



## Dirtiest Secret (SIN)

By J. Kenner

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From the *New York Times* bestselling author of such “sizzling Stark novels” (*RT Book Reviews*) as *Release Me* and *Say My Name* comes a Stark International Novel featuring provocative bad boy Dallas Sykes—the first in a new trilogy in the S.I.N. series.

*It was wrong for us to be together, but it was even harder to be apart.*

The memory of Dallas Sykes burns inside of me.

Everyone knows him as a notorious playboy, a man for whom women and money are no object. But to me, he’s still the one man I desperately crave—yet the one I can never have.

Dallas knows me better than anyone else. We bear the same scars, the same darkness in our past. I thought I could move on by staying away, but now that we’re drawn together once more, I can’t fight the force of our attraction or the temptation to make him mine.

We’ve tried to maintain control, not letting ourselves give in to desire. And for so long we’ve told ourselves no—but now it’s finally time to say yes.

### Praise for *Dirtiest Secret*

“[A] high-octane contemporary, the first in [J. Kenner’s] new Stark International Novel (S.I.N.) trilogy . . . Kenner skillfully builds a top-notch thriller.”—*Publishers Weekly*

“Fans of Kenner’s steamy, decadent and daring plotlines will feel right at home in her new S.I.N. series and revel in the escapades of her tortured characters and their forbidden passion. As always, Kenner delivers a sensual and heady physical relationship, fraught with danger, forbidden love and high-stakes complications.”—*RT Book Reviews*

“Strong writing propels an exciting tale of longing, danger, and forbidden desire. The ending’s twist will leave readers eager for the next installment.”—*Library Journal*

“This book had a little bit of everything. Mystery, suspense, emotion and dirty, hot sex.”—**Shameless Book Club**

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“Seduction and tangled emotions led the way in this first book of the Stark International Novels (S.I.N.) series. With a happy-for-now ending that had a twist at the end, I can’t wait to see what happens next in Jane and Dallas’s intriguing story.”—**Harlequin Junkie**

“It was literally like [eating] the most decadently sinful piece of chocolate, knowing that you really need to lose those last ten pounds. I do believe that I just found my newest guilty pleasure and his name is Dallas Sykes.”—**Hooker Heels Book Blog**

“I am rooting for Dallas and Jane. They have a lot to overcome. Being together means lies, secrets, and complications that I’m sure will test their already fragile relationship.”—**Book Boyfriend Blog**

“*Dirtiest Secret* is about fighting demons and giving in to desire. It’s about secrets, forbidden love and second chances. Friends, family and lovers. *Dirtiest Secret* is a touching and heartrending dark romance novel with a strong hero and heroine. If you’re in for intense and twisted, *Dirtiest Secret* is your fix.”—**Chelles Life in Books**

***Dirtiest Secret* is intended for mature audiences.**

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### **Dirtiest Secret (SIN) By J. Kenner Bibliography**

- Sales Rank: #432281 in Books
- Brand: Bantam Dell Pub Group
- Published on: 2016-04-19
- Released on: 2016-04-19
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 8.00" h x .70" w x 5.20" l, .42 pounds
- Binding: Paperback
- 320 pages

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### Editorial Review

Review

"When Kenner commits to forbidden romance, she commits to forbidden romance! **Dark, dirty, emotionally raw, and absolutely delicious...**" **5 Stars** - Hilary, The Read Report

"This book has **everything I love** about J. Kenner and her books plus a little more if that's possible. There's **off the charts sex, romance, love, suspense and everything in between.**" My Girlfriend's Couch blog

"**Holy Smokes!** This book was so taboo, but oh so good. It was literally **like the most decadently sinful piece of chocolate**, knowing that you really need to lose those last 10 pounds." Hooker Heels Book Blog

Kenner "can write just about anything." Beneath The Covers Blog

"This book was **mind-blowing**. J. Kenner takes you on ride through a dark, sexy and forbidden story." - Goodreads reviewer

"Dirtiest Secret is **sexy, forbidden, and dirty**. It's full of secrets, heartbreak, passion, beauty, and love. It's a **heart-stopping** read that will get your **blood pumping** and have your mind racing." A Hopeless Romantic's Booklandia

