

# Enslaved

“I don’t like to lie if I can help it.”

And there it is. Solid evidence of all that blood rushing to her head. More craziness spilling out.

“What isthatsupposed to mean?” I glare up at the window.

Did she wedge something up there, or did she cast a spell she refuses to admit to?

Briar lifts her head, batting her hair out of the way when it falls into her face. “I figure there’s too much lying in the world already.”

I stare at her.

“I mean, from TV and—”

“I know what you mean,” I snap.

A hint of a smile touches her soft pink lips. “You do?”

I glare harder at her for making me notice her lips. “How did you get stuck?”

Her smile fades. “The double choc chip cookies.”

Thewhat?

“But mostly it’s because of the banana nut loaf.” She sighs. “I seem to have an addiction. I tell myself I need to taste test them, but I know it’s just an excuse.”

“You’re not making sense.”

She lowers her gaze to the ground. “My ass.”

“What?” Did I hear her right? “Speak up.”

“I said my ass,” she mutters a little louder. And even though I can’t see her face, I know she’s blushing—and hard, from the embarrassment tingeing her voice.

I think she must be talking more nonsense until I peer through the window. And my pants get tight. Real tight. Real fast. How the fuck did I miss that before?

Hanging upside down has dragged her silky nightdress up her back, revealing a peachy ass that's just barely covered by a pair of hot pink polka dot panties.

She's such a small thing that I hadn't thought she would have such a luscious ass. But what I'm looking at is mouth-wateringly luscious. Fuck. Maybe I should leave her here.

"You can laugh if you want to," Briar murmurs. "Everyone else would."

Laughter is not the emotion at the forefront of my thoughts.

Spinning on my heel, I walk away.

"Hey!" she yells. "Where are you going? The wolf—"

"Is long gone. It'll be easier to open the window from inside."

Will it, Keane? Is that why you're going inside?

The second I've rounded the cabin, I take a moment to adjust myself in my pants because my response to this witch isn't normal, and it's not right. Witches and wolves just... don't.

Ever.

But that doesn't explain my speed or the excitement thrumming through me as I fumble to unlock the bedroom door before shoving it open.

I scrub my palm across my brow.