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Please say less than five.

Keane sniffs. “Ten.”

I just had to ask, didn’t I?

But maybe death by crushing won’t be that bad. Maybe we’ll be dead so fast that we won’t feel anything because being torn apart by ten wolves doesn’t sound like it would be painless.

When Keane turns around to face me, I’m a hair away from losing my shit. I’m also craving a muffin so bad that I’d even take the stale one I left on the bed back at his cabin.

“Stay here.”

“What!”

I can’t see too much of his face with the hint of daylight behind him, but I can tell his lips are tight and his jaw is firm. Determined. “You don’t stand a chance out there. Stay here, and I’ll deal with them.”

“Are you—” I lower my rising voice and continue in a loud whisper, “crazy? You just said there were ten wolves out there. And what about Diana Calla?”

“Right now, Diana Calla isn’t the problem. The wolves out there are.” He turns to leave, but I grab at his arms.

“I’ll come with you.”

I will?

“You will?” Keane echoes, doing nothing to hide his surprise.

I clear my throat. “Yes. We’re in this together.”

We are?

“We are?”

How is he having the exact same thoughts that I am? Never mind. It’s not important right now.

“Look, whatever is happening, it makes sense that we stick together. At least until I can get these souls out of me, and we figure out who did it and why.” He doesn’t speak. “Because it wasn’t me. So the next time you decide to chew on my throat, I want you to remember that it wasn’t me.”

“You’ve said that twice.” His voice is devoid of emotion, but I’d swear blind that he was laughing at me.

“Once was for your human side and the other for your wolf. Anyway, I can help.”

“With the power that you have no control over?”

“You’re not a positive person, are you?”

“A cave is about to be brought down on top of our heads, and there is a pack of ten wolves out there waiting to rip us apart the second we step out. Please tell me what there is to be positive about?”

“We’re alive now, and my power worked before. It might work again.”

“And did you mean to blow Jonas and the others away with that power of yours?” his voice is dry.

I deflate. “No. But that doesn’t mean—”

Keane grips me by the tops of my arms and presses me against the cave wall. Sharp rocks jab my back, but I’m not thinking about the cold rock, Diana Calla, or even the wolves outside when Keane lowers his head close to mine.

“I came back to Madden Grove for one reason, and one reason only. You know what that was?”

I gulp. “To find the witch who killed your pack.”

His nod is sharp. “You tell me that these souls are inside you, that they can speak to you?”