"Sometimes I'm all for the fun, quick, easy, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am romance, but when I want something intricate and intense, this will be the book I compare all future reads against. ... **I absolutely drank all the Kool-Aid** that J.Kenner was serving." Goodreads Reviewer

"This **seductive** and **suspenseful** story spun me into its web, casting a spell, weaving me in deeply where I was all in until the very end. Then I was hungry for more. So much more of this **tantalizing, thrilling, and twisted ride**. **5 spellbinding, soul-searing, and sweet stars**" - Bookalicious Babes Blog

"Kenner...masterfully combines all of her **hallmark erotic heat** with a storyline that is absolutely **riveting**. It's **shocking, gut-wrenching and down right addictive**. -- Watch out Damien Stark. **Dallas Sykes is taking over...**" Agents of Romance

"There's so much about this book I want to tell you, but I don't want to spoil it for you. It's **complex and taboo** but wonderfully written so that it **feels right and true.**" Book Boyfriend Blog

"**Holy hot mess** - I feel like I've been sucked down into another J. Kenner vortex of lies and lust. -- And I am absolutely loving it." Goodreads reviewer

"Strong writing propels an exciting tale of **longing, danger, and forbidden desire**. The ending's twist will leave readers eager for the next installment." ?Library Journal"**Holy Crap!** This book was amazing!" **5 Star** - Goodreads Reviewer

"SUCH A GREAT & EXCITING START TO A NEW TRILOGY!!!!

I was expecting some fast romance thingy...but this is sooo much more. Much **deeper** and more **exciting** and **suspensey** and **moving** and **EROTIC!!!!!!**" - BJ's Book Blog

“[A] high-octane contemporary, the first in [J. Kenner’s] new Stark International Novel (S.I.N.) trilogy . . . Kenner skillfully builds a top-notch thriller.”—*Publishers Weekly*

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“*Dirtiest Secret* is a great beginning to the S.I.N. trilogy. J. Kenner tapped into some very dark subject matter, added a taboo relationship, and added a mystery to the mix. I can’t wait to see how this story unfolds and where it ends. Jane and Dallas deserve the happily ever after.”—**Smut Book Junkie Book Reviews**

“The romance is an emotional struggle against the odds—a love that has never faltered between two people who have fallen into a pit of darkened memories and a tainted past. *Dirtiest Secret* is an emotional and heartbreaking tale that grabs hold and refuses to let go.”—**The Reading Cafe**

#### About the Author

**J. Kenner** is the *New York Times* bestselling author of *Release Me*, *Claim Me*, *Complete Me*, *Wanted*, *Heated*, *Ignited*, *Say My Name*, *On My Knees*, *Under My Skin*, *Dirtiest Secret*, and the novellas *Take Me*, *Have Me*, *Play My Game*, *Seduce Me*, and *Unwrap Me*. She spent more than ten years as a litigator in Southern California and Central Texas, using her rare free time to indulge in her passion of writing. She lives in Texas with her husband and daughters.

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## The King of Fuck

Even by Southampton standards, the party at the nine-thousand-square-foot mansion on Meadow Lane reeked of extravagance.

Grammy Award–winning artists performed on an outdoor stage that had been set up on the lush lawn that flowed from the main house to the tennis courts. Celebrities hobnobbed with models who flirted with Wall Street tycoons who discussed stock prices with tech gurus and old-money academics, all while sampling fine scotch and the season’s chicest gin. Colored lights illuminated the grotto style pool, upon which nude models floated lazily on air mattresses, their bodies used by artisan sushi chefs as presentation platters for epicurean delights.

Each female guest received a Hermès Birkin bag and each male received a limited edition Hublot watch, and the exclamations of delight—from both the men and the women—rivaled the boom of the fireworks that exploded over Shinnecock Bay at precisely ten p.m., perfectly timed to distract the guests from the bustle of the staff switching out the dinner buffet for the spread of desserts, coffee, and liqueurs.

No expense had been spared, no desire or craving or indulgence overlooked. Nothing had been left to chance, and every person in attendance agreed that the party was the Must Attend event of the season, if not of the year. Hell, if not of the decade.

Everyone who was anyone was there, under the stars on the four acre lot on Billionaires’ Row.

Everyone, that is, except the billionaire who was actually hosting the party. And speculation as to where he was, what he was doing, and who he was doing it with ripped through the well-liquored and gossip-hungry crowd like wildfire in a windstorm.

