

## Eternally Damned: Chapter 13

Maven

He bites every inch of exposed skin he can on my front, leaving two pinpricks behind. Small droplets of blood roll down the natural curves of my body, and then he is there, licking me clean.

I moan when he bites my calve and when I look down, I should be horrified with what I see, but I don't. If anything, I'm more aroused.

His marks are everywhere. I look like I've been attacked.

I guess in a way, I have.

He settles on his knees and looks down on me, his eyes roaming across his artwork. His nostrils flare and the florid in his irises bleed into the blue.

A tremor rushes through my body knowing I'm bound to such danger, but knowing he'd never hurt me.

"Look how beautiful you look with my marks all over you." He rubs his callused palm down my leg, each bite pulses with pain and pleasure.

His come leaks from me, slicking the space between my legs. I try to pinch my thighs together, but he isn't having it. He pushes my legs apart and hums in delight. His finger rubs along my clit while another scoops his seed and pushes it inside.

My eyes roll to the back of my head and the lights flicker in the house, from me.

"Someone needs to learn more control," he chuckles darkly while pinching my clit reciting a sharp gasp from me. "My beloved is so gorgeous. You were made for me."

"Please," I beg, my pussy throbbing with desire for him. It hurts.

“Please? Mmmm, beloved. I don’t think you know what that does to me. I love to hear you beg.” He flips me over suddenly and unhooks the belt from my wrists.

My hands tingle as the blood rushes back to them.

I turn my head just to see him press a kiss to my shoulder. He gives me a crooked smile before taking another bite out of me. He trails kisses leaving adoration in the trails his lips create and licks every wound, taking his time as he tortures me in the best way.

He pauses at my ass and grips the globes with his hands, the sharp points of the talons biting my skin.

“Perfection. Flawless.” He kisses each cheek, and the caress feels so good, the softness of his touch. He rubs his cheek against me, the rough stubble marking my skin.

But the tenderness is short lived when he bites my left cheek, sinking his fangs into the meaty muscle. I expect him to release me quick like he did with all the other bites, but he hooks his arm around my waist and yanks me back, pressing my weight against him as he drinks.

If it’s possible, I blush harder, my cheeks becoming hotter than the heat that’s taken over our bodies. It’s oddly more intimate than him drinking from my neck. I curl my fist into the blanket and bite the pillow when his finger breaches me again. Then another, and another, until he is finger fucking me in tandem with the long drafts he is taking from me. With how hard he is sucking; I wonder if he is getting anything to drink at all.

My lower belly begins to burn with an orgasm as it brews. As he brings me to the brink, he removes his fangs and licks the wound closed before moving to the next side, a primal predatory sound building in his chest before he attacks.

I can’t hold back.

I shatter. “Lex, oh, fuck, yes,” I moan into the mattress.

He doesn't give me time to recover. His fingers slip free of me, and the blunt head of his cock pushes inside before he impales me on his girth without warning. My breath is stolen as he fucks me hard and relentlessly. My cheek rubs against the mattress, and he pushes my legs together, pressing me against the bed. It changes the angle and the grip as he pounds into me.

He yanks my head back by gripping my hair, bending me into an uncomfortable position all while his cock deliciously hones in on every spot that makes me come. "You like this, don't you? Being used and fucked hard. Your pussy is so fucking tight taking me like this. I wish you could see what I see. Your come slick along my cock making it shine as I bury it to the hilt over and over again. Your ass shakes with every thrust. You have no idea what I want to do to you. All the wicked and bad things."

"Do them," I say without thinking.

He brings me to my knees and the pain in my back disappears since I'm able to lean my head against his shoulder now.

My hair sticks to his skin, and he slows his brutal pace. I press against him, wanting him to continue.

In and out, he takes his time, pressing kisses to my neck before his claws threaten my throat.

"Such a good girl. My good little beloved," he croons and the way he says it makes my body melt.

I'll carve my beating heart out of my chest to give him the last of my blood if it means he never stops touching me.

