

Meet Meg Connelly:

Meg rolled out of bed early. Operating on autopilot, she straightened the sheets and fluffed the quilt, then padded over to her tiny kitchenette. As she reached for the coffeepot, she gave a bang-your-head-against-the-wall groan. No coffee.

“Damn it.”

Between the ridiculous meeting at the sorority house and letting that cop rattle her so badly, she’d forgotten all about going to the grocery store. She opened the cabinet and shuffled through the contents, hoping to unearth a tea bag. There were a dozen packages of Ramen noodles, five cans of soup, tomatoes, half a jar of peanut butter and random spaghetti sauce spices, but nothing containing caffeine.

She turned from the cabinet with a sigh. When she finally finished graduate school, she was never going to eat Ramen noodles again. Scholarships and a job had covered most of her undergraduate degree, but the student loans she’d needed to make ends meet kicked in as soon as she picked up her diploma. As a lowly associate at Douglass College, her salary barely covered the loan payments and the rent on her apartment.

Glancing at the clock, she did some quick mental calculations. She could walk to the store, buy coffee and bread, fix a sandwich and still make it to class on time. But she absolutely had to restock her cabinets this afternoon.

She pulled on clothes and locked the door behind her. Pausing only to check her mailbox—empty—she dashed across the foyer, opened the outer door and ran smack into Mick O’Shaughnessy.

She felt like a raindrop bouncing off a boulder. He didn’t move. She splattered. His hands gripped her arms, steadying her until she recovered her balance.

“Morning, Meg.” He smiled at her. “Do I dare say I was hoping to run into you?”

“Very funny.” She shook off his hands. Retreating a step, she crossed her arms and glared. She was not going to notice how warm and strong his body was. Or the way his eyes lit up two seconds before she flattened herself against him. “What are you doing here?”

His gaze dropped, just for a second, and she remembered she wasn’t wearing a bra. If he hadn’t figured it out during the full body contact, he knew it now. She dropped her arms and then wondered what to do with her hands. *Pockets...pockets would be helpful.*

“I’d hoped to catch you before class. You didn’t give an actual statement last night.”

“No, Detective. I mean what are you doing *here*.” Her finger stabbed down, indicating her front porch.

His surprise showed. A faint blush tinted his cheeks. “It’s ‘Agent.’ Actually, I went by the sorority house. They told me your address.”

Meg gave him an assessing inspection. His clothes were casual today—khakis, long-sleeved polo shirt and loafers. A leather flight jacket draped his body like it had been custom-formed to his shoulders and chest.

No one should have the right to look that good first thing in the morning.

Most likely, he’d charmed her address out of whoever was working the desk at the Chi Zeta house. “Remind me to address security and personal privacy at the next chapter meeting.”