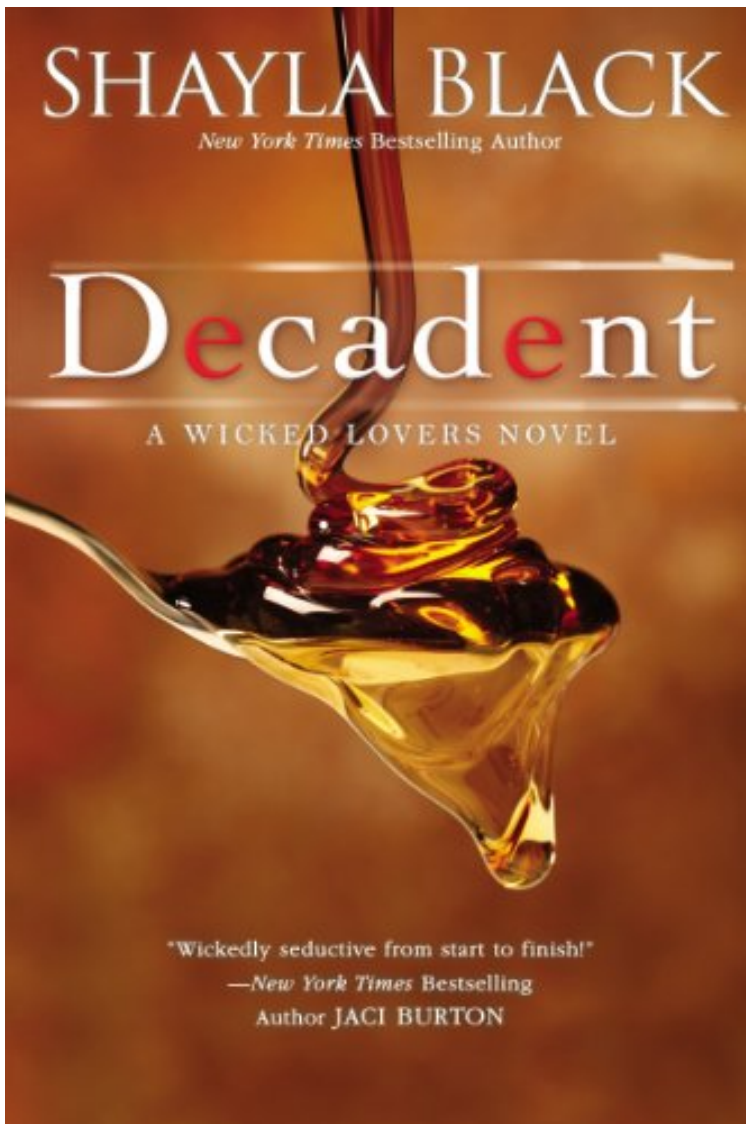


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Decadent



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Description : Description du produitThe author of Wicked Ties wraps her steamy prose around the premise that two men are better than one. Kimber Edgington is a virgin with a crush-on a pop star with a penchant for threesomes. Determined to prove that she's woman enough for singer Jesse McCall, Kimber turns to bodyguard Deke Trenton for sexual education...lessons that include his super-sexy friend Luc. Though she's saved herself for Jesse, Kimber soon learns that he's not the man adept at stoking her aching, endless need. That's Deke, and he can't resist when Kimber begs for more-and more.

Prsentation de l'diteurShe may not be what she seems... How can a virgin seeking happily-ever-after with a hot pop star who has a penchant for threesomes win her fantasy man? Kimber Edgington desperately needs a plan to convince Jesse McCall, whos been her secret crush since they spent a summer together as teenagers, that they are meant for each other. But all the tabloid stories about his sexual escapades make her feel oh so

inadequate. But she's exactly what men want. Determined to prove she's woman enough for Jesse, Kimber turns to bodyguard Deke Trenton for sexual education. Bold and brash, Deke warns Kimber that playing with him is playing with fire. But he can't bear to imagine the innocent beauty in someone else's arms. So Deke and his super-sexy friend, Luc, take Kimber under their wings and dangerously close to the edge of ecstasy. Though she's saved herself for Jesse, Kimber soon learns he's not the man adept at stoking her aching, endless need. That's Deke, and he can't resist when Kimber begs for more and more... Excerpt by

Shayla Black

FOUR PLAY
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About the Author
An Excerpt from His To Take My special thanks to two great women and writers: To Jaci Burton for always saying Why not? or It rocked! or Dayum, that's hot! To Rhyannon Byrd for her infectious enthusiasm and incredible insight and lots of OMG! You both kept me going and assured me I wasn't crazy. Thanks for your time and talent, your awesome books . . . and for being great friends.