“No idea where he could have disappeared off to, but I’d bet good money he’s not pining away in solitude,” said a reed-thin man with salt-and-pepper hair and an expression that suggested disapproval but was most likely envy.

“I swear I came five times,” a perky blonde announced to her best friend in the kind of stage whisper designed to attract attention. “The man’s a master in bed.”

“He’s got a shrewd head for business, that one,” said a Wall Street trader, “but no sense of propriety where his cock is concerned.”

“Oh, honey, no. He’s not relationship material.” A brunette celebrating a recently inked modeling contract shivered as if reliving a moment of ecstasy. “He’s like fine chocolate. Meant to be savored in very limited quantities. But so damn good when you have it.”

“More power to him if he can grab that much pussy.” A hipster with beard stubble and a man-bun wiped his wire-rimmed glasses clean with his shirttail. “But why the fuck does he have to be so blatant about it?”

“All of my friends have had him.” The petite redhead who pulled in a six figure wife bonus smiled slowly, and the flash of her green eyes suggested that she was the cat and he was the delicious cream. “But I’m the only one of us to enjoy a second helping.”

“All your friends?”

“How much pussy?”

“At least half the women here tonight. Maybe more.”

“Man, don’t even ask that. Just trust me. Dallas Sykes is the King of Fuck. You and me? Mere mortals like us can’t even compare.”

Three floors above the partygoers, in a room with a window overlooking the Atlantic Ocean, Dallas Sykes sucked hard on the clit of the lithe blonde who sat on his face and writhed with pre-orgasmic pleasure. The blonde’s cries of “yes, yes!” mingled with the throaty moans of delight coming from the curvaceous redhead who straddled his waist while he finger-fucked her hard and deep.

They’d surrendered to him, these women, and the knowledge that they were his tonight—for tenderness, for torment—cut through him. A wicked aphrodisiac with an edge as sharp as steel, and at least as savage.

He was drunk—on sex, on scotch, on submission. And right then, all he wanted was to get lost in pleasure. To let all the rest of the shit just melt away.

“Please.” The redhead’s muscles clenched tight around his fingers, and a tremor ran through his body, his need for release now so potent that it crossed the line into pain. “I’m so close, Dallas. I want you inside me. Now. Oh, god, please. Now.”

He could barely understand her words, lost as they were in the wet sounds of his mouth on the blonde’s sweet pussy. But he heard enough, and in one wild, rough movement, he rolled the girl above him to the side, so that she stretched and trembled on the bed, her nipples hard and her pussy slick and open and inviting.

Dallas felt his body tighten with need. With desire. But only for release. He didn’t want either of these women. Not really. Their company, yes. The escape they offered, sure. But them?

Neither was the woman he craved. Neither was the girl who had both saved and destroyed him. The woman he wanted.

The woman he could never have.

And so instead he sought pleasure and passion in the violent rapture of hard, hot sex.

“Sit back,” he said to the blonde as he pushed away his dark thoughts and regrets. He reached for the crystal highball glass and downed the last of the Glenmorangie, relishing the way it burned his throat and buzzed his head. “Back against the headboard. Legs spread wide.”

She nodded, moving eagerly to obey as he urged the redhead off his waist. “Fuck me,” the redhead begged. Her green eyes flashed, her expression pleading. Her lips were swollen, her skin flushed. She smelled of sex, and the scent—so familiar, so dangerous, so goddamned compelling—made him even harder. “I want you to fuck me.” Her words were a pout—a plea—and Dallas almost smiled in response.

Almost, but not quite.

Instead he lifted a brow. “Want? Baby, this isn’t about what you want. This is about what you need.”



“Then I need you to fuck me.”

His lips twitched. He liked a woman who knew her own mind, that was for damn sure. And the redhead truly amused him. He'd plucked her from the crowd downstairs because he'd liked the way she'd filled out the flirty black dress that was now crumpled in a heap on his bedroom floor. That, and the fact he happened to know that she had a cousin who worked for a government official in Bogotá, and that connection might prove handy one day.

As for the blonde, Dallas had no particular agenda with her. But he appreciated her limber little body and quiet obedience. Right now, she was sitting exactly as he'd told her, her legs wide apart and wonderfully vulnerable. She wasn't moving a muscle, but the beat of her pulse in her throat telegraphed her excitement at least as much as her tight nipples and hot, wet pussy.

