



*Bonus Scene*

*A Very*  
**BOSSY**  
**BILLIONAIRE**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**SCARLETT AVERY**

## ***About This Bonus Scene***

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***Scarlett Avery***

# Xavier

## *Five years later*

I stand at the quartz kitchen island, preparing a board of snacks for the game when Addie shows her beautiful face.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with me today, but I can’t stop eating.” She waddles in, stops at the table, snatches a corn chip from a bowl, dips it into my world-famous guacamole, and chomps down on it with gusto. “God, I can never get over how good this is,” she says in between bites.

“Our little peanut is warming up before the big game.”

She cuts her eyes at me. “I swear, I’ll have to pray harder from now on. Carrying boys is too much work.”

I suppress a laugh.

She’s eight months pregnant with our third child. Her belly isn’t nearly as big as it was with the twins, and she’s as radiant as she was with the first pregnancy.

Thank God this pregnancy is a lot easier on her.

She had a tough time with the twins, especially during the last month. The birth wasn’t a walk in the park, as our boys came screaming into the world, weighing over six pounds, each. They’re considered big boys for twins. I blame Mom’s side of the family for the multiple births.

Luckily, there were no complications. I wouldn’t have refused another set of twins, but I’m glad it’s only

one baby this time around. Caring for two infants at the same time is a level of insanity we barely survived.

Even with help from Zia Frankie, Zia Carly, Anita, Ella, my mum, Grandma Keller and my Brazilian grandmother who each came and stayed with us for a month, Addie and I were losing our heads.

And to think, we didn't have to lift a figure since we had a cleaning lady and a chef—we still do—but waking up every two to three hours to feed the boys just about killed us.

Even though I wasn't on feeding duty, I refused to let Addie go at it alone. We're a team.

“What I'm hearing is you want to keep trying for girls?”

She smiles wide. “I'm outnumbered. I need an ally or *three*.”

I rinse my hands, wipe them with the kitchen towel, and round the kitchen island until I'm standing in front of her.

I sold my apartment when she was six months pregnant.

A bachelor pad and kids don't mix.

We now live in a classic brownstone in the Upper West Side that's kid friendly.

I'm not the only one who changed zip code in recent years.

Max, Gabe, and Lucas gave up their bachelor luxury apartments and upgraded to brownstones. As for Zane, *a lot* has changed in my brother's life.

I circle my arms around Addie's body, pulling her close to me. I slide a hand to her lush ass and squeeze hard.

She gasps.

Leaning down, I run my tongue along the side of her neck, and she shivers against me. "Women are making head waves in football. We can have a team of boys *and* girls—what a great legacy for the Keller name."

She swats my arm. "Enough with this crazy talk. If you think you're getting twenty-two kids out of me, you're smoking some pretty bad s-h-i-t."

The twins are a little too smart for their own good, so we won't be able to keep Zia Frankie's rule going for much longer.

"I'm pretty sure my *ótima avó*—my great grandma—had twenty-two kids."

"Xavier Keller, get that ludicrous idea out of your head."

"Okay, okay. I'll settle for six or seven kids."

"That's a number my va-jay-jay can handle."

Our twin terrors are almost five years old, and they're looking forward to being big brothers. They want the full experience—including changing nappies. Let's wait until they actually have to change a poopy nappy. I nearly gagged the first time I had to change the boys. How the hell can tiny humans have such fowl smelling poo when the only thing they consume is milk and water?

I press my face to Addie's neck and kiss the soft skin there, breathing in her lovely floral scent. "As long

as we keep having healthy, beautiful babies, we can stop whenever you decide.”

She smiles up at me. “We won’t stop yet. I love having babies.”

*Bloody hell.*

It makes me so fucking hard when she says that.

Filling Addie with my seed and watching her belly grow with our kids is an aphrodisiac. She’s so fucking hot pregnant. Bonus, her tits are bigger than ever.

I nibble on her earlobe.

“Yuuuuck!”

Speaking of the terrors.

“Mommy and Daddy, stop kissing.” Zander is such a demanding tiny human.

“You do that all the time. No more.” Zach tell us how he really feels.

“Boys, leave your Ma and Da alone.” Zia Frankie, who’s right on their heels, scolds our little Mussolini dictators.

“But why do they have to kiss so much?” The question comes from Zander.

Frankie cocks a brow. “How do you think you ended up here?”

Zach frowns. “Well, I’m here now. So is Zander. Mommy and Daddy don’t have to keep kissing.”

Frankie hooks a closed fist at her waist. “What about your other brothers and sisters?”

Zach pokes the air with a small index finger. “No girls. Just boys.”

“Hmph,” Frankie crosses her arms over her ample chest. “Demanding much?” She frowns. “Like God has time to grant your wish.”

“No girls.” Zach won’t budge.

“*Whatevah, mistah.*” Frankie makes a show of rolling her eyes.

The twins mimic her, rolling their hazel brown eyes, before bursting into laughter.

We all laugh.

“We’re not returning the baby if it’s a girl,” Frankie says, caressing Zach’s wavy dark brown hair, the same shade and wild nature as his twin. “You’re going to have to learn to live with the little bundle of joy.”

The boys groan.

I shake my head.

Nothing gets those two more riled up than the idea of sharing their space with a girl.

It’s pretty fun poking the bear.

“On a serious note, we’re here to land a helping hand,” Frankie says. “Carly, her brood of kids, and grandkids should be here any minute. She just texted. Milo”—Leo’s three-year-old son—“had a temper tantrum. Again.”

*The joy of parenting.*

It’s a qualifying football match for the World Cup.

Carly, Anita, Ella, Aretha—Anita’s two-year-old girl—Orly, Rico, and Leo will all be here with their significant other to watch the big Sunday football game at

our place. Orly and Rico don't have kids yet, but they're happily married. Leo has three—two girls and a son.

Zane should arrive soon with his tribe.

Max, Candy, and their four-year-old daughter are in Brazil, visiting family. Gabe is on holidays with his family, and Lucas is spending time at his in-laws in Chicago.

Frankie winks at me. “The boys offered to take some of the snacks to the living room before the rest of the crew arrives.”

I play bad cop. “You're covering for them, Zia Frankie.”

“Boys, did you offer to help?” She plays along.

“We did, Daddy,” Zander says.

Zack nods. “Yes, we did.”

I'm sure they didn't, but when Zia Frankie lays the law, the boys jump.

“It's good practice for when the baby comes,” Frankie says.

They both nod.

“They can get started with the dry snacks and drinks,” I say. “Addie and I will take care of the dips and anything that can spill and make a mess. It's too early for accidents.”

“Amen to that,” Addie says.

Frankie nods. “Good idea.”

Addie inhales a sharp breath before placing a hand on her belly, lowering her gaze to her baby bump.

“You understand you aren’t playing, peanut? So, stop kicking me.”

I place my hands on her belly and rub her there in soothing circles. “Soon, little peanut, you’ll be able to kick a real ball. Simmer down for now.”

The boys laugh.

“I’m telling you, Mr. Keller.” Addie squints. “No. More. Boys. Only. Girls.”

The boys wail in protest, jumping up and down, shaking their little fists to drive their point.

“*Mamma Mia, bambinos!*” Frankie places her hands over her ears. “*Smettere di urlare.* Stop yellin’!”

The doorbell rings.

It’s just another crazy Sunday at the Keller’s.

I wouldn’t change it for the world.

\* \* \*

**Thank you so much for reading Xavier and  
Adeline’s story.**



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