

Eternally Damned: Chapter 7

Maven

His lips are on mine, the fiery passion in his demanding kiss has me submitting to his every want and need. His hands caress my sides, gripping my hips with such force I'm sure he's about to break me. I tangle my fingers in his hair, gripping the strands for dear life as he kisses down my throat. The scrape of his fangs has my back arching, my breasts pressing against his chest. He's warm and inviting, unlike the myths of vampires being cold and dead.

Alexander is very much alive. I feel his warmth just as I feel my own.

"You're sure? Once I do this, it can't be undone," he gives one last warning, one last chance for me to back away.

I shake my head. "Make me yours," I beg.

With a vicious snarl, he sinks his fangs into my neck at the same time he thrusts himself through my virginity, claiming me as his.

He drinks, sucking long drafts of my blood from my heart. Pleasure rockets through me as an orgasm rush over my body.

I open my mouth to scream—

And I awaken on the hard floor with a crick in my neck. My body still hot and flushed from the dream. It felt so real, like it actually happened. The man in my dream was my ghost, Alexander. His lips were on mine though, his tongue sliding against mine, tangling as if he couldn't get enough of me. I felt the tips of his fangs pricking against my lips and I felt his large, heavy cock thrust inside me.

I felt him.

How? I can't see or touch him, really touch him.

My body is on fire, my nipples tight against my shirt, and my pussy is wet, slicking against my underwear as I press my legs together to ease the ache.

“Good morning,” Alexander’s deep voice booms from somewhere in the room and I scream, forgetting for a second that I spent the night on the floor of this rundown house for him. “Hey, woah, it’s just me,” he soothes. He’s close.

I can feel his energy, his arms wrapping around me and pulling me close.

“You’re okay. I have you.”

It hurts. These hurts. And it shouldn’t because I don’t really know the man, but this pull I’ve experienced that brought me here, it’s settled with him.

I stand up and stretch, wincing when I feel the pain in my neck. I redo my hair and throw it in a ponytail. “I think we should talk about renovations today,” I say, wanting to change the subject and atmosphere of being affectionate.

I can’t fall in love with a man that doesn’t exist.

“I have to go and get supplies. I’ll be back.” I need to get out of here, away from him. Take some time to think.

“Maven, what’s going on?” he asks, the baritone of his voice soothing, washing over me like armor meant to protect me.

What’s wrong? I just found out vampires and werewolves exist. This ghost is a vampire, and this house held a coven. I have wanted this house not because of the property but because of him. I’ve lived my entire life for someone else, someone who doesn’t truly exist.

“Maven.” The way he yells my name on an impatient bite has me jumping. “Talk to me.”

“I’m afraid of you. I’m afraid of what this means. I’m confused about vampires existing and werewolves. I’m wondering what else there is in the world, things you can’t tell me because you can’t remember. I don’t know how to make you remember,

but I also don't know why my heart wants you and my mind is screaming at me to run. We don't make sense. This makes no sense. I can hear you; I can almost feel you, I dream of you, and it's like you're here, but you aren't, not really. It's only been a night of this and already I'm in pain."

"Maven—"

I hold up my hand and wipe the tear away from my cheek with the other. "I need to go. I'll be back." I walk out the door, my heart breaking while the dream races through my mind of him owning my body.

Dreams are dreams for a reason, they aren't real. They transform wants into fantasy. I need to rebuild the house and set Alexander free and then maybe I can live my life.

Living with a ghost isn't a way to live.

I hear another roar and this time it's so loud, the ground shakes under my feet.

I'm outside and the pain laced scream matches how I feel on the inside. I open the truck door, knowing I'm being irrational as I start the truck and head down the driveway. That damn tug begins to pull me back and this time it hurts, as if my heart is being ripped out of my chest.

I ignore the pain, knowing I need to do human things, like bathe and eat. I do need to go to the hardware store with Pa so I can start this renovation. I want us to fix the place up together. I hope he can forgive me after I left the way I did last night.

So many things happened.

