



*Bonus Scene*

*Infatuation*  
*Duet*

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

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***Scarlett Avery***

## Hunter Meets Up with Collin for a Wild Night In LA

I get out of the chauffeured car.

Delirious Lounge has two entrances—regular partygoers and aspiring stars line up at the front of the building, while VIP high rollers make their way to the back of the building. Inside the lounge, a yellow steel accordion folding door and a couple of bouncers divide the two areas of the lounge.

I take a left and snake around the building heading towards a much shorter lineup.

A beefy bouncer turns around after letting in a group of four leggy blondes wearing nearly there dresses.

*It's going to be a wild night.*

“Hey Hunter, welcome back to LA.”

“Hey, man.” I fist bump the bouncer.

“How’s the dude ranch?”

I roll my eyes. “I wouldn’t know. I own a *real* ranch. None of that bed and breakfast stuff. I leave that to others. What I do is all sweat and hard work.”

“I can’t help but tease you about it. I don’t know too many successful guys who leave Tinseltown or Silicon Valley for the wide-open planes of Texas like you and Jake did.”

“It’s the best decision we ever made. Enough about me, Bobby, how are you?”

“Same old, dude.”

“Can’t be that old if you’re still here.”

“What can I say? The pay’s too good for me to do anything else. Not to mention, who the hell is going to hire a beefy six-foot-seven guy built like a wall other than Hollywood? And that’s not a given since I’ve got no acting skills whatsoever. On top of that, I suffer from dyslexia. That means going over a script is equivalent to me having a root canal without drugs.”

“You can always be an extra or get supporting roles in action movies.”

Bobby presses his lips in a straight line and shakes his head. “Nah, man. It’s not my thing.”

“Fair enough,” I say. “From the group of pretty little things that’s standing in the other lineup and the hotties you just let in, seems like the place is swarming with sexy women tonight?”

“I don’t know what’s going on, but the hottest chicks seem to have all congregated here... and it’s still so early. Wait until the clock strikes midnight when this place starts jumping. I’m not a psychic, but I’m willing to bet you’re not going home alone tonight.”

I chuckle. “Thanks for the heads up. Is Collin already in there?”

He nods. “Dennison got here half an hour ago. He added you to the VIP list early this afternoon, and

when he got here, he asked me to be on the lookout for you.”

“Collin’s a trip,” I say.

“In more ways than one. When he arrived, he was already revved up, so I’m pretty sure that by now he’s bouncing off the walls.”

“It should be an interesting night to say the least.”

Bobby moves his gaze over my head. “There’s a large group of VIP patrons walking towards us,” he says locking eyes onto me.

I turn around.

Five young guys puffing on cigars approach.

Given the impeccable reputation of this establishment, I’m one-hundred percent sure they’re not under age, but from the peach fuzz still stuck to their chins, these guys can’t be a day over twenty-one. From the cocksure look in their eyes and the self-assured stride, they’re here for some serious entertainment.

“As much as I’d like to talk to you all night, I can’t,” Bobby says. “I’m going to have to tend to these guys.” He leans into me. “Don’t be fooled by the expensive looking package, these bozos are all trust fund babies, none of them earned their fortune like you and your business partner did. It’s your typical Hollywood smoke and mirrors illusion—all shiny and glossy on the outside, but nothing on the inside.”

I nod. “As challenging as it’s been for us to get to where we are today, I wouldn’t want it any other way.

When it's served to you on a silver platter, you don't have to be hungry. As the great late Steve Jobs once said, '*Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.*' Even after everything we've accomplished, Jake and I still live by this rule."

"Given my line of work, I can vouch for that. I see them every night. Arrogant little fucks with too much money and too little smarts. That's why I respect you so much."

"I'm flattered, Bobby."

"You earned it."

We both nod at each other.

He pats me on the back. "Why don't you go inside and have some fun."

I grin up at him. "That's darn good advice."

I enter the Delirious Lounge and it hits me—the dim lights, the sultry club music, the bodies gyrating on the dance floor, and the promise of a no strings attached one-night stand.

I pull out my phone and text Collin to let him know I'm here. I wait a few seconds and when I don't get an immediate response, I slide my phone inside the back pocket of my jeans.

