



*Bonus Scene*

*Off Limits*  
**MOGUL**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
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## ***About This Bonus Scene***

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***Scarlett Avery***

## Striptease from Keira's POV

*Keira*

Our first date on Sunday night was perfect. So was our first time together. Two date nights in a week is a surprise, but then again, so is the big announcement.

I hesitated for a fraction of a second, and then decided to go ahead with my devious plan for tonight. Just because my life is about to change for the better doesn't mean I should dial down the hotness between us—especially when I'm desperate to prove I can keep up with Rhys. Mikki is a freaking genius. Well, I guess I should thank her cousin. I'm shamelessly stealing the little routine that got said cousin her twins after trying for so long. I'm looking for that same kind of explosive passion, minus the *bambinos*.

*Now if my boyfriend would only cooperate.*

"Rhys, you're twice my size. It's not like I can move you. Please sit."

His eyes are glued to my chest.

I tighten the bathrobe I'm wearing.

*No peeking. Time for the big guns.* "I promise it'll be worth your while." I flash him a seductive smile.

That does it.

*One down.*

*Time for the surprise reveal.*

"I'll be right back."

Rhys narrows his eyes. “This better be good.”

“It will be,” I say before leaving the room. I can feel Rhys’s eyes on me. I know he’s impatient, but I’m about to blow his mind.

I rush back to my bedroom, discard the bathrobe, and put on my costume. I can’t help but laugh. When you think of striptease, a fitted black suit doesn’t jump to mind, but I can’t imagine wearing anything else. Had Mikki not insisted I check out the music video of a hit song from a popular eighties’ movie, I’d still be in the dark. In *9 ½ Weeks*, Kim Basinger proves you don’t have to let it all hang out to be as sexy as fuck. I’m channeling her tonight.

*Showtime.*

I step in front of the mirror for one last inspection.

*I approve.*

I straighten my blazer, satisfied with the final look. Still, my seductive costume doesn’t dispel all my nerves. During my days with Lucky Break, we had some lascivious dance routines, but it was never for one person in particular. This is the first time I’ll do an erotic dance for a man. *My man*. Let’s just hope I don’t trip over my heels because these babies are much higher than those I wore for our music videos.

After last weekend’s shopping spree extravaganza, I had the perfect outfit, cock-hardening lingerie, and killer heels on hand. A quick trip to a nearby sex shop was all I needed to set the stage.

I stride to the iPhone speaker dock in the hallway and grab my phone where I left it. I open a browser and a quick search later find the correct version of the song I'm looking for—Joe Cocker's '*You Can Leave Your Hat On*' with the striptease. I fumble with the sophisticated high-tech sound system until I can figure things out. Rhys gave me a crash course when I moved in last week, but this is the first time I've used it. When everything is ready, I press play.

I go over the opening routine in my head one last time. In doing so, I let too much of the song elapse.

*Crap.* "Oh shit, that's way faster than I expected."

I start the song from the beginning, and press play.

This time, I go balls to the wall. I rush back to Rhys's bedroom and make a dramatic entrance that could rival Demi Moore in *Striptease* and the iconic scene where she rips her shirt open to reveal her dazzling two-piece costume combo.

*Demi ain't got nothing on me.*

Mikki suggested I watch that clip. Her cousin went to a lot of effort to ensure she got pregnant.

Rhys's stunned expression lets me know I've hit the mark. "That's what you call a costume?"

I give myself an internal high five.

He arches a brow. "Where's your glove?"

"You've watched the video?"

"You bet." The man's grin matches mine.

“This idea came to me this afternoon, so I didn’t have time to scour the city for the eighties must-have fashion statement,” I say. “Is that going to be a problem?”

“If you give me a good show, it won’t be.”

I’m a lot more relaxed, but the feeling is short-lived when I clue in. All this chitchatting is screwing with my choreography.

I move my attention to the ceiling. “Not again.”

“What is it?”

I explain what the problem is.

My boyfriend wants this to be about me.

His heart-tugging words are like a huge boost to my ego.

*Sorry, Kim Basinger.*

*Only one blonde will be center stage tonight.*

Once Rhys rejects the flat screen TV idea and plugs my phone into the sound system in his walk-in closet, he takes a seat.

I’m good to go.

I swing my hips as I move across the room to the basket I dropped off earlier to the beat of the music. I bend in a suggestive way and pick up a whip.

Rhys’s curious stare is amusing.

Just like in the video, I bend the whip over my head a few times as if testing it before using it.

This is so empowering.

My cocksureness takes over.

I move the whip to his stomach.

His eyes drop.

I intend on pulling the whip away, but his bewildered expression pushes me to take things further. I trail the whip up the buttons of his pristine shirt and across his chest before meeting his gaze.

*Oh, yeah, big guy. I got you where I want you.*

In the blink of an eye, he snatches the end of the whip.

