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“It would have, anyway. And once Liam Wolfe finds out about the wolf souls—”

“Thewhat?”

The thrum of a car engine makes me jerk my head to the door. “I have to go. Look, can you call Aunt Mel and tell her not to go to the café, and that I’m okay? She must have been freaking out when she got back from the coven meeting and I was gone.”

“The coven meeting? She wasn’t there.”

“She was probably in the kitchen. Look, I have to go. Thanks, Sera,” I say, with my eyes on the front door. “Call her and tell her not to go to the café, at least for the next few days. It’s not safe.”

“Briar, you haven’t told me about the—”

I hang up, feeling terrible about it. But if Keane walks in and finds her on the phone, there’s no way he isn’t going to drag her into this mess. I’m just about coping with the thought of being burned to ash and bone by Diana Calla.

My eyes go to the remains of a muffin I don’t even remember eating. Okay, so maybe I’m not coping all that well, but the thought of Sera suffering the same fate can’t happen. I won’t let it.

I’ve just returned the cell phone to the table, hopefully in the same place I found it, when Keane shoves the front door open and steps inside.

A frown creases his brow. “What were you doing?”

“Nothing,” I blurt.

Suspicion fills his eyes. “Why don’t I believe you?”

“I wasn’t trying to run. Promise.”

He glances at the empty muffin wrapper and shakes his head. “Up.”

I frown. “What, why?” And then I narrow my eyes. Since I know he couldn’t have gone after Sera, there’s only one other person he could have. “You didn’t try to kidnap Aunt Mel, did you?”

“I have better things to do than spend my time kidnapping witches. We have another errand to run.”

“What?”

“One that will help us figure out the witch responsible for killing my pack.”

“You know, it could just as easily be a wolf instead of a witch. Like Liam, for example, or Jonas. Maybe Amos got tired of two packs sharing Madden Grove.”

“It was a witch.”

“But why?”

“You didn’t see what was left of my pack. No wolf could have done that.”

Even if there’s no anguish or horror in Keane’s voice or face, I know it’s there. I remember the sounds he was making in his sleep. “But you’re a wolf. Surely your nose would have told you who killed them.”

“There was no scent.”

I blink. “No scent?”

“You heard me.”

“So, it couldn’t have been a witch, then. I mean, there would have to be a witch scent or... or magic you would pick up.”

“There wasn’t.”

“But how did you—”

He stalks toward me and bends his face close to mine. “Because I was there minutes after some witch slaughtered them. There was no scent, no anything. Just the blood and bones of my pack. I spoke to my dad minutes before. You tell me how a wolf can strip the bones of a pack of fifty clean in ten minutes?”

