

Lucky Traveler Excerpt:

Logan couldn't do this sitting down. Not after all his failed efforts to reach out to her. A sigh escaped. The coin in his pocket was bigger than that old one-dollar coin his grandma gave him and about the size of a poker chip before the machines all switched to swipe cards. He wrapped his fingers around it. Why purple, he didn't know. The next was worse. Pink, but he wanted it anyway. The coin brought power held in his palm. He squeezed it almost as tight as his eyelids.

"I've been sober one hundred and thirty-one days."

"So?" Her nonchalance annoyed him.

"I don't drink anymore."

She sighed. He paced. *This is your chance to move her from the hopeless step nine to eight.* A slip of paper in his wallet listed everyone he could think of to whom he needed to make amends. Keira's name reigned at the top of the list. He looked at her, an angel in blue curled up on the couch. The skirt of her dress slid over her legs. A line of lace midway up her thigh caught Lucky's attention. For the first time in almost eleven months, the big guy straightened up for a better view. The upper brain clicked in enough to restrain him from doing a fist pump, but his hand twitched anyway.

“Ahem.” She cleared her throat.

“Right.” He had a job to do. Business before pleasure as the saying goes. The apology. “Are you wearing a garter belt?”

After a glance at her legs, she tugged a fold of fabric over the delicious spot. Her squint approximated anger. With those wide, round eyes, she never looked truly pissed off. Except at the wedding and in his recurring nightmare.

“Is it the one I bought?”

“No. That one had bad memories. I threw it out.”

Would she throw him to the trash heap, too?

“Did you wear it to the wedding?”

“You asked me to.” Her voice chilled him.

The warm coin palmed in his fist reminded him of renewed opportunity.

“We can’t move forward until we move back. I made a fool of you. My weakness in the face of alcohol led me to certain inappropriate behaviors that hurt me—”

“Cut the shit. You had your hand up the wrong bridesmaid’s dress.”