With slow, strong, and forceful strokes, he rams into me, breathing harshly into my ear. The warm breath ghosts over the back of my neck.

"Fuck, Maven. You feel fucking amazing," he says it as if he hates it, fucking me harder, wrapping his arms around my body to hold me close.

I lift my arms and wrap them around his neck and his fingers lazily trail up my stomach before his palms cup my breasts. I moan as he pinches and twists my nipples.

Before I can blink, he blurs us until we are outside, the blanket beneath us in the middle of a field. The house is to the left and I stare up at Alexander in disbelief, wondering how he is real— how any of this is real.

I trace his sculpted face, my index finger grazing along the edges of his jaw. He has high cheekbones and a straight nose, blue eyes when they aren't possessed by red. Alexander looks unkept with his shaggy raven hair hanging in his face.

A force to be reckoned with.

"You're so handsome," I whisper, watching the blush creep up his cheeks. He looks away, biting his lip.

I keep saying it, but I don't think he believes me.

That's okay.

I'll say it every day until he does.

He sits on his knees and pulls me onto his lap, his hard cock buried still. I lie my arms on top of his shoulders and he skates his fingers down my back, his eyes still wandering over my bite marks.

"You're the beautiful one. Your beauty is unparalleled in the sun, but under the moonlight, beneath the stars—" he thrusts his hips up and a whimper is forced from me, echoing across the field "—you're ethereal, beyond anything I've ever seen. And you're mine."

"Yours," I gasp, rocking against him.

Our groans and grunts mix together and his forehead presses against the middle of my chest as we slide against each other. His cock fills me, stretches me to the brink, illuminating pleasures a woman could only ever dream about.

“Maven,” he chokes in wonder, his eyes casting to every corner around us.

Sunflowers.

Everywhere.

They become too tall, we get lost in their shadows and the bright yellow petals glow in the middle of the night.

“I’ll always bring the sun to you,” I tell him unsteadily as I ride him faster.

His hands grip my ass, holding me tight.

“You are the sun,” he says before kissing down my chest.

He wraps his lips around one breast and sucks, letting it go with a pop before moving to the other.

My gums begin to tingle, and I touch my fingers to my teeth, a shocked expression crossing my face.

He drags my hand down and lifts my chin, a feral lust emanating from him telling me to run.

Maybe running would be fun.

“Look at your tiny fangs, beloved. So gorgeous,” he strokes them, and I moan loudly, as if his touch against the cupid is a straight shot to my clit. “Your body is adapting. What do you want?”

I run my tongue across my new teeth, the shock leaving quickly as I think about him.

His blood.

I bury my nose in his neck and his scent overwhelms me. I fuck him harder, faster, taking it all like he told me too. “I want you.” I let instinct take over and bite him, his blood rushing into my mouth and I hold his head against me while I drink.

He tastes like the sweetest Moscato, and I'll never be able to get enough.

He moans before sinking his teeth into me next, and we drink each other.

All while we fuck like animals.

We orgasm together and bright colors that remind me of the northern lights surround us before seeping into our chests.

Memories of him run through my mind, from the time he was born, to the death of his family. I feel his fear, his loneliness, his need to survive.

His eyes swirl a light purple before fading into the icy blue I love.

"You'll never be alone again." He tightens his arms around me, holding me so tight I can feel his heartbeat.

I run my fingers through his hair, sitting conjoined while we both realize loneliness has been our home for far too long.

"What was that?" I whisper, just as the breeze rustles the sunflowers.

"Our souls combining."

"I drank your blood. I have fangs," I giggle in disbelief, reaching up with my hand to touch my new canines. They aren't as long or as sharp as his, but they get the job done.

He grumbles and his cock becomes hard again. "And they are the best thing I've ever felt."

"The best?" I tease, rolling my hips.

He curls the top of his lip, his hands falling to my waist to push me against his cock. "Second best."

