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When he puts it like that, it sounds like he might have a point. “So?”

“I’m just saying, how much of the growls in your head can you take?”

I don’t even have to think about it. “Not much.”

“Good, because I’m the only one in town who wants the same thing as you do: Those souls out of you and back where they belong. On your own, you’re either dead, or those growls will drive you crazy.”

My eyes return to the muffin because if anyone needed a sugar hit right now, it’s me. “Why are you telling me this?”

He grips my shoulder and leads the way to the bedroom. “Because you are going to sit here and wait for me to come back from my errand. There will be—”

I jerk to a halt and spin to face him. “No!”

He stares down at me. “What do you mean, no?”

Although he’s looking at me like he’s not the sort of person who handles being told no well, I ignore the warning in his eye. “If you even think about kidnapping Sera, I will blow you up.”

Silence.

“On purpose,” I add.

“What makes you think I’m going after your friend?”

“Where else could you be going? And she won’t help you. She’ll blow you up as well.”

His expression turns blank. “Will she?”

I nod firmly. "Sera is one of the strongest witches in town. She's going to be coven leader one day, so if you think you can walk in there and grab her, you have another thing coming."

"Because she'll blow me up?"

Nothing about his expression makes me think he believes me. "Yes."

"I thought you didn't lie."

I stiffen my spine. "I'm not lying. This is me telling you to leave my friend alone or I'll—"

"Blow me up?" His voice is dry.

"Yes."

He studies me for another long moment before he goes right back to dragging me toward the bedroom. "There will be no escape attempts. No stupid anything that will only get you killed by someone else, or by me when I catch up to you, because like I said—"

"Crazy or dead," I mutter.

He nudges me into the bedroom and reaches for the door handle. "Good. Looks like there are some smart witches, after all."

And then Keane closes the door in my face.

Two seconds later, it reopens, and he presses my half-eaten muffin in my hand. "In case you get hungry. I might be a while."

I open my mouth, but no curse or insult immediately comes to mind.

But eventually, one does. "You... wolf."

His lip twitches. "Thanks."

Then he closes the door again, right in my face.