Chapter One
NORMALLY, Kimber Edgington didn't have problems asking for a favor. If her father happened to be in town, asking him to pick up dry cleaning didn't disturb her. Or bugging one of her brothers to stop for milk, no problem. Today, she wasn't asking her family for their help. And this favor she planned to request was anything but average. Deep breath. She could do this. No, she had to do this if she wanted to fulfill a seven-year fantasy. Easing out of her car and into the humid afternoon, Kimber studied the red brick house. From the outside, it looked well-groomed with a riot of colorful azaleas and a well-manicured lawn. Elegant with its partial stone facade, pristine white trim, sweeping balcony, and Doric columns. And without a single noise disturbing the green East Texas countryside, the place appeared sedate. No one would guess exactly what depravities went on here. In fact, Kimber had come to discover them for herself. And see if she could embrace them. Curling her shaking hand in a fist around the strap of her purse, she gathered her nerve and approached the heavy oak door. Sparing a passing thought for the beauty of the inlaid stained glass window of a seascape, she knocked. Perversely, she hoped Deke Trenton wouldn't answer. Ugh! She hadn't seen the man in . . . what? Five years? Maybe more. Kimber wished like hell she could go for another five at least without having contact with him. His crass, in-your-face way of doing everything made her want to grind her teeth and take him down a peg or two or ten. When she'd been seventeen, he'd roused a curiosity that scared her, yet she'd been unable to ignore it. The one time she'd tried to act on it by starting a simple conversation, he'd rudely rebuffed her. For a long while, she'd hated him for it. Now, instead of avoiding him, she was going to have to ask him for the favor of a lifetime. And she'd do whatever it took to make him say yes. Tossing a stray auburn curl behind her shoulder, Kimber resisted the urge to check her lip gloss again. Her mascara wasn't smudged; she'd glanced just minutes ago. The olive cargo pants had been a stupid choice, but one that brought her comfort. She'd offset the look with a prissy, breast-hugging white eyelet top. The low, rounded neck ought to snag his attention. She'd polished off the look with strappy white heels she knew men loved, but damn it, they made the balls of her feet ache. There wasn't any reason to put this task off for another minute. With a hard swallow, Kimber knocked. Coming . . .

A muffled male voice announced. Deke? It had been so long, and she'd blocked out as much of the grating man as she could. But she'd never quite forgotten his rough, gravelly voice. A battalion of butterflies jostled in her stomach as she heard the sound of padding footsteps approaching the door. She'd rehearsed this speech. Multiple times. Deke was cut from the same military cloth as her father and brothers. They didn't want stalling or sugarcoating. So she'd just throw it out there, hopefully without screwing it up. Abruptly, a man jerked the door open. He wasn't Deke. Not even close. Inky hair hanging loose around lean shoulders. Soulful dark eyes. A strong jaw dusted with a five o'clock shadow. A tight charcoal gray T-shirt and scrumptiously faded jeans hugged a tall, swimmers sort of body. The man could model and make a fortune. He looked oddly familiar, so maybe he did. Can I help you? I'd be glad to. His amused smile said he was aware she'd been checking him out and didn't mind in the least. He'd done some reciprocal scoping. Kimber laughed. Clearly, she hadn't been subtle, or good with her directions. I'm sorry. I think I'm at the wrong house. I'm looking for Deke Trenton. And I guess I've taken a wrong turn . . . Nope. You're at the right house. Cousin Deke will be back soon. Deke is your cousin? That possibility nearly made her jaw drop. In terms of looks, the two men were night and day literally. The one before her was a sultry, sexy midnight, all dark and wanton looking. Deke was tawny hair and skin, all discipline and hustle and hard noon. He shrugged. Second cousins. There are times I'd like not to claim him, but he does pay half the bills so he has a place to crash in

