

Eternally Damned: Chapter 16

Alexander

“Pregnant? I’m not pregnant,” she scoffs, slamming the book closed, then leaving it in her lap. “I’m not. I’m due for my period...” she trails off trying to remember the date.

Frantic, I bury my nose into her neck and inhale as deep as I can, searching for the different scent, but I don’t smell a thing. My father could tell when my mother was pregnant. He knew immediately. I wonder if I can’t because Maven is a witch and not a vampire. I prick her skin with a fang, and she gasps from the slight pain. The blood beads and I flick my tongue across it and focus on the memory the blood carries.

My eyes snap open and morph as pleasure, possession, and joy fill me. I see two embryos, just shy of two weeks, maybe less. Nothing but a bundle of cells at this point, but since I know they are there, they are *mine*.

I fall to my knees and press my palm against her lower abdomen, wondering how I didn’t know earlier. I wasn’t focused on the memory of her blood and what it carries.

“It’s true. You’re pregnant. It’s early,” I smile fondly. “Maybe two weeks. Twins.”

She inhales a sharp breath and presses her hand against mine. “Twins? Oh my god, are they okay? Can you communicate with them?”

“No, nothing like that. Vampires can usually scent when their mates are pregnant, but I wasn’t paying attention. You’re so early they don’t have heartbeats yet. I had to focus on your blood, pry the memories out of the cells, and that’s how I saw them.”

“I’m pregnant,” she grins with watery eyes, but the smile fades, the happiness gone as rain turns to hail, pounding against the roof like baseballs. “They aren’t safe. The letter. Sarah said—”

“—I will die before anything happens to you. You understand? I’ll risk everything to make sure you and our children are safe. You’re mine. Do you understand?” I push her onto her back and lift her damp shirt over her head.

The need to claim her rushes through me, knowing she’s carrying my children, mine, fucking has the bloodlust inside me roaring.

In a rush, I tug her leggings down to her ankles and fumble with my pants just enough to free myself.

“You’re fucking mine.” I thrust to the hilt and she tosses her head back as she is filled to the brink. “Your body is mine.” I thrust hard, her pussy soaking wet for me. “Your soul is mine.” I thrust again and she groans, slapping her arms against the new floorboards.

I press my palm against her stomach, fucking her hard and fast. This is going to be quick.

I let my fangs show, my eyes burn a shade of flame, and my talons drag along the wood. I want her to witness my lack of control. I curl over her, moaning my own pleasure in her ear. Nothing compares to the feel of her around me.

“Fucking all mine,” I mumble, high off desire.

“Yours,” she gasps on a strangled breath. “I’m yours.”

I grasp her hips, slamming harder and harder into her, touching her occupied womb with the tip of my cock. I growl deeper, more dangerous and lethal than I’ve ever sounded.

“Oh god,” she shouts just as lightning clashes outside at the same time her pussy tightens around me.

I sink my fangs into her throat, my orgasm taking me by surprise. My eyes roll as I drink her nectar, the taste so different now that I know she’s pregnant. She’s sweeter. I pump my come into her, stream after stream wishing she could get pregnant all over again.

We live forever and I feel like with her being pregnant now, we will have a thousand kids.

She comes, her muscles contracting along my flesh to pull my seed deeper where it belongs.

I don't pull away from her neck, I continue to drink, thirstier than I ever remember being.

She orgasms again, moaning as the shocks rush through her.

Her small canines slide into my vein and shock me. Making me coming again, overflowing her with my seed.

She pulls long drafts of my blood, feeding her need, satisfying the craving of blood she needs now that she's feeding two vampires.

I suck deeply before licking her mating mark and she shudders, dragging her fangs free as well. We kiss lazily, blood twisting along our tongues as they duel. We stay locked together, my hand roaming down her bare thigh.

The rain stops abusing Salem as Maven relaxes in my arms.

I lick her lips clean and stare into her green eyes. "We will be safe." And then I remember Sarah's words, to take Maven to the cove.

I've forgotten all about it.

