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The road into town is empty at just after seven, so I take advantage of the quiet to study her.

Although she's staring straight ahead, she must feel my attention, because she wraps her arms around her middle and hunches in her seat.

It's not the first time I've seen her trying to make herself appear smaller, but this is the first time she's doing it without the stench of fear bleeding from her pores.

"You're not fat," I mutter as I return my gaze to the road.

"Thin people don't get their asses stuck in windows," she mumbles beneath her breath.

Another rapid glance reveals she's staring out of her side now, and what little of her face I can see is a dull red. "Window got jammed."

Why the fuck do I even care if she thinks she's fat or not?

Her head tilts toward me, and I refocus on the road.

"Well, one look at the Callas and you'll think differently," she says.

"The Callas?" One last turn, and the pale cream-colored shop fronts on Main Street come into view.

"Daisy, Dahlia, and Delphine. The Calla sisters. You must have seen them around when you... ah. When you were, uh..." her voice trails off. I'm guessing she's remembering the witches I killed before I left town.

Life in Madden Grove when I still had my pack around me feels like a million miles away. I might've seen the Calla sisters around, but I always made it a point to stay away from witches, just as they made it a point to stay away from us wolves.

"They're beautiful," Briar adds. "And thin. Very thin."

I pull up in front of Calla's Cauldron. Why they would give a flower shop a name like that is just one more reason I will never understand witches. If they're going to pretend it's a florist, why not give it a less witchy name.

At just shy of seven in the morning, a card hanging on the glass front door proclaims it opens at nine, but getting in won't be an issue. Madden Grove has never been the sort of town where people need to lock their doors.

"And they're elementals?" I murmur, my gaze on the three figures moving about in the back of the shop. "They control fire? All of them?"

I'd rather not go up against three fire witches on my own, but they don't scare me.

But at least there are no tourists around yet. Wolves either. So I need to get in and out fast before Madden Grove wakes up.

I shift my focus to the witch in a rumpled nightdress and unbrushed hair beside me, one who could come in handy with that power of hers if she could get it to work. "You're not lying about the souls. Are you?" I let her see the wolf in my eyes.

Her fear, acrid and sharp, fills the truck. She leans away from me, but given she's strapped into her seat, she doesn't get far. "No. I told you that I try not to lie."

"But not that you don't lie at all."

She sighs. "Everyone lies. Even me. But I'm not lying about this. The Calla sisters won't help. We should go see my friend Sera."

My eyes narrow. "You mean the friend who was getting ready to launch a spell at my back?"

Briar looks away. "Better a spell than the fireball Delphine throws at your head."

"Delphine? What the hell kind of name is that?"

"It's a flower. Diana named all her kids after flowers."

Snorting, I shove the door open and step out. "Well, it's no flower I've ever heard of."

"Delphinium," Briar says as she climbs out of her side and slams the door shut. "You might have heard of that."

“Sure I have. Now come on.”

As I'd expected, the door swings open under my hand. A tinkling bell announces our presence in a shop so fragrant with flowers that it takes everything I have not to run back out again.