



*Bonus Scene*

# *Indulgence*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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***Scarlett Avery***

## Riley Announces Her Decision to Hire Allison to Jake and Hunter

*Hunter*

I look away from my screen to my best friend. “Hey, Jake, do you want another cup of coffee? I need more caffeine to keep me going. These spreadsheets are making me cross-eyed.” I rotate my shoulders in the hopes of relaxing my tense muscles.

He lifts his eyes to meet mine. “I could use a stiff drink, but it’s best if I stick to coffee for now. I’d love another cup, please.”

“I hear you. One more hour, and we should be kicking back in your backyard.”

“Amen to that.”

I press my palms against my desk and ready myself to get up, but there’s a knock at the door.

“Hello, hello, hello! Can I come in?”

My eyes shift to Jake. “We weren’t expecting anyone. Who could it be?”

“I don’t know, Hunter. Maybe it’s my nosy little sister?”

“FYI, I can hear you, genius,” Riley says.

“I know. I was hoping you’d take a hint.”

Riley doesn’t wait to be invited in.

I run to the door to greet her. “Ignore Jake, he’s in desperate need of caffeine. That’s why he’s grumpy.”

Riley twists her lips. “Grumpy is his normal state.”

I chuckle. “We’re finishing up with some boring paperwork, which we both hate.”

“Every time I’m in a room with you it’s like watching a Broadway play.” Jake leans back, crosses his arms over his chest, and flashes us an unimpressed look.

“Take a chill pill.” Riley’s expression matches his. “Maybe if you started dating again, your mood would lighten up.”

“I don’t see what my dating life has to do with it. You’re melodramatic, Riley.”

“It has everything to do with it. You’ve been on edge for weeks now. I have to walk on eggshells around you just so I don’t upset your delicate nature.”

Jake rolls his eyes at his sister.

“Riley, I agree.” I jump in the conversation. “Your brother and I need to put an end to this day, but the iron is hot, so we have to strike it.”

Her blue eyes sparkle. “Your idea caught on fire?”

I nod. “My marketing idea of sending a same-day package containing a small cooler packed with our best cuts of meat to top restaurateurs in Texas and LA has propelled our business to new heights. As a result, we’re scrambling to keep up. It’s a good problem to

have, but nonetheless it's extra work for everyone on the ranch. So, no time for dating."

"Now that Hunter set you straight, is there a reason you're here other than to antagonize me?"

Riley fists her hands at her wide hips. "I'm here because I have some good news to share."

"Jake and I could use a little distraction."

"Three months ago, I announced my current assistant Cynthia decided to give herself to the service of others by accepting a position as a missionary."

"Yes." Jake nods.

"Once she decided her vocation was to help build wells to pump clean water in Uganda, I had to find a replacement."

"You've been interviewing for a long time now, I say. "Have you found the perfect candidate?"

"Hunter, she's beyond perfect." Riley clasps her hands together. "I found my gem."

"Tell us about her," I say.

"Why don't you two sit down?" Jake points at the guest chairs.

"Riley, you take a seat," I say. "I've been sitting for too many hours."

She pulls out a chair across from Jake's desk and plops into it. She removes her cowboy hat and places it on her lap.

"I'm glad to hear of the turn of events," I say. "Cynthia is leaving soon and I was getting worried that

you weren't going to be able to find someone to replace her."

"It crossed my mind as well."

"I'm with Hunter on this one. You already have way too much on your plate as is, and when you add your role as mother, there's no way you were going to be able to manage it all on your own."

"I know." She sighs. "The kids, the show, the website, and all those social media activities... I barely have time to sleep."

Jake offered to handle photography to help his sister get her business off the ground, but these two butt heads every other minute of the day. Since our ranch was expanding, my best friend couldn't keep up anymore. Without her assistant, too much will rest on Riley's shoulders.

"Is your new candidate a local girl?" Jake arches a brow.

"I've had my eye on this girl for a while now—"

"I thought you hadn't yet made an offer because you couldn't find a decent candidate who had the qualifications to do the job," Jake says.

