

# Enslaved

In a loud way.

A tiny snore emerges, and I snort, my eyes never leaving her as she rolls to her side and hugs a pillow. As she fights to get herself in a comfortable position, the hem of her ridiculous night dress rises until the barest hint of polka dot panties peeks out at me.

The shifter from the bar's words circles my head.

Some girl was flashing her panties in town.

"Why am I not surprised it was you?" I mutter beneath my breath as I drag my gaze away from her bare legs.

In the next room, my phone vibrates across the dining table, much as it has been since I returned from my little witch-hunting errand. Paul is going to have to deal with his beta on his own. My hands are full.

"It's important," Briar mumbles.

What?

She fights some more with the pillow. "Liam, please..."

Who the fuck is...?

Before I've finished the thought, I know who she means. Maybe there's another Liam in town, but the only one I can think of is Liam Wolfe, alpha of Madden Grove, and the man whose father I killed before I took off.

Since when did a witch and a wolf hook up?

My wolf growls at the thought.

I run my eyes over her again. Small and curvy, with too much hair, even if it does look as soft as it felt when I picked her up after knocking her out. She felt good in my arms. Too good.

Maybe they hook up at night when no one can see them together because there's no way his pack would stand for it, and neither would the witches.

She sighs, a long, drawn-out sound that drives all rational thought right out of my head.

Straightening from the wall, my eyes narrow.

What the fuck is she dreaming Liam is doing to her?

She makes another of those moan-like sighs, but this time it's accompanied by the all-too fragrant scent of feminine arousal and that's it. I stalk over to her and grip her by the shoulder, shaking her hard. "Hey! Wake up."

But she just grips the pillow tighter, so I shake her harder. "Wake up."

Her eyelids flutter open and for a long second, we study each other, her blue eyes heavy-lidded and sexy. Right up until they widen in alarm and she scrambles away from me, hitting the ground with a yelp, hard enough to rattle the lamp on the bedside table.

I wince because that had to have hurt.

There's another flash of hot pink panties as she crabwalks away from me until her back is flush against the wall. One hand stretches out as if to ward me away, and the other rubs at what looks to be her funny bone. "I didn't do anything."

"You crossed into wolf territory."

She presses herself harder against the wall. "I was there."

"You did something there, and you smell like wolf." It's faint. Not enough for anyone to think she was a wolf, but enough that she has to have been doing something. Something witchy.

"I do not." Her tone is indignant as she sits up straighter. "I just—"

"You just what?"

She deflates, lowering her gaze. "Nothing."

Silence.