

Eternally Damned: Chapter 14

Alexander

The mating heat has lasted an entire week. She proofed my— our— bedroom like she did her Pa's house, covering every inch with vines, roses, and kudzu. I was safe. I lost track of the hours and minutes I stayed inside her. We couldn't get enough of each other. My body roared with the spice lingering in her magic.

I feel powerful.

I understand now why witches need a coven and vice versa. We're stronger together.

I only have a sliver of her magic, but if it means it doesn't eat her alive, then I'll take as much as nature is willing to give me.

I feel grounded, reborn, stronger than I ever have, and it's all thanks to my mate. I turn to my side and brush her claret hair out of her face, sadness pierces me knowing the heat is over. We learned each other's bodies, our sounds, we shared memories, and pleasure. We are closer than anyone else ever gets to experience.

The bite marks I left on her body are gone now and my fangs itch to do it again. I want to mark her, so every other creature realizes she is mine.

Smelling of me isn't enough, having my mating mark isn't enough, I need more. I kiss her shoulder and she bury her face in the pillow, clearly not ready to get up. I'm sure she's not.

I bite my lip thinking of the ways she'll be sore and my cock stirs.

Let her rest.

I swing my legs over the edge of the mattress, hating that we seem to live in a shack. Now that our schedules have officially changed to night and this room is prepared to keep me safe from the sun, I can help.

And I can help quicker than that fucking wood guy could.

Where is he anyway? He dropped off the face of the earth all too soon and it leaves me suspicious.

Standing, I stretch, and slip on my sweatpants. Taking one last look at my beloved, I head downstairs. I jump off the balcony to skip the steps and my leg punches through the floorboards when I land.

I'll need to fix that.

I could probably cut down a few trees and make enough lumber myself to rebuild, then it can be a surprise for Maven.

Looking around my childhood home, I breathe in, wanting any sort of memory, but nothing happens. All I smell is dust. The only memories I have are the ones that have stuck with me. I rub my chest when I remember father giving me the long speech of how I'll be the coven master one day. It was the same speech all heirs get when they turn fifty.

I stood right where I'm standing now.

He gave me the Monreaux ring that last fateful night, the one passed down from father to son. I twist it along my middle finger, tracing the M, and hating it's the last thing I ever got from my father.

Instead of a peaceful goodbye filled with love, it was filled with fear and mystery.

Staring down at the onyx gem, I sigh, feeling the weight of the world on my shoulders. I want to make father proud.

I didn't expect to be the Master so soon in my life, but here I am.

A mate, but not master.

And I miss the connection fiercely.

Before I can rethink what, I'm doing, I'm in front of the door that hid me for 121 years. The strong emotion I felt must have carried me down here without me realizing. I prick my finger and the blood travels through the nooks and crannies of the enchanted door before it opens.

A flashback of my brother carrying me through the halls and to this room play right before me.

I slowly stroll to his tomb and press my hand against the door, swiping blood on it. The red stains the white marble and I notice the old brownish color under it.

His blood from all those years ago.

The door opens and a concrete coffin, protected by Sarah Wildes magic lies in the middle of the room.

I fall to my knees and rests my hands against the lid. He gave his life for me and the guilt that eats away at my heart, knowing I didn't deserve to wake first, nearly knocks the breath out of me.

He deserves his beloved.

And now he only has nine more years like this before he turns to dust.

"Brother," the word breaks in my throat as my eyes water. "I fucking miss you. I wish you were here. It's not as lonely because of my beloved, but the connection with another vampire is missing. It's like a hole in my chest." I pound the space right above my heart.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

"There's no one else, Atreyu. It's just me. So many things have changed. This world isn't as we left it and I can no longer feel the sun upon my skin. Maven, my beloved, is a descendant of Sarah Wildes, she's our coven witch, so she's trying to find a solution for me in the library of books we have. I'm going to bring every woman to you in hopes you'll wake because if nine years come and you die..." I shake my head as a tear rolls down my cheek. I wipe it away, then smash my fist against the floor,

cracking the marble. "I'll die. I'll do anything for you to be here. Come back," I plead, pressing my forehead against the lid of the coffin. "Come back," my whisper breaks and the memories of us running through the woods to get to the estate in time are fresh. I can still smell the blood, hear the leaves crunch under our boots, and the howls of the wolves as they hunt us.

I can taste the iron of the hunter I killed and feel the fear as the wolf latched onto Atreyu.

