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I'd be an idiot not to think Mara might be the one who was searching for Abigail and needed me to find her. "Someone else."

"Who?"

The cave growls, a furious sound that echoes through the chambers we've passed so far. Halting, I grab Briar's small, warm hand.

Neither of us moves.

Eventually, the sound grinds to a halt and Briar releases a soft breath of relief. "What was that?"

My eyes probe the roof of the cave. It's dark, and I have the benefit of a wolf's sharp eyes to see more than any regular human or witch could, but I don't spot any hairline cracks or fissures in the rock.

There's nothing about the sound that makes me think the cave is about to come down on top of us, but that doesn't silence the alarm that's raised my hackles.

Something is wrong. My wolf knows it, and so do I.

A memory ripples in my mind. "Diana Calla," I murmur, hoping to hell that I misheard something Briar said once.

"What about her?"

I angle my head to face her, and her bright blue eyes meet mine. "You said before that she could control earth and fire."

Briar swallows so hard that the sound seems to echo. "Her main ability is fire. Not all elementals can wield two gifts, but she's strong. It's why she's the coven leader."

"This gift over the earth. Is it enough to bring a cave down?"

Briar doesn't answer. She doesn't have to. Her tight lips and white face tell me everything I need to know.

Fuck.

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BRIAR

I'm moving at a near run, but it's still not fast enough to keep up with Keane's long legs. That and I keep tripping over things I can't see, but I don't dare tell him to slow down because that would be suicide. For the both of us.

The only reason Keane hasn't left me far behind is because of the tight grip he has on my arm as he trots back toward the entrance of the cave. And that has more to do with the souls inhabiting my body than him wanting to keep me alive.

Just because there haven't been any more noises in the cave, it doesn't mean it's safe enough for us to stay. As soon as Keane asked me about Diana Calla's gift over the earth, I knew he was right. It was her, and if we don't get out of this cave right now, we never will.

I spot a hint of daylight just over Keane's shoulder when he stops so suddenly that I bounce off his back. It's like running into a wall. His muscles are that hard.

"Hey!" I rub at my forehead, which bore the brunt of my sudden collision. "Why'd you stop? The way out is just—"

A low snarl cuts me off.

I gulp. "Um, that was you, right?"

He shakes his head, his back still to me.

"Then tell me it was just in my head."

"It wasn't in your head." His voice is calm, but that doesn't mean I'm not freaking out because it's clear we're in trouble. More trouble than we were in before.

If we continue, we're walking into a pack of wolves waiting to ambush us, and if we stay here, Diana Calla is going to bring this cave down on top of our heads. It was a miracle we survived whatever happened in Abigail's cabin, but that was a wooden roof we were dealing with, not stone and rock.

So, it looks like death by wolf or death by crushing is in our near future.

“How many do you think are out there?” I whisper.