly, the way I love her.

Vampires fall for their beloveds immediately. Love has no time limit, no rules, it lives when it's meant to.

And we are meant to.

"Oh my god." She cups her hands over her mouth, staring at me in horror. "What if Pa heard us?"

"We can hope he won't stab me with silver," I joke, but I am slightly worried. I would deserve it.

She inhales a jumbled breath, rushing to get dressed. "That's not funny." She slips on a new pair of panties, red lace, and I tease my fangs with my tongue as I watch her dress.

I'll be ripping those off later.

Maven slips into another pair of comfortable leggings, which I love because they are so easy to take off. I'll buy her all of the leggings. Next, a plain purple shirt that enhances the red in her hair.

Before she can close the drawer, I'm dressed.

"Unfair. Cheater," she teases me, throwing her hair in a messy bun.

My eyes drop to the mark on her neck, and I close my eyes, the heat engulfing me. I will myself to calm down, taking deep breaths which worsens my need because I fill my lungs full of *her*.

She's going to want to show off her mark, knowingly and unknowingly, it's a way to let others know she is mated.

It pleases me.

"Well, I suppose we should go face the music." She swings the door open and for the second time in my life, I'm a little scared.

The war between my coven and werewolves was the first time.

Now?

Facing her protective warlock grandfather.

If all else fails, I'll mystify him.

As in, if my life is on the line for fucking his granddaughter under his roof, nothing a quick mental erase can't fix.