I head towards the bar at the back of the room as I push my way through the animated crowd. I lean on the bartop and catch the bartender's attention. He gives me a chin nod and strides towards me.

"Hey Hunter." He stops right in front of me. "When did you ride back into town?"

“My thoroughbred horse is still lassoed at the front of the lounge. I thought I’d come in and have a quick drink before riding back to the ranch, hoping to make it to Summerville by sunrise.”

We both laugh.

“It’s good to see you again.”

“Same here.”

Jason fist bumps me.

“Looks like you’re keeping well,” I say.

“It’s not that hard to do when you work in a place like this.”

“I guess it’s a great match for you.”

Jason nods. “And from what I can already tell, there are plenty of great matches to be made tonight. I don’t have to spell it out for you.”

“No, you don’t. Bobby has already forewarned me. It’s a good thing I’m ready. Tonight, anything goes.”

“That’s what I’m talking about. What can I get you?”

“I’m going to start easy and work my way up.”

“Beer?”

“If you have any artisanal brews, I’ll be your best friend.”

Jason flashes me a wide grin. “Jake Carrington, eat your heart out. Dennisons, you’ve been out ranked.”

I laugh. “Good one.”

“I’ll be right back,” he says. Jason returns in a flash. “Here you go.” He drops my beer on the counter. “Enjoy.”

“Thanks. I will.” I take a few sips of my ice-cold beer when I feel a tap on my shoulder.

“Have we met before? I swear I know you from somewhere,” a voice says.

I turn around and smile at a redhead. She’s your typical LA beauty—super thin, miniscule waist, and oversized breasts.

*Strike one.*

She isn’t wearing a bra. Her nipples are poking through her bright green dress.

She’s not giving off a nun’s vibe.

She drinks me in from head to toe. I return the favor, raking my eyes from her black high heels all the way to her pouty red glossy lips.

She has the kind of rack perfect for titty-fucking. I much prefer them real, but when they’re fake, the pressure against your cock is fucking good. “I’m sure I’d remember you.”

She lets out a deep throaty laugh. “You’re such a charmer.”

I don’t mean it as a compliment. I’m just stating a fact. Not even a blind man can forget a woman like this. Everything about her is deliberate.

*Strike two.*

She arches a brow. “You’re Christian Scott Wallace?”

“I’m flattered, but I’m not.” There’s not a hint of flirtation in my response.

“You could’ve fooled me. You have the action movie star’s sexy dark brown hair and eyes.” She moves a little closer. “I love ‘em dark and handsome.”

“I see.”

“By the way, my name is Chantel.” She extends a hand at the same time as she pushes her tits towards me.

*Jesus, these things should be classified as weapons.*

I shake her hand. “I’m James.” I give her my middle name.

“The luxurious bathrooms here are great place to get to know each other, James. It’s a lot quieter than the dance floor.”

*There’s no beating around the bush with her.*

*Strike three.*

I’m just about to suggest she finds another dick to ride, when I spot Collin heading towards me with a cocky grin on his face.

He makes his way over to the bar and sits on the empty stool right next to mine.

He winks at me before turning his focus to the desperate redhead. “Weren’t you giving that guy a blow job in the bathroom a few minutes ago? The combination of your red hair and the bright green dress is in your face, making you hard to forget.”

My eyes swing in Chantel’s direction.

She crosses her arms over her ample chest and cocks a brow.

“I was impressed with how you were able to choke the guy’s dick with one hand while you were playing with your pussy with the other.” Collin presses on. “You didn’t even seem phased by the audience gathering around you. On the contrary, it heightened the experience for you. It made you come hard.”

“I’m a bit of an exhibitionist.”

*Sounds like it.*

“I get a rush when others watch me take pleasure with another man,” she says.

Collin nods. “I see.”

Chantel narrows her brown eyes at him. “You like vanilla sex.”

“Are you trying to convince my friend to allow you to suck his dick as well?” Collin ignores her question and counters with one of his own.

“I’d love to be his friend for tonight. I’m sure his cock is magnificent.”

