

# Eternally Damned: Epilogue

Maven

Seven months have passed since Alexander's family has returned. His father, Severide, stays away mostly, and visits with Atreyu. He stays by his side, reading books and telling stories of the days before the present. My heart hurts for him. He lost so much and he's clinging onto it for dear life.

He forgets to eat, withering away until I bring him blood. It's always from a deer since he refuses to drink from another.

His loyalty to his mate is impressive, yet sad.

Will he never know happiness again?

"I brought you something to drink," I say, pressing a hand against my belly as I knock on the tomb.

He's reading *Pride and Prejudice* out loud.

He slams the book closed and if I'm not mistaken, a hue of pink touches his cheeks. I figured out why Severide is still alive now that his mate has died. The bond is broken but the years remain. It's a chance of hope for him but I know all he sees is eternal doom.

"Atreyu loved this novel. When he wakes, don't let him fool you with his grumpy demeanor. He is a big softie." He takes the large pitcher from me and sips it, wincing since it's deer blood but forces it down. "Can you... do you sense anything for him? Will I lose him?" he finally asks me, a question I've been waiting for since he has arrived.

“No. I don’t know when, but I feel it. It might be a while, but his future is clear to me.” I place a hand on Severide’s shoulder, a gentle gesture to reassure him. I hope my answer brings him solace.

“He doesn’t have long.”

“But enough time to hope,” I retort with a lift of my brows.

“I suppose.” He doesn’t believe me. “I’ve been so caught up in my own turmoil. I haven’t asked how my grandbabies are doing. Are they healthy?”

I grin, rubbing small circles over my stomach. “Yes. Very. Active too. Luna says they are doing great. I don’t want to know their sex though, so I told her not to tell me.”

“I can’t wait to meet them. You’re such a blessing for vampires, to know beloveds are real, to know my son woke from the worst curses because you found him, I owe you, my life.”

“You owe me nothing because he saved me too.” I take his hand in mine and hope he can feel the calming flow of energy I’m sending to him.

“I can’t believe the wolves are friends now. It’s... another reason why I’m not around. I watch them and they seem genuine, but all I see is my wife dying in front of me.” A haunted sorrow passes across his face, his heartache a constant flicker in his eyes.

“I understand. Take your time. That’s the only time that matters.” I begin to walk away, knowing the conversation is done.

I hear him begin to read again and the strain in my heart grows.

Lex must feel it because in a second, he’s in front of me in the dusty hallway of the catacombs. He sweeps me into his arms and zooms to the bedroom. He’s touching me all over, cupping a protective palm over my stomach. “What is it? You’re sad. Is it the babies?”

I love his concern, but I ease it quickly. “No. It’s your father. I hate seeing him so devastated.”

“He won’t ever leave that room. Not ever. I feel like he’s still lost to me all over again,” Lex explains, and I hold my hand over his, one of the babies kicking against his palm. It makes him smile.

“He won’t be there forever. I promise.” I know it. I don’t know how, I just do.

Things have changed so much around here. We’re a ragtag coven of different species, but we get along. The wolves protect Rarity as she is out and about, going to school how she always wanted, so they stay near her. The brothers try so hard to prove their worth, I just hope the vampires see their efforts soon.

Greyson is head of security again.

Luca wants to be a doctor even though he isn’t a natural born fae, but Luna thinks he’s a natural and will do well.

The portal must have stopped their aging process. It has to be the magic. I want to learn more, but I’m wondering if the magic fused with their DNA, altering it, changing what we know of vampires. It’s the only explanation as to why they are alive.

And it’s the only one I have.

They live day to day not knowing if they will die and I’ve made it my mission to find out if they will.

Everyone is growing and learning. Times are changing. I wish Pa were here for it, but the change wouldn’t have happened without him. He’s the reason we have all come together.

I’ve searched and studied for Dottie, still coming up blank on what she is. Maybe we will never know.

And while searching, I’ve learned there is no page 576. The spell book lied. It isn’t there. So, I’ve been trying to strengthen the UV shield I made him so we can go outside together. I’ve only made one strong enough to last an hour.

It’s maddening.

Lex feels my change of mood and lifts the gown from my body. I can't wear much these days, dresses are the only thing that are comfortable.

"So pretty," he praises, taking my heavy milk-filled breasts in his hands. He bends down and takes a nipple into his mouth. "Remember when you said you wanted to have your way with me?"

I'm wet immediately thinking about our bet from so many months ago. I flick my fingers and my vines and roses appear, snaking around his ankles and hands, then pinning him to the wall.

Hitting it a bit harder than I intended.

Oops.

Imagining the vines ripping his clothes from his body, they do just that, leaving him bared to me. Wetness puddles between my thighs and my clit throbs with excitement. His cock is pointed straight, hard and leaking. A vein trails over the meat, pumping it to its full mass.

Feeling frisky, I flick my fingers again and one wraps around his sturdy cock, tightening to the point the tip turns an angry shade of red.

He shouts, struggling against the vines. He could get free.

But Lex doesn't want to.

He loves to surrender.

"Beloved," he warns, flashing his fangs. He shoots forward to bite me, and I lean away. He growls in irritation.

I begin to stroke his cock, using the vine to do all the work and his eyes flutter shut. A rose drifts its soft petals down his body, his skin pebbling in goosebumps from the combination of a soft and rough touch. I tighten the vine in my mind, twisting it manically around his cock.

He shakes, his eyes promising blood and pleasure.

I let another vine drift across his balls. Since his legs are spread, he's open and vulnerable. I test the water, pressing against his taint.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck," he squirms. "Maven..." he pants, pulling against the greenery.

One snaps.

"Don't make me enforce them with silver." I wrap another vine around him, and he nods, sweat building across his forehead.

I push the creeping green plant toward the back, circling it around his puckered hole he's only let me play with a few times.

He hates how much he loves it.

I slip it inside and press against his prostate and he shouts, his muscles trembling. The tendons in his neck protrude and he's seconds away from losing control.

I run my hand down my body and circle my clit, the pink petals wet from witnessing him falling apart for me.

Whimpering, I project what I want into my magic. The vines stroke his cock faster and pump gently into his ass, hitting that button every time.

"Oh god. Fuck, Maven."

I stuff his mouth with a black rose, and he screams behind it, ropes of his warm come splashing against my stomach and chest, making a huge mess.

An approving carnal sound has him leaning down, eyeing his dollops of cream. He rips from the wall, grunting as I allow the vine to slip free from between his ass and he attacks me.

He throws me on the bed and feasts.

On me, my body, and my blood.

And I will always take it all from him... for him.

Eternally.