

# Enslaved

“Aunt Mel?” I gently interrupt. “In your heart of hearts, you don’t believe there’s another way, do you?”

The moment stretches out. “I’ll ask Layla. She might know of a spell that can dampen your gift.”

She doesn’t want to tell me there isn’t, so I smile. “Okay, then. Maybe she will,” I tell her, even though neither of us believes she will.

After crossing over to me, she kisses my brow. “Good. Sleep now. An early night will put more color on your cheeks.”

Doubt it. Only getting rid of these wolf souls will do that.

I force a smile on my face. “Maybe,” I say as I return to my bed and slip under my sheets. “Have fun tonight.”

“I always do,” she murmurs, with a smile in her voice as she leaves the room, closing the door behind her.

Pulling the sheets more firmly around me, I stare up at the ceiling, wondering what the hell happened with today.

Everything that could go wrong went wrong. I didn’t get the flower I needed to speak to Mom. I have wolf souls inside me, and my power made a sudden and terrifying reappearance.

And then there’s Keane Destin. The hottest wolf I’ve ever seen in my life and he wants to kill me.

I have to speak to Liam Wolfe tomorrow because if I don’t...

“Liam first,” I mutter as I fight back a yawn, “and then Sera to help me get rid of these souls.”

As I let my exhaustion about a far too long day pull me under, my eyes flutter shut.

Everything will be okay. Tomorrow will be better than today. It has to be.

I don't remember falling asleep, but I must, because smoke drifts around me. Not the bad kind of smoke that makes me think of Mom and Dad, but the smoke of a campfire burning.

A gentle wind rustles the surrounding trees, and that's when I realize I'm in the forest. Not in the witch part, but back in the wolf part of the wood where the Destin pack died. When I search for the patch of white asphodel, it isn't there. Just an ordinary green shrub.

A howl rings out and I whip around in a circle because I shouldn't be here.

When the wolves find me, they'll rip me apart. So why am I wandering closer to the fire? Why are the wolves stretched out on the grass relaxed, content, and not chasing me away?

A larger wolf, gray with an amber stare, rises and turns to me.

I tense to run even though I'm not afraid. But then my vision turns hazy and the campfire smoke disappears without a trace.

The all-too-familiar soft mattress beneath me reassures me it was just a dream. Not a bad one, but just a little strange. I'm drifting back to sleep when some internal alarm warns me that something is wrong. Someone is with me. Someone that—

My eyes snap open, and my gaze clashes with furious gold ones. A hand slams down over my mouth, cutting off my scream.

I wait for the flare of power to erupt from my chest, but nothing happens.

A blow jerks my head to the side, and the world goes dark.

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KEANE

She's wearing the most ridiculous nightdress I've ever seen in my life.

I'd expected her to sleep in something bright pink, but the white silk nightdress with the bows on the straps and yet more bows and frills on the border is something else. What that something is, I haven't yet worked out, and I doubt I ever will.

But that isn't why I'm leaning up against the wall of the bedroom in my cabin with my arms folded over my chest as I study her unconscious form.

If I discount her terrible dress sense, her too bright hair, and that strange snuffling noise she makes in her sleep, she's beautiful.