"I found her before I started spending time in LA recording my show. I had two video interviews with her and they both went well. Her credentials are impeccable, her references check out, and her photography skills are exactly what I need. This new *Food Network* show is so monumental for me. I didn't know what to expect and I needed some time to be

certain I still wanted to live here in Summerville instead of packing my kids and moving back to California.”

*She’s never mentioned moving away before.*

My eyes shift to Jake’s.

He leans in to his desk, his blue eyes narrowing into slivers. “You were considering leaving the ranch without having this discussion with me first?”

“You waited a long time to share this with us, Riley.” She’s been living with us for a while now and the idea of not having her around is troubling. “I might not be related to you by blood, but I consider myself an uncle to your four kids as much as your brother.”

“Getting my own show on *Food Network* is like winning the lottery.” Riley rubs the back of her neck. “I wanted to weigh things before making a decision that affects so many people,” she says. “The execs at the network made the decision for me. They want to capitalize on the charm of small-town living. They’re going to send a crew to Summerville to stack recording time here in Texas.” Her eyes bounce from mine to Jake’s. “I didn’t think I could have it all.” She shrugs. “Turns out I was wrong. I can have my cake and eat it too. Not to mention, life on the ranch is much better for the kids than life in crazy Los Angeles.”

“That’s good news.” I’m glad the kids won’t move away.

She smiles up at me. “It’s amazing news!” She shifts her attention to her brother. “After living with you for so long, I’d be lost on my own. And even if you’re

grumpy, you're a fantastic uncle and a positive male influence to the boys. Hunter also contributes in shaping my boys. I want them to grow up to be strong men with strong morals... like Uncle Jake and Uncle Hunter."

Jake grabs a pen from the pen holder and taps it on his desk. "So, you remaining in Summerville means I'm not going to be able to transform your house into the ultimate man cave?"

Jake's comment catches me by surprise.

I laugh.

Riley joins me.

"You're silly, you know that?" She reaches out and grabs her brother's hand. "But I still love you."

"I love you, too, Ri." A rare glimpse of vulnerability coming from my best friend. "Tell us more about this candidate, or should I say, this gem."

"Her name is Allison. She's full of sass and spunk. She's charming, witty, and her laugh is contagious."

"I already like her."

Jake's eyes locked onto mine. "Down, boy. You haven't even met her yet."

I frown. "None of those words describe Cynthia. I'd say I have reason to be excited."

Cynthia is a kindhearted person, but she's wind up tighter than a cello string. The straitlaced, meek blonde who's saving herself for marriage could give a nun a run for her money.

“My soon to be new assistant is a spirited New Yorker. She’s nothing like Cynthia.”

“A New Yorker?” Jake’s brows dip.

*Shit.*

There goes my enthusiasm.

Not all Manhattanites live off kale salad, green tea, and sushi tofu, but a lot of high-maintenance women we were hanging out with during the six months Jake and I lived in the Big Apple were. It gets tiresome fast.

Give me a woman who loves good food. I like my women with a little meat on their bones. God gave women hips, tits, and an ass for a good reason.

“She’ll stay here with us?”

Jake brings up a good question.

Riley makes a face. “Of course. It’s not as if we’re short on space. I won’t put her with the men in the bunkhouse. Nor will I put her in the bunkhouse for women. She’s not a ranch hand. She gets one of the many empty guesthouses you and Hunter built for family and friends.”

“Okay. She gets a guesthouse.” Jake nods. “When should we expect Allison?”

“She’ll be here in a few weeks.”

“Copy that,” he says.

“You’re not going to give her a hard time.” Riley waves a motherly finger at her brother. Then, at me. “Same for you, Hunter.”

I lift my hands up in a truce. “I wouldn’t dream of it.”

“Good.”

“From your description, seems like she can walk on water,” Jake says. “I’ll be as patient as I can be, but I hope you’ve warned your assistant she’s coming to live on a rugged ranch—not a dude ranch. If she expects mochaccinos and chocolate croissants for breakfast, she’ll be disappointed. Hunter and I have a business to run and we can’t be distracted by someone who’s ill-prepared for the conditions in which we live in.”

