



Bonus Scene

Always
LOVE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
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About This Bonus Scene

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Scarlett Avery

Twenty-three and ready

Stasia

“Happy Birthday!”

“Oh, my God, Leo, you’re going to burst my eardrums.” I laugh.

“Well, excuse me for being excited for my friend.”

“I’m joking. You know I love you. Thank you so much for the good wishes and thanks for not forgetting about me, even though you’re on the other side of the planet.”

Leo is at a conference in Tokyo for business. Every time she goes to a conference there, she always comes back with an avalanche of orders. The Japanese are a kinky bunch.

“No way was I going to forget your big day.”

“You’re the best.”

“Since I’m not in LA to coax the bad girl out of you, what are you up to tonight?”

“It’s the one day out of the year my parents put their differences aside since the divorce—”

“Don’t tell me you’re spending your birthday with both of them?”

“God, no,” I say. “I’d like to see my twenty-fourth birthday, thank you very much.” I scoff. “Can you imagine? Both of them in the same room? I’d sooner jump

from the roof of a high-rise building instead of having to watch them go at it like nefarious LA rival gangs.”

Leo laughs. “So how are they going to divide you? Lengthwise or cross body?”

It’s my turn to laugh. “No sharp objects will be involved. I’m having lunch with Mom and dinner here at Dad’s place. The chef is cooking a special meal for us.”

“What are you doing after dinner?”

“Staying home.”

Leo groans. “What about acting like you just turned twenty-three? Even my grandma acts a little crazy on her birthday.”

As they say, the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. Leo’s mom and grandmother are pretty wild.

“My life revolves around my guitar,” I say, “and a lot of the people I know from school just don’t get me. Why bother?”

“You could paint the town red on your own.”

Leora Whittington is the type of woman to have the time of her life, even though she’s flying solo. I, on the other hand, wouldn’t even know what to do with myself.

“I don’t think so,” I say.

“What about your crush?”

I roll my eyes at the phone. “What about him?”

“Still nothing?”

“Jagger is blind.”

“Why don’t you nudge him? Your birthday is a good excuse for him to take you out.”

Hold my martini. “He called first thing this morning to wish me a happy birthday, never mentioned anything about us getting together. Not even for a drink or coffee,” I say. “It’s a lost cause, Leo.” I let out a long sigh. “I bet you I’m the only girl in LA—scratch that—in the entire country, that keeps throwing herself at a guy who keeps refusing her.” Another exasperated sigh. “Maybe I’m dumb as a rock.”

“Maybe you’re infatuated.” There’s no missing the gentle scold in her voice. “Or maybe he’s juggling a lot as a single father.”

“That’s a copout. Even after us becoming closer in recent years, he can’t get past the fact I’m his mentor’s daughter.” I sneer. “I’ll be forty years old one day and Jagger Halsey will still see me as a little girl. It’s so frustrating.”

“Is he seeing someone else?”

“Not as far as I know,” I say. “I’ve been pretty creative when it comes to finding out more about his personal-slash-dating life. Since Dad loves to talk about the Almighty Jagger, it makes it even easier.”

“Maybe he’s not ready yet,” she says, not for the first time.

“I’ve been throwing myself at him for three years, Leo.” My voice rises.

“Has he ever asked you to stop sending those naughty emails you keep sending him?”

“No. He hasn’t replied, so there’s no confirmation he’s received them.”

“If he received your other general messages about music and shit, he’s received your dirty emails.”

“He doesn’t find me attractive. That must be it. I’ve begged him a million times to make me his, and I’m still a virgin.” I grunt. “Argh!”

“Perhaps he needs time to process it all. I don’t think the guy is disinterested.”

Why is she team Jagger?

Maybe because I’ve painted him as a demigod.

“Well, he could’ve fooled me. Other than clubbing him over the head, I don’t know how more obvious I can be.”

“That’s what you have to do—”

“I’m trying to seduce him, not give him a concussion and send him to the hospital.”

She laughs. “I wasn’t suggesting you hit him up side his head literally. I was thinking figuratively.”

I frown. “Like what?”

“So far, you’ve been going after him with words. Men are visual creatures. Send a clear message. Skip the prose. Show him what he’s missing.”

“What do you mean?” My inexperience shows.

“A peek of a bra. A flash of a garter. The curves of your breasts. A short top that reveals your taut stomach. Maybe bending over while you’re wearing a skirt that’s a little too short, exposing your panties. A bikini that’s one size too small.”

“Sneaky.”

