

We faced each other for a beat or two. Then he placed his arm around my shoulder and took my hand in his, positioning his body a respectable distance away. We danced, slow and reserved at first, but as the singer's wails intensified, so did Charlie's moves. His hips swayed from side to side, and he inched closer to me, smidgen by smidgen, until his pelvis ground against my hipbones.

Our bodies melded, moving together in perfect synchronicity. Side to side. Back and forth. He moved his hand to my lower back and pulled me closer. I took in a quick, sharp breath. He

"You know, baby," he murmured, "You and me have more than chemistry. We have fire. Not the easy kind of fire you can make from a box of matches, but the kind of fire you get when you rub two sticks together. I'm all yours if you want me."

The world around me blurred as if I were watching it through thick lenses. I imagined Charlie's lips against mine. I imagined him shirtless, propped above me, his triceps bulging as he slowly lowered his chest—mine rising toward his, beckoning him closer. He groaned a low animal-like sound. It drew me to him.

And I wanted him bad.

I wanted our bodies to burn in Hell together for all eternity.

What was happening? Had I lost my mind? I wasn't ready. Was I?

*No.*

Spasms of panic surged from my loins to the deepest recesses in my brain. In a sharp snap, the imaginary lenses cracked, and through the broken glass was a clear image of a boy with kind eyes and a halo of yellow hair.

Keir was my angel, and I was dancing with the devil. A devil who would betray his brother. A devil who would convince me to betray him as well.

I shuddered and pressed my free hand, fiercely against his shoulder. He clutched me tighter.

"Charlie, please. We can't do this."

"Why not?" he demanded.

I took in a long, ragged breath. "Because I don't want to hurt Keir. He likes me."

He forced a laugh and loosened his grip. My hand slipped from his, and he leaned toward me. His chin brushed against my cheek, and flesh bumps shimmied down my spine.

“That was the right answer, New Jersey,” he whispered in a throaty voice. “Welcome to the gang.”