

Taking Care of Business
An MBRC Short
By K. M. Shea

Hunter Weller sighed as he leaned back in his chair and pushed away from his desk. He stood up and turned around, clasping his hands behind his back as he stared at the Chicago skyline. He frowned, the view from his new office location wasn't nearly as good as the previous building, but Morgan Fae had outright told him she was never, ever, ever going to visit him again.

"You're lucky I'm still talking to you," Morgan had angrily told him, prodding him with a finger when Hunter complained that this was unreasonable. *"I'm saying some serious groveling needs to be done, Hunter. Kidnapping is a federal offense. Don't think I'm going to let you off easy."*

Hunter chose to interpret this as Morgan was unwilling to return to the headquarters at which he had held her ambiguously imprisoned in. Soon, he thought, he might be able to convince her to come visit again. It was almost two months after the kidnapping. All he had to do was bring some baked goods from his chefs and Morgan would begin breaking.

The young goblin leader shoved his hands in his pockets and shrugged his shoulders. "I have time," he stated to the skyline. "Aysel hasn't yet swallowed his pride enough to think of Morgan in that way. Frey was never really interested... Devin is my only serious competition, I believe. And I doubt he is serious about her. The Pooka is never serious about anyone."

To be fair, Hunter wasn't so much *into* her as he was serious about her friendship. Even though she was mad at him she still didn't deny their friendship, and he would move all of Chicago to keep it that way.

"...Sir?" One of his minions, Logan, asked, knocking on Hunter's office door.

"Yes?" Hunter acknowledged, turning around.

Logan opened the door and slipped into the office. "I delivered the bouquet of flowers, as ordered. Miss Morgan gave them to her elderly neighbor and shredded the card."

That was nothing new. "How did she look?"

"Slightly frazzled. The bodyguard you assigned to her reported that she spent the day with her best friend, Fran, and Fran's boyfriend....," Logan paused to take a peek at the small notepad he held.

"Brett Patterson," Hunter said, filling in the name with disgust. "That's right, I'm sure being with him would upset her. Send her another Jamba Juice giftcard. And Logan...."

"Sir?"

Hunter paused.

Logan ventured to speak again. "You want one of our men to meet Brett Patterson in a dark alley?"

Hunter shook his head, making up his mind. "I do, but Morgan will de-friend me on Facebook if she hears about it. No, keep surveillance on her. If Brett proves to be a continued nuisance I'll act. Until then it's better to keep Morgan placated. Thank you, Logan, that will be all."

Logan bowed at the waist and left the room, leaving Hunter to his musings.

"I will win you back over, Morgan," Hunter said, sitting down in his chair. "No matter what sacrifices to my pride I'll have to commit."