

HELLBOUND

Excerpt

For the first time since Lana Wolfe's world had gone to hell in the proverbial hand basket, a spark had ignited in her soul. *Hope*. Hope for something beyond days of stalking and nights of killing. Hope that maybe she wouldn't become one of the monsters that stalked the night.

Because Orion was different. He seemed like he'd been one of what she hunted for . . . well, for a long time. Yet he didn't reek like the others. Quite the opposite. Her heightened senses drank him in like a parched sponge at an oasis.

Coming to Orion's every night made her feel safe. There was magic on his farm. Even if for only a couple of hours each night, spending time here had been a welcome break from the hunt. The peace surrounding this place had made her believe the monsters couldn't sully this oasis.

Except the stench in the air now warned her that hope was . . . hopeless. She was never safe. And now Orion wasn't, either.

Her jaw clenched. She had covered her tracks. She was sure of it. There was no way the monsters could've tracked him from her trail.

From the safety of the tree line, she scanned the area. Her fur bristled when she saw lizard-like shapes sprawled across the backyard.

Dead monsters. Orion's work.

She counted. Six total. Killing one monster was a feat. But six?

Arma-fucking-geddon.

Hellbound is coming Spring 2012

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