



Bonus Scene

Damaged
MOGUL

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
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About This Bonus Scene

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Scarlett Avery

Seven years later

Gage

I step into the kitchen and pause to admire my wife from behind.

Her curves are irresistible in her form-fitted yellow dress. Over the years, her hips have rounded out and so have her tits.

I'm a happy man.

Lily is busy packing up food, so she's oblivious to my presence. Like a cat, I tiptoe towards her. The lovely scent of her French perfume greets me.

I wrap her in my arms and pull her close to my body, peppering her cheek with kisses.

"Gage Hollingsworth, what are you doing?"

"Kissing my wife."

My hands can't stop their possessive roaming over her rounded belly. I adore the swell of her belly I helped create. Even after two kids, I still struggle to describe the high I get from knowing a tiny human is growing inside her.

"Stop it!"

I play dumb. "You don't like it when I kiss you?"

My hands move to her breasts.

I fucking love the heavy weight of her tits when they grow full for our babies.

“We’re going to be late for the barbecue at Sara’s place.”

“My sister and her husband won’t lift an eyebrow. It wouldn’t be the first time we’re late and it won’t be the last. It’s the same for them when we babysit. They take full advantage of being *sans* kids.”

“Perhaps, but it’s in poor form to be late.”

As expected, Sara’s divorce was messy. Danny is a piece of shit who was willing to go down with the burning ship. He got half of their possessions, portfolio, and investments. There was little time for him to enjoy his victory. His baby mama came after him with a vengeance for retroactive child support.

Since my sister had waited so late to have a baby, she gave up on her dream. In fact, she was toying with the idea of adopting kids from her birth country and go at the parenting thing alone.

A year after her divorce was pronounced final, Sara dipped her toes into the dating pool by way of a high-end matchmaking service. She had a specific idea of who she was looking for. Some of her dates were disastrous. Others were comical. Considering the amount of money she was paying the agency, their batting average was paltry at best.

She arrived late at a medical conference in Chicago due to an emergency at the hospital. Once she checked in, she headed straight to the hotel bar. As she was enjoying a much-needed drink, a fellow doctor who works at another LA hospital she’d seen at past

conferences sat next to her. He was the opposite of her dream man—he was a doctor and he was eight years younger than her. Sara didn't want to date a man with a schedule as demanding as hers and she never imagined dating anyone younger.

It turns out Jack was the perfect guy for her. Three months after things became serious between them, he knocked her up. Two years after that, they had another girl. Their eldest daughter and our middle child are the same age. The little princesses are four years old.

Although still posted in Europe, my eldest sisters are in LA regularly with their families. When the girls aren't in school, we make it a point to travel to Europe with them. The same for New York, so they can spend time with their grandfather, uncles, and cousins.

Fisher Edgington will never win the award for doting grandfather of the year, but he loves his granddaughters, and he treats them with a kind of respect he never showed Lily. If he hadn't, our six-year-old would've set him straight.

That girl is the poster child for, '*girls run the world*'. With her huge blue eyes, thick, black hair, and effervescent personality, Lucy is a mini Lily.

Lena is quieter and more pensive. She tends to think long and hard before she speaks—like her daddy. Her hair isn't as dark as her mom's and older sister's. Her blue-green eyes are the perfect combination of Lily's and mine.

I love those tiny humans, and I'd die to keep them safe. I feel so blessed we're adding more tiny humans to our lives.

We're hoping for a boy. If it's another girl, we won't return her. We'll keep trying. We're aiming for five kids. Since I bought a new childproof house in the same gated community as a lot of my buddies right before Lena was born, we might as well fill it up with kids.

I place a hand on my wife's chest, my palm covering her medallion. "Cool your jets, boss lady. It's the weekend. You can switch off from CEO mode."

"Hands off Aphrodite." She lowers my hand from her yellow gold medallion tangled with a stack of gold necklaces circling her slender neck.

"Aphrodite loves the attention as much as you do," I say.

She lets out an exasperated sigh. "You're incorrigible."

"I think the word you're looking for is *insatiable*. It's your fault. You're too damn sexy."

She laughs.

After Lily gave birth to Lucy, it took her a little longer to graduate from the Fashion Institute of Design & Merchandising due to the added responsibility of motherhood. Once she had her degree in hand, she enrolled in a distance learning business program. She wanted the education, without sacrificing her time with our baby girl.

A year after Lena's birth, Lily launched Mystique Medallions. Her operation is small—it's her and three staff members, along with independent creative artists and a series of trustworthy vendors.

Along with her original concept—the Marianne necklace—my wife's jewelry showcases notable goddesses from Greek and Roman mythology.