between assignments. ImLuc Traverson. Ohmigod! I recognize you from your pictures. I have several of your cookbooks.Im flattered.She sent him a self-deprecating smile. Oh, wow! I love them . . . even though Im still a disaster in the kitchen.Lucs hearty male laugh resonated in a warm echo in her belly. She liked him right away. He was good people, down-to-earth, despite his success.Whats your name, sweetheart?Kimber Edgington. She held out her hand. Youre really Dekes cousin?Whether I like it or not. Luc took it, caressing her hand more than shaking it. I dont mean to keep you out on the porch. Do you want to come in and wait for him? Id love your beautiful company while I finish tonights roast.The man was full of southern charm. Kimber felt immediately at ease. Thanks. Do you expect him soon?Yes. He called a little bit ago to say he was on the road. Luc stepped back and opened the door to admit her.Kimber wandered into the house, eyes wide open. Everywhere she looked classical and Italian influences reigned . . . but with an interesting mix of rustic cabin and modern technology. Distressed hardwood floors with warm-shaded plaster walls. Cognac leather chairs with wrought-iron tablesand a fifty-inch plasma TV. Tasteful and plush . . . but still very masculine.I suspect hell be here in ten minutes or so. Luc sent her a sly grin. Just enough time to bribe you with raspberry iced tea and fresh peach scones, so youll tell me what on earth that asshole has done to earn a surprise visit from a beauty like you.Her smile fell. The mission. How quickly a pair of magnetic dark eyes and a few suave words nearly made her forget . . .A part of her could hardly believe her reason for coming here. It was wild. Crazy. Gutsy.Imperative to her future.And Luc wasnt worming the truth out of her, no matter how delicious his scones were. Deke would probably tell Luc the minute he laughed her out the door, anyway.Im just teasing. No need to be grim. You dont have to tell me a thing, he assured, his voice smoky and intimate. The teasing expression had been replaced by the comfort of his dark, solemn eyes.Sorry. Kimber did her best to smile. Im a little . . .Nervous? he prompted, leading her into a bright kitchen.The house is gorgeous, especially the kitchen, she observed, happy for a reason to change the subject.Rich cherry cabinets with furniture detailing, a European feel, and stainless hardware, backsplashes, and appliances. A gorgeous mix of the old and new. The six-burner gas stove, granite countertops, and double ovens made this a chefs dream. Luc looked perfectly at home here.Thanks. Deke didnt help me decorate, in case you were wondering. He winked.Deke decorating? The very idea made her laugh. Deke would hang gun racks and litter the floor with shell casings. In his eyes, infrared binoculars would be the perfect coffee table conversation piece. TV trays, any old couch, and a bank of security cameras, period. Hed never need anything else for entertainment.That, Id believe. You did this?With a little help from a friend whos an interior decorator.Its really lovely.He sent her a considering smile. Glad you like it. Raspberry tea?What the heck was that expression about? Sure. Thanks.Luc placed his hand at the small of her back and guided her to a wrought-iron chair with plush, mossy-shaded cushions. His touch warmed her. Kimber had no doubt that plenty of women found the well-known chef sexy. He was. But something about him also set her at ease. He cooked and decorated and made her feel immediately comfortable. Maybe he was gay. Another glance at him, and she revised that thought. Doubtful. He was just naturally polite and easygoing.Totally unlike his cousin. Deke had always set her on edge, even before hello.So you know Deke? Luc asked, handing her a tall glass.Oh, yeah. She gave him a tight smile. He and my father are in the same line of work. In fact, he used to work for my dad. Kimber took a sip of the tea and moaned. Wow. This is great!Luc frowned, then recognition dawned. Ah, youre Colonel Edgingtons daughter?She nodded. Dekes mentioned me?Not by name. Mostly hes talked about your father. Ill have to kick his ass for that oversight. Youre a doll. He sat in the chair beside hers and smiled, dripping charm. If he was hoarding you all to himself, Im going to be very unhappy with him.A heated feeling crept up her neck, to her cheeks. A blush? She never blushed. Ever! But Luc and his smooth tongue werent something shed ever encountered in her years of dealing with nothing but military men.Ill bet you flatter a lot of ladies right out of their panties.A ghost of a smile hovered around his lush mouth. But he didnt answer. Did Deke know you were coming today?He didnt. And he hasnt been hoarding me. Trust me, I havent seen him in years. I think I was still in high school the last time we met.Surprise flashed across Lucs dark, sensual features. So out of the blue, you decide to surprise a man who, unless Im totally off base here, you arent really fond of. Anything wrong?Kimber paled. Damn, hed figured that out quick. II just need to talk to Deke. Its . . . urgent.DEKE hovered just outside the kitchen, jaw clenched.Damn, hed know that sweet, little-girl voice anywhere. High-pitched, lilting, usually delivered with a hint of mischief. Kimber Edgington. She made his dick itch for action. Always had. Every day hed worked for the Colonel, hed seen her. Just the sound of her voice had been enough to send a mad rush of blood straight to his cock. One glance from those sweet hazel eyes made him as ready as a jackhammer.Adjusting himself, Deke grimaced. Damn it, she still had that power.At least she wasnt seventeen anymore, tempting a

man who was old enough to know better and nearly too horny to care. Five years ago, he'd quit working for her father before he'd done something stupid. Something he was sure he'd regret every bit as much as she would. But why the fuck was she here now? Hell, only one way to find out. . . She gasped as he stepped into the kitchen. Deke leaned against the kitchen island to hide his raging hard-on. By Luc's amused smile, he knew he wasn't fooling his cousin. But it was Kimber's face he focused on. More mature lines. Fuller lips. The freckles had faded. She wore a hint of makeup. The air of innocence remained, still begging corruption. Deke would bet every last medal he'd ever earned that she was still a virgin. Crazy. The girl had to be twenty-two, twenty-three. In his gut, though, Deke knew he was right. Shit! He had to get her the fuck out of here. Fast.

