

Enslaved

I tighten my hand around the phone. That situation has the possibility of blowing up in a bad way. The beta could wipe out that entire pack if they confront him about what he's been doing.

But even knowing that, there's only one decision I can make.

"I'm sorry, but you're on your own." I hang up before tucking my phone back into my pocket.

A moment later, it vibrates. I ignore it.

One wolf can do a lot of damage. If anyone knows that, it's me. And if this Paul guy is as terrified as he sounded, there could be a bloodbath if he and the rest of his pack confront Rick without some plan of attack. A cornered wolf is a deadly wolf.

The image of dead wolf bones strewn over dying grass fills my head.

An entire pack wiped out. Just like that. Only this time, it won't be because of a witch.

It'll be because you let it happen. Because you didn't help when you should have. Because you weren't there.

Again.

"I can't leave Madden Grove. Paul has to deal with this on his own. My pack needs me."

Justice has to be served. Even if it's ten years too late.

After climbing out of the truck, I slam the door closed, and head inside to kill some time while I give the witch just long enough to let her guard down. But now, the idea of food, of eating anything at all, no longer seems so urgent.

Maybe the cabin owner has left some wine. Or whisky.

Or something.

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BRIAR

A knock on my door makes me stir.

“Briar?” Aunt Mel calls out.

I peel my face off my bed sheet and glance at the alarm on my bedside table. Nine. I must’ve fallen asleep after my shower. “Yeah?”

She pushes the door open and steps in before halting in the doorway, her brow creased in concern. “You look terrible.”

I flop facedown onto the sheets. “It’s because I’m haunted,” I mumble.

“What?”

“Nothing, Aunt Mel. I’m just tired.”

I’m also struggling to silence the growls in my head that are getting louder and louder. Soon it won’t matter how pale I look, I’ll either go crazy or the wolf from the café will kill me.

Unless I tell Liam Wolfe about what Keane did in the alley. Liam won’t care about Keane trying to kill me, but he will care that Keane could’ve exposed the existence of wolves with his partial shift. Then he’ll send Jonas to deal with him, which will only leave me with one problem.

I recall the burst of bright fire, the flood of heat and rage that poured out of me before Keane could separate my head from my body.

Okay, two problems.

After rolling over onto my back, I gaze up at the ceiling. “Aunt Mel, do you have a minute?”

“Of course I do,” she murmurs, before crossing over to perch on the edge of my bed. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry I just ran off like that earlier. I just—”