Since she already had a foot in the door with QVC, she knew who to call. The necklaces made with stainless steel and cubic zirconia were an instant hit. America can't get enough of Lily's jewelry. They're always a bestseller on QVC when she's the guest vendor. Her high-end collection of necklaces made with yellow, white, rose gold, and diamonds is also kicking butt.

I'm so fucking proud of her.

I lower my head and nip her neck with my teeth.

She yelps.

I do it again.

She moans.

My hands lift the hem of her dress, inching the fabric up her thighs.

“Gage. We can't. The girls are waiting for us.”

“They're with their cousins. Trust me, they're having too much fun to miss Mommy and Daddy,” I say.

“I need some alone time with my wife.”

“The kids had a sleepover, and you spent all of last night *and* this morning fucking me. How much more alone time do you need?”

“What are you saying?”

She lets out a huff.

I can just imagine her rolling her eyes.

“No more pussy for you, mister.”

“That’s not how it works, angel. I get as much pussy as I want. And right now, I need a few licks of the pussy that belongs to me.”

She grips the countertop, jotting out her ass. “We have to be quick.”

And just like that, she changes her tune.

I lower myself to my knees.

I lift the lower part of her pretty yellow dress and shake my head.

“You’re not wearing panties?”

“What’s the point? You always rip them to shreds.”

“And I always buy you new ones.” French Appliqué loves me.

“It’s a bit extravagant and over the top.”

Slap!

“Ouch! What’s gotten into you? You’re a barbarian today.”

“Don’t you dare deprive me of the satisfaction of ripping your panties off your delectable body.”

She laughs. “Noted.”

“Assume the position.”

I don’t need to ask twice.

She likes playing hard to get, but in the end, she always surrenders and submits to my wicked ways.

With two curious little girls running around, most rooms in the house are off limits when we want to get down and dirty. When they're at Sara's place, every room is fair game. My wife loves getting fucked in the kitchen. That's how she ended up pregnant with our third child.

"Hold the hem of your dress so it's not in the way."

She does.

I lick the inside of her thigh, teasing her before focusing my attention on her plump ass. She purrs like a kitten, and pushes said plump ass back, wanting more.

"Stop torturing me, Gage. I've got too many hormones going crazy in my body right now for this kind of teasing."

"Don't you dare rush me, woman."

"We're wasting precious time."

"A minute ago, you wanted to forgo this. Now, you're begging for it?"

"It's your fault," she says. "You got me all riled up."

I tap the inside of her thigh. "Spread them wider."
She looks over her shoulder.

I glance up.

The raw lust in her eyes is enough to make me come in my jeans.

I angle my head between her thighs and stick out my tongue, skating it around her wet pussy, careful to avoid flicking her clit.

She wiggles her ass. "More. I need more."

I pull away. “Keep rushing me like this and you’ll have to use your fingers or one of your favorite toys to finish yourself off.”

She shoots daggers at me.

When she turns her head, I resume my mission.

I eat her out from behind like a starved man.

“Oh, God.” She bangs the palm of her hand against the countertop.

Bang.

A few knowing strokes of my greedy tongue, and she’s losing her bearing.

“Your mouth is so...”

Bang.

She bends over the counter.

I scoot back, adjusting my position as I tongue-fuck her.

Damn.

“Jesus!”

Bang.

“Good God!”

Bang.

Bang.

Bang.

With each pregnancy, Lily seems to be more ravenous. Suits me just fine.

I lick her with more fervor.

Wrapping my lips around her clit, I press against her throbbing nob with the right amount of pressure.

“Oh, Gage. I’m—” ...*jumping off the cliff.*

Mrs. Hollingsworth writhes back, coming all over my face.

Her legs are trembling like leaves.

I place my hands around her waist to hold her steady.

She's limp and satiated.

And my job here is done.

She rests her forehead against her arms on the countertop as I pepper kisses along her legs.

I run my hands down her hips, prying the hem of her dress from her fingers that are clenching the fabric tight.

I flip it back down, and get to my feet.

"What about you?" Given she's still hunched over, that comes out sounding muffled.

"This was about you."

My cock is so hard, it threatens to break the zipper of my jeans.

"You're an incredible husband."

"It's easy when I have an incredible wife."

"That was so cheesy."

"It was."

We laugh.

She stands up and turns around.

Every time I see her beautiful face, I can't believe she's mine. She's more gorgeous today than she was when I first met her. Not that I know how that's even possible.

She gets on her toes to give me a kiss. "God, I taste myself on you, and now, I'm turned on again."

Reaching down, she rubs my hard cock, but I take her hand and entwine our fingers together.

The more I fuck her, the more she needs to be fucked.

“Let’s get going before the kids think we abandoned them,” I say. “Once the princesses are in bed, I’ll take care of you by working my cock inside your sweet pussy to wring out every last bit of pleasure from you.”