*Crap.*

I hold on tight, but I'm no match.

"Is it my turn to use it on you?"

"Let go of the prop." I pull hard.

*He's so strong.*

"I asked you a question, dimples," he says.

"Play along, big guy."

He arches an eyebrow and considers me for a beat.

To my relief, he concedes.

Now that I'm out of character, we go through a song and dance before he agrees to start the music from the top.

*Men.*

The sexy vibe seeps through the speakers.

I start my routine nice and slow.

I give him teasing peeks at first, just to make sure he's in the mood, although the bulge between his legs suggests he already is.

*God, I can't wait for him to lose himself between my legs.*

I repeat my flirty move, flashing him the other bare shoulder. As I wiggle my ass, I slide the blazer off my body. I peek over my shoulder and I'm rewarded when I notice him pulling his lower lip between his teeth. He looks at me with such feral intensity, I nearly melt in a pool of heat.

I've seen Rhys look at other women like that when I've been out with him and my brother. I've longed to be on the receiving end of that searing gaze. Lucky for me, tonight, I'm the object of his desire.

I spin around and throw the blazer at him. He catches it with one hand and flings it aside so it lands on the chaise longue.

I'm fully in character now.

"Nice top," he says. "No bra?"

"Not with a silk chemise."

"I've said it before, but it bears repeating, bless the French."

"You have no idea." With my eyes on him, I slowly trail my hands down the front of my body, gliding over my breasts before groping them.

This time, he bites his lower lip so hard, I'm certain he'll draw blood.

My confidence shoots to the moon.

I resume my seductive dance.

Many of the dance choreographies I performed during my Lucky Break days were inspired by burlesque dancing and strippers. Since I had a little time to practice,

I pull my best moves in the hopes of bringing Rhys down to his knees.

I shake my best assets.

I shimmy like a belly dancer.

I gyrate my hips in wild circles.

I ride the pony Ginuwine style like I'm auditioning for a part in a Vegas production.

*God, I'm so wet.*

The idea is to arouse him, but I'm doing a pretty good job working myself into a frenzy.

"Fuck, I don't even have dollar bills to stuff inside your panties," Rhys says. "You're wearing panties, right?"

"I'm not going to tell." I wink. "You'll soon find out."

He growls.

By the way one hand grips his hair while the other grips the armrest, I'd say I'm hitting all the right spots. Never in a million years did I ever think I'd have this much power over him because he's always had so much power over me.

My eyes drop to his crotch, and it takes everything in me not to lick my lips at the sight of Rhys's bulge.

*Soon, I'll be riding that pony.*

I slow my cadence, torturing him by forcing him to be patient. With a sensual hip movement, I rotate to the left while moving my shoulders to the right. I bend over, pushing my ass out.

Rhys's mesmerizing stare is fixed on me.

Yes.

I beckon him with my fingers.

My smile is teasing.

His is dangerous.

I place my hand on my hip and bend my back a bit and then propel my body forward, waving my head down and up.

I do it again.

And again.

He's incredulous.

When the bridge hits, I'm unhinged.

I go fucking crazy.

I'm sure a guy like Rhys has had numerous private dances from strippers and his roster of *uncomplicated* hookups. I want this performance to blow all the others out of the water.

I suppress a giggle at his wide eyes and his gaping mouth.

*Time to take it up a notch... or twenty.*

I run my hands up and down the chemise before inching the fabric up, flashing him more flesh.

His jaw snaps shut when he sees what I'm hiding underneath.

"The garter belt and the heels stay on when I fuck you," he says.

I was wet before, but now I'm dripping.  
"Whatever you say."

I'm thrilled my plan is working so well.

When Rhys took me to French Appliqué the day after my arrival, the salesperson suggested I grab one of their ultimate ‘bring your man to his knees’ must-have combos because she thought we made such a beautiful couple and I might need the garter belt to spice up an evening.

*Mission accomplished.*

“You’re killing me, Keira. You know that, right?”

I flash him a cocky smile.

“Another downside of dating an older man,” I say. “The ticker can’t always take the heat.” I tap against my heart.

“Oh, you’re asking for it.”

“I guess I am. I hope you’ll give it to me real good.”

“In spades, baby.”

“I better wrap this up, then.” I’m a hip wiggle away from getting properly fucked.

The thought alone fuels me.

*And now for the pièce de résistance...*

I turn my back to him, bend over and lift the chemise, exposing my panties... my white crotchless panties.

I don’t have to look at him to know he appreciates the view.

He scoops me up in his arms before I even realize he’s no longer sitting in the chair.

I squeal in surprise.

*I guess this performance is over.*

“Damn you for doing this to me,” Rhys says.  
“Did I get you all worked up?” I know I’m provoking him.

“You’ll soon find out,” he borrows my words.  
*Now the real fun begins...*

\* \* \*

**Thank you so much for reading Rhys and Keira’s story.**



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