“Your brother is right.” I piggyback on what Jake said. “If she’s a delicate flower, she’s going to struggle on the ranch.”

“Allison is a long-time follower.” Riley lifts her chin up. “She’s smart enough to know this isn’t a Pollyanna movie or a streaming service channel hit series where the broken heroine runs away from her problems in the big city and lands in a small town where she finds the happiness that had eluded her in the concrete jungle she left with the expectation of finding a new found family that loves and supports her.”

“Jesus Christ. My sister is a fucking romance author now.” Jake rubs his hands over his face.

I shake my head. “This girl is going to get in the way.”

Jake points a finger at his sister. “Make sure she leaves her high heels at home. No one here has the time to dig them out of the mud.”

“The two of you have already judge this poor girl just based on the fact she’s a big city girl.” Riley

arches a brow. “Mark my words, Allison will charm you right off your feet just like she did with me.”

“Doubtful. You see the good in everyone you meet.” Jake scoffs. “I’m too cynical for shit like that.”

*This should be interesting.*

# **Jake Debates Telling Hunter He Fucked Allison Twice Since She Arrived at The Ranch**

## **Jake**

The meeting went well. Better than expected. The prospect was a tough nut to crack, but today we were able to come to a mutual agreement. One that will be profitable for the ranch and allow him to offer some of the best quality steak in the country to his customers.

“Hunter is a master marketer.” I tap my fingers on the steering wheel while bobbing my head to the song. “He’s more than a pretty face, after all.”

I have to hand it to my best friend when it comes to getting the word out about how we raise our cattle. His idea is boosting our already successful business.

With the morning I’ve had, I’m surprised I didn’t slip up with the prospect. It was challenging for me to keep my focus. I couldn’t stop thinking of my sister’s new assistant, who I seem to be unable to keep my hands off. The fact I’ve been avoiding my best friend has also been perturbing me as well. We’ve always been frank and open with each other.

“Damn, I should’ve confessed to Hunter.”

It’s unlike me to act on impulse. All reasoning goes straight out the window when it comes to Allison.

Hunter frayed my resolve last night right before dinner, but when Allison showed up for dinner with her mass of blonde hair cascading over her shoulders, I was doomed. By the time she was lying on my couch, my cock was so hard, my boxer briefs felt tight. And the minute the button of her blouse popped open, revealing the swelling of her round breasts, I knew I wouldn't be able to survive the night without having her.

I exhale, flashing back to her tied up in the barn and completely open to me. "I should've exerted more restraint this morning."

*Once is a mistake.*

*Twice is a deliberate attempt at seducing her.*

This morning was wild.

I thought for sure she would refuse to fulfill my fantasy, but she didn't. The glee I read in her eyes, her willingness, her passion, and her submissive nature are all such powerful aphrodisiacs.

*Going without for months has transformed me into a damn animal.*

You can jerk off as much as you want, but nothing compares to the sweetness of a woman's pussy.

I came so hard in that barn, I thought I was going to have a heart attack—

I'm deep in my thoughts, when it hits me.

I haven't heard from my sister all day long. It's unlike her.

I lift my eyes to the horizon.

When I left earlier for Dallas it was another spectacular day. Even when I got in my truck after my meeting, but now the sky is covered with dark clouds.

*This isn't good.*

I pull over to the side of the road, cut off the ignition, and grab my phone.

**Jake:** Where are you? Are you on your way back to the ranch?

**Riley:** Stop being such a big brother.

**Jake:** Stop breaking my balls. Answer the damn question.

**Riley:** I had

**Jake:** You still there?

**Riley:** Sorry. The twins are acting up again. Even Isadora can't get them to behave today. Let me deal with these two so I can make my way back home.

**Jake:** That's where I'm heading. See you soon.

**Riley:** Before you go, how's Allison?

*She's delicious.*

**Jake:** She's with Hunter. Most of the guys must be gone now and it must be just the two of them.

**Riley:** I'll catch her when I get back. I have so much to tell her about this day.

**Jake:** You two are getting along?

**Riley:** Yup. Really well. I'm not the only one. Isadora bought Allison so many treats and she's itching to get to the ranch to give them to her.

