

Hellbourne
Lost & Found

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Chapter One

It was amazing that the body could still move when the heart was shattering into millions of microscopic pieces. Luc Hellbourne kicked the empty soda can on the street, idly watching it tumble across the asphalt.

All other sensations dimmed next to the pain in his chest.

A bitter laugh burst past his lips.

Homeless.

Why in his father's hell did he ever start a relationship with an alpha werewolf? It wasn't as if he didn't know the man wanted to have a successor, yearned to have children of his own.

It was for the best.

He gave another sad laugh at his new mantra, whispered it to the breeze, stomped it out with each step, desperately trying to believe his own words.

He didn't know which hurt worse. Losing his lover to a woman or losing the comfort and caring of the pack. Cutting himself away from his pack friends after twenty years of belonging, ripped away a huge chunk of his soul.

However, remembering the love in Betsy's eyes when she claimed Bran as her own eased a small portion of Luc's frozen heart. It was the look in Bran's eyes that had him grabbing his guitar and making a run for it.

The alpha wolf had looked away from his new wife during the mating ceremony, and the longing in his expression as he watched Luc, hit him like a body blow.

Luc knew in that moment that Bran would never accept his fate as long as he was near. It wasn't fair to the pack to have a conflicted alpha. One of them had to leave.

The one who wasn't pack.

"Get it together." Tears prickling his eyes, Luc continued his determined march to nowhere. His guitar case banged painfully against his side as he walked, all the hard edges finding his most sensitive places. Luc

ignored it with the same indifference he coated over his soul to keep moving.

A quick glance around proved he was in unfamiliar territory. An area of town never visited, at least not in recent memory. But then he'd never traveled around this city without his were companions before. Loneliness formed a hard knot in his stomach.

This was a day for new things.

So far, none of them had been good.

Loud, pulsing music caught his attention. It thrummed through his body like a moving heartbeat. As a half fey, Luc felt the notes deep in his soul. Matching his steps to the beat, he turned the corner seeking the source of the sound. A music club stood before him, pulsing notes sliding through the doors each time the bouncers opened them.

The club's ridiculously overdone stone façade had grinning gargoyles carved over the corners. Words written in bright red paint to resemble dripping blood proclaimed this building *The River Styx*.

Luc had visited, played around and once damn near drowned in the River Styx as a child, and this wasn't it. The river that granted him immunity from death never had a line of goth kids wrapped around the block and there wasn't one creepy ferryman in sight.

Tempted, Luc decided now was the time to slack his thirst. He hadn't had a drink in hours. His stomach rolled queasily at the memory of the wedding champagne.

Decision made, he walked straight up the stairs towards the bouncers guarding the door.

"Good evening gentlemen."

Damn the men were impossibly bigger close up. But Luc liked a large man. He let his eyes roam up and down them both. There was the off chance he'd get the crap beat out of him but he knew how to run if things went badly.

"Good evening." They replied in unison. The man on the left gave him a small smile, while the one on the right looked at him like a chocoholic finding the world's last truffle.

Bingo.

He flashed them both his best smile. “I’d like to go into your fine establishment, what’s the cover charge?”

It didn’t occur to him to stand in line.

People who looked like him weren’t meant for lines. It wasn’t vanity, it was a fact. He was a perfect creation by the devil himself and blessed by thirty-six gods and goddesses. There was only one creature as perfectly formed as him.

And father was scary as fuck so he didn’t count.

“No cost for you, sweetheart.” The bouncer on the left announced with a hitch in his voice as the other one nodded mutely.

Flashing another smile, Luc let the man open the door for him.

As he passed he saw the bouncers sniffing at him.

Weird

He shrugged sending the event out of his mind. Having lived with weres he was used to sniffing. Only the knowledge that Bran wouldn’t allow another pack into his territory made him not label them weres.

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The music was something wild and electric. Not a band he recognized but it had a good beat and the gyrating kids convulsing on the dance floor were entertaining.

But what really caught his attention was the incredibly ugly picture of the devil painted two stories high behind the stage. The devil grinned evilly at the dancers below, his razor sharp teeth bared and two large horns bisected his ridged forehead.

Luc felt a reluctant smile grace his lips as he walked towards the horrible caricature of the Lord of the Underworld. The temptation to send a photo of it to his father struck him hard. He whipped out his cell phone, took a picture and with a wicked grin beamed it to his father’s phone. Strange, how his father could receive messages in hell when Luc could barely keep his reception a block away from the cell tower.

Maybe giving in to satanic powers gave a person magic cell phone vibes. Shaking his head at his whimsical thoughts, Luc put his phone back in his pocket and headed for the long bar dominating the far side of the room. The pain in his chest eased a bit with his amusement.