Head-spinning desire and virginity were a bad combination. Kimber. His voice sounded like ground-up gravel. He resisted the urge to wince. Deke. His name fell from her glossy, rosy lips. The husky sound only made him harder. Then she bit her cushy lower lip, and all he could think about was watching his dick slide over that lip, then deep inside the wet silk of her mouth while she looked up at him with those innocent eyes. If he didn't stop thinking like this, he was going to have to go into the bathroom and jack off before he could have a decent conversation with the girl so he could send her on her way. Hi, she murmured into the awkward silence. It's been a while. She nodded. It was jerky, nervous. He hadn't heard much of Luc's conversation with Kimber, just enough to know his cousin had some whacked-out imagining that he'd been keeping the beauty to himself. And that Kimber thought she had an urgent reason to be here. Since they only had one acquaintance in common, this had to be about the Colonel. Is everything all right with your dad? He's fine. Thanks. She pasted on a smile. He says some psycho ex-convict he helped bring in for a client is out now and threatening him, but that's nothing new. In their line of work? No, it's not. Finally, his erection abated enough for him to cross the room and plant himself at the fussy Italian table. A smile still tugged at the corner of his cousin's mouth, and Deke sent him a warning glare. I heard you tell Luc you had something urgent to talk to me about. It's not about the Colonel? No. It's . . . Kimber's lashes swept toward her cheeks as she looked down, bit her lip again. Damn it, her unconscious, innocent flirtations were making him hard all over. Her gaze bounced back up, and he saw fortitude there. Interesting. . . It's personal. Personal? Deke had no idea what to say. She'd come to him for something personal? He'd done his best to be an ass to her when he'd worked for her father. Not too difficult when he'd been knotted up by sexual frustration on a daily basis. A moment passed in silence. A pause. Luc rose and approached Kimber. I'll give you kids a few minutes alone. I have to make a phone call, anyway. There's more raspberry tea in the fridge. Don't let Mr. Glower scare you off. He grabbed her hand and kissed it. And don't leave without saying good-bye. Deke watched the exchange, and realized that he was grinding his teeth. Bastard. Kimber was everything his cousin pursued with single-minded vigor: the promise of sweetness, white lace, and innocent sighs. The fact she had a healthy hint of red in her hair was just a bonus. Not this woman. Not this time. If Kimber was off-limits to him, Luc wasn't getting a piece of her ass, either. The muted slam of a door down the hall let Deke know his cousin was safely ensconced in his office. He turned his attention back to Kimber. Go ahead. I'm listening. I came to ask you for a favor. I realize this is odd but . . . She drew in a shaky sigh, then raised her chin, seeming to take her nerves in hand. A moment later, she sent him a direct stare. Would you teach me about sex, the way you like it? Generally, Deke's expression conveyed none of his thoughts. His line of work made a poker face essential. But Kimber had his jaw dropping on this one. He couldn't have been more stunned if she'd asked him to dig a hole the size of the Grand Canyon with his bare hands. What? I want to learn about the way you like to have sex. The way he liked to have sex? Like it was some foreign fucking planet? Something here was wrong. Very wrong. Virginal Kimber couldn't possibly want what he wanted. It shouldn't even be in her vocabulary. Hell, maybe it wasn't. She probably didn't have the faintest idea what she was asking for. With that sobering thought, irritation doused his manners, and he shook his head. Why the fuck would you want that? Kimber didn't bat an eyelash at his language. Deke gave her credit for that and having the guts to come here in the first place. Growing up with the Colonel and two older brothers, likely she'd heard every four-letter word known to man, and a few they'd probably made up on their own. He wondered where she'd come up with the fortitude to ask him to . . . what? Be her sexual tutor? He damn near snorted at the thought of all the things he'd like to show her. I think it's time I expand my horizons, she explained in a breezy, practiced manner. And for all your brash attitude, you're an honorable guy. You'd never hurt me. Which is exactly why I'm going to say no to you before you get any further in that little speech. I haven't finished. You shouldn't have started. I need your knowledge. I have to know how to please a man with your wants. His wants. As if it was easy. As if he could just draw her a picture. He held in a bitter laugh. Let me get this straight: You want to learn how to fuck me, but you have no clue what that means, do