**Jake:** You selected the perfect candidate to be your assistant.

There's so much implied in my statement.

**Riley:** In more ways than one.

*I'm with you on that one.*

**Jake:** I'm happy for you.

*And for me.*

**Riley:** I've got to go. These boys are going to kill each other. I should be back at the ranch before you. I need to drop off all this stuff I bought. Then, I'll head out again with the kids and Isadora. See you in a bit.

**Jake:** See you.

I'm about to hit the road, but Hunter pops into my mind.

I owe him the truth. Not some kind of bullshit explanation wrapped up and cotton candy as to why I changed my mind on both of us pursuing Allison.

But not over text.

I'm gonna have to man up and do you this the good old fashion way—face-to-face.

I drop my phone on the passenger seat and get back on the road.

I look down at the clock on the dashboard.

I have thirty minutes to come up with the best way to tell my best friend I fucked Allison twice since she got here yesterday.

## Allison Discovers Porn for The First Time

### Allison

That conversation with Gwyn was more than I can handle. Her surprising confessions shocked me.

*She thinks I should consider Hunter and Jake's proposal.*

*Okay.*

I thought having sex with two different men on the same day was living on the edge, but these two hunks want to be with me at the same time. Me, the queen of predictability and playing it safe.

After my enlightening conversation with my best friend, I'm sitting at the kitchen table in front of my laptop with a glass of wine in one hand and the sex toy Hunter gave me in the other.

"I don't want to look like a complete idiot."

Gwyn thinks my naïveté is a turn-on for Jake and Hunter, and that's why they want to be with me at the same time. If I don't find out more, my insecurities will get the best of me, and I'll find a way to screw things up.

I shake the toy. "I didn't even know they made toys like this."

I haven't been brave enough to walk into a sex shop. Talk about a crash course.

Gwyn has always been far more daring than me, but since she started dating Gaven, she's become a sex goddess. My best friend and her fiancé get a lot of their inspiration from porn sites.

Let's see what all the fuss is about.

I chug down my glass of wine for courage before dropping it on the table. "Here goes nothing."

I bring the sex toy up to eye level and examine it one more time.

The shape is so phallic.

So powerful.

So sexual.

"If I'm going to do this, I might as well know what I'm getting into."

*Stop debating the matter with yourself. You sound like a loon.*

I drop the toy.

I open a browser and type 'sex with two men.'

The first results are either too clinical or they're forums.

"God, I don't want to spend hours reading all these random discussions." *Not quite what I had in mind.*

Take two.

I type 'two men, one woman.'

"Better."

I scroll down the page and land on an interesting headline.

*'THE PORN WOMEN WANT TO WATCH'*

"That's promising."

I click on the link.

As I scroll down the article, the author refers to a specific website.

“Now, we’re getting somewhere.” I go to the site. “Holy shit!” The landing page is a shocker.

*Don't be a chicken.*

I scroll down.

“There’s so much... I need to narrow my search or else I’ll be here all night.” I scroll back up the page to the search box, but I land on a series of popular categories. “None of these are the ones I’m looking for.” I’m about to scroll back up, but spot a button that reads, ‘See all.’

I click on it.

“Jesus!”

The deluge of pictures is so in-your-face, I’m baffled.

“I’m gonna need a little more courage.” I reach out for the bucket, grab the neck of the bottle of white Chardonnay sitting on ice, and pour myself more wine.

“I need to be tipsy to go through with this.”

After a few gulps, I scroll down some more.

*Threesome.*

I hesitate.

“Come on, Ali!”

I click on the link.

One of the first videos is of a woman inserting the same type of sex toy Hunter gave me into her butt. I

click on the thumbnail, press the play button, and lean back against my chair.

“God. I feel like a complete pervert.”

I avert my gaze from the screen.

“Don’t bail now.”

I return my eyes to the screen where a stranger is touching herself.