*You have no idea.*

“Now that you’ve joined us, I wouldn’t be opposed to pleasuring both you and James. Maybe we can make it a little more than just me sucking your dicks.”

“Like a two-for-one special?” Collin scoffs.

“Why choose?” Chantel says with a shrug.

I could jump into the conversation, but Collin is on a roll.

“Nah, I’m going to pass.”

My head whips in his direction.

Collin never refuses sex from a woman. Never.

That speaks volumes coming from a notorious manhore.

Chantel’s lips twist and she turns her attention to me. “What about you, James? We can still have a little fun together even if your friend doesn’t want to join us.”

I open my mouth to answer, but Collin precedes me. “James is good.”

“He doesn’t need your mouth around his cock,” Collin says. “I’ve been here four weekends in a row—both on Saturdays and Sundays—and every time, you’ve been in the bathroom on your knees with your lips wrapped around multiple different dicks while rubbing one out each night. You like variety.”

I choke at Collin’s response.

Chantel squares her shoulders, brushes her hair behind them, and bats her fake eyelashes a few times. “So, it’s okay for guys to be promiscuous, but not women?”

“This is America.” Collin shrugs. “You can do whatever you want to do. I’m here so my buddy makes an informed decision. That’s it.”

She bounces her gaze from Collin’s to mine. “Are you a pussy? You’re going to let your friend decide for you?”

*I won’t be shooting my load down your throat, darling.* “I’m no pussy.” I scoff. “It was a strike out for

you from the beginning. After what my buddy just shared, there's no way my dick will warm up to you." I arch a brow. "But maybe you'll have better luck with a guy in the bathroom."

She stomps away from us.

She might not be wearing a bra, but her red thong is visible under her see-through dress.

I wait for her to fade into the crowd before turning to face Collin.

"That woman doesn't discriminate," he says. "Word has it that she's a nymphomaniac. And a coke head. And a drama queen."

I nod. "Message received."

He shakes his head with a dead serious look on his face. "I was saving your ass from catching some nasty venereal disease shit that would cause your dick to fall off."

"Thanks for intervening, but I saw her coming a mile away. There's nothing subtle about her."

"I'll go without sex for the rest of my natural life before I let that woman wrap her lips around my cock," he says. "As for her being a coke head, I battled my demons, I won't allow a pussy to take me down."

I clap him on the shoulder. "Good to hear your cock has standards."

"Speaking of my cock, I have a private room with hot women waiting for us to get the party started."

"That's generous of you, but our taste in women diverge."

Collin leans into me. “They’re smoking hot, blonde Swedish models—*swimsuit and lingerie models*.”

That piques my interest.

“I’m going for quality tonight,” he says. “We both are.”

“I like the way you think.”

He rubs his chin. “I take my duty as your friend seriously.”

I’m almost afraid to ask. “And which one is that?”

“I’m willing to go above and beyond the call of duty to put an end to your dry spell. The Yellowstone lifestyle might be edgy on the screen, but all this cowboying is eating up on your fucking time. While you’re here in LA, I’m going to make sure you give your cock the royal treatment it deserves.”

I shake my head. “You kill me.”

“Grab your beer and let’s go hang out with the *frauen*.”

I grab my bottle. “Isn’t *frauen* German?”

“Close enough. I’d have to do a Google search to figure out the Swedish word. If I’m going to pull out my phone, there are a lot of other Swedish words that top the list. If you know what I mean.”

*Collin Denison to a T.*

He looks up at me, his blue eyes twinkling with mischief. “I should give you a heads up.”

I groan. “About what?”

“I’ve been bragging to the girls about your exceptional roping skills. They’re dying for some BDSM action and coming all over a strapping cowboy—”

“Jake and I *hire* cowboys. I’m not a cowboy. You know that.”

“Don’t kill the fantasy, man. I’ll be benefiting from this. *Both frauen* are open to riding each of our cocks.” He grins. “You know what they say... ride a cowboy... save a horse.” His grin is so wide now, it takes over his face. “Tonight, I’m a cowboy by proxy.” He play-punches me. “Let’s go get us a couple fillies.”

\* \* \*

**Thank you so much for reading Hunter and  
Miranda’s story.**



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