

Indecent by Darcy Burke

EXCERPT

“What will you do after you return me to London? Do you plan to stay for the rest of the Season?”

“If you’re wondering whether I’ll slink back to Somerset with my tail between my legs, the answer is no. I do need to go home to check on things, but hopefully, I’ll find an heiress first.” He lifted a shoulder. “Someone will want to marry a viscount. At least I have a title to sell.”

She frowned gently, her lush lips pulling down. Lush? He ought not characterize her in such a way. She was not for him to lust after. Still, it was difficult to ignore her beauty.

“You can’t marry for love, then,” she said matter-of-factly.

He gave a humorless laugh. “I haven’t the luxury of that, I’m afraid. I will hope to marry someone I like and admire.”

“I can understand. Love is a luxury, isn’t it?”

“Why do you say that?” He found her to be rather enigmatic. She was very stiff, save her bouts of pique, which he’d thoroughly earned.

“Love brings obligations and...messiness,” she said offhandedly. “I’m alone now, and it’s far more convenient—financially, emotionally, in all ways, really.”

He couldn’t argue that love was untidy. He had only to think of his family. They loved one another dearly, even his father, but there were plenty of other messy, complicated emotions and situations. “You’ve no desire to fall in love? To marry?”

“No.”