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I can see she wants to argue as she stands, but I can also read the moment she realizes I'm right, even if she doesn't want me to be. "I could come with you."

Again, I shake my head. "Too dangerous. But maybe you could help another way."

"Anything."

I smile. "I don't deserve you."

"No," she agrees, "you deserve better. Now, what do you need me to do?"

I glance at Keane, who I'm expecting to be ready to snap at me, but for the time being at least, he seems content to wait a little while. "Something happened in the north wood. Something hit me and now I have the Destin pack's souls inside me."

Sera blinks. "Oh."

"Yeah."

Silence.

"Sera?"

"All of them?"

I glance at Keane. When he doesn't push me to leave, I guess he doesn't have a problem with me asking Sera for help. "Yeah."

"That's... that's a big deal, Briar."

"I know. But with no white asphodel in the north wood—"

"Or any Calla's Cauldron, getting some is going to be an issue."

I nod. "Yep."

Her stunned expression transforms into determination. "Okay. I'll get on the internet. There has to be a magic store that carries some. We'll fix this and everything will work out."

I don't have the heart to tell her about Diana Calla likely coming after me before the day is over, so it might not even matter if she found some.

There was a reason I had no choice but to sneak into wolf territory in the first place. White asphodel isn't something most magic shops even carry. Or it isn't something they would admit to carrying.

But she wants to help, and I don't want to push her away when she's the only one who cares if I live or die. "Yeah, Sera."

Keane tugs on my arm. "Let's go."

Sera throws herself at me in a hard but all-too-brief hug before backing away. "Stay safe, okay?"

I nod, my throat closing up. "I will, you too, okay?"

She blinks rapidly. "I'll get on this white asphodel mission, and then I'll cast a location spell and find you when I know more. Maybe tomorrow? I wish I'd thought to bring my phone to give to you. And clothes. I'll bring you some clothes." She glares at Keane and I'm guessing she's realized why I'd be wandering around in just my nightgown.

"She can take mine." I jerk my head to the left in time to watch a black cell phone flying toward us. Bodie.

Keane catches it before I can even think of moving and pockets it. Bemused, I watch as Bodie offers Sera a candy bar he must have picked up in the grocery store.

She glances at the bar and turns back to me. "We'll speak tomorrow, okay?"

If I'm still alive tomorrow.

"Okay."

As Keane leads me back to his truck, I glance over my shoulder at Sera who's gazing after me, arms crossed, and Bodie who's busy trying to get her attention and failing. Badly.