

Carina Press Blog Tour Program
***Teddy Spenser Isn't Looking for Love* by Kim Fielding**
Excerpt

“Hey.”

Teddy hadn't noticed anyone come up behind him, and he startled so violently that he almost knocked over his coffee. He spun the chair around and discovered Romeo Blue looking down at him, stone-faced.

“What?” Teddy knew he was scowling and didn't care.

“Can we speak in my office, please?” As usual, Romeo's voice was low, his words clipped. As if he refused to spare much energy to speak to Teddy.

“I'm busy right now.”

“As soon as you can then.” Romeo spun and marched back to his office, leaving its door slightly ajar.

Teddy could have followed him; Imani's numbers weren't so urgent that they couldn't wait awhile. But he remained stubbornly at his desk even though he could no longer focus on the computer screen. Romeo Blue. Teddy had googled him once, just for the hell of it—not at all to dispel lingering notions that his coworker was a spy working under a really stupid alias. It turned out that Lenny Kravitz used Romeo Blue as a stage name back in the eighties, and that was more than a little weird since *this* Romeo resembled a young Lenny Kravitz, albeit with a darker complexion and a different clothing aesthetic. Kravitz probably didn't wear suits from Zara. And to be honest, although Kravitz was gorgeous, Romeo was even more so, with perfect eyebrows, velvety eyes, and a mouth that—

“Nope!” Teddy stood abruptly and grabbed his coffee mug. He needed a refill.

He finished off that cup, visited the depressing bathroom he'd been fruitlessly begging Lauren to redecorate, and chatted briefly with the cute copy-machine repairman before finally knocking on Romeo's open door and stepping inside. And then, as always when he entered this room, Teddy glowered.

It was a fraction of the size of Lauren's office, with barely enough room for a desk, two chairs, and a computer stand. Despite that, it was a real office instead of a cubicle. But what truly annoyed Teddy was that Romeo hadn't even bothered to decorate the space. There wasn't a single knickknack or picture, and the mismatched office supplies—a black stapler and taupe tape dispenser—appeared to be from the discount bin at Staples. The only touches of personality were the three computer monitors—*three* of them, for God's sake—and, of course, Romeo himself.

Maybe Romeo thought himself so decorative that his mere presence sufficed. Or he didn't want any other objects to detract from his glory.

Also, he smelled like sandalwood, bergamot, and vanilla. Dammit.