you?She bristled. I do. You're into mnage.How the hell had she learned that? Surprising. Perplexing. Disturbing. So damn arousing.But the way she said the word mnage, like it scared the hell out of her. Deke laughed. Long and hearty, out loud and totally at her expense. Kitten, you're in way over your head.Please don't treat me like a child. I'm not the most experienced woman. So what? Everyone starts from scratch. I'm trying to learn. I'm not asking you for a commitment or a lot of your time. I'm talking an evening or two. What's your hang-up?So the little kitten still had claws. He found that wildly exciting. She'd look mighty fine spread out on this gleaming round table, parted legs dangling, swollen pussy open to him, while she mewled, a pant away from orgasm . . .He cleared his throat and forced himself to focus.Forget for a minute that you only have a vague idea what you're asking for. Let's get to the bigger question: Why? Why do you want to learn about mnage?Kimber folded her hands in front of her and hesitated. She was trying to decide how much to tell him, formulating and discarding plans. He gave her a minute to get her head together. He could wait. It wouldn't take long for him to get to the bottom of all this shit.You may be aware that, shortly before you came to work for my father, he had been guarding Jesse McCall.Yeah. He shrugged.Jesse and I . . . became very close that summer. We shared a special connection. You could say our romance blossomed. We've both dated other people, but it's just not the same. And our relationship has only grown stronger over the years. We've kept in constant touch via e-mail and phone calls. We share our hopes and wishes and dreams. I've had a lot of years to think about him, about us, and I believe he's the one for me.SSomeone hand him a barf bag. She honestly believed that, while Jesse was churning out hits and banging a different woman on every stop of his concert tour, their friendship had some special significance in his life? He supposed it was possibleon the twelfth of never following a blue moon right after hell froze over.I see, he drawled. So what do I have to do with all this?Well, about six months ago, we talked about our relationship at length. I told him I thought he was the one. She bit her lip, hesitated. He told me that he cares for me very much, but that his . . . lifestyle would shock me.Based on what the tabloids printed? It would.I've seen the pictures of him with different women. I've heard the rumors that he's been into this whole mnage scene. I know what I need to do to have a future with him. He says he doesn't want to taint me and thinks I couldn't cope. I need to prove to him that I can be everything he needs.Holy shit. Was she completely out of her mind? She wanted him to tutor her in pleasuring the pretty-boy crooner and some unknown asshole. Did she really still have a teenage crush on the celebrity, the kind that made her squeal each time she heard his name? An immediate denial bit into his gut.So you think I'll teach you, you'll snare him, and we'll all live happily ever after?Kimber bristled. I think it's wise to go to Jesse prepared to please him and prove I can be that special person in his life.How is this urgent?He's been in Europe for the last few years. I've missed him terribly. But he's finally coming back to the States. Back to Texas, but just for a few months. We've made plans to see each other, find out where our relationship is going. It's my chance to prove to him we still have that special connection.Special connection? What the fuck was that supposed to mean?First of all, the guy is an international pop star. He's had something like three number-one albums in the last two years. He's got women falling all over him. And you know it.She raised her chin. Pride. She had it in spades. Just another thing that made him hard for her.Which is exactly why I can't afford to go unprepared. I'm aware of the competition for his time and attention. I'm aware that I'm not as worldly as the groupies who hang around him. But there is a connection between us. I want to take it to the next level. I think he does too, but is afraid of hurting me.Second of all, you're way too innocent for this.That's why I'm asking for your help. I refuse to go to him and run the risk of seeming like a child. Why the interrogation? How difficult can this be?You think I can draw you a fucking picture, and that's going to tell you all you need to know about mnaiges?I was prepared for an explanation, maybe a demonstration . . . depending.Un-frigging-believable. An explanation would do jack squat for you, kitten. It wouldn't help you prepare the way you'd need to. A demonstration would blow you away.She frowned, her frustration clearly rising as fast as his arousal. If that's the case, I need to know it now, before I commit to Jesse. A small demonstrationWould make you run screaming out of here so fast, it would set records. You couldn't handle this.Why? Does it include bondage or whipping?Deke's eyes widened in surprise. Kimber even knew about such things?Don't look so damn shocked. I'm not a child anymore.Maybe not. But you're a virgin. I'd bet my life on it.Yes. So what? I've saved that for Jesse. She tossed a glossy curl behind her shoulder and acted as if a twenty-something woman announcing she's a virgin was the most normal thing in the world. Deke, I know you don't owe me anything, but I'm asking as nicely as I know how for your help.Fuck how you asked. Yeah, it was nice. Whatever. It's a damn stupid request.If you're worried about my father being angryHell, yes, he'll be angry. But that has nothing to do with why I'm saying no. Kimber, this isn't the sort of sex a virgin has.She paused, pondering. Then she stood. Okay, I get

