

## Eternally Damned: Chapter 19

Maven

It all makes sense.

The story of the cove, hearing the voices, it wasn't all a myth or a story. It's real. All this portal needs is a little bit of magic.

But not any magic.

A Wildes magic.

I'm starting to learn my abilities and bloodline are very powerful.

*"It won't be enough, Maven."*

I gasp, staring across the cove to see a woman in a tattered cotton dress. She's pretty. She has long red hair like me.

"Sarah?" I try not to be apprehensive about who I am seeing, but it's hard not to be when a witch I've known to be dead seems to be standing in front of me.

"Sarah? No one else is here, Maven. You're worrying me. Stop. Let this go." Lex grabs my wrists and I imagine a barrier between us to block him.

Tree roots shoot from the ground, boxing me in where he can't reach me. He begins to tear apart the barrier, ripping the root from its place and I do something I'll never forgive myself for.

I lace everything with silver. The metal veins through the vines and roots, the hissing sound of his skin burning causes my heart to falter.

*"Fucking damn it, Maven!"*

*“Everything will be different, but everything will be worth it.” Sarah promises, disappearing into a mist of sparks.*

“Maven, I can smell your blood. You’re bleeding. This is too much for you. Stop!”

He’s right. Blood is dripping from my nose and down my lip, slipping into my mouth.

“I can’t hold it!” I scream as the power is ripped from my veins. The winds whip around us, leaves blinding my vision and slapping against my face. The orange and gold sparks of the cove become brighter; the hole larger with every swirl until it bursts. I fly backwards, slamming against a tree.

The wind stops.

The ground is still.

The water of the cove doesn’t ripple.

It’s just how we found it.

I failed.

I try to get up and cry out, my leg giving out from under me. Lex is there, his arms wrapping around me as I fall limp. His skin is healed from the burns, a bit red and irritated on his arms, but healed.

“I’m so sorry,” I choke, trying to hold back the swell of regret. “I hurt you. I thought... I thought I could bring them back.”

He carries me through the woods, running to the house until I find myself lying in bed. “I love you for trying, but never do that again. Ever. I can’t ever lose you.” He cups my face, his blue eyes full of concern. “But what’s lost is lost, my sweet little witch. They cannot come back, no matter how much I wish they could be found.” He bites into his wrist and places it over my mouth. “Drink, so you can heal. You broke your leg when you hit the tree. You’ll heal on your own in an hour but drinking from me will heal you now.

I suck greedily, the ambrosia of wine giving me life.

He moans, pressing the heel of his hand against his cock tenting his grey sweatpants. "Fuck, that feels good." A wet spot forms on the material and the harder I suck, the louder the sounds are coming from him. "Beloved, you're in no shape to tease me right now. Behave."

I want to make him feel good even if my body is broken. I'm already feeling better, my body and bones aligning together once more. I feel brand new. I suck harder on his wrist, and he snarls, tossing his head back as an animalistic pant is the only way he can breathe.

"Maven," he seethes my name as a curse and a warning. "That's enough. Stop. You've been through too much tonight."

I have, but now that I'm safe in bed, healed, my power restored, I want more. My leg is sore, yes, so I'm not ready to move.

But I don't have to.

I bite his wrist, abusing the skin so I can have more access to his blood.

"Goddamnit, Maven!" He roars and with the next drag I take from him; his thighs straddle my head.

My eyes nearly cross as I look down to see the outline of his cock. I love grey sweatpants. They leave nothing to the imagination. The thick ridge around his blunt, wide head is the most noticeable pressing against the material.

Liquid heat pools between my legs and his nostrils flare as if he can smell my desire. I don't know why I'm feeling like this. It should be the last thing I want after what just happened, but I feel like it's a process to recharge and Lex is a part of that process.

"Is this what you want?" He shoves the front of his pants down, his magnificent cock bobbing free. It's heavy and weighed down. A bead of precome fills his slit and I rip my mouth from his wrist and suck the tip into my mouth, moaning over his salty

flavor. “Fucking hell, Maven.” His hands fall on the wall behind us, and he tilts his head down, the carmine pigment illuminating his irises glow in the darkness.

His fangs lengthen and if I didn’t know him better, I’d think I was looking at a demon.

Not that I’d mind being dragged to hell by him. He’s the burn people warn you about before getting too close to the fire.

He’s far from evil though, far from damnation yet he is sinister all at the same time. His hands move to my head, his fingers tightening in the strands. My scalp screams and my eyes water when he thrust his hips, using my throat as his own personal fuck toy.

I love it.

“I love seeing your lips all stretched out, struggling to take me but you always manage to.”

I choke when he touches the back of my throat, gagging on the wide intruder.

“Fuck yes, I love that.” He isn’t gentle with me. He begins to fuck my face, unrelenting and without apologies. I flick my tongue across the tip every time he slides out, lodging the tip at the opening of my mouth before stuffing my throat. I cough and choke, spit dripping down my chin.

He reaches down, talons caressing my cheek before gripping my chin. “Look at you taking every inch,” he praises and it makes me want to be better for him. I hollow my cheeks and his eyes flutter shut. “So good, beloved. So perfect for me.” His heavy sack slaps against my chin as he gains more momentum. “You’re going to make me come.”