I'm not ready to stop. I need him more than I did earlier. This heat is driving me mad. I kiss him, biting his lip before sliding off his lap. The emptiness I feel has me rolling

my lips together to swallow a pornographic sound. His heavy cock slaps against his thigh, wet from our combined orgasms.

Long and thick, a bulging vein pumps it full. His sack is large, round, pulled tight to his body, and there are so many things I want to do.

But first, I stand.

He quirks a brow, his eyes roaming over my body. "Where do you think you're going?" The baritone of his voice causes shivers to drift over my skin.

He slowly gets to his feet, towering over me as his muscles flex in the seductive moonlight.

I take a step back.

And another.

"Be a good girl, beloved," he tsks as he sees the playfulness in my eyes. "You know you won't get far. Come here." He strokes his cock, a milky drop oozing from the slit. "I want those lips wrapped around me."

I take another step away and wiggle my fingers toward the ground. Vines snake and wrap around his legs, then arms, and then for fun, I wrap one around his beautiful cock, tightening it to the point he hisses and flashes fangs.

He loves it.

"I need a head start," I say before darting through the sunflower field I created. I take a peek over my shoulder, and I can see the violent rage of red reflecting in his eyes.

It turns me on.

I pick up the pace, the sunflower stalks whipping against my body. The air is crisp and cool all around me. I feel invigorated in my freedom here at the estate, relishing in the dream I always wanted for myself.

The pull I felt, the force, it wasn't to the property. It was Alexander I yearned for.

I stop running, gasping for breath as I stand in the middle of the field, the sunflowers shielding me as I listen.

It's quiet. There are crickets singing in the woods a few yards away and I take a step into the thick of the flowers to shield me from the vampire I provoked.

I wait.

My heart pumps.

My nerves get the best of me. I survey my surroundings, but I don't hear a thing. I cross my arms and the cold begins to get the best of me. The sweet perfume from the sunflower's drifts in the air. Everything is still.

The stars twinkle above me.

The moon full and round.

And in the distance, I think I hear a wolf howl, which is impossible.

An uncomfortable silent stretch lasts longer than what I'm comfortable with. Maybe I should surrender.

Right as I take a step forward, arms wrap around me and the yellow petals blur together as Lex speeds through the night. The breath is knocked out of my lungs as I'm forced against a tree. The bark scratches my skin, teasing my oversensitive nipples. Something like that shouldn't feel so good.

But I want more.

Alexander's front is against my back and his cock is trapped between my cheeks. Precome dribbles onto my lower back and I push against him.

His hand holds my head down and his wicked lips have plenty to say, "You think you can take from me after what you did?" He rocks, the silky flesh of his shaft rocking against me. "You can never beat me, Maven." He kisses my throat. "I'll always find you. You're in my blood now. Wherever you go, I follow, whether you like it or not." He

strikes, those unforgiving points penetrating me at the same time he shoves my legs apart and embeds his cock where it belongs.

He drinks me, fucks me, claims me, right here against the tree. My skin rubs against the rough bark, scratching the surface of my skin, and it hurts but he feels so good.

That familiar purr building in his chest vibrates against my back.

He licks my neck, sealing the wound, and continues to mouth my mating mark which creates a quake in my body.

There isn't a worry that he'll hurt me as he takes me the way he wants me. Hard, rough, and a bit careless. I'll have bruises from his grip, and I know I'll feel the soreness between my legs tomorrow.

Having him inside me is like a scorching hot iron rod, burning me from the inside out, only I can take the pain, the burn, and the consequences loving a dangerous weapon brings.

I come again, my knees giving out and he holds me up, the sounds of our skin slapping reverberate through the woods.

"Take it all, beloved, fucking take it," he snarls, pressing to the hilt as he fills me with his seed. He lazily slides in and out, slowing his pace and sinks his come into my depths. "Mmm, good girl taking every drop." He kisses my shoulder. "Maybe next time you'll think twice about doing something like that. Next time, I'll bend you over my knee."

I hide my mischievous smirk, already planning on the next time.

Because there *will* be a next time.