I was able to communicate with Alexander, then hear his voice. Oh god and the way he spoke, he had an old English accent to him, elegant and sophisticated. I could listen to him speak for the rest of my life.

Since I'm not on the property, I know Alexander is in his nonexistent state. I don't know what that means, and I don't know why he is only awake when I'm there. Another question to add to the long list.

Guilt eats away at me for not being there, for being the reason for his nonexistence.

Maybe I shouldn't go back for a few days. What if this is all in my head? I'm so wrapped up in my thoughts, I don't know how I made it home so quick. I'm putting the truck in park and lacing my arms over the steering wheel as I try to figure out what to do.

I've never been more confused.

I hear the front door slam and snap my head up to see Pa standing on the porch, two cups of coffee in his hand, Whiskey right by his side. Guilt eats away at me with how I left things last night.

I'm all messed up inside ever since I stepped foot inside the Monreaux mansion.

I get out of the truck and walk with my head down, the sun warming the back of my neck. The air is crisp from the morning, and I can smell the bacon cooking from the kitchen since the window is open. Whiskey's tail thumps against the porch and Pa are relieved when I step closer.

He holds out a mug for me to take. "Hey, Fireball."

"Hey, Pa." My chin wobbles as I fight back tears.

This... I can't talk about this. I can't talk about Alexander.

It's all too unbelievable.

"I think we need to have a little talk," he says, ushering me inside.

I nod, sniffing as I take a sip of coffee. The warmth does nothing to thaw the frozen parts of me since I'm away from Alexander.

"You look like you haven't slept all night."

I guess I haven't. Lex and I stayed up talking and getting to know one another. Is it possible to fall in love in one night?

With a ghost?

My head begins to pound with a headache.

“I fell asleep on the floor.” I plop in the chair at the dining room table.

“Did you talk to your ghost?”

I turn my head and nod, looking out the window instead of meeting Pa’s eyes.

“Is it Alexander Monreaux?”

“Yeah, it’s him, but I don’t think he’s a ghost.”

“The Monceaux’s weren’t ghosts. They were vampires, Maven.”

I gawk at Pa. “How did you know that?”

“I know a lot of things; things I probably should have told you ages ago but I didn’t know how.”

“What do you know?”

He holds up his hand when he hears the edge in my tone. “I don’t know a lot about the Monceaux’s. They were a large coven, but that was before my time. I really only know of rumors, but Maven, it’s our lineage that I’ve kept from you.”

The chair squeaks, adding to the grooves in the floor and Pa unlocks the cabinet where he keeps his whiskey out of reach. He pulls out all the bottles and Whiskey begins to wag his tail, barking at Pa to give him some.

“You damn alcoholic. This moment isn’t for you.” And Pa never gives Whiskey alcohol, but he does steal a few licks from Pa’s glass when he can. I caught the giant bear red-handed. Now, Pa never leaves his glass unattended. All because of Whiskey.

Whiskey grumbles, then circles the floor before plopping down with a grunt.

Pa pulls out an old worn book. He gives me an unsure glance, pausing as he rethinks his decision, then shuffles to the table again. The book is a dark green, the edges torn, and in the middle there's a large W.

But next to the W is an M.

"What's this?"

He sighs. "Please, don't be mad at me," he begs. "I didn't tell you because I wanted you to have a normal life. I knew that was close to impossible when you had your eyes set on that estate. Maven, the Wildes' and the Monceaux's go back centuries." He places his hand in the middle of the book and the metal clasp opens.

I jump out of my chair and point to the book. "What the fuck was that? What was that? How did you... how did the... when..." I'm at a loss for words.

"The rumors of us being related to Sarah Wildes are true. We are from a long line of witches and warlocks. After Sarah burned at the stake, that's when everything started to change for us. She died in 1692 when she was the coven witch for the Monceaux's. She helped protect them, but when she died, so did her protection and that's when vampires started to dwindle. It was said when a Wildes witch and a Monreaux reunite, our magic will awaken. I didn't think anything of it, but when you said you had dreams, I knew they weren't just any dreams. They were visions. You were reliving something, weren't you?"