She inches her panties down her legs, removes them, gets on all fours, and grabs a red butt plug from a side table. She slides the object in her mouth as if she’s making love to it before inserting it into her ass.

“Whoa!”

I expect her to cry out in pain, but she doesn’t. She moans.

“Maybe I can do this after all.”

I have no intention of sticking this thing inside my mouth, but if I accept Hunter and Jake’s proposal, I’m not as worried about preparing my backside.

Now, that I’ve gotten that out of the way, I go back up the page and make good use of the search box. I type ‘two men and one woman’.

The hedonistic floodgates open.

I’m stunned.

There’s a whole other world out there.

*My First Threesome (Amateurs)* is the place to start for a newbie like myself.

I click on that video.

I can't make out the language the three people are speaking. "German? Swedish? Russian? Does it matter?"

The video starts with a woman and a man fooling around, but a second man shows up. Although I don't understand a word, what I do understand is that the girl is enjoying herself. A lot.

*To be the center of attention of two men.*

I'm drenched.

"Why should she have all the fun?"

I part my legs, unzip my jeans, and slide my fingers between my legs. The louder the girl grunts, the more turned on I am. When one of the guys sticks his cock in her mouth and the other penetrates her pussy, I'm so aroused, I can't think straight.

I rub my clit faster and faster as one of the guys fucks her harder and harder while she sucks on the other guy's cock.

*This is so hot.*

My fingers press against my clit, igniting me like a light switch. I undo the button of my blouse with my free hand so I can pinch my nipple.

I grunt.

By the time the second guy comes in her mouth, I come so hard, I stop breathing.

*Dear God.*

I've given myself orgasms before, but nothing like this.

The woman on the bed is screaming her head off.

Sounds like her orgasm is even more core-shaking than mine.

It takes her several seconds to come down from her high. The camera zooms in on her face.

I lean closer to my screen.

If I look half as euphoric after being with Hunter and Jake as this girl does, sign me up.

## Allison Confesses to Gwyn She Wants More with Jake

### Allison

I'm sitting in the back of a taxi on my way to meet Gwyn before her nine o'clock meeting, my eyes soaking up all the nuances that makes the Big Apple the unique city it is.

Even at a quarter past seven in the morning, the energy in New York is full blast.

When the taxi turns the corner, my excitement bubbles.

After paying and tipping the driver, I nearly skip all the way to the City Bakery.

I push open the door.

There's a long lineup of eager New Yorkers in dire need of their morning fix. I swear, this city runs on ambition and caffeine.

I shake my head.

*New York, you haven't changed a bit.*

As I scan the room, I spot a table in the far-left corner and make my way there before anyone else grabs it. When my butt is on the chair, I pull out my phone and text Gwyn to let her know I'm here.

**Allison:** I just arrived and I'm sitting at the best table. We can catch all the action from here. Where are you?

**Gwyn:** On my way. Gaven wanted a quickie. He's had to use his hand for three weeks and he was dying. And you know how it is with him. One quickie turned into two.

**Allison:** You had an early-morning sex marathon?

**Gwyn:** It ended up being another one of those I-barely-had-time-to-put-myself-together-to-meet-you mornings. I'm surprised I managed to coordinate. Don't be shocked when you see me with my hair up in a ponytail. There wasn't sufficient time for me to come twice *and* to blowdry.

**Allison:** You two kill me. Get over here quick.

**Gwyn:** See you in a few minutes.

*This is going to be like old times.*

I check my phone to see if I've missed any messages from Aaron or Winston just to make sure they don't need anything further from me before I meet with my legal team in a few hours.

*Nope. Nothing.*

When I have peace of mind, I turn around to check the menu on the chalkboard.

I'm reading down the list when there's a commotion behind me.

"Oh my God, Ali, you're here."

I jump to my feet.

Gwyn and I hug for several heart beats.

“I can’t believe I haven’t hugged you in so long,” she says, pulling away from me.

I take her in. “You’re so freaking tanned.”

“Seriously? That’s the first thing that comes out of your mouth after not seeing me for a month and a half?”

“I missed you like crazy, and you know it.”

