

# Enslaved

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“So if it wasn’t you, then perhaps it was that aunt of yours.”

She jerks almost to her feet. I growl until she presses herself back down again. “It wasn’t Aunt Mel.”

“A witch killed my pack,” I murmur, “and I return to find you crawling around where there might very well have been evidence. With a necklace. Is that what you were doing? Hiding evidence that your aunt was the one, because if she did—”

Panic makes her eyes wild. “She didn’t do it. Aunt Mel doesn’t have enough power to do something like that.”

I narrow my eyes. “Something like what?”

“Kill a pack.”

“And the reason I should believe a word you say?” But I do believe her. The panic, the fear, the utter belief shining out of her eyes means she’s telling the truth, at least about this.

“Ask anyone in town. They will tell you. She didn’t do it.”

It hits me then that I have a witch who has grown up all her life in Madden Grove, a witch who can tell me exactly who is capable of wiping out my pack. The green witch coven leader or the elemental coven leader? I might survive a confrontation with one, but not against both, so I need to choose right.

“So who did?”

She shakes her head. “I don’t know.”

“Someone powerful,” I prompt.

“I guess.”

“Someone like a coven leader.”

She doesn't say a word.

"Which one?"

"I don't know."

"In return for me not ripping you apart, you'll use your spells to find out who did it."

Her hair flies around her head as she jerks her head up. "But I'm not... I'm not that kind of witch."

I lower my head, closing the distance between us. "Then what kind of witch are you?"

She sighs. "I don't know."

"Well, it's about time you figured out what that was." Straightening, I turn and head for the bedroom door. "One hour. That's all I give you."

"To do what?"

"Figure out who killed my pack." I slam the door behind me, snapping the lock shut.

The sharp scent of fear snakes after me, followed by a muffled. "Oh, crap."

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BRIAR

I waste the first five minutes running around in a circle.

Literally.

Something vibrating in the next room followed by Keane's voice snaps me out of my terror-induced panic.