“Yeah. It’s flirtation kicked up ten notches. Few men can remain oblivious to such blatant messages.”

The wheels in my head are spinning fast. “I see.”
In that case, I’m kicking it up a thousand notches.

Jagger

I ring the bell and wait.

Preston opens the door. “Hey, Jagger. Glad you could make it.” He waves me in. “Come in.”

For years, Preston has been holding a catered party at his place every second weekend of August. The first time he did this it was to celebrate a chart-topper he wrote that hit the Billboard TOP 100 list. It’s been a tradition ever since, gathering the who’s who of the music business.

“Thanks,” I say, stepping into his sprawling Malibu house. “For you.” I hand him a bottle.

“Thank you.” He takes it. “You didn’t have to—” He lifts the bottle. “Wow!” His eyes meet mine. “How did you score a bottle of rare *Cien por Ciento Selección*?”

“An acquaintance of mine scored five cases of the expensive top-shelf *extra-añejo* tequila for his hotel bars and restaurants. He extended an offer to his top clients—one bottle each. Jace swore he’d never touch tequila for the rest of his natural life after his last stay in Mexico, so I bought his bottle.”

“Bless Jace. Bless your acquaintance. And more importantly, bless you. I’m going to enjoy every last drop of this baby and, trust me, I won’t share.”

We laugh.

Larkin was the top bidder at an exclusive wine and spirit auction. My brother, my cousins, Levi, Rod, Shane and Collin Dennison, and a few other people in our

inner circles were the lucky ones. We had to pay for the obscenely priced bottles, but it was worth it.

Preston extends an arm. "Let's go out back."

"Sounds good." I stroll in front of him. "How's Stasia?" I say over my shoulder.

"She's good. She's around."

I slow down my pace. "I can't believe she's already twenty-three."

Preston catches up with me. "Neither can I. My princess is becoming a queen with each passing year."

"I'm glad Bree is still a tiny princess." I chuckle.

"They grow like weeds. Trust me, it'll be your turn before you can even blink."

"Are you cursing me?"

"Just warning a friend."

"Noted." I nod. "One thing is certain, your queen turned out to be an amazing woman." I do my best to keep my voice as detached as possible.

"You mean a stubborn and headstrong," Preston says. "Don't kid yourself, she inherited that from her mother. It's the Russian in her."

"You're talking about Stasia's desire to pursue a career as a guitarist?"

"What else?" He shakes his head. "She refuses my suggestions, determined to spite me every step of the way. It's fucking giving me ulcers."

I stop walking.

He does the same.

I arch a brow. "She's really talented, Preston."

He stares up at me. “The music industry can be unkind to female singers. You know it. I know it. Sure, times have evolved, but some things don’t. A female musician?” Preston lets out a sarcastic laugh. “They eat them up like candy. Critics are ten times harsher with female musicians, quick to cast them off as second grade talentless instrument bangers. I don’t want that for my daughter. I doubt the family name can shield her from that ugliness.”

I understand where his worries are coming from, but Stasia should have his blessing regardless of what might or might not happen. “There always are tons of exceptions to the rule. Off the top of my head, I can list ten female guitarists who have made their mark.”

“You need a thick skin, Jagger. I love my daughter, but she isn’t cut out for this. She’s not tough enough. They’ll chew her up and spit her out in a heartbeat. Why go through that when she could make it easy on herself and take over the franchise.”

Here we go again.

“What’s wrong with stepping into the family business? Honestly—”

The doorbell rings, saving me from another long rant.

“Let me go greet the newcomers,” he says. “Go out back and get yourself a drink.”

“Will do.”

As I stride through Preston’s house, my phone pings.

I pull it out.

Stasia.

I can't help my smile.

Stasia: Hey! Are you here yet?

Jagger: Hey, you! I just got here. Where are you?

Stasia: I'm hiding in the theater room.

Jagger: Why?

Stasia: It's Daddy's party with Daddy's friends. And, he made it his mission to pressure the first set of guests to talk me out of becoming a guitarist. I had enough.

Jagger: What about hanging out with your friends?

Stasia: My only friends are my guitar and one of Dad's ex-girlfriends who's turned into a great friend. She's in Japan right now.

Jagger: You keep alluding about her, but you never mentioned how you two became such good friends.

Stasia: I can tell you right now. Wanna join me?

Tempting.

Very tempting.

Jagger: I should do the rounds first—you know, mingle and say hi to everybody.

Stasia: Sure. Wanna come over after? I have enough snacks to open a convenient store. I even have freshly baked cookies from our chef.

