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“No.”

Okay then.

It takes a couple of seconds to re-center my thoughts, but then I return to the topic at hand. “Elemental witches don’t explode. They just... spark, I guess.”

“That’s another word for explode.” His voice is dry.

I raise my eyebrows. “A wolf with a sense of humor. Who knew?”

His expression turns thunderous. “I do not—”

My hands go up in a universal sign of peace. “I take it back. You don’t have a sense of humor.”

“Go on.”

“Well, they can’t control the gift at first when it—”

“What do you mean,they? I thought you said you were an elemental witch?”

“It’s complicated.”

“Uncomplicate it.”

Yeesh.

“Ithoughtl was an elemental. So did everyone else, after what I did.”

“You mean when you killed your parents?”

I study him, trying to work out if he’s repeating it to hurt me, but when I read nothing malicious or hurtful in his gaze the way I would in the Calla sisters, I assume he’s just clarifying things in his mind.

“I blew up the house. We were inside and we—”

“You were inside as well?” He frowns a little as he says it, and that’s when I realize he might’ve still been in Madden Grove back then.

Did he hear about the house explosion? Or when he heard a witch blew herself and her family up, he just didn’t care.

Nodding, I hope he doesn’t push for more details because even though it was ten years ago, I don’t think it’ll ever stop hurting. That and there’s more I don’t remember about that night than I do.

“But you survived?”

I nod again. “That’s what Diana Calla—she’s the elemental coven leader—told me when I went for my magic lessons. That when elemental witches come into their power, they usually kill their family, and she would know. Three of her daughters are fire elementals.”

Curiosity stirs in his amber eyes. “Then why is she still alive? Three daughters mean three witches blowing themselves up, right?”

I hesitate.

It’s one thing sharing all this history with another witch, but with a wolf? There’s a reason we witches and wolves went to separate schools and limit our interactions to the bare minimum: we’re natural enemies, and always will be.

He growls, and I sigh. What can it hurt to tell him, anyway? He’s going to kill me, so it’s not like Diana Calla or Layla Markham, will ever find out I’ve been running my mouth.

“Diana is an elemental who can control earth and fire, and she knew any child she had would take after her, so she cast a spell that would contain that first spark. The only reason it worked is because she’s the most powerful witch in town. If by some miracle her daughters had a stronger ability, the spell would have failed and she would have died.”

“Why didn’t anyone do the same for you?”

“Dad came from a long line of green witches, so I should have inherited at least some ability to craft spells. That’s a green witch’s strength. That and the coven. But I didn’t.”

“And your mom?”