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I make my expression blank. “What makes you think that?”

He cocks his head, never taking his eyes off me. “Just a sense I have. And I think that you let them walk right over you.”

“No, I didn’t,” I lie.

“I thought you said you didn’t like to lie.”

“I don’t.”

“Some people in this world deserve your pity. Five minutes, and I could tell they weren’t some of them.”

“And what makes you think you know?”

“It’s what I do.”

My brow furrows. “What do you mean? What do you do?”

He rises from his seat and heads back to the refrigerator. I’m guessing for the last two beers. “I hunt shifters who need to be put down.”

Holy crap.

I’m going to die. It will be so horrible and violent that my restless soul will wander Madden Grove forever. I just know it.

Keane returns to his seat with a fresh beer. After a long stare that makes me wonder if he can smell my rising terror, he twists the bottle cap open. “We can’t stay here.”

“Why not?”

“You said a coven leader believes you just blew up her daughters, right?”

I blanch at the thought of Diana Calla coming after me. “She’ll roast me alive. For hours. And then when I’m dead, she’ll tether my spirit in a fire pit and roast that until I wish I was in hell.” I fumble for the muffin, but before I get my hand on it, Keane drags it to his side of the table and moves a cell phone in its place.

“Call Sera.”

“But she won’t—” A growl cuts off my whine.

“Okay, fine. But don’t say I didn’t warn you.” After grabbing the phone, I dial Sera’s cell phone number from memory and put it on the loudspeaker. I figure with Keane’s sharp hearing, he would hear our conversation anyway. Not that there’s going to be one.

The phone rings and rings.

And rings.

There’s no option to leave a voicemail, so I try again, keeping my gaze fixed on Keane with an ‘I told you so’ expression stamped on my face.

After the third attempt, I hang up before sliding the phone to his side of the table. “See? Everyone knows, and now no witch is going to want anything to do with me.” I eye him. “And you too. For obvious reasons.”

Keane’s expression turns speculative. “I don’t know about that.”

“You’re telling me a witch is going to help you?” I raise my eyebrow. “You? A wolf?”

He gets to his feet. “When was the last time you heard a growl in your head?”

I take a second to think about it. “Um, a while. Before I tried to escape out of the window.” Goddess, even admitting it is enough to make my cheeks burn.

“I’d say the souls might’ve been warning you against your escape attempt.”

I raise my eyebrow. “That’s a bit presumptuous, since—”

“These are the souls of my pack and you’re saying they might not have some unfinished business with me?”