

## Eternally Damned: Brenden Hall

I crash through another dimension, my wolves gone, my army snapped from their trance.

I fucking hate the Monceaux's and I'll stop at nothing to kill them now. I've done it once; I'll do it again.

The venom staggers me from right to left and I find myself in an open cemetery. I stumble to the nearest open grave and climb in the hole, my exhaustion pulling me into the darkest corner of my mind.

Having a little magic left, I pull a casket from thin air then create a headstone to fool the stupid people.

I have no clue where I am, but stars surround me or perhaps it's the wolf's venom piercing my heart.

Lying down, I bury myself in the casket, and cast a final spell to spill the dirt on top of me causing utter oblivion.

There's a beloved for everyone. I know mine will find me.

And when she does, we'll wreak havoc in the universes and make them ours.

We will love in hate.

All while the Monreaux coven will never walk in daylight again.

I clutch the ripped paper in my hand.

It has been mine ever since my great grandfather and his wolf army burned her at the stake and ripped this page out for safe keeping.

They might have won this battle, but the war ahead will be long and bloody.

I'll burn Maven too.

History always repeats itself, after all.

Page 576 has all the answers.

And they are *mine*.