it. I dont . . . light your fire or whatever. Fine. Ill figure something else out. He should let her believe that and let her go, but Deke couldnt. She had to understand that she lit his fire and was now playing with it. Deke stood and blocked her path. You think you dont light my fire? He looked down toward his cock, thick and hard and straining the front of his jeans. A moment later, her gaze followed suit. Her little gasp only made him harder. Kitten, you have no idea the thoughts that have been running through my mind since your request that I teach you all about sex fell out of that pretty, fuckable mouth. I doubt you want to know. Fresh color stole up her cheeks. She glanced at his crotch again. Bit her lip. She did that when she was nervous and thinking. Yes, I do, if it has anything to do with sex the way you like it. The way Jesse likes it. Annoyance spiked in Deke. If he ever touched Kimber, big if, she wouldnt be thinking about that pansy-ass pop star. Shed be too damn busy coming. But saying no to her felt like he was turning his balls inside out. Hell, she was serving herself up on a platter for his lust. The lust hed been harboring for over five years. Lust that created a nagging ache in his cock and clawed at his gut to be quenched. Innocent. Virgin. Danger! Time to put a stop to this now. She thought she was adult enough to handle mnage? Yeah . . . He could scare her off in about two seconds. And hed better, before he did something crazy like grab her, touch her, drive her to the brink, then stuff her full of cock. The sex I like isnt sweet or pretty or romantic, kitten. Its raw, sometimes a little painful for a woman. It can require a spine of steel and a lot of stamina. Kimber tensed, swallowed again. She was nervous but intrigued. Curiosity swirled in those pretty hazel eyes. Finally, she nodded. Go on. Deke stepped closer. He couldnt resist. Now he could smell her. Peaches and brown sugar and a hint of female arousal. Were his words making her hot or was it knowing she could turn him on that got her wet? Another foot forward, and he leaned into her personal space, putting his lips near her ear. In my bedroom, mnage means two men simultaneously pounding a woman to orgasm and driving her so insane, she forgets her name and screams the roof down. Deke leaned away to gauge her reaction. Her mouth opened on a silent gasp, but no sound came out. Her eyes widened, pupils dilating just as quickly. Oh, shit. On some gut level, the idea appealed to her? His cock was ready to do the tango, despite his brain doing its best to shut off the music. Help me understand. For you, why mnage? she barely managed to whisper. Why not make love to a woman, you know . . . just the two of you? Two men can make a woman come so utterly undone, shes willing to do anything for her lovers pleasure. And I get off having a front-row seat. More color bloomed in her face. The scent of female arousal now hung heavy in the air. Her nipples peaked, even as her tongue danced nervously across her lips. I understand. His gut clenched at the sight of that little pink tongue. Do you? Ive heard about such things. Read them. Physically, I understand how that works. Um . . . what about emotional bonds? Emotional bonds? He must be from Mars, because that question was definitely from Venus. What about the curiosity hed expected? Stuff like: Where did the cocks go? How did a woman handle two men at once? Those he could answer. In detail. Hed love clueing her in about the dueling slide of dicks, one in her tight pussy, the other in her untried ass. Damn, he had to stop thinking like this before his jeans strangled his erection. How do you make relationships work without petty jealousy interfering? Theres no relationship. Just sex . . . any way it can be accomplished in threes. Oh. She blinked, then looked away. I should have realized . . . youre not the relationship type. Lust works just fine for me. Anything more had catastrophic potential. Been there, done that and he didnt want to think about the nightmare that had happened next. Well, with you, lust works fine for me, too. I just want to learn whatever you can teach me. Still? Are you serious? Kimber clutched at her purse and squared her feminine little shoulders. I drove over a hundred miles today to talk to you, a man I havent seen in five years. One whos never liked me much. I swallowed my pride to admit to you why I want this and the fact Im still a virgin. Would I have bothered if I wasnt very serious about learning to please Jesse and deciding if this is something I want in my life? Jesse. There was the pricks name again, right from her mouth. Stupid Backstreet Boys copycat son of a bitch. He and his melodious falsetto constantly topped the charts. Deke couldnt imagine why any man wanted to sound like a female with the whole world listening. Im not the man for the job, Kimber. Im not doing it. Her lips tensed. Her fingers tightened around her purse strap. Why not? A million reasons. I dont do virgins. Period. I didnt ask you to do me. In fact, I want to save my virginity for Jesse. I dont know why youd say no to at least some explanations of the . . . acts involved. Because explanations arent going to cut it, kitten. You wont know what youve gotten yourself into until youre getting pounded by a pair of hard cocks. Tell me what you mean. Pounded where exactly? In what way? With the intent to create pain? His assertion hadnt shocked her in the least. Her questions stunned the hell out of him. Wasnt she freaked? He sure the hell was. Im not having this conversation with you. You want to learn about mnages, keep reading. As you pointed out, words arent a substitute for real experience. Then let the girl-voiced pretty boy give you the