Jagger: You drive a hard bargain.

Stasia: I think so.

Jagger: I can come over to wish you a happy birthday.

Stasia: You did wish me a happy birthday already. You were the third person this morning after my parents.

Jagger: That was via text. The face-to-face touch makes all the difference.

Stasia: Face-to-face sounds good.

Jagger: See you in a bit.

I tuck my phone in the back pocket of my jeans.

A warning rings in my ears, but I ignore it.

Truth is, I want to see her.

I may not be able to touch her, but I can admire her and appreciate her from afar.

I head to the garden.

An hour and four impatient text messages from Stasia later, I make my way to the entertainment room. As I stroll through the mansion, the sounds of the party surround me. The music is so loud outdoors, vibrations still rumble throughout my body.

“Knock, knock, knock.” I rap against the door.
“It’s me. Open up.”

“I’m coming.” She swings open the door. “You finally made it.” Her words slurs.

I glance over her head. “You’ve been drinking?”

“I’m of legal age.” The defiant tone in her voice is unmistakable.

“Okay.”

“Stop being like that.” Her lips twist. “It’s not like my father cares.”

“I beg to differ, Preston cares. He may have a weird way of showing it, but he does.”

“Sure.” She lets out a sarcastic laugh with a shoulder shrug. “In any case, it’s just wine. It’s not like I’m hitting the hard stuff.”

“Fair enough.”

Her hair is wet.

And that’s not all that stirs my cock.

She’s wearing a long, oversized terrycloth robe. She’s barefoot, her dainty toes, painted red.

Damn.

My gaze meets hers. “Did you just get out of the shower?”

“That was a while ago,” she says. “It takes forever for my hair to dry. I went for a swim in the lap pool to distract myself because the main pool was occupied with chesty babes.”

Since his divorce, Preston has been out-of-control. Tonight is testament to that.

She tilts her head to the side. “You’re still standing at the door. Are you coming in or not?”

I hesitate, my gaze running up and down her body.

“It’s fine. I’m all covered up.”

That’s debatable.

“Oh, come in, Jagger.” She grabs my arm and pulls me inside the room. I don’t fight her. She closes the door and locks it.

I frown. “Why lock it?”

“I value my peace and quiet. Daddy’s chesty babes can be loud. You know the type. Always seeking attention with their childish giggles, barely-there outfits, and inflated silicone breasts.”

Not all the women out there went under the knife to get their double Ds, but I get where she’s coming from. “Okay, but I won’t stay long.”

“Why not?”

If she was more covered up, I’d consider staying longer, but as is, it’s an exercise in self-restraint. I refuse to disrespect Preston in his own home.

“There a few people who want to talk to me.” That’s a solid lie.

She grimaces. “Business at a party?”

“It’s Hollywood, baby.” I grin.

She rolls her pretty eyes. “Well, sit down. We can keep watching the series I was binge re-watching or you can select a movie. I’m easy either way.”

I guess she didn't hear the part about me not staying long.

I take a seat on the couch near the door.

"Why don't you sit in Norway?" she says. "I need a passport just to be able to have a conversation with you."

"Funny." I scoot closer to her.

She's sitting on the L shape part of the couch.

She flattens her lips in a thin line.

I need to keep a safe distance.

"So, what will it be?" She points at the video wall.

"We can keep watching what you were watching."

"Okay." Her eyes travel to the table. "Snacks?"

"Not right now, thanks."

"Suit yourself." She offers a one-shoulder shrug.

Her glazed eyes are dangerous.

She's not full out drunk, but she's tipsy.

For the next few minutes, I sit there, trying to focus on the show, but I can't. I'm too tense, keenly aware of the hazardous situation I've found myself in.

Her close proximity.

Her musky scent.

The white robe parted enough to expose her bare legs.

My hard on.

And my desire to make her naughty emails come true.

It all keeps looping in my head.

I'm not that strong.

I rub my palms against my thighs. “I should go.”

“Wait!” She jumps to her feet. In a flash, she’s standing in front of me. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” *Everything.*

“Please don’t go. You just got here. I need to tell you something.” Before my brain registers, Stasia rips open her robe.

My eyes go wide.

Her nakedness is intoxicating.

And so is her shaved bare pussy.

Christ.

“This is for you, Jagger.”

What the fuck? “Stasia, what are you doing?” My controlled voice betrays how turned on I am.

“You know what I’m doing.”

“No, I don’t.”

