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I'm lowering my mouth to her neck when something wrenches hard inside me.

I freeze.

"Keane?"

A yawning emptiness stretches out.

I feel for something that's suddenly not there.

"Keane?" Rachel murmurs.

My wolf howls. A mournful sound that echoes in my head. And that's when I know what I feel is true.

I rip myself out of her arms, throw myself out of bed, grab my pants and phone from the floor, leaving everything else behind.

And I run.

Hotel guests stare after me as I hurtle down the hotel steps. Once I'm far enough away from the hotel, and Main Street, I scan the phone with ten missed calls, toss it in a bush, and then shift to wolf.

My paws carry me to the Madden Grove Wood faster than they ever have before. But it still doesn't feel fast enough.

I fly.

Bursting into the clearing we hold our pack gatherings, I halt, horrified.

"Keane!"

I jerk up in bed.

Briar perches on the edge, her brow creased in concern. “Are you okay? You were making this—”

“Get the fuck out!” I snarl.

She bolts, slamming the bedroom door shut behind her and leaving me sitting up in bed. A cold sweat coats my body, and my heart pounds so hard I can feel it in my throat.

My gaze goes to the window opposite. Pitch black. I doubt I was even asleep for an hour, maybe not even two, so there’s still plenty of time for more nightmares to rip me from my sleep.

Just fucking great.

* * *

I observe her out of the corner of my eye as I make the drive into town. On the few occasions she’s met my eyes this morning, her cheeks flamed bright red, and she tore her gaze away.

She didn’t even complain about going to town in her ridiculous nightgown. Just rose from the two-seater couch and said she was ready to go.

And the cabin was spotless.

All night I fought back nightmares of my dying pack, while Briar Fenix cleaned the cabin and straightened everything. Even the beers in the fridge had their labels facing to the front.

Another muffin was missing as well, which she must have eaten the same way she ate the first.

Like a squirrel.

“I don’t always eat like that,” she bursts out.

I strangle the need to laugh. “No?” My voice is devoid of emotion. Indifferent.

“When I’m stressed, sometimes I eat cake.” I hear her swallow. “It’s why I got stuck in the window. I’m fat.”