He met the redhead's flashing green eyes, then nodded toward the blonde. “You want to get fucked. I want to watch. And I promise you, she wants to do whatever I say. Sounds like a perfect recipe, don't you think?”

The redhead dragged her polished white teeth over her lower lip. “I've never—”

“But you will. Tonight.” He met her eyes. “For me.”

She licked her lips as he slid off the bed and stood. She was still sitting, her knees pressed into the mattress as she sat back on her heels. He leaned forward, then took her in a long, slow kiss. She tasted of strawberries and innocence. He wanted to devour the first; he wanted to erase the second. “Hook your legs around her waist and kiss her deep. Suck her tits. Touch her however you want to. But she's going to fuck you with her fingers while you and I both imagine it's my cock. And, baby? You're going to come harder for me than you've ever come for anyone.”

“And you?”

He could hear the tremor of excitement in her voice and knew that he had her. “I'll be right here,” he said as he took her hand and urged her toward the blonde, who was flushed pink with anticipation. He moved behind the redhead, cupping her breasts as she put her legs around the blonde's waist, then he squeezed her nipples hard as the blonde's fingers slid into her core.

Pressed against her back, he could feel every tremor of pleasure, every quickening in her pulse. And as she started to shake with a series of little convulsions, he slid his hand between her legs from behind, dipping his fingers into her wet pussy. As he did, his hand brushed up against the blonde's, whose sensual moan shot straight to his cock.

Next, he slid his now-slick finger up to tease the redhead's ass as she bucked against him, her body clearly on fire from this dual assault. “Dallas,” she moaned as her body shook with release. “Oh, god, Dallas, this is so fucked up.”

“That's the way I like it, baby,” he said. “That's the only way I play.”

It was true. He liked his sex dirty. Wild. He wanted to be reminded of who he was. What he'd become.

The King of Fuck. He'd heard what they all called him, and he had to appreciate how apt—and ironic—the moniker was. Because God knew he was fucked up. His whole goddamn life was an act. A facade.

He was damaged goods. As broken as a man could be. But he'd turned that shit around. Claimed it. Made it his own.

Maybe he would never again have the woman he craved in his arms, but if that was his reality, he was going to damn sure make the most of it.

With his free hand he reached down to stroke his cock. The sensation of his sex-slicked palm moving rhythmically over the steel of his erection mingled with the wild, almost feral sounds of the two women. He closed his eyes, imagining another place. Another woman.

He thought of her. He thought of Jane.

But not like this. Not fucked up. Not like a goddamn evening's entertainment, as fungible as a night at the movies and at least as unimportant.

Except everything was fucked up. Him, most of all.

Goddammit. He needed to shut it down. These thoughts. These wishes.

All these damn regrets.

The sharp trill of his cellphone startled him from his thoughts, and he slid back away from the redhead who cried out in protest.

"Sorry, baby." His voice was tense, his chest tight. "That's the one ringtone I always answer." He grabbed his phone off the bedside table, lightly brushing both women's skin before turning his back to them and taking the call.

"Tell me," he demanded, expecting the worst. His best friend, Liam Foster, wasn't due to report in until the next morning. If he was calling now, it meant something had happened.

"It's all good, man," Liam said, his voice as close to excited as his military training would allow.

"The child?" Dallas had sent his team to Shanghai to recover the eight-year-old son of a Chinese diplomat who'd been kidnapped ten days prior.

"Fine," Liam assured him. "Dehydrated. Malnourished. Scared. But he's back with his family, and physically, he should make a full recovery."

## **Users Review**

### **From reader reviews:**

#### **Hal Clemens:**

The book *Dirtiest Secret (SIN)* can give more knowledge and also the precise product information about everything you want. Why then must we leave the great thing like a book *Dirtiest Secret (SIN)*? A few of you have a different opinion about reserve. But one aim which book can give many info for us. It is absolutely correct. Right now, try to closer together with your book. Knowledge or information that you take for that, you can give for each other; you may share all of these. Book *Dirtiest Secret (SIN)* has simple shape

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**Tara Huber:**

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**Karen Ofarrell:**

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**Royce Woods:**

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