

Morgan's Got Game

I turned to him angrily, "Ouch! What the—"

He removed his death grip from my arm and pointed frantically to the door. "Morgan's here!"

I froze. "What?" I had been successfully avoiding him since the Courtney shakedown two weeks ago, which hadn't been easy! I had used every single one of Declan's office blinds—including the infamous keg trunk. What the hell was Morgan doing in my uncle's bar?

Reading my mind, Declan admitted, "I told him about your gaming event tonight and begged him to come."

I panicked. "Why would you do that, Declan?"

He considered me with a clarity I didn't expect him to have given the volume of alcohol he had ingested. "Because you shouldn't be alone anymore. You've mourned them long enough. It's time to move on."

"I..."

He instantly took advantage of my uncertainty by calling loudly, "Morgan! Over here!" As if there were a chance Morgan hadn't heard him, Declan then waved his arms back and forth over his head in his best impression of one of those wind socks you see at car dealerships. It wasn't one of his best moments.

There was nowhere to run. I took a deep breath and tried my best to appear nonplussed as Morgan reached our table.

"You made it!" Declan sang.

Morgan nodded, breaking into a beautiful smile. "I sure did." He put his hand on Declan's shoulder. "And you've been drinking."

"Yup! He's had way too many ass cracks." I could feel my face flush at my mistaken identification. "I mean, too many Luigi's balls." I buried my face in my hands. I was horrible at this.

Declan hiccupped. "Meri's uncle concocted some crazy cocktails to go with her amazing party. Isn't it *amazing?*"

Morgan gently removed my hands from my face and held them, all the while disarming me with his hypnotic eyes. "You did all this, Meri?"

I giggled. "Guilty." Dear God. My wit keeps on coming.

He let go of one of my hands and turned to take in my masterpiece. Had he not kept hold of the other hand, I would have taken the opportunity to escape while his back was turned. Perhaps he realized I was a flight risk?

"Holy crap! You found vintage arcade games?"

His excitement was contagious and I soon found myself bouncing up and down. "I did! It wasn't very hard. All you need is a computer, a phone and a few hours in which to haggle with the greediest of business owners."

His eyes locked with mine. "You're incredible."

My whole body tingled with the meaning of his look. Though I was drawn to Morgan, my relationship scars ran deep enough to send me running in the other direction.

"Well, I'm incredibly in need of the bathroom." *Nice segue, Meri. Consider the mood officially killed.*

Morgan laughed. "One too many fuzzy ass cracks?"

My gaze fell to my shoes in mortification. "Something like that."

He pulled me close and whispered in my ear. "Don't be too long."