I hum in approval, a pulsating throb aching between my legs.

“Suck every drop and don’t you dare let it go to waste,” he threatens before planting himself as far as my throat will allow.

Warm cream hits my throat accompanied by a feral groan. Every spurt that leaves him, he flexes his hips, trying to pour himself deeper inside me. I do as he says, drinking him down, swallowing every drop.

*Like the good little beloved I am.*

And I clean the pale pink bulbous head, dipping my tongue in the small slit to gather every drop of liquid I can.

He hisses from the sensitivity and pulls his semi-hard cock free, dragging the wet head down my chin. My tongue traces the edges of my swollen lips, and he drops between my legs, smelling my desire.

“I want to fuck you but I know you need rest.” He spreads the leg that isn’t sore wider, giving him better access. “So wet. Is this all for me? Did sucking my dick turn you on? Did you like tasting my come?”

I whimper with a nod, gripping the sheets as his fingers slide between my folds.

“This will be quick, won’t it? You’re going to come all over my fingers and then lick them clean, aren’t you?”

“Alexander,” I moan his name, a sexual promise tugging from my chest.

I was born to please him.

He owns my body.

I’ll do whatever he wants, whatever he says.

“Such a filthy girl,” he grumbles in delight, pressing his thumb against my clit. Immediately my thighs shake, my muscles trembling from my nerves being fired upon.

I’m in a war with myself, my body the gun.

A trigger that Lex easily pulls.

He inserts two fingers inside my slick hole and with his other hand, he applies pressure against the bundle of nerves with the heel of his hand.

“Fuck. Oh fuck.” I toss my head back and squeeze my eyes shut.

“So, fucking tight. You have no idea what it does to me to know I’ve been the only man to touch you.” He slips in a third finger, burying it to the knuckle. Lex increases his pace, finger fucking me like it’s his cock filling me instead of those skilled digits.

The speed becomes inhumanely fast and hard all while keeping the circular motion on my clit.

My orgasm hits me fast and out of nowhere. My come drips down his fingers and a grumble of approval vibrates his chest.

“Yes, oh, yes. Lex. Oh, God.” My orgasm doesn’t seem to end. My toes curl, my fingertips tingle, and my lower belly burns.

He bends down, licking my seam before pulling his fingers free and stuffing them into my mouth. I lick myself off him, the tangy sweetness making me suck his fingers just like I sucked him.

His canines pierce my thigh, taking a few swallows of blood before pulling free. “God, I love how you taste after you come. Your blood is drugged with oxytocin. It makes me high for a few seconds.” He licks the blood off his lips and it’s the last thing I remember before closing my eyes and falling into the deepest sleep.

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I wake with a start, my eyes blurry and my stomach rumbling with hunger. My head pounds as if I drank an entire bottle of liquor.

Did I?

The last thing I remember is the woods. The cove, but everything after that, it’s blank. My body feels good, great actually. I stretch my arms above my head and groan. Then that’s when I notice a few things different about the room.

There's furniture.

I smell fresh paint.

A long black Victorian dresser is to the left, perfume bottles line the counter with a few white candles in black gothic style holders.

I glance to my right and see a fluffy cotton robe on a purple chair in the corner. Confused, I get up, and slip myself into the soft material then tie the belt around my waist. It's a pale grey with plush white lapels. I run my hands down it, immediately feeling warm.

The bedframe is against the wall waiting to be put together. It's red with intricate designs of flowers and vines. I've never seen a red frame before, but I love it. I make my way down the stairs, pictures hanging on the walls and more furniture in place. The black chandelier is hanging in the foyer and there's a bench against the wall with a deep blue cushion. It's more for appeal than use.

I run my hand down the newly polished rail while taking my time assessing my new home. When I get to the bottom of the staircase, a purple rug almost takes up the entire floor, a gold antique mirror hanging to the right of the doorway into the living room.

Peeking my head around the corner, I see a fire roaring in the hearth, the purple couch Dottie picked out is in front of it with a circular matching ottoman.

Voices coming from the kitchen have me changing direction.

"She's been asleep for three days, Mr. Wildes. I feel like something is wrong."

"No," Pa scoffs. I can almost see him patting Lex's shoulder in comfort. "What you need to understand, using so much magic, so much energy, sometimes it drains a witch. I've studied it before. It's normal for her to sleep for days on end without waking once. She's recharging."

"It was unlike anything I had ever seen Mr. Wildes. She was so sure that portal would open. It was beautiful, yet dangerous."

“Mmm, bonding with you made her more powerful. It didn’t work then? Awakening the portal?”

“No,” he says on a sigh that sounds like a relief.

“You don’t sound too upset,” Pa chides, clicking his tongue in surprise.

I lean against the wall and eavesdrop.

“I’m not. I am, but I’m not. I would love to have my family return, but it isn’t in the cards. They are dead. I’m at peace with that. I didn’t hope for the portal to open so I’m not disappointed.”

Whiskey barks and I think I’ve been found out.

