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His eyes don't leave mine as he drinks. When the bottle is empty, he pushes off the counter. I press myself against the refrigerator, but instead of killing me, he strides toward the bedroom, stopping to dump the bottle on the dining table as he leaves. "I'm going to bed. If you try to run, I will hunt you down and make you beg me to kill you." At the bedroom door, he stops and peers over his shoulder. "Do you understand?"

Sera's warning about something worse than death rears its ugly head. I nod because I can read in his eyes that he means it. And I know that once he was done, he would come back to his cabin, tuck himself into bed, and sleep like a baby because killing someone is easy. At least according to him.

"I won't run."

"Tomorrow," he continues in that same implacable tone, "we're going to the florist in town that reeks of witches. One of them will give us a spell to remove the souls of my family from you."

He turns to leave and I tell myself to just let him go. "Wait. Just wait."

His gaze returns to mine. "What?"

"They won't. The Calla sisters won't help."

He blinks, and then I'm staring at a predator. Feral eyes stare me down, and I fight the urge to run or hide. "They will."

And then he turns on his heel and steps into the bedroom, closing the door firmly behind him.

When I'm sure he isn't going to come back out again, I walk over to the bag of groceries on the dining table, and with a shaky hand, grab a chocolate chip muffin from a container and shove it in my mouth.

The whole thing.

Because why the hell not?

Tonight is going to be my last night on earth, because once these souls are gone, that's it. Keane didn't say what would happen after we removed them, but I'm not stupid.

I'm dead.

So if I want to stuff a whole muffin in my mouth, then I will.

As I'm trying to chew without having to spit any of it out, the bedroom door swings open.

Keane stands there in the doorway as my cheeks bulge with the muffin I just stuffed in it. I don't know if he forgot something, or he just wanted to make sure I wasn't running, but after a long stare, he closes the door again.

I spit half the muffin out into my hand and wonder how I keep getting myself into these embarrassing situations around Keane Destin.

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KEANE

"Keane?"

The blonde tosses her hair back, grinding her body on me, making me groan. I thrust into her, gripping her hips as my release hovers so close I can almost touch it.

A phone vibrates on the bedside table, much as it has since I tossed it there when Rachel shoved me onto her hotel bed.

Growling at the constant, irritating vibration, I roll over, pinning Rachel beneath me before I reach for the phone. "What?"

"Where the hell are you, Romeo?" Dad growls down the phone. "Better not be another tourist."

"Of course not. I'm on my way. I'll be there."

He says something else, but Rachel tightens her legs around my hips and arches beneath me, driving my dick deeper into her. I hang up and toss my phone to one side and, with a growl, fall onto her, my lips latching onto hers.

We fuck until her body ripples around mine and I grunt my release.

Once isn't enough. She wants more, and so do I. I never like to stay the whole night, so I make the best of the few hours I'm here. And I do. Every minute.

From a distance, something hums.