



Icing on the Cake

by Becky Moore Published by XOXO Publishing | © 2011 Becky Moore

EXCERPT : “Actually, I’m well aware of the story your American newspapers ran a number of weeks ago about him. A shame, really. I can’t say that I could ever see that side of him, but I suppose the story has some truth to it. I was a young man once ... we see things a little differently here. But everyone makes mistakes, dear, although not everyone has to live them out in the public like professional athletes do.” He patted her on the hand again, then stood up and raised his voice a little. “We’ve all been very excited for you to get here. He left this note tagged to the reservation when he made it last week.”

“He made it last week?”

“Oh, yes. Wishful thinking, I see.” Mr. Jeffries snickered, though not meanly. Hellon had to smile, because this whole situation seemed so

unusual. Really, Quinn had the whole hotel staff up in arms.

She reached for Mr. Jeffries’ hand and gave it a friendly squeeze. “Thank you so much, Mr. Jeffries.” Then she walked across the lobby toward the Serenity wine bar. With each step, her pulse raced. Was Quinn watching her? Was he sitting down here? Would he be relieved she decided to come? Would he be happy to see her? Oh, God, don’t let him be with another date.

Serenity was situated off to the side of the lobby, on the lakeside of the building. Tall floor-to-ceiling windows lined the walls of the lobby so that it felt like you were standing outside, and a shadowy, barely-there tinted wall of glass windows separated the inside wall of the bar. She stopped for a moment and looked at the CN Tower, illuminated through the clear glass on the front wall. The cool evening sky was bursting with the sunset colors of blues and periwinkles and oranges. A few bright, twinkling stars dotted the sky. It was so beautiful; breathtaking, really.

She turned her head back to Serenity and gasped when she saw Quinn, his broad shoulders silhouetted against the faint glow of the bar. His haunting eyes glowing in the muted light, focused on her. She felt compelled to walk to him, drawn by some very fine, invisible web of awareness. Her heart was racing in her chest, the hair on the back of her neck and on her arms was standing on end. Her legs felt heavy, and her feet felt like they were dragging through peanut butter. She never took her gaze from his as she walked across the lobby. He shifted in his seat, sitting up straighter and leaning toward her, as if the same web was pulling at him. It was electrifying.

She walked through the doorway and nearly bumped into a short, squatty man in a business suit. He offered a slurred *excuse me*, and she broke Quinn’s eye contact for a moment. She took in the grouping of men and women sitting around the bar. She caught the eye of a table of rowdy men who gestured for her to join them, but she shook her head and turned to see a group of loud, trashy looking women sitting near Quinn. One of them had touched his shoulder and leaned in to him, saying something in his ear. He was staring at Hellon, and gently moved the woman’s hand off of his body. She called him an asshole and stumbled back to her group.

Hellon walked over to stand in front of Quinn, quietly watching him. He had tracked every step she’d taken—his perusal of her body had been electrifying, even across the distance. The weight of his arousal thickened the air around them; she fought the urge to moan. His eyes were on her hips now, and when she stopped inches away from him, he opened his mouth to breathe easier. One of the things she’d found so appealing about him when they’d met before was his ability to blush, like a little boy. A grown man of his gigantic proportions, who was in the media and under public scrutiny

constantly, should not have a blush left in him. But Quinn did. That shyness called to her; that shyness gave her hope that he didn't take his stardom seriously.

She could vaguely hear the women who'd been hitting on Quinn making smarmy comments about her, but the blood was rushing so loudly that they just sounded like whining animals. He was caught in a trance, staring at her body. The longer she stood there, the further down his neck and onto his chest the blush spread. She could see it in the open vee of his crisp white Oxford shirt. She lowered her eyes to follow the long line of his torso, to where his shirt tucked into the trim waistband of his charcoal gray slacks. A huge bulge pressed against the shiny black alligator belt wrapping his waist. *Oh, my.*

"Quinn," she whispered.

PURCHASE

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