

*"Is it possible to fall in love with two men? Lord. I've been asking myself that question every day since meeting Killian and Lyric. From the moment Lyric's jacket fell around my shoulders in the park, I've been hooked. Killian's eyes crinkle in the corners in a way that always steals my breath away. He's the perfect mixture of sweet and dirty. Wow. The things he says...it's almost too much. I can't get enough. Lyric is the quiet one, but so deep. When he speaks, I want to hear his every thought. It doesn't hurt that his lips are perfect. Damn. I'm in trouble. These men are famous. What in the hell are they doing with me? There're two of them. That's twice as many women they should want besides me. They keep showing up. I keep letting them in. What will I do when they stop?" – October 10<sup>th</sup>.*

"Can I buy you a drink?"

"No, thank you."

Killian was fascinated by the scene playing out across the bar. He'd had one eye glued on the tiny blonde since she walked through the door. If there was one detail he could point to in order to explain his captivation, it was that she didn't fit in. Thank God. Her innocence was almost tangible when set next to the other occupants of the hardcore gothic club.

"How about I just sit with you, then?"

"No, thank you."

Killian leaned forward in his seat, even going as far as to set his elbow on the bar and cup his chin – openly staring. Not only was she not giving the guy the time of day, she hadn't as much as glanced in his direction to see if she might be interested. On the other hand, the dude couldn't seem to look away from her. That made two of them. Killian was engrossed.

"Are you sure? You're going to need someone to walk you out. This is kind of a rough joint." It was. Killian would know.

"I'm sure. Have a nice night."

He really wanted her to look. The guy was hot, possibly the best of the lot. She had at least three women staring at her with open malice simply because the guy was talking to her. Showing a determination that impressed Killian, the dude braced one hand on the wooden surface beside him and one on the back of her chair, boxing the woman in. The invasion of her personal space forced her to acknowledge his presence. As if it were possible, Killian stared even harder. He was almost afraid to blink in case he missed her reaction to seeing who she'd been ignoring. She turned her head, meeting the man's gaze. Not a single ounce of emotion marred her features as she eyed the guy's blond hair, dark eyes, and muscles flexing on her behalf. The dude smiled. It was slow and obviously practiced. A dimple appeared at the corner of his mouth and straight white teeth gleamed even in the darkly lit club.

"I'm married."

Killian chuckled. "Liar."

She turned in his direction, meeting his gaze as if she'd heard him. Light-green eyes flashed wickedly. Her mouth turned up in one corner, as if competing with her gaze for

top mischief-maker. Goddamn. No wonder the dude wouldn't leave her be.

"So what?" The boy-toy's response pulled her focus back his way. Killian caught himself lifting up in his chair as if he meant to physically reclaim her attention.

"There are two women sitting behind me who'd love what you're offering. Enough to share," she tacked on in an obvious attempt to sweeten the deal. Killian glanced behind her. Yep. There were. The dude didn't look, but he did straighten away.

"They're a sad substitute for you."

A hint of a smile touched her lips. "But a substitute nonetheless. Have fun." If she'd meant her dismissal to lure the man in further, making him want her more, then she'd succeeded. It was written all over the guy's face. However, he did give in.

"If you change your mind..."

"I know where you'll be." She didn't bother softening the blow with another smile. Killian was on his feet, pushing his way through the crowd and intent on reaching her before the dust settled in Mr. Studly's tracks. He saw her chin tilt in the direction of where he'd been sitting, but he couldn't see her face. He almost changed his mind. In the end, his greed won out, as always.

Killian didn't give her time to deny him the way she had the other guy. Instead, he braced his hands against the edge of the bar on either side of her, caging her in. With her pinned in place, he nodded at the bartender to bring her another drink. She didn't tense or turn her head as he crowded her body, inhaling her sweet scent and speaking against her ear.

"You should've taken his offer. It wasn't a bad deal."