“I can live with that.” She lifts a groomed eyebrow. “Will you stuff my mouth with my wet panties again so I don’t scream too loud?”

I fucking love her pregnant.

Slap!

“You’re such a little slut.”

“*Your* little slut.”

“Damn right you are.”

I love every inch of this woman.

She’s my queen—the goddess who gave me two beautiful girls and more kids on the way.

Original Chapter 1

I had started the manuscript with Gage’s point of view, but decided after editing the book numerous times that it would be a lot more impactful if I started with Lily’s point of view because her father forgot her twenty-first birthday, which is a big deal. Since she’s a poor little rich girl, I wanted it to be clear that although she had a lot of money, she didn’t have much love in her life. Gage Hollingsworth and her newfound family in Los Angeles changed that.

Gage

Since *carpe diem* doesn’t translate to kicking off your morning with top-shelf whiskey—that screams of serious addiction issues—you go for the second best option. An extra tall cup of steaming latte, doped up with a double shot of espresso from your favorite coffee shop is the only way to bulldoze through Monday. Not that exceptional coffee is enough to soften my abrasive nature these days, but it’s the best way for me to avoid murdering anyone.

As I step through the glass doors of my office, my receptionist’s eyes shift towards me.

Is her trademark spiky salon red hair spikier today? “Good morning,” I say.

“Trust me, you’ll be changing your tune in a New York minute.”

“What do you mean?”

“Someone is determined to poke the bear this morning.”

As if that’s an explanation.

“Who are you talking about?”

“I’m willing to bet the next three months of salary you’ll be demanding another one of those”—she points to my cup of coffee—“*and* a bottle of ibuprofen, *and* one of Macallan 18.”

“If you’re trying to cheer up my day, you’re failing. Stop talking in riddles and spit it out.”

She leans into the desk. “Fisher Edgington called *three* times since eight o’clock this morning.”

I check the time on my wristwatch.

What the fuck?

I meet her eyes. “It’s only twenty minutes past eight.”

“Like I said, you’re going to need something stronger than coffee this morning.”

“If Fisher needs to re-shuffle his advertisement, shouldn’t he get his executive assistant or whomever takes care of that side of his business, to address his concerns to the ad agency so they can figure things out with their media buying division?”

“It has nothing to do with his advertisement.”

“Did he tell you what it was about?”

“It’s *private* he says.” She rolls her eyes.

“Did you—”

The phone rings.

She picks up and delivers the company greeting.

Her gaze lifts up to mine as she points a furious finger at the receiver.

I crook my thumb in the direction of my office.

She nods.

“If you’re willing to hold until Mr. Hollingsworth makes his way to his office, I’ll transfer you, Mr. Edgington.”

She presses the hold button.

The onset of an early headache pounds at my temples. “Forget ibuprofen, something tells me I’ll be drinking straight out of a bottle of Macallan 18 by the time I’m done with this conversation.”

“Told you, boss.”

Eager to deal with Fisher, I head towards my office with a determined step. As my feet eat the floor beneath me, employees drop *good morning* as I pass in front of their glass offices. I jerk my chin here and there in response.

As I step into my corner office, the phone on my desk rings.

It should be a punishable offense not to allow a man to sip his morning coffee in peace.

I round the desk and plop myself into the leather chair. I drop my much-needed coffee on my desk, eyeing it with longing, as I reach for the phone.

With a huff, I pick up the receiver. “Good morning, Fisher.”

“Gage, you’re a hard man to get hold of.”

That flippant comment grates at my nerves.

A simple good morning would’ve put him on my good side.

Whatever he’s calling about better be life or death.

Fisher Edgington is a man who expects the world to march to the beat of his drum. He owns your soul if you’re unlucky enough to work for him. The problem with Fisher is he’s convinced we’re all on his payroll and he can snap his fingers to get you to jump. I’m his peer, not his lacky.

“Fisher, I’m on West Coast time.”

“Yeah, but as the man who runs the show—pun intended—you should be at the office at the crack of dawn. Time is money, Hollingsworth.”

My back teeth meet with a click, my jaw so tight, it aches.

Is he lecturing me?

Fuck that.

I need to put an end to this conversation. Fast. “How can I help you? After all, time is money.”

“Oh, I see what you did.” He lets out a fake laugh.

“You borrowed my words. Good comeback.”

Har. Har. Har. “Fisher, you called me four times in the last twenty-five minutes. Don’t tell me the urgent

matter you were dying to talk to me about magically got resolved.”

“You’re right. Let me get to it.”

Finally.

“My daughter—”

“You have a daughter?”

“Um... well...” He clears his throat. “I do.”

“Did your girlfriend give birth?”

“*Nooo.*” He draws out the monosyllable. “Lily isn’t a child. She’s a grown woman.”

