

TEMPTED TO TOUCH by Nigeria Lockley

EXCERPT

When I rounded the corner Meena, my secretary, was standing in front of her desk smiling and waving at me. Her attentiveness and bright smile cut right into my investigation into why my marriage was beginning to fail.

“Hi, Meena. Did you miss me?” I asked, referring to the way she was waiting to greet me like a lap dog.

“Mrs. Seagram, you’re so funny,” she said, swiping her wispy brunette hair out of her eyes. “I’m so excited to see you because I can’t wait to see the look on your face when you go into your office.”

“Ugh.” I groaned, letting my arms droop at my sides. “You didn’t redecorate again, did you?”

“No. While you were at lunch you received a delivery and it’s mighty extravagant. I hope that after I’ve been married for ten years my husband still does things like Mr. Seagram.”

“Thank you, Meena. I’m sure it’s nothing out of the ordinary,” I said as I walked past her desk. I turned the knob and my stomach dropped to my heels. On the other side of the door a tall medley of flowers and fruit curled into a G clef awaited me. A smile spread across my face as I approached this massive fruit salad structure. I fingered the petals of the black orchids and inspected the assortment of fruits—pineapple chunks, mangoes, and strawberries covered in white chocolate. All of my favorite things were neatly assembled on my desk. Mason must have thought there was another dog sniffing around his backyard.

“Excuse me,” I said to Meena who was still standing in the doorway gawking at the flowers as I picked up the phone and dialed Mason’s cell phone number.

He probably thought this massive floral arrangement would get me to join the choir and keep my affections at home. I would have preferred some new shoes. Shoot, for a new pair of Fendi pumps I’d churn out “I Go to the Rock” in a heartbeat and have them saints running up and down the aisle of our church in a minute.

“Praise the Lord!” Mason shouted into the phone when he answered. *Why did he have to be all holy all the time?*

“Hello, Mason.”

“What’s going on, my love? You usually don’t call me in the middle of the day.”

“You tell me what’s going on, Mason. Do you think that a little gallant gesture and some white chocolate will get me to work on the record with your choir?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You know exactly what I’m talking about. The floral arrangement—”

“Floral arrangement?” he queried, cutting me off.

“If you thought that an oversized wreath would get me to sing with that little gospel choir of yours, you’re wrong.”

“Kira, I did not send you any floral arrangement.”

Half listening to his spiel, I dug my hand into the center of the arrangement and removed the card.
Without your voice my music is all blues and no rhythm. ~Q

I read the message again and flashes of heat coursed through my fingers. His vulnerability was sexy. Quincy McAdams had gone from a chemistry major to a music mogul and his life was still missing something. The words on the card spoke louder to me than Mason until he shouted into the receiver,

“Well, where did the flowers come from? I will not ask again.”