experience. It wont be me.Fine. She maneuvered around him. If you dont want to help me, let me think . . . Who did you hang out with when you worked for my dad? Oh, Adam Catrell. I remember hearing whispers about him. He lives near here, doesnt he? Ill just go look him up. And if hes not interested, wasnt Justin Wheeler a friend of yours, too? He might be willing to help me. See you later. She bolted toward the door.Deke bristled. Oh, yeah. Both Adam and Justin would be more than happy to help herright out of her clothes and right onto her back. But neither was known for being gentle. Virginity wouldnt mean a damn thing to either of them. Theyd see fresh, sweet meat and dive in, teeth bared, like hungry dogs.Its her choice . . . her problem. Deke tried to tell himself that.Yeah, but if he just let her walk out the door now, shed get mauled by that pair of ravenous rottweilers. The thought really pissed him off. Shed be overwhelmed in minutes . . . and for some damn reason, he just couldnt let that happen. Residual loyalty to the Colonel or something.Damn. He was going to have to dissuade her from pursuing this path before he sent her on her way. Grinding his teeth together, he mentally sorted through the ways in which he could do that. They were, unfortunately, limited. And so far, talking hadnt done jack shit.Time for action.Deke grabbed her arm and pulled her against him. Her breasts, sweet and firm, burned his skin as if his shirt didnt exist. He hissed at the contact. Fuck! The girl had always gotten to him. Five years later, her effect was only more pronounced.Kimber gasped as their bodies brushed. Her gaze skittered up to his. Awareness burned across her face, glowed in those dilated hazel eyes. From her expression, Deke wondered if this was the first time shed felt something for him beyond annoyance.The possibility wasnt comforting.This plan better take three minutes or less . . .Wait. His fingers tightened on her arm before he forced himself to relax his grip. I get that youre serious. Im reconsidering your request. But it has to be all hands-on demonstration.She swallowed. Her pulse jumped. God, she had no idea how perilously close she was to being laid out on the kitchen table for his afternoon snack.Okay. Who would, um . . . join us?Luc took that cue to saunter into the kitchen, with a sultry smile and a hard-on that was impossible to miss. So his good ol cousin had been listening? Deke turned Kimber to face him.Hi, sweetheart, Luc drawled.Deke felt Kimber tremble in his arms as she met his cousins stare. He fought an instinct to soothe her. The point was to show her exactly what she was getting into, make it so fast and furious, shed dismiss the plan on her own. Comforting the girl was the last fucking thing he should do.You and Deke share . . . ? Her voice shook.We do.Even her exhalation trembled. She was nervous. Good. Finally, something had gotten to her. Now it was time to ramp up her hesitation into a full-blown no.Deke glanced up at Luc, sent him a warning expression and a nod. His cousin responded with a ghost of a smile, then strolled toward them.Chapter TwoKIMBER shook, despite Dekes huge hands on her shoulders, steadying her. Burning her.The idea of two men seemed wild, daringsomething out of a sexy novel. Now about to become her reality. Could she handle it? Could she accept it as a permanent part of her life?Luc strode slowly in her direction, wearing a sharks smile and a hungry stare. Excitement and erotic fear sucked the air out of her lungs. Deke was right: Words couldnt possibly prepare her for the reality of these two men. He had barely touched her; Luc was still two feet away. The testosterone oozing in the room was already overloading her senses, making her brain buzz. Her nerves sizzled so hot, she trembled.Being a virgin, Kimber was a bit intimidated. But not scared. Nervous . . . yes, but it wasnt going to stop her. She had to know if she could be the woman Jesse needed, if she could deal with the touch of two men at once. Her calm was probably the result of being raised by mission-minded men. Fear wasnt an option. Just do it.But curiosity . . . yes. Suddenly. What would it be like to have Dekes raw power and Lucs playful finesse devoted to her pleasure at the same time? She burned to know that answer. Want churned in her belly, along with curiosity and fascination, to create a potent brew.Stop. She swallowed, remembering why she was here. The answer to her question was irrelevant. It didnt matter how Deke and Luc made her feel. She was here to learn for Jesse, so he would see her as a woman. Someone he could make his woman when he held her and shared her with . . . Who did he share with? Band members? Other fans? Jesse had refused to give her details about the sex life the tabloids all called lurid and beyond shocking.Then Luc touched her, his hands sliding onto her hips. The question dissipated under the slow burn of his fingers as he gripped her gently and turned her back to Deke. Over her shoulder, her gaze collided with Lucs. With his hold on her, he eased her against him, her back to his chesthis very healthy erection nudging her.She barely had time to react with hot shock and a blistering curl of desire in her belly before Dekes fingers tangled in her hair and he dragged her gaze back to his blue eyes, the mesmerizing color of barely washed denim.Kimber, Deke growled. Youre playing with fire, little girl. Get ready to burn.His fists tightened. Without further warning, he descended.With one touch of his mouth, he breached and invaded her lips, dazzling her senses as he slid his tongue inside and dominated everything he touched. A languorous sweep, a lingering slide.Shed expected Dekes kiss to be

harsh, to the point, with no concession to her inexperience. Not so. Hungry and demanding, yes. But good.

So good. A wild tangle of lips and breaths and hunger. Kimber had been kissed, but never like this. Never without hesitation or an invitation. Deke didn't bother with either. Suddenly, he retreated, leaving behind an ache she already couldn't fight. Oh, God. And his taste. Spicy and male. Addicting. Kimber craved more. In a single kiss, he stripped her defenses, turned her body inside out, stole her control. His lips brushed hers again, and Kimber opened to him a little more. He sank in, deeper than before. He tasted, teased, withdrew. No!

She needed more, and pressed her palms up the solid slabs of his chest, where she felt his heart beating wildly under her palm. Deke rewarded her with another flirty caress of his lips, which melted over hers into a firm taking, a wild possession. Though she'd been expecting him, the spiced slide of his tongue still blindsided her defenses. Her hands rose from his chest to his hair. She tried to grab the very short strands with her fists and pull him closer, but his hair, like the man himself, was elusive. She craved. She clawed. Barely breathing, dizzy, she reveled as heat curled in her belly. Her nipples tightened. Wild. So good . . . A hot palm curled around her arm and slid upward in an unhurried caress. Luc. She'd almost forgotten . . . But when he moved closer, the heat of his chest blanketing her back, his hardness still pressed against her backside, he became impossible to ignore. With a sweep of his hand, he brushed the hair off her neck. The gentle press of his warm mouth and hot breath fell there next, like soft rain on sensitive skin. Sensations exploded, tingles skittered. She shivered, but Luc continued. Her ferocious response stimulated her senses right in concert with the soft, ragged demands of Deke's kiss. Strong hands slid up her ribs. Luc again.

Teasing fingers brushed the sides of her breasts. Unexpected sensations bolted straight to her nipples, making them beyond hard. She moaned right into Deke's next kiss. He took the sound into his greedy mouth, tilting his head, positioning his lips over hers perfectly and delving deep for a long, lingering stay. Kimber melted, mewled. She burned, just like Deke warned. As desire swamped her, her blood heated to blistering temperatures. And she ached. More. More! Clutching her hips, Deke arched into her, pressing his impressive

erection into her in a move deliciously suggestive of sex. It didn't soothe her only inflamed. She moaned. Bending at the knees, he grabbed her thighs and lifted her off the ground. Kimber barely had time to gasp before he pushed her back into Luc, whose dick now pressed even tighter against her. But he wasn't done . . . Deke tore off her pants and her thong, then spread her legs, holding them wide with his huge hands.

