

# Not One, But Two Chapter 1

Not One, But Two Chapter 1 Well Played, Emma

In the back alley of the rowdy bar, a dark figure leaped down from the top of the wall adjacent to the alleyway, but he landed on the wrong foot and fell to the ground with a loud thud. This was followed by a low grunt of pain.

Fresh blood dripped down the sleeve of his black shirt and onto the ground. Greg Buckley's handsome features were presently scrunched up in pain, but he managed to quickly burrow into the shadows.

"Where is he? He's injured, so he won't be able to get far! Let's split up and look for him around the area!"

There were several voices that chorused at once, and after that came a long silence.

It was only then did Greg let out a small sigh of relief. The blood loss was making his head spin, and he had lost his phone while escaping. As things were, he could only leave this place after he had recuperated.

Just then, the back door of the bar creaked open as Emma Kain stumbled out while holding onto Abigail Kain. She glanced around, and after making sure that there was no one in sight, she threw Abigail unceremoniously into the alleyway. By some twist of fate, she somehow managed to dump the girl onto Greg's slumped figure.

Greg's eyes flew open when he felt the pain of having a sudden weight thrown onto him. If looks could kill, Emma would have been dead a hundred times over. Even though he couldn't make out her features in the dimness, there was no mistaking the murderous rage that emanated from him as he lay in the dark of the night.

Meanwhile, Emma felt a sudden chill run down her spine. She felt as though something was staring daggers at her, and the thought of that made her skin crawl with fear. She quickly wrapped her arms around herself and pulled out her phone before saying in hushed tones, "I've already spiked her drink and drugged her. She's in the alleyway behind the bar now, so get your men over here and deal with her right away!"

When she hung up the phone, Emma contemplated staying here to watch the show, but she couldn't help shuddering at the distinct sensation that someone or something scary was watching her. She shrunk into herself, her skin prickling as she turned to run away from the area. She didn't have to stay and watch; after all, there was no way Abigail could escape now.

Greg's rage finally waned after he watched Emma leave, but the faint fragrance that wafted off the woman sprawled over him was reigniting his frustration. It seems like this woman was drugged, he thought with a frown before trying to pry the semi-conscious Abigail off him. However, his gesture prompted the girl to whimper in a voice barely above a whisper, "It's hot. I feel hot."

Presently, Abigail felt like she was being roasted over an open flame. The heat that surged through her veins was threatening to fry her nerve endings, and she was so thirsty she thought she might go mad. She wanted water desperately, and she wanted...

She began to tear at her clothes, but in her delirious state, her hands started roaming Greg's injured body as well. At some point, she began to try to take off his clothes too.

As realization dawned upon him, Greg's gaze darkened as he barked, "Get away from me!" He raised his arm to push Abigail away, but that was when he heard the sound of noisy, approaching footfalls.

"Where's the pretty lady? I think I'll take my time sampling her, and then the rest of you can join in after me."

"We're in for a joy ride, aren't we?"

This was followed by wicked cackling that bounced off the walls of the dingy alleyway.

Greg's frown deepened so much that the divot was practically carved into the space between his brows. I can't be seen by anyone! With my injuries and my identity, the consequences of being discovered here like this will be devastating!

With that in mind, he propped himself upright, only to see Abigail clutching to him like some kind of human octopus. She had one arm wrapped around his neck and the other around his waist, and regardless of how hard he tried, he couldn't get her off him.

"Give me what I want now!" she groaned. She had already lost all sense of reason, and coupled with the overwhelming effects of the drug, she was now instinctively searching for something to quench her thirst.

At that moment, heat seemed to surge through Greg's mind. As calm as he was, even he could not remain stoic when Abigail was moving the way she did against him; he couldn't help but respond to her gyrating and wriggling.

He didn't have time to cast her aside, so he drew her in with one arm and leaped onto the wall closest to him. Then, he made to land in the nearest adjoining alley.

The adrenaline spike that had given him a short burst of strength earlier wore off as abruptly as it came, and Greg could only cave into gravity as he tumbled forward like a

rag doll while pathetically holding onto Abigail. Worst of all, their position had been such that he ended up as a human cushion and broke Abigail's fall.