Folklore and myths were born there, but no doubt they live. I remember my father telling me about it, how it used to be a portal. He always took my mother on walks through the fields, always going to the cove. It was their place.

I'm wondering if it could be ours too and if Maven is the secret to unlocking the portal.

Not tonight though.

Tonight, I need to continue to claim her, wash the memory of Brenden away, bathe the distress the spell book brought down the drain, and let us worry about the real world tomorrow.

Right now, I want to celebrate.

“I never thought I’d find you and now you’re here.” I slide my half hard cock out, my come spilling free. “The mother of my children.” I could cry. I won’t, but I could. This life was never supposed to be an option. And having kids? That wasn’t even on my radar. I remember knowing I’d die in that tomb. I felt the hopelessness, the fear, the end. Meeting her wasn’t a possibility. It wasn’t an option, but a dream.

Maven is and will always be my dream come true.

My chance at life.

My reason for eternity.

And if no one thinks I’ll drain them of their blood, even if silver burns me from the inside out to protect her, I will. They have no idea what’s coming for them.

I kiss down her body, focusing on her flat stomach. My hands fall to her hips, gripping them gently while pressing my cheek against her.

“I love you,” I say. “I’ve loved you for 191 years, Beloved.”

“And I’ll love you for 191 eternities,” she replies, running her fingers through my hair.

I part her legs, run my nose down her pink petals, never smelling a more gorgeous flower. I run my tongue over her engorged clit, my cock turning to steel as I suck the rose bud in between my fangs.

“Lex, yes,” she hisses my name, which makes me want to have her curse it. “More.” She takes her hands and shoves my faces between her legs, and I delve my tongue inside, licking our combined juices. I suck each lip into my mouth. I grip the inside of her thighs, force them apart, and bite into her femoral artery, the blood flowing so fast I can hardly swallow in time before it trickles out of the corner of my mouth.

Another orgasm shakes her core, her slit slick and ready for me again.

Using my enhanced speed, I sit in the chair and take her over my knee. Her ass is up, the round globes causing the skin of my palm to tingle. "I believe we made a deal, good girl. I want to collect."

"That would mean me sucking your cock first," she reminds me.

"I want that after." I'll be so worked up from seeing her ass red, that I won't be able to hold back.

I rub two fingers down her spine, licking my fangs as I pass the dimples above her ass, and then trace the crease of her cheeks. She whimpers when I continue on, pushing my fingers inside her tight core.

"Mmmm, I'd think you'd still be a virgin if I didn't take it and taste it myself." I pump my fingers slowly, loving how soft and tight she is on the inside.

"Lex," she squirms, arching her back which causes her ass to perch higher in the air.

I wrap my hand around her throat while yanking my fingers free, leaving her empty. The vibrations of her pleasurable sounds cry from her throat against my hand. Turning her head, I make her watch me, fangs and all, letting my nature come out to play as I suck the honey from my digits. Her flavor rolls around across my taste buds, my blood singing.

"You taste so good." I plunge my fingers inside again before pulling them free. I force her head to the side. "Find out for yourself." I shove my fingers between her lips and her tongue circles, sucking me clean.

I can't wait to feel those lips wrapped around my cock.

"Enough," I growl a warning when she begins to bob her head.

I can only handle so much before I blow.

My cock pokes against her stomach as she lies across my thighs, smearing precome like paint as if she is a blank canvas.

Yet she's already a masterpiece.

She's pregnant.

How will I keep my sanity for nine months?

I lift my hand and slap my palm against her left cheek. Maven moans loudly in pain and pleasure.

I do it again and again.

The loud *smack* causes my full orbs to pull tight to my body. My orgasm looms as I hear her get louder. I inhale to catch my breath but drown myself in her lust. I glance between her legs, noticing the sheen glistening against her thighs.

She's dripping for me.

I spank her harder, the blood rushing just below the skin, my handprint glowing.

"So, fucking pretty," I marvel, running my hands over the heated cheeks. Her puckered star winks at me as I lift her closer to my face. I bite just as I promise, the angry blood trickling into my mouth.