Our lives changing forever in one single night.

I sob, digging my talons in the concrete of his tomb and the urge to kill pumps through me.

Wherever those fucking wolves are, I'm going to kill them.

"I swear," I promise my brother. "Forever in my blood. I'll eradicate all of them like they did to us. I'll do it for you. In your name. In mother's, in Rarity's," I hang my head. "In everyone's."

"Lex?"

I wish Atreyu was awake. He'd correct her and say my name is Lexy.

I hide my face from Maven so she can't see my pearlescent face. Vampires aren't very pleasant looking when they cry.

"Lex," she whispers my name, coming closer.

I feel her near me, her heat, her scent, and I inhale while closing my eyes, letting my beloved take over every sense I have. Her hand lands on my shoulder, then caresses across my chest as she walks around me.

I tilt my head down, but it's too late. She's kneeling in front of me, and her fingers slide under my chin.

“Don’t hide from me, my love. Let me see you,” her voice sweet just as the scent of the sunflowers in the once dead field.

I lift my head and lifting my swollen puffy eyes, letting her see the side of me no one else will ever see.

“I’ve seen you like this before, remember? When you woke up from your coma?” She brushes her fingers through my tears, and I lean into her touch.

I forgot about that. I’m ashamed with how I acted. I yelled and cried, attacked her and drank her blood without asking.

“I don’t care about your tears. I hate that you’re bleeding.” She presses her hand against my heart, and I hold my hand over hers. She doesn’t mean the blood seeping from my hand, but the pain I feel.

“I miss him,” I say honestly. “He’s my best friend.”

“I know.” She brings me into her arms and holds me like a child. “We’ll come visit him every day and read while we search the books?”

I lean away. “You’d do that?”

“I’d do anything to make you feel peace, Lex.”

“He’d love you; you know. He’s grumpy and a real ass sometimes, but he’d like you. I hope you get to meet him one day.”

“I will. I believe that. I know it, Lex. I feel it.”

That brings relief. Witches who have that feeling are usually always right.

The sound of gravel crunching in the distance has me turning my head. I listen, narrowing my eyes as I try to place the car.

I don’t recognize it.

I wipe my face and cradle Maven in my arms before rushing out of the catacombs, leaving an important piece of me behind.

“Someone is here.” I gently set her on her feet in the living room. I open the door and a Hall’s Construction truck shines its headlights in my eyes. There’s ton of lumber in his trailer.

Being newly mated, any man I don’t know around Maven makes me want to kill and I already don’t like the guy.

He gets out of the truck, and I cock my head, noticing the aura surrounding him. It isn’t red or orange, but a crackling black and it makes my insides want to turn out. He’s bad news.

Maven slips from beside me and heads down the makeshift steps she created. I hurry after her, wrapping an arm around her waist to stake my claim.

Not that I need to. He’s paranormal, he can see the marks on her neck.

“Brenden, this is a surprise,” Maven begins, holding out her hand for him to shake.

He shakes it with a smile, their aura’s colliding like oil and water, not mixing. “I hope it’s a good one.”

A growl of disapproval rumbles in my chest. He doesn’t give a fuck she’s mated.

“Um, now isn’t a good time. I’ve already made arrangements for new lumber. We didn’t hear from you after that storm, so I didn’t know what happened.” She sounds genuinely sorry, my sweet and innocent beloved. We have to work on her abilities so she can tell when she’s speaking with another paranormal.

The wicked ones will take advantage of her naivety.

He takes off his hat and his hair fall as he regretfully runs his fingers through it. He blows out breath. “Yeah, the storm soaked all the wood since it was onset and unexpected, I had no time to cover the lumber. It was already loaded in the truck. I’m sorry. I had to order more. And after that, I had some family issues to take care of, so

I fell off the grid. I should have been more communicative. I apologize, it was unprofessional of me.”

I narrow my eyes and his gaze flickers from her to me and for a split second, I see right through him. He lets his guard drop, and the bad intentions cloak him. I squeeze her hip to maintain control.

Why do I feel like I’ve seen this guy before?

“Who is this?” He turns his body in my direction.

“This is my... husband. Alexander Monreaux.”

She doesn’t know she can say the word mate but hearing husband inflates my ego. I might puff out my chest and broaden my shoulders to appear larger than he is. I am by a few inches anyway, but I wish I towered over this asshole. I want to make him feel small and insignificant.