I shake my head. I don't know if I want to hear anymore. My entire body is trembling in betrayal. All this time, I've been lied to about who I am.

"Your magic is coming to life, Maven. I didn't think it would be possible. I truly thought the hope for our kind was gone, that our magic had died, but when you started wanting that estate, a part of me wondered. You want to know why people point fingers at you? They are afraid of your power."

"I don't give a fuck about power!" I yell, grabbing the damn book that links me and Alexander. "I don't care about magic. I don't want to be a witch. You think all these years, I cared about that? Don't you think my life would have been easier to

understand if I knew why I was such an outcast? People fear me, Pa. It isn't because I'm powerful, it's because they know what I could be capable of. You're saying I'm related to a witch, that I'm meant to be the witch for the Monceaux's again, but how can that happen when Alexander isn't real? I don't even know how to cast a spell. I don't even know a spell. I spent my entire night talking to a vampire and you're telling me I'm a witch who is coming into her powers?" I cry, slamming the book on the table, my face red as I stare into his eyes. "You don't think I had a right to know? I want nothing to do with that estate now. I'm not going to be a part of some predestined plan."

"But you already are. I don't know your role with Alexander, but I do know magic, Maven Wildes. Magic isn't something you can ignore. It's set in the ground, the trees, the dirt, the house you want so bad, it's in your blood. It's rooted. You are pulled to that house because that's where your magic belongs." With a flick of his wrist, the book opens and flips to the last page. "This is the last thing Sarah wrote before she died. No other witches have written in it since. She had the gift to see into the future. She said a witch of her lineage will change the path for us and all paranormal kind. She'll have long red hair, green eyes, and her heart will belong to the one she's meant to protect." Pa closes the book and stares at me, but I look away, not knowing how to accept this information. "Her written word is stone, Maven. She wrote everything down. This book was supposed to be in the hands of the coven, but they vanished, and we've protected the book since. I don't know what happened to them, but perhaps Alexander will know."

"He doesn't even know why he's there," I grit. "He has no answers. You think this... book will help? I just learned my life was never my own. It's been meant to serve. The last thing I want to be is a servant."

"Being a witch to a coven is the greatest honor a witch could ever receive."

"What coven?" I scream, throwing the book across the room. "They are all dead. No one is left." I sob, thinking about how lonely Alexander must be. "You're saying my heart belongs to a ghost. There isn't magic powerful enough to bridge that gap, Pa."

“Magic is as powerful as you want it to be. You might not like that you were destined for that estate instead of having this dream that it was meant to be yours. Isn’t that the same thing? Isn’t it better that it is literally meant to be yours, Maven? Fate has brought you to that abandoned estate to bring it back to life.”

“And then what?” I ask, resigned, my tone flat. “I bring it to life. I breathe magic into it and what then? Alexander is still a ghost.”

“Maybe he won’t be if you accept what is, Maven.” The bright blue escapes his eyes, and he flops down into the chair, exhausted. “I’m not the warlock I used to be. Flipping pages in a book is all I can do. I am not powerful. I never was. Magic barely lives in me, but witches become stronger when they have a coven, not because of other witches. It’s other witches who drain a witch’s power. Having the strength of a coven to protect you... it’s beautiful.”

“It’s pointless. The Monreaux Coven is dead. And I don’t know why I keep talking about this with you. I am having none of it.” I head to the door and pause, staring out at the rolling plains. “Sarah was wrong.” I run out the door without looking back at the man I thought never lied to me.

My entire life I felt different, and he had all the answers. All this time, all the long talks about the Monreaux estate, and he knew. Maybe knowing earlier would have changed things for me, but right now, I want nothing to do with it.

I don’t want to be the thing the people in this town have whispered about. I’ve yearned for acceptance and maybe that’s stupid and naïve of me, but what hurts now is knowing I’ll never get it.

If Dottie were to know this, I know I’d lose her.

I’m alone in this.

Alexander doesn’t count, because in the grand scheme of things, he isn’t here.

Love can’t be born out of magic, it’s not real then, it’s just... a spell.