

# Enslaved

The second my ass hits the top of the window and stops there, I realize I have a problem. Just as I'd suspected, my ass is not getting through the gap, so I try to edge back in. Only I don't move. The window does.

Down a couple of inches.

Not enough to crush me, but just enough to wedge me in even tighter.

Shit. I can't be stuck. Please do not let me be stuck like this.

Going back isn't an option. Forward is what got me in this mess in the first place. So for a moment, I hang there, my hair in my face, my fingers inches from the grass, and my ass wedged in the window.

Shit.

I'm stuck. I'm actually stuck.

Just when I think things can't get any worse, somehow it—

A wolf snarls.

I whip my head up, my hair falling into my face and blinding me. I bat it aside but I still can't see anything. Just the dark forest full of trees and leaves and—

Another growl—a wet, hungry sound—makes me freeze.

I swear, every last hair all over my body stands on end, because this growl is not coming from my head. This is real. There's a wolf out there, and it's hunting me. Don't ask me how I know, but some survival instinct is screaming a warning that I'm about to become dinner.

And I'm stuck.

More hair falls into my face. This time, I get it out of my eyes by doing one of those ridiculous hair flips you'll only ever see a woman in a shampoo commercial do.

Just in time for my gaze to connect with a pair of glittering silver eyes, low to the ground. Not human. They move toward me.

A large, black-gray hungry-looking wolf prowls closer.

I fight to work myself out of the window, scraping about three layers of skin off my ass. The wolf opens its jaw and shows me its teeth. A long trail of saliva drips from its mouth. I whimper.

I think I hear another sound, but it's not important. Only the wolf is.

The wolf's back legs bunch, and then it lunges at me.

I do the only thing I can.

I scream.

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I eye the two bags of chips on the shelf.

Fuck it.

Both the cheese and the spicy go in my nearly overflowing basket. Halfway to the counter at the front of the store, I stop and turn back. The sea salt version goes in as well, because why the hell not? Who knows how long I'll be in Madden Grove, but the less time I spend in the grocery store, the better.

Past ten on a Tuesday night, I'm the only one in the store, not that it's anything new in tiny, sleepy Madden Grove.

After I've thumped my basket on the counter in front of the cashier, the crazy witch back at the cabin once again becomes the focus of my thoughts. I hadn't intended on leaving her locked in the bedroom, but a wolf can only go so long without food.

She might escape, and I'll get to have some fun chasing her through the forest.

Why does the thought sound so appealing?