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Horror fills me. “What?”

“No wolf did this. It was a powerful witch, which means it was either Diana Calla or Layla Markham.”

I try to envision either Diana or Layla doing something like that, and I just can't. “Or someone else.”

His eyebrow goes up. “Someone else?”

“Layla doesn't seem capable of doing something like that, and there would be a lot of magic residue left behind for a spell big enough to do that. If one even exists. And Diana?”

Since he's not snapping or snarling at me, I guess what I'm saying is making at least a little sense. “Diana what?”

“Diana's gift can burn through anything. If it was her, there wouldn't have even been a forest when she was done.”

He considers me for a long moment. “And someone else?”

My thoughts turn to the only other powerful witch in Madden Grove. I don't remember meeting her, but I do remember Mom and Dad telling me that Layla wasn't the first choice as the green witch coven leader. That it should have been someone else.

“Briar?” Keane prompts, his gaze piercing through me as if he's trying to peer into my head.

Whenever I'd ask Sera about her, all she would say was that a powerful green witch had moved to the south wood because she wanted to be alone. I never pushed her for more details when she told me things she probably shouldn't. But Sera wouldn't have been so vague if she didn't have a good reason for holding back.

Like maybe she'd get into trouble with Layla, or maybe she thought I'd go looking for this witch who might be dangerous. Or crazy.

The last thing I want is to point Keane Destin at her, if all she's been doing is living quietly in the woods all this time trying to stay alive because either Diana or Layla has a vendetta against her. "Maybe," I shrug, tearing my gaze from his, "but I don't know."

Silence.

"Let's go," he repeats, "I bumped into your boyfriend, and he made it clear Diana Calla is on the warpath."

"My boyfriend? What are—"

His frown deepens. "We don't have time for this. Let's go. Up."

I get to my feet. "Can I at least change into—"

"No time. Wait for me in the truck. I need to grab some things, and if you even think about running—"

"Crazy or dead," I mutter as I stalk past him. "I get it."

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KEANE

I dart a glance at Briar.

After I emptied the cabin of my belongings before joining her in the truck, she hasn't said a word. She hasn't even asked where we're going and I'd have thought she'd peck at me with questions until I told her.

A quick scan of the cell phone revealed who she'd been speaking to, and the lack of missed calls made me realize something else.

I have to go to Texas.

Or maybe it wasn't the lack of missed calls, but just being back in Madden Grove, where I can never forget there is one pack when there should be two.

It used to be home. Now it's a place filled with people who want to see me dead or gone. I couldn't stop a witch from wiping out my pack, but there is still time to save Paul's. I hope.

So I called Paul, and when the phone rang out, I left a voicemail telling him not to go near Rick. Two days. That's how long it would take me to wrap up my business and I'd be there.

Or I'd be dead.