

hand, and then darted to Bill in consideration. Measuring him up, wondering if it was his looks or his money or something else entirely.

He snorted to himself — that could give a man a complex, being eyed up like that all the time. He was decent-looking enough!

“Stop paying attention to them,” Fleur interrupted his thoughts. He frowned, sheepish, leaning back in his chair.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean it. It’s just— they’re not even trying to be subtle.” He looked over Fleur’s shoulder, glaring at a pair of men a little older than him outright goggling in his direction.

“They are jealous, that is all,” the blonde dismissed. “They are not worth your worry.”

“I’m not worried,” Bill said. “I just wonder what they’re thinking, is all. What sort of story they’ve concocted for why a bloke like me is here with a lady like you.” He smiled lopsidedly. “Whether they think I’m actually loaded and you’re just with me for the cash. Planning on running away with it all as soon as we’re married. Or maybe they think I’m someone important in a business and you’re trying to get ahead.”

“All of these options make me sound like a terrible person,” Fleur remarked, unimpressed.

“And they make me sound incredibly desperate, so we’re even,” Bill replied, winking.

“Maybe they think we are both models, deigning to bless their restaurant with our beauty this evening,” Fleur suggested, and the curse-breaker cocked a skeptical eyebrow. “You are easily the most ‘andsome man in the room, Bill, look around.” The confidence with which she spoke made something in Bill puff up in pride, even as he smirked.

“You have to say that, you’re marrying me,” he pointed out.

“Because you are the most ‘andsome man in the room, yes, I am glad you follow,” Fleur agreed, giving him a mischievous smile that never failed to make his blood race. Suddenly, her foot was stroking his ankle beneath the table, sliding up the hem of his trousers. “Or *maybe*,” she continued, lowering her voice to a sultry murmur. “Maybe they are looking at us, deciding a pretty girl like me can only be interested in one thing, and assuming that you ‘ave a very big—“

Bill cut her off with a kiss — not because he didn’t want to hear it, but because hearing that word come from his future wife’s mouth in that tone would do things to him that were not *remotely* appropriate for a public space.

“If you want to stay for dessert, my love, you’ll change the conversation.”

Fleur leaned back, reaching for her champagne and draining the rest of the glass, looking back at him with a satisfied smile and come-hither eyes.

“My darling, who said anything about dessert?”