

Hellbourne

Bound & Determined

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## Chapter One

After leaving Nikkolai's club, Luc leased a small Victorian house. It was just temporary, but it was home. One of the wolves stopped by almost every day to chat, check on his welfare, ask advice, and give him an update on Bran. So far there was no change in his former lover.

The message was always the same. Bran was permanently in wolf form.

It was interesting when flowers arrived the Monday after Luc moved in. Nikko must have spies watching his every move. The writing on the card said Love, Nikkolai.

Luc snorted. He didn't want Nikko's version of love.

Tuesday's delivery was a box of chocolates so heavy he could have used it for weight lifting. Wednesday was an mp3 player with a kick-ass collection of songs. Thursday he got a new cell phone with only one number programmed into it. And today is Friday.

"I think he's sorry." Jerrod said coming into the room, licking a dab of blood off his lips. Good thing the demon tribe of Katos owed him a shit load of favors.

Luc spent a moment admiring his vampire.

After only a few days the shattered boy he'd taken from the club glowed with the power of demon blood rushing through him. Now that he wasn't starved, Jerrod was leaving behind his boyish frame and solidifying into the body of a man.

His vamp was coming along nicely.

But the whole ownership thing freaked Luc out.

After spending his entire life fighting with his father for independence, it scraped him raw that Jerrod called him master.

The vampire walked up to him sliding a hand over Luc's arm as he approached. "Are you going to forgive him?"

"He let you be publicly whipped." Luc said behind clenched teeth.

Jerrod shrugged. "It's our way. I was Mal's property, sold to him by my master. It was his right to do with me what he pleased."

Luc could feel his eyes burning and he knew from past experience that his irises were glowing like small suns. He closed them, trying to regulate his breath and calm down. With so much anger flaring inside it was a miracle that the runes weren't shimmering on his skin. It was difficult to explain abuse to a man who didn't understand that whipping someone until they bled on the floor was not the normal behavior of a sane being.

He knew this from personal experience.

"No master should harm those he's sworn to care for. It's wrong and I find it odd that I should have to explain this to you of all people." Luc said.

Giving him an affectionate smile, Jerrod rubbed Luc's back in slow soothing circles. "Calm down master. Vampires have been around for centuries. You aren't going to change an entire culture overnight."

"I don't want to change the culture. I want to change one little tribe."

“You know what they say,” Jerrod said handing over a gold and red envelope. “Change is best done from within.”

“What’s this?” Luc asked, his fingers already breaking the red wax seal.

“A personal invitation.” Jerrod said with a wicked smile. “From your favorite fangy stalker.”

“Don’t make me punch you.” Luc threatened. “It ruins my credibility.”