“Oh, ya beast. Here.” Pa must have tossed a piece of food in the air because I hear those loud jowls of Whiskey chewing.

“You sound disappointed. I can’t be fooled, Alexander. A part of you is upset. You have every right to be. There was a little hope that your family would return. A little, but even the smallest of amount of hope can feel like the biggest of burdens.”

“It’s silly, right? A ridiculous dream to have the family I once had return to me.”

I peek around the corner in time to see my Pa lie his age wrinkled hand over my vampire’s. My heart catches in my throat when I see Alexander look down, perplexed.

“My dear boy, there is nothing ridiculous about that. You’ll always want the love that was lost. I am only sorry the magic didn’t work for you to have that again.”

“Even magic has its limits, right?”

“I suppose.” Pa didn’t sound like he believes that. “Maven, Fireball, you can come out from hiding now.”

I frown from being caught and slip into the kitchen, holding my breath when I see the fridge and stove, the pots hanging from the ceiling above the island. The counters are a rich, sleek black, reminding me of the cove. “When did all of this get here?” I can’t



help but to be in shock. The furniture delivery must have happened but how did I sleep through it all?

The dining room table is long with twelve chairs, the mahogany wood menacing and elegant at the same time. There are red place mats in front of every chair and black candles in silver candelabras vary in different sizes in the middle of the table.

“The truck came yesterday. You slept through all the noise. The house is complete. I have to say, it’s very modern on the inside now compared to what it was. I like it,” Lex explains.

“Did Dottie come? And what happened after the cove yesterday? I don’t remember a thing.”

His mouth presses into a flat line, answering my question. I take a deep inhale to relax the emotion pressing against my chest.

“I’m sorry, beloved.” Then, he coughs. “But you don’t remember... anything?” His cheeks pinken in embarrassment and I realize we must have done something naughty.

I gasp when a memory comes forward, him stuffing his fingers in my mouth and me moaning as if it’s the best thing I’ve ever tasted.

Now it’s my turn to blush.

“She will come back, Maven. You’ll see. Familiars can’t stay away,” Pa reasons, not picking up on the sexual tension building in the kitchen. Thank God.

“I don’t want her to come back for that,” I say, my voice small.

“I know.” He pats Whiskey on the head. “My familiar is this lazy thing. I suppose familiars reflect the magic their witches possess. Yours is supernatural, a powerful being. You should be proud.”

“How can I be when I lied to her? I don’t care about semantics or politics of whatever it is that should make me proud to have a strong familiar. I want my friend back.”

“And she will come when she is ready.”

“She’s mad at you too, Pa. Pissed, actually.”

“Yeah, well. She’ll see it was for her own good. When she’s ready to accept what she is, maybe then her creature can be released. Have you been able to see what it is?”

“No,” I shake my head. “I try, but her aura is too blurry. It’s big though, tall. Protects her. I saw it hold her when she was mad at me. It bent down and wrapped her in her arms.”

“I imagine knowing the paranormal exists and knowing you are paranormal are two different things. She’ll struggle, but she will come back when she’s meant to.”

I nod numbly, hoping he is right. Maybe I should go to her? Do I respect her space? I have no idea. I hiccup, then press my palm against my stomach as it turns.

“Let me.” Lex kisses my cheek and pours me a cup of coffee. “Don’t kill me. It’s decaf.”

I pout my lips, knowing I’m allowed to have a little caffeine, but I don’t argue. I’m still too tired. “Does Pa know?” I whisper.

Lex shakes his head. “I thought you’d want to tell him.”

A violent cough has me turning around swiftly. Pa is hunched over, face red as the wet cough turns abusive. Lex is quick to pour a glass of water for him and is at his side in a flash.

“I’m fine. I’m fine. Just a cold.”

He’s lying to me. His aura is fading. Something isn’t right. I don’t want to argue with him about it. He’ll wave me away and while I’ll get the truth one day, today, I want us to have a good day.

“Pa.” I sit down, the steam from my coffee billowing high until it disappears into thin air.

He takes a swig of water, finally catching his breath. "Fireball," he says with a tired smile.

"You're going to be a great-grandpa," I whisper while holding my breath. I meet his gaze, water filling the cloudy irises and his cheeks puffing in and out.

He wipes the corners of his eyes and then covers his mouth, shoulders moving up and down. The wrinkles on his face become more pronounced, deeper, showing a lifetime of stories.

"Oh, Maven." He gathers me in his arms and holds me tight, as if I'm about to float away and be lost forever. He leans away and seeing the tears dripping down his face cause me to cry too. "I'm so happy. A grandbaby. I can't believe it."

"Two," Lex corrects. "Two grandbabies."

Pa's mouth is agape, his attention darting from me to Lex. He stands from his seat and fist pumps the air. "You hear that, Whiskey? I'm going to have two grandbabies. You're going to be a granddog!"

Whiskey barks, wagging his tail, and his big pink tongue flops out of his mouth. He jumps on his hind legs and Pa grabs his paws and they do a little dance. Whiskey barks and Alexander laughs, wrapping his arm around my shoulders.

There have been many ups and downs lately, but right now, the up is looking pretty damn good.