

Silver Bells by Anne Shaw

EXCERPT

Chloe let out a piercing little girl scream, and the whole crowd instantly quieted. She brought a pale hand to her mouth, her eyes shimmering with excited tears.

A man rushed into the area behind the counter and stopped by the glass display case, his frantic stare locked on Chloe.

Chloe looked from the man to Alice and pointed. “Uncle Niko, you’re gonna be on 3Square. You’re gonna be on the show!”

Charcoal-grey eyes rimmed with black lashes turned in Alice’s direction and her heart beat a little bit faster. Niko Stavo straightened his tall frame and shifted a motorcycle helmet from his left to his right hand, confusion furrowing his brow. Instead of a chef’s jacket, he sported a black leather vest over a black long-sleeved T-shirt, and leather chaps over a pair of jeans.

Brooke was definitely right; there was something to be said about a man in chaps.

Niko looked in her direction, lifting one heavy eyebrow, its thickness disfigured by a scar. An ex-Mixed Martial Arts fighter, there was no denying the raw masculinity that he exuded.

The rebel in her responded to the call of the sexy man, alarm bells ringing in her head. Caught staring like some love-struck teenager, she lowered her gaze, set down the CG cups, and retrieved a business card. “I’m Alice Carlson with the EN Channel, and I’m the producer of 3Square. Our studio executive was so touched by your application question, he decided to create a Christmas special featuring only desserts.”

Niko leaned his hip against the counter. “There must be some mistake. I didn’t ask to be on any show.”

Alice’s stomach plummeted to the dark hardwood floor. There was no special without Niko Stavo. And without the special, she couldn’t stay in Seattle. And if she couldn’t stay in Seattle, she’d have to postpone the tests that might save a girl’s life. Possibly the life of the little girl right next to her. She risked a glance at Chloe, and a rock formed in her throat. The little girl who might be her own.