The liquor comes out much slower from the bottom since the muscle and fat is thicker here than the rest of her body.

And fucking perfect.

When I'm done, I push her onto her knees and gather her hair so it's out of the way. "Suck," I order harshly.

She blinks up at me, the innocence fading as she grips my cock with one hand and my sack with the other. She teases the slit with her tongue, flicking and circling, tasting the precome she milks from me constantly.

I tilt my head back against my shoulders when she sucks the head into her mouth, hollows her cheeks, and takes me to the back of her throat.

“Such a good girl,” I praise, unable to take my eyes off the way she bobs so eagerly.

She flicks her attention to my face, relief shining back at me from her blown pupils.

She *wants* to be good for me.

Maven squeezes the base, twisting while sucking me to the point she gags. Her lips are stretched wide, her jaw must be aching, but she doesn't stop. Her nose presses against the trimmed black hair surrounding my cock before she gags, lifting off me a bit to suck in more air.

Sweat breaks out over my entire body as she ignites a fire between us. A drum beats against my chest as I hold back a keen of delight.

I thrust my hips, unable to stop myself and she chokes.

I fucking love that sound.

“That's it, my little witch. Choke on your mate's dick.” I do it again and her throat constricts around me. Her hand disappears between her legs and a magical moan hum through my cock.

“Fuck, fuck!” I shout as my orgasm approaches. A tingle warns me at the base of my spine. I yank her off me so fast, she doesn't even have time to wipe the spit from her lips as I lift her up high enough to pull her down on my length. I shout and snarl, spilling inside her just in time. My eyes close as stream after stream leaves me.

Her nails dig into my chest which has my eyes snapping open, her orgasm hitting her sudden and quick.

Violently, I yank her close to my face by tugging her neck with my talons. “My come belongs in that sweet pussy because it's mine,” I tell her, almost angry with how much I mean it. I flex my hips, burying my cock a few more inches to get my point across.

She bites her lip, forgetting her little fangs and nicks the plump cloud. I dive in, sucking her lip into my mouth, battering it with my tongue.

I pull away, gasping for breath, my own mating marks burning and tingling from what we just shared. She must sense it because she kisses them gently.

Holding her close, we sit tangled in each other's arms as we catch our breath. I'm so consumed by her, the taste of her lingering on my tongue, and knowing she's pregnant, I don't hear the car approach.

A loud banging sounds on the door and I'm dressed before Maven can yawn with exhaustion. I wrap her in a blanket. "Stay here," I command, and she nods, settling in the chair with wide eyes. I slip on my sweatpants but hide my hardened cock in the waistband.

I hate interruptions.

Rushing to the door, I let out a breath when I see a soaked Dottie, her mascara running down her cheeks.

"This is ninety-dollar mascara." She shoves by me and sniffs the air. "Whewie," she waves her hand. "Smells like sex and a good time." She twists her hair like a rag, letting the water out.

"Dottie?" Maven pokes her head out from the library and steps out into the living room, keeping the blanket tight around her body.

"Did I interrupt?" Dottie questions.

"Yes."

"No."

Maven and I clearly think differently on what is considered an interruption.

"So, who wants to catch me up?" Dottie clasps her hands. "Can I stay here? Do you have food? I'm thirsty."

I notice the hue around her again, this time a bright sparkling ruby, and the image that Maven talked about struggles to form. It's big, protective, but I can't make it out either.

Seems the more time she spends with us, the stronger her aura becomes.

"Do you hear that?" Maven asks, tiptoeing through the living room, stopping right in front of me, peering over my shoulder toward the front door.

I turn to see if someone is behind me, only seeing the wet footprints on the floor from Dottie entering our home.

"Hear what, beloved?" the taste of her teasing the tip of my tongue as she's still on my lips.

"The voices."

Fear replaces the happiness I felt moments ago and I'm worried Pa might not have known everything about magic.

What if her power is killing her but is affecting her mind first? My eyes drop to her stomach and dread sweeps through me. If anything happens to my family— again, in this life— I'll step into the sun myself.

What is life without my heartbeat?