Luc helped him by supporting her knees in the crooks of his arms, which held her open to his cousin. Heart pounding so fast she couldn't hear anything but its frantic beating, Kimber watched as Deke looked at her, all spread out like a living, breathing invitation before him, those dark blue eyes shimmering with scorching heat. He paused, waited. Stared. Drove her crazy with anticipation and broiling want. Deke . . . Keep her open, he told Luc. Then he slipped between her spread thighs and notched his denim-covered cock right against her wet folds. Intimately. At the contact, her clit jumped, then pulsed greedily. Deke grabbed her hips, taking her from Luc's grip. He wrapped her legs around his hips and he rocked against her again. Kimber cried out.

Masturbation was never this sharp or intense. Decadent. Overwhelming. Before she could assimilate or think beyond their next touch, Luc's hands slid from her rib cage to her abdomen, then up. Straight up. He enveloped her breasts in his hot palms. Kimber melted on a long moan. His thumbs and forefingers pinched her gently, but the jolt of desire jumped all the way to her clit. Her nipples sprang to painful tightness at his touch, and he rasped at them with his thumbs. It took Kimber a moment to realize that Deke was watching Luc fondle her, his stare nearly black with hunger. A quick glance up, and those burning eyes promised to devour her. Thick need slid through her belly, punching her gut with a sharp spear of arousal. It's got to come off. He reached for the bottom button of her shirt with one hand. Now, Luc agreed, and together, they set her on the counter. A moment later, Luc grasped the top button and tore into it. Male hands worked at her little buttons, cursing, exposing her to their devouring gazes so rapidly, she could barely assimilate. She watched, dazed, her skin too tight on her aching body until all the buttons came free of their moorings. As Luc pulled the shirt off one shoulder, Deke peeled it off the other and raised his gaze to hers. Intense. Ferocious.

Determined. A fist of desire clenched in her belly, closing off air, rational thought . . . With his hot breath on her neck making her shiver, Deke reached behind her and unclasped her bra in a single pinch of his fingers.

Oh my! Oh, damn. Stark naked. This was getting serious. And overwhelming . . . felt too wonderful. She couldn't stop. Not yet. Soon . . . Oh! she cried as Deke's mouth covered one breast, teeth lightly scraping her nipple until tingles screamed along the nerve endings between her breasts . . . all the way to her begging clit. The sensation doubled when Luc pinched the other sensitive nub at the same time he nudged her lips apart and leaned in for a kiss. He more than kissed; he seduced without words. Luc was an artist, a master. He didn't rush or demand. He cajoled, toyed, promised with a hot sweep of his tongue, only to back away and

leave her needing. His kiss alone would be enough to make her lose her head and melt like hot wax. Coupled with the erection against her thigh, the sensations were downright combustive. Deke continued to lave her nipple, switching to the other, pushing Luc's fingers away to take the sensitive bud inside with a hard suck, a gentle bite, a flat-tongued lick, at the same moment he pressed that iron-hard ridge of flesh right against throbbing clit. This time, Luc's mouth absorbed her cries. The hot tease of his kiss took the sound and asked for more. And she gladly surrendered another gasp when Deke nudged her in just the right spot again while suckling her nipple with a hard ferocity. Then Luc moved in for the kill, a kiss of soft demand that infused her with a sublime jolt of pleasure. Her lips tingled when they backed away to take harsh breaths. A line of electric pleasure darted between her breasts and her vagina, lighting up her entire body. You're like sugar on my tongue, Luc praised, nuzzling her neck, one thumb scraping the distended nipple still wet from Deke's sucking. Sweet as you dissolve. That talented mouth swept across her jaw, over her cheek, pausing to seize her lips again and sink deep. He inflamed with his kiss, sending her hotter, higher, silently promising each time he touched her that he'd deliver satisfaction in his time. In his way. To add to the mounting sensations, Deke continued to ride her clit in steady, friction-furious strokes, igniting everything from the waist down. He pinched her nipples, twisted, turned, engorging them further, lifting her senses high. When she panted and clutched at Deke's arms and swore she might come, he backed away. Luc did the same. Kimber cried out in frustration. Deke flashed her a merciless smile and scraped her sensitive nipple. You want more, kitten? *Revue de presse* Praise for *Decadent* "Wickedly seductive from start to finish." *New York Times* Bestselling Author Jaci Burton "A red-hot read that will leave you in heart-pounding bliss... *Decadent*... takes you to the edge of decadence again and again and leaves you screaming for more." *Night Owl* sMore praise for the *Wicked Lovers* novels A wicked, sensual thrill from first page to last. I loved it! Lora Leigh, #1 *New York Times* bestselling author Make[s] your toes curl! Angela Knight, *New York Times* bestselling author Will have you panting for more! Susan Johnson, *New York Times* bestselling author Shayla Black... you rocked it! *The Romance* sThoroughly gripping and so blisteringly sexy. *Fallen Angel* sFive-alarm HOT! *Books-n-Kisses* Scrumptiously erotic, sensual, heady, and very arousing. *Affaire de Coeur* [A] fabulous read. Fresh Fiction