

Macy

“*Mmm.*” My moan was long and loud.

This was just too good. Heaven on Earth.

I ate the last bite of the delicious, mouthwatering beignet, and moaned again. Of course, that was when my boss decided to walk in.

He’d been away for two days on a job. He was a badass bounty hunter, and he looked it too. He usually took smaller, local jobs, but occasionally, he got called in for big jobs out of state.

Because he was good. Really good.

Colton Fury was also gorgeous.

He was tall, with a muscled bod, and tattoos on his forearms. Add to that combo dark-brown hair and a neat, dark beard, and he sort of oozed grumpy, tough competence. The man was always scowling. Luckily, it worked for him.

Today, he wore dark jeans, and a Henley in navy blue with sleeves that cut into his biceps, and motorcycle boots.

It was really, really lucky that my douchebag of an ex had forced me to swear off men. It meant I was immune to the pull of Colton Fury. Mostly.

He jerked to a halt, his gaze on me. He had blue eyes, and a heavy, intense stare. When Colt gave you his full attention, you felt it.

I was currently sitting cross-legged on top of my desk. I ran his office, did the admin, paid the bills, and manned the phone. Or I should say, womanned the phone. He'd hired me as his admin assistant six months ago, but I'd changed my title to office manager.

If it wasn't for me, everything around here would fall apart.

Colt might track down the bad guys, but I did everything else. And I mean everything. The man was allergic to paperwork.

"Hey." I licked the last of the sugary goodness off my fingers.

His gaze zeroed in on my mouth, and his scowl deepened. "What are you doing?"

"Enjoying the last bit of heavenly goodness that is a beignet from Uptown Coffee. Best beignets in the city. I've made it my mission to try them all, and Café Du Monde is good, but a little overrated."

He grunted.

"I'd offer you one, but I ate them all."

Another grunt. I eyed his flat stomach. I was pretty sure Colt had less than one percent body fat, and didn't eat many beignets. Me, I was lucky to have inherited a killer metabolism from my mother—God rest her soul. I didn't have one-percent body fat, but I could eat what I wanted.

I hopped off the desk and straightened my skirt. Colt constantly bitched about my clothes, not that I cared. Today, I was wearing a flirty gray skirt that was flared to the knee, and I'd paired it with a red halter top. It was summer. I thought it gave a summery professional vibe.

Something flickered in his gaze, and his brow creased.

"How did the job go?"

"Fine."

I didn't bother asking if he'd caught the man wanted for several murders. Colt always caught

his man.

“What are you wearing?” His voice was a deep, gritty growl.

I slid a hand down my hip. “It’s called a skirt, Colt. Professional office wear.”

He crossed his brawny arms, and I tried not to let my gaze drift over his tattoos. They were an interesting collection of objects. A house with the word *home* inked under it. A heart with *DF* written inside it. And a few other images, the meaning of which I could only guess at.

“That outfit is *not* professional.” He pivoted and stalked into his office.

I followed him. “Hello, what the hell do you know about women’s fashion? Or what’s professional? You wear jeans and boots to the office every day.”

He rocked to a quick stop, and stared at his desk. A desk that was now sparkling clean. I’d dusted it this morning. Thankfully, Colt kept it pretty tidy because of said allergy to paperwork.

“What the fuck is that?” He stabbed a finger at the new object on the corner of his desk.

I tried not to notice his finger, or the rest of his hands. I’d noted before that Colt had amazing hands—large, strong, with long fingers.

“That is a plant. To brighten your office.”

His head sliced my way. Oh, his scowl was in fine form. I’d developed a rating system for Mr. Grumpy Bounty Hunter’s scowls. Level 1 was his resting scowl. Level 2, he was faintly pissed off at something. Level 3, there was trouble brewing, so watch out. Level 4, he was pissed off and ready to let you know about it. Level 5, batten down the hatches, because he was going to blow.

Tapping my chin, I assessed that his scowl was a 3.5.

“I don’t want a plant.”

“Sure, you do.”

“I don’t.”

I pouted. “It’s a gift, big guy. And it’s too late now.”

He sighed. “Fine. But I’ll kill it.”

“That’s why I got you a cactus.” I turned the little pot around. It was painted in bright colors.

“Plus, it matches your spiky temperament. You guys are twinsies.”

His blue eyes narrowed.

I smiled. “Looks like you need this as well.” I pulled the folded paper out of my pocket.

Colt took the brown origami bear and gave me a bland look. This one was on all fours, looking like it was ready to go in for the kill. Sometimes I just did bear faces—all with varying grumpy looks.

My mom had taught me origami. I loved slipping away from everything for a few precious seconds to create something bright and fun.

I made Colt bears because he was grumpy like a bear. He pulled open his desk drawer, and I caught a glimpse of his growing paper bear collection as he dropped it in.

“I know you just got back, but I have a local job for you. Should be quick.” I hitched my hip on the corner of his desk.

“What job?”

“Lenny Bridges skipped bail.”

Colt rolled his eyes. “Again?”

I nodded.

“He’ll be half drunk on his stool at his favorite bar.”

“Yep.” Lenny was nothing if not consistent.

“Fine.” Colt raked a hand through his hair. “It should only take me an hour.”

That's when I heard light, quick steps out in the front office.

A pretty girl of seven burst in. She smiled at me. "Hi, Macy. I *love* your red top."

"Thanks, gorgeous girl."

Then Daisy Fury whirled. "Daddy, you're home!"

A rare smile broke out on Colt's face. As those strong arms wrapped around the little girl, I couldn't look away. I felt weird flutters in my belly.

When he smiled, Colt was devastatingly handsome.

"I missed you, short stuff."

I backed out of the room, waving at Lola—Daisy's nanny, and the Fury brothers' housekeeper. The gray-haired woman cooked and cleaned for all the Fury brothers. Colt had four brothers who between them all owned this entire block of the Warehouse District in New Orleans. They all had their homes and businesses in the area.

I glanced at Colt and Daisy. It was another far too attractive thing about Colton. He was an amazing single father. He adored Daisy, and she adored him back.

Did men know how sexy it was to see them being good dads? I shook my head, then sat back at my desk.

It was really, really lucky I'd sworn off men.

My phone rang and I picked it up. "Colton Fury's office."

Silence.

My hand tightened. "Hello?"

I felt a little shiver of unease. This was the fourth call like this in only two days. I could sense someone on the line.

"When you're ready to talk, I'll be waiting." I set the phone down and shrugged.

Life was too short to worry about things. That was my mom's motto. *Have fun, find adventures, and regret nothing, Macy Moo.*

I did my best to live up to her words every day.