

Enslaved

Fuck, this is even worse than I imagined.

I take my hand away from my face, but that doesn't change the fact that I'm staring at the sexiest ass I've ever seen in my life.

"So how is it?" Briar yells. "Can you do it from in there?"

My cock jerks in response.

Yes, I can do it from in here.

This is a witch you're dealing with. One killed your pack, remember that?

Mouth tight, I stalk over to the window, fighting to ignore the peachy-gold skin on show as I grip the window with both hands and shove.

It flies up, and Briar squeaks as she hurtles forward. I let go of the window and grab her nightdress before hauling her back.

The second she's inside, I nudge her toward the bed and turn to slam the window shut before spinning around to face her. "You're going to tell me what the fuck you were doing in that forest, or I'm going to eat you."

Sprawled out on her back with her ridiculous nightdress hiked up over her knees, and her hair like an amber halo around her head, she blinks up at me. "I'm guessing the bad kind, huh?"

I blame my slowness on going so long without eating. That or whatever the fuck happened with the witch at the grocery store. But once her words finally penetrate, my brain short-circuits because I know exactly what the good kind would be.

My mouth waters as, deep inside, my wolf rumbles his interest in discovering what this witch tastes like. Peach, or something else just as sweet and juicy?

I stalk toward the bedroom door. "Try to escape again and I'll feed you to the wolf." It's an empty threat when I've already admitted the wolf is gone, but I need a threat and right now, that's all I've got.

After slamming the door shut, I head back out of the cabin to grab the groceries from the truck. It's not so much the food I'm interested in, but more the beers because after the image Briar just implanted in my head, I need a drink.

A big one.

11

BRIAR

"Talk." Keane's eyes pierce me to the spot. "And the second I think you're lying, you're going right back out there to that wolf so he can finish what he started."

I gulp.

"Can I sit down?" I hover in the bedroom doorway, much as I have since Keane barked at me to come outnowwith a capital N.

I hadn't expected to find him leaning against the kitchen counter, a beer in hand and a bag of groceries half-emptied on the small, round dining table between us.

"No."

"Well, your steaks are going to go bad. You should put them away."

When the only response I get is a long stare, I cross over to the bag and pick it up.

"What are you doing?" he snaps.

"Food poisoning is no joke," I say, hoping my shaking hands aren't all that obvious. "I had it once and I wouldn't wish it on anyone. Even a wolf."

When he doesn't immediately tackle me to the ground, I take the bag to the refrigerator and start emptying the perishable foods.

"My parents died when I was eleven," I say, figuring there's no better place to start than there.

"And that relates to you crawling about in the forest, how?"

After I've finished filling a shelf in the empty refrigerator, I close the door. "Is that all you bought? Steak, snacks, and beer?"