The pain crushed all the breath out of him, which was enough to make him want to pass out. But before he could react, he heard the sound of shredding fabric. Much to his alarm, Abigail had torn his shirt apart and had pressed her soft lips to the skin of his well-toned chest.

"How dare you!" A dark look flashed in his eyes as he raised his arm and flung it in her direction.

"Don't move!" Abigail was not operating on reason right now. She was desperate to find something to soothe the heat coursing through her veins and to quench her thirst. When she heard the whooshing sound of air that accompanied the fist approaching her head, she consciously lifted an arm to block Greg's. Then, she reached down with her free hand to seize his belt, thereafter deftly binding his wrists together.

She moved with swift precision and left no room for Greg to retaliate. By the time he figured out what she was up to, he realized that his wrists were already bound expertly by her.

He was so angry that he could combust on the spot. If it weren't for the fact that he had lost too much blood, he would never allow himself—the fourth most eligible bachelor in Harrion and the CEO of Buckley Group—to be subdued by some strange woman of unknown background!

"Let me go right now, woman, or you'll regret it!"

Alas, his furious threats and roars did little to help his case. He was about to throw yet another fit when she cut him off by capturing his lips with her shell-pink ones, and the next second, the lower half of his body was exposed to the cold night air.

He wished he could black out right there and then, for this was turning out to be the most humiliating night of his life. This has to be some kind of cruel joke.

After the heated endeavor, Greg was sapped of the last of his energy and passed out, though not without anger and reluctance.

There was no telling how much time had passed before a cold breeze stirred Abigail awake. She shook her head and winced at the crippling headache that assaulted her. When she tried to prop herself up, she felt something warm beneath her.

She quickly turned around and froze like lightning had gone through her. I've been...

“You beast! You scum!” Outraged, she slapped the unconscious Greg hard across the face, and she had put so much force in her delivery that a numb and tingling sensation immediately crept up her arm. However, the man lying there did not respond at all.

In fact, he was lying there looking as white as a sheet, and the imprints of Abigail’s fingers were red and clear against his alabaster skin. “Piece of scum!” she spat as she quickly pulled on her clothes and searched for a phone so she could call the police.

She searched all the pockets huffily, but she could find no mobile phone on her person.

At that moment, an image flashed through her mind. She remembered getting a call from her sister, Emma, claiming that she had been held up at the bar and that she needed Abigail to bail her out.

Upon Abigail’s arrival, however, the person holding Emma hostage refused to let her leave unless Abigail downed an entire bottle of whiskey.

Abigail had chugged down the liquor in an attempt to save Emma, but midway through, she realized that she was being set up. In her mildly intoxicated state, she had turned to run, but her own sister pulled her back by the hair and knocked her out.

She didn’t remember much else after that, but she recalled one particular detail that was pertinent to the horrific night. I was drugged! Which means I was the one who violated this man and not the other way round!

Shock colored her expression as she sat there in the alley. She wanted to come to terms with this fact, but her efforts were to no avail.

She glanced at the man who lay unconscious next to her. He was wearing expensive clothes with such fine details that not just any average person could afford them. I didn’t mess with anyone important, did I?

Right then, a disembodied voice suddenly echoed in her mind. “How dare you, woman! I swear you’ll regret this!”

She paled at the memory, and at the same time, she felt as if she had just been gutted. Now that she was no longer pure and chaste, she wondered what her beloved Jonathan would think of her.

At the thought of this, she bit down on her lower lip until it drew blood. As the coppery taste filled her mouth, she started to calm down. Well played, Emma! She gave the unmoving Greg another look, and that was when she noticed the crimson pool that he was lying on.

She stared. Is he dead? Was I too aggressive with him and I...

Panicking, she lunged forward and quickly placed a finger under his nose. When she felt his feeble breath on her skin, the knots in her stomach loosened, though she wasted no time in getting to her feet and running out of the alleyway.

I have to find a phone and call the ambulance right away!