She brings her fingers between her pussy lips.

Jesus.

Reading her filthy thoughts is one thing. Staring straight at them, is another.

“I’m wet,” she says. “I’ve been wet since you texted me after you arrived.”

I’m stunned.

She pulls out her slick fingers, showing me the proof of her arousal. Then, she brings them to her mouth and licks them with gusto.

That was salacious as fuck.

This is torture.

I'm a breath away from embarrassing myself in my jeans.

She moves closer. "Jagger, I want you to be all my firsts."

She's as ripe as the forbidden fruit from the Book of Genesis.

As untouchable, too.

Something snaps inside me, waking me up to the precarious—downright dangerous—nature of the situation.

I'm going to regret refusing this gift for years to come. "Stasia." I reach behind her to gather her robe closed so I don't have to be tempted by the naked glory of the virginity she's offering on a silver platter. "This shouldn't—"

"You really don't want me?" There's hurt in her voice that morphs her gorgeous features.

Still, I ignore her question. "You need to cover up."

"My God, Jagger." Her voice is nothing but a whisper. "You don't think I'm pretty? Are my breasts too small? I don't look like a chesty babe? You prefer blondes? Is that why you keep rejecting me?"

Nothing could be further from the truth.

I want to claim your cherry so no other bastard can.

You're not pretty, you're fucking gorgeous.

Your tits would fit perfectly into my mouth and hands.

*Fuck blondes. Your dark hair is stunning.
You're perfection on legs.*

I should tell her those things, but I don't.

Making an already complicated situation, more problematic, won't help her. "I can't—"

Someone playing with the door handle, interrupts me.

Stasia and I stare at each other.

Shit.

This is not good.

"Where the fuck are the bathrooms?" a woman on the other side of the door says. "I'm going to pee all over myself if I don't sit my ass on a toilet bowl soon."

"Shhh." Another woman shushes her. "You're so loud when you're tipsy."

"You mean, drunk," the first woman says.

"That too."

One of the women laughs.

"Maybe we took the wrong turn," the first woman says. "Hey, where did I leave my shoes?"

"Shoes?" There's an outburst of laughter. "I don't even know where I left mine."

The women giggle.

"There you are," a man says.

I don't recognize the voice.

"I've been looking all over the place for my little sugar plums."

"We have to pee," both women say at the same time.

One bursts out laughing.

The other snorts.

“I have an idea,” the man says. “My chauffeur is waiting outside. Why don’t you hold it in and pee at my house? I want to watch you pee.”

Stasia’s mouth forms an O and her cheeks blush.

“Oh, you’re dirty,” one of the girls says.

“You have no idea,” the man says.

The innocent surprise in Stasia’s eyes is the most erotic thing I’ve ever seen.

“Once you’re done peeing, I’ll clean you up.”

“I don’t understand,” one of the girls says.

“Imagine me on my knees in the bathroom using my tongue to dry you up, licking every last drop. And I want to clean both of you. I also want to clean your ass.”

Kinky bastard.

Stasia looks mortified.

“Oooohhh.”

I’m not sure which one of the two eager women says that.

“If you’re good girls, later tonight, I’ll let you pee in my mouth then I’ll eat you out while finger-fucking you. You both get to piss in my mouth and then cream it.”

“Holy shit,” one of the women says.

“Let’s go, girls!” the man says.

Slap!

Slap!

Both women giggle again.

I wait a few long seconds before standing up.

“I can’t believe what I just heard,” Stasia says.
Her cheeks are still rosy.

As awkward as that was, that filthy conversation ratcheted my arousal. If I don’t get the hell out of here right this minute, I’m likely to let my cock do all the thinking.

I take advantage of the distraction and step away from the temptation. “I have to go.”

I don’t give her a chance to counter.

With impatient hands, I unlock the door and escape.

It’s the honorable thing to do, but goddammit my cock hates it.

Sure, she’s of age, but she remains an unattainable indulgence I’d sell my soul for.

* * *

**Thank you so much for reading
Jagger and Stasia’s story.**



If you loved this romance, please leave a review. My sexy book boyfriends LOVE reviews. So do I.

Pssst... reviews are better than cake. They're sweet and I don't gain a pound.

Thanks in advance.

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Who's the Next Book Boyfriend in the Series?

Since the next group of book boyfriends in the series is a parade of sexy billionaire moguls, they get their own series.

The lineup kicks off with Holt's younger brother, Beckett Christensen. The former lead singer of Random Misconception transitioned to the role of power mogul.

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