She smiles wide. “Much better.”

We sit down.

Her eyes lock onto mine. “How is it to be back in the city?”

I twist my lips. “I’m not thrilled I have to come back to New York under these circumstances, but spending time with you makes it all worthwhile.”

She reaches for my hand and squeezes it. “Spending time with you is the highlight of my week.”

We smile at each other.

“We should get some food because I can’t be late for my meeting. What do you want to eat? It’s on me.”

I rattle off my selections.

“Give me a minute and I’ll be right back.”

“Okay.” She gets up and head towards the counter.

A few minutes later she comes back with a tray piled up with yummy looking breakfast fairs, including the most decadent melted chocolate chip cookies on the face of the planet Earth.

She hands me my order before sitting into the chair across from me.

“Thank you so much. I can’t wait to sink my teeth into this. As amazing as Summerville is, I’ve missed this eatery.”

Gwyn lifts her latte cup and meets my eyes. “Here’s to the best sister-friend.”

I lift my cup and clink it against hers. “I second that wholeheartedly.”

We sip on our coffees before attacking our pretzel croissants.

I close my eyes and moan.

“The last time I was here was with you right before you left to work for Riley,” Gwyn says.

I point at my pretzel croissant. “I can’t believe how much I’ve missed these.”

We savor our lip-smacking breakfast in silence for several blissful minutes.

An unsettling thought pops into my head.

I sigh and drop my pretzel croissant on the plate.

“Can I be honest?”

Gwyn meets my gaze. “Is it about Clark? Did the asshole do something to dig you further into this hot pile of shit?”

I shake my head. “It’s about you and Gaven.”

She frowns. “What about us?”

“I’m jealous of your sexy morning.”

She scrunches her nose.

“I’ve been in a dry spell for the last three weeks.”

She drops her pretzel croissant on her plate and wipes her hands with a napkin. “Ali, you know what to

do to end your dry spell. We talked about this last night when you called me to vent, but you refuse to take my advice. You're tiptoeing around the issue. You'd rather chicken out than confront Jake head on."

"I tried my best last night, but he's like a stone wall."

"It shouldn't be this complicated. Jake and you have an undeniable connection. Even Hunter sees it. Something happened in recent weeks. You have to dig deeper to find out why Jake is keeping you at arm's length." She leans against her chair. "That's if you still want Jake."

"Of course, I want him. He consumes my thoughts every minute of the day."

"Then, you have to let him know." She says that as if it was as simple as telling him what toppings I want on my pizza.

"How am I supposed to do that? Every time I try talking to him, he veers the conversation to the case or the ranch." My shoulders slump. "I don't know how to break through."

She lifts one eyebrow and purses her lips.

I narrow my eyes. "What?"

"You brought lingerie with you?"

"Duh. It's not as if I walk around naked under my clothing."

She leans in close. "You're trying to catch his attention, right?"

I nod.

“You’ve tried talking? You’ve tried asking questions? You’ve tried being witty? You’ve tried humor?”

“Yes, to all of the above.”

“Use what God gave you to your advantage. If you prance around the hotel room in your sexiest lingerie, you’ll catch his attention. The man will be all over you like a starved bear after hibernation.”

I bite my lower lip. “I don’t know, Gwyn. I don’t want to resort to this type of blatant seduction.”

“You’ve tried everything else, and so far, nothing’s worked.”

*She has a good point.*

“I don’t want this to be only about sex. I want Jake to want me for me.”

“You want him to remember you have a pulse. Once you’ve accomplished that goal, you decide how the conversation goes.” She pauses. “You can bump uglies first or you can have a heart to heart conversation. The choice is yours.”

I pick at my food. “What if it backfires? Or what if he pretends not to notice I’m wearing lingerie?”

“Then you’ll have to put your big-girl panties. You deserve to know where you stand with this man. If he doesn’t feel the way you do... the sooner you rip off the Band-Aid, the sooner you’ll be able to rebuild yourself.”

*Kill me now.*

**Thank you so much for reading Jake, Ali, and  
Hunter's story.**



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