

Sabrina Jeffries



What the Duke Desires
The Duke's Men, Book #1
On Sale June 18, 2013

When the Rogue Returns
The Duke's Men, Book #2
Coming February 2014

The Duke's Men, Book #3
Coming September 2014

The Duke's Men Series

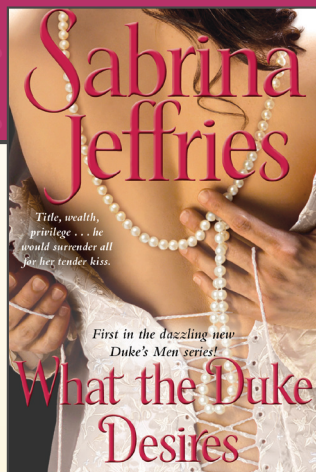
When siblings, bound by tragedy, risk their lives to unravel shocking deceptions, an investigative agency is born. The secrets they uncover will rock the dukedom and alter their own futures until the agency becomes, by popular acclaim . . . The Duke's Men.

Join the Investigation!

The second Duke's Men novel won't arrive in bookstores until February 2014, but you can get an exclusive look into Sabrina's inspirations for that story by entering this URL into your web browser to access her secret Pinterest board:

<https://pinterest.com/sabrinajeffries/the-duke-s-men-book-two>

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What the Duke Desires

When Maximilian Cale, The Duke of Lyons, receives a cryptic note claiming his kidnapped brother who died years ago might still be alive, he seeks out the letter's author, investigator Tristan Bonnaud, for answers. He instead finds Tristan's sister, Lisette, who says her brother has mysteriously vanished. The clever beauty convinces Max to accompany her to Paris in a joint search for their loved ones. But when they're forced to pose as an ordinary husband and wife—not an English duke with a tarnished family name, and the illegitimate daughter of a viscount—they discover an exhilarating passion.

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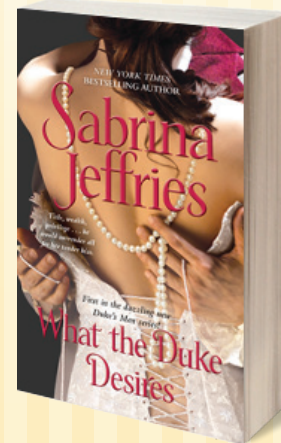
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NEW YORK TIMES
Bestselling Author

Sabrina
Jeffries

Presents the first in a new
Regency Romance Series



What the Duke Desires

The Duke's Men, Book #1
Pocket Books
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"...delivers lively lovers" and "entertaining, sensual historical romance." — *Booklist*

ON SALE JUNE 18, 2013

An excerpt from
What the Duke Desires

As soon as the innkeeper left, the Duke of Lyons walked over to pour some water in the basin and wash his hands. His unreadable stare made her feel the first tendrils of alarm.

"Your performance in the carriage was very enlightening," he said. "I was impressed."

"Thank you" probably wasn't an appropriate response. "You gave me no choice," she said defensively. "I agreed to help you find Tristan if you let me go along. You couldn't expect me to risk his safety by telling you too soon where he is."

He just kept staring at her with an oddly compelling gaze. It was most unsettling.

"Because you know very well," she went on, "that the minute I do, you'll abandon me and go off on your own."

"True."

She gaped at him. He didn't even deny it. "I can't have that. I have to protect my brother."

"Do you? I began to think you have a darker goal."

Her blood froze in her veins. "Darker goal?"

"I had assumed you weren't part of his scheme. But your play-acting proved that you are masterful at pretense. How do I know that our entire conversation this morning wasn't a pretense? That you aren't leading me away from London for some devious purpose?"

A knot tightened in her belly. He thought she was some sort of swindler? "I would never do such a vile thing!"

"Why should I believe you?" He strode nearer, his face dark with threat. "You've proved very good at dissembling. For all I know, you and your brother cooked up this plan together. I ought to have you tossed in gaol until you tell me the truth."

"Because I *am* well?" she squeaked.

"Because you're attempting to defraud me."

He was going to throw her in irons. Manton's Investigations would be ruined!

"I swear I'm not doing any such thing," she babbled, her heart in her throat. "I don't know where you've got this daft idea that I'm some . . . swindler, but nothing could be further—"

He started laughing. She gaped at him, all at sea.

That merely made him laugh harder. He paused long enough to gasp, "You're not the only one . . . good at pretense."

And suddenly she understood. This was revenge for her play-acting.

She glared at him. "You horrible, horrible man! How dare you terrify me?"

He dropped onto the settee, laughing so hard he could scarcely speak. "If you . . . could have seen . . . your face . . . when I mentioned . . . gaol . . ."

She walked up to hit him on the arm.

"That was not remotely amusing!"

"I . . . disagree . . ." He held his stomach as he lost himself in mirth.

Glowering at him, she fetched the ewer and poured its contents on his head.

He jumped up sputtering. "What the devil was that for?"

"For making me think you were going to pack me off to gaol, you oaf! You nearly gave me heart failure!"

"You deserved it after all that nonsense." He mimicked her. "*I sh-should never have m-married you!*"

Tossing the empty ewer aside, she crossed her arms over her chest. "The words might have been feigned, but the sentiment is still valid."

"It wasn't my idea to do this," he reminded her.

"And it wasn't *my* idea to pose as a married couple. Thank God *that's* pretend."

"Oh yes," he said irritably. "You would hate

being married to a duke who could buy you whatever you wanted and show you the world you so obviously crave to see."

"I would hate being married to any man who would own me. Who would want to tell me what to do, when to do it, how to do it, and with whom. No thank you."

He slicked back his wet hair. "Is that how you see marriage?"

"As a prison for women? Yes."

He came right up to her. "What about children?"

"My mother had two. She wasn't married." Though Lisette would never follow that example, she wasn't about to admit it to His High-and-Mighty Grace.

He lifted one imperious brow. "And you ended up in poverty as a result."

"So did my half-brother Dom, and *he* is legitimate. Unless you're the eldest, you inherit at the whim of your father. Marriage is no protection against that, especially if a woman is marrying far above her as Dom's mother was."

"What about companionship?"

"I have two brothers. That's companionship enough for me."

"And love?" he asked softly. "What about love?"

"Love is the chain men use to hold a woman prisoner. They offer her love and in exchange for her devotion, they give her none. I learned well from my mother's example." She forced a smile. "So you see, Your Grace, I find no advantages in marriage."

His eyes locked with hers. "You're forgetting one more. Desire."

She fought a shiver at the provocative way he said it. She hadn't forgotten it. She'd ignored it. "Desire is only an advantage for the man." She'd been telling herself that for years, but it somehow rang hollow when she said it to *him*.

"No man has ever tempted you with desire?"

Not until the duke had come along. She wasn't about to admit *that* to him. "No."

Something dark, visceral, flickered in his face. "Then it's about bloody time someone did."

And before she could react, he sealed his lips to hers.

Six Ways to Drive the Duke Mad

1. Put him in a public carriage with a fellow eating raw onions
2. Pour water on his head
3. Take off his boots while wearing a semi-transparent nightdress
4. Force him to travel by steam packet while hung over
5. Suggest that he re-use bath water
6. Let him kiss you in the dark