My eyebrows hit my forehead. “This is the first time you’ve mentioned her.”

He hums. “Possibly.”

I want to say uncertainty coats that one word, but since we’re talking about Fisher Edgington here, it doesn’t make sense.

In all the years I’ve known him, the man can’t shut up about his four sons, singing their praises any chance he gets, regardless if you give a damn or not. He’s never once mentioned anything about a grown daughter.

“I didn’t know you had five kids.”

He makes a sound.

Derision?

Disappointment?

Disillusion?

Sounds like a lot of family drama.

“Lily lives in New York?”

“She went to boarding school and college abroad, but she’s back stateside.”

“Is she interested in an internship at StreamTunes?”

“No. Her future isn’t in the music streaming business.”

“Then, you lost me.”

“She’ll be in Los Angeles next week and she’ll need a chaperone. You’d be perfect for the job.”

“Come again?”

“Lily is considering attending college on the West Coast.”

Okay. “How do I fit into that picture as her chaperone?”

“Before I answer that question, I assume you’re still single?”

“Fisher, where are you going with this?” *Get to the fucking point.*

“Lily will be attending a few open houses for top-rated film schools next week in LA.”

“Your daughter wants a career in the movie industry?”

“God, no.” He scoffs. “No offense, but a career in your drama-filled industry is out of the question. La La Land is all about smoke and mirrors. I’d never want that for Lily.”

“Shouldn’t she be the one making that decision?”

“As her father, it’s my duty to guide her.”

You mean, shove your decision down her throat.

“Film school is a means to an end, not the end game.”

“And what’s the end game?”

“Lily needs some well-rounded media training, since she’ll be heading our PR company.”

“You own a PR company?”

“It’s in the works,” he says. “By the time Lily gets all the training she needs under her belt, I’ll have bought an agency and its staff right here in New York.”

“Got it.”

“The University of Southern California will offer a new program,” he says. “It’s six months of intense videographer training, with a heavy focus on social media. Registration for next year has to happen before end of August. Lily *needs* to be part of the first group of students. The University of Southern California isn’t the top-ranked AFI Conservatory, but this isn’t about Lily becoming the next top film producer, it’s about broadening her education.”

“Okay. I still don’t see how I fit into this.”

“The University of Southern California has a full emersion meet the teachers half day session. They’ll be kicking things off with a chichi meet-and-greet the day before. I don’t want Lily to attend the event alone. Big Hollywood types are notorious for taking advantage of young impressionable women—”

“And young men.”

“You understand where I’m coming from. I want to shelter my daughter from predators.”

“Who says I wouldn’t take advantage of your daughter? Who says I’m not one of those predators?” I can’t help but play devil’s advocate.

“After the recent public scandal you had to deal with, if you had any skeletons in your closet, they would’ve come out. You were the victim. Shows you how ungrateful some people can be. That fraudster who falsely accused you of—”

“Let’s not talk about it. That’s behind me.” *Thank the fuck God for that.*

“As it should be,” Fisher says. “The press and the people have exonerated you.” Although true, the way he says that makes him sound Almighty. “Let’s not forget the recent string of copyright lawsuits against StreamTunes. Your dream team handled those lawsuits like capable high-priced pros. A smart CEO never skimps on great lawyers. Never. That’s business 101. All that to say, you’re squeaky clean.”

Having him refer to my recent media debacle in such a casual way, belittles the nightmare I had to endure.

“I’m flattered you think so highly of me Fisher, but I’m sure you must have friends and contacts in LA. Why not reach out to someone who’s part of your circle to accompany your daughter to the event?”

“I have a large network of some of the most influential people from coast to coast.”

Yada, yada, yada.

“The problem is, most of my contacts rub my daughter the wrong way. You’re a safe bet.”

He's not so much asking for a favor, but dictating how things will unfold.

Do I want to play man servant to an entitled prima donna while she shops around for elite colleges? And do I want to listen to a college kid yap my ears off about futile things? I should refuse—

“I’m not asking you to date my daughter.”

Good, because I'd never be stupid enough to make the mistake of dating a woman anytime soon.

“It’s only one evening. Lily can handle the day sessions on her own.” He lets out an audible sigh. “Lily is... sheltered.”

Why should I care?

Another long sigh. “You’d be doing me a huge favor, Gage.” His usual condescending tone evaporates. “It will put my mind at ease if I know a trustworthy person is there with her.”

Finally, a bit of humility.

Edgington’s account is worth several hundreds of millions in advertisement dollars to my entertainment empire. One evening with his daughter won’t kill me. “Okay, I’ll accompany her.”

“I owe you, Hollingsworth.”

Lily better not be a spoiled socialite. I don’t have time for women, let alone brats.

* * *

**Thank you so much for reading Gage and Lily'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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