“Alexander Monreaux? Your family owned this property then?” Brenden asks, his snake eyes assessing me. His eyes are soulless windows. Nothing lives behind them.

“Something like that,” I mumble, not wanting to give answers to something I bet he already knows.

“Nice to meet you. Hell of a piece of property you have here.” He holds out his hand and I take it, squeezing it harder than necessary and I don’t miss the confirmation he needs. His eyes narrow and a slight lift of his smug smirk tells me he has a plan brewing.

He knows I’m a vampire.

And I know he is up to no good. I scent the toxin of evil in his blood and no way in hell am I ever letting him near Maven after this. And we are not using that lumber. I don’t trust him to use his materials to build our home.

What is he?

“I’ll leave the trailer here and call me when you need me to pick it up. I didn’t know you were married. Congratulations. I’ll leave you alone.”

I can hear how much he wants to say, ‘for now’ and holds back.

I roll my lips to hide my fangs, breathing in and out not to rip his throat out.

He unlatches the trailer and then hops in his brand-new truck. He gives her a friendly wave and slightly curls his lip at me. The tires crunch as he heads down the driveway, red taillights gleaming in the new night.

“We aren’t using that wood.”

“Lex, there’s no reason to be jealous. It’s perfectly good wo—”

“—He isn’t human, Maven. We need to strengthen that ability in your power so you can protect yourself. The feeling I got from him, his aura, it wasn’t good. He has bad intentions, okay? Trust me. We are burning that lumber. I’ll build everything myself and I’ll get it done in half the time.”

“He wasn’t human?” She stares off into the distance, watching the truck get smaller the further away it gets. “How do you know?”

“I smelled it, felt it, saw his aura. He also took silver supplements. No doubt he knows who I am and what I am. Whatever he wants, we haven’t seen the last of him and I hate I don’t have a coven to protect you.”

And I can’t be in the sunlight.

My ways of protecting her diminish every day.

“Hey, it’s going to be okay.” She wraps her arms around my waist and tilts her head back to look up at me.

I clench my jaw and inhale, his scent ruining the scent of fresh flowers always coming from Maven.

“How about you go to the store and pick out anything you want for the house? Call Dottie. You should have a few hours before closing and by the time you get back, I’ll be nearly done with the house.”

She snorts and begins to laugh. “You can’t be serious? It’s months away from being done, Lex.”

“You want to bet?” I lift a brow, daring her to challenge me.

She nibbles on her lip and nods. “I do.”

I blur us to a nearby tree and pin her against it. “That’s dangerous, are you sure you want to do that?”

“How bad can it be?” she says breathlessly as our lips hover over one another.

I twist her red hair around my finger and smirk. “If I have it built, the first thing you’re going to do is suck my cock.” I keep my touch light, my fingertips drifting down her arm, and Brenden long forgotten. “You’re going to bend over my lap next and I’m going to spank you until your pale flesh turns red and the blood rushes just below your skin. I want to see my handprint marking you. I want you to feel the burn, the slight edge of pain, but the explosion of pleasure.”

Her heartbeat thumps in wild rhythm and her lust overcomes the stench Brenden left behind. “And if I win?” She struggles to say, her body arching into mine as I skim my lips across her cheek.

“Is my offer really losing? Is it really so bad to think about my cock down your throat?”

The wind begins to pick up and lightning flashes in the sky.

I’m making her lose control.

Me.

“You want that, don’t you?” I cup her wicked addicting cunt through her pants, and she moans, thunder rolling above us as rain begins to fall softly. “You want to please me because you’re a good girl. My good, sweet beloved. Isn’t that, right?” I threaten to bite her neck, teasing my fangs along her mating mark.

But I take a step back, not hiding my erection. “I guess I better get to work before it pours.” Lightning cracks at the same time crimson floods my sights.

I know she sees a monster in the dark right now, but the last thing I’d ever do is hurt her.

“If I win, you let me tie you up and have my way with you,” she counters, pulling out her cellphone with a smirk and pink cheeks as she smiles.

“Oh, Maven. Maybe I’ll take my time then,” I wink, rushing away before I throw her over my shoulder and take her against a damn tree again.

She needs to rest. She’s sore, I can tell by how she walks.

I set up the night lights and unsheathe my talons. I don’t need a saw. I have everything I need right here.

The truck protests as she starts it and I make a mental note to buy her a new one.

As she drives away, a few things are on my mind as I run through the woods and begin cutting down trees.

How fast or slow do I want to work?

Being tied up sounds awfully fun.