

A man with a beard, wearing a dark blue suit jacket over a light blue button-down shirt, is adjusting his shirt. He is wearing a watch on his left wrist. The background is a blurred city skyline at night with bokeh lights.

Bonus Scene

Always
US

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
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About This Bonus Scene

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Scarlett Avery

The morning after Ryder's party

Eliana

With a moan, I open my eyes.

I'm hurting all over—especially my pussy.

The extra weight on my tummy isn't helping one bit.

I look down the length of my body and I can't help my smile.

It's all your fault.

Jace's sexy naked body is wrapped around mine—a strong arm around my waist, gorgeous face nuzzled against my boobs, and his warm breath brushing over my nipple.

I stare down at how he's nestled around me and grin wider.

I love it.

I don't ever want to leave this bed.

Since Ryder was staying at his grandparents' place for the night, this is the first time we've had the house all to ourselves. My boyfriend was determined to take advantage of the opportunity.

And boy, did he ever.

As if the kinky interlude in his recording studio had never happened, Jace worked me so hard, I nearly forgot my own name. He said that fucking me without any barrier between us was transcending and he needed to relive the experience over, and over, and over again.

Every single time, he came gushing between my legs in a rush of warm cum. I lost count of how many times I came my head off riding his magnificent cock.

As if my body didn't get the message, a tingling ache forms between my thighs.

I have it bad for this guy.

But do I love him?

We haven't been dating for that long.

A guy like Jace doesn't fall in love. No way.

Does he? Could he?

Nah.

Maybe it's all in my head. Maybe it's only lust.

But I feel so complete when I'm around him.

I've never felt like this before in my life. This sense of quiet contentment that washes over me from head to toe is uncharted territory.

It's scary, but it feels so right.

Argh.

Stop it.

I wrap my arm around his head and press him against me.

I take a whiff of his manly scent.

This man.

He smells like sex with a hint of expensive cologne.

Jace Halsey. Incredible, irresistible, inescapable.

The man I've been waiting for all my life.

"Yes, you fool, you love him."

My inner voice puts an end to this ridiculous mental debate.

I'm fucked. I'm so utterly fucked—

"You know I can hear you think, angel," Jace says.

If he weren't holding me so tight, I'd jump in fright. "You—you can?"

"You're thinking so hard, it woke me up." His voice, thick with sleep, sends a thrill straight to my pussy.

"You're bullshitting me, Halsey."

"Maybe, but someone sounds guilty."

"Cocky bastard."

"I hope you were thinking of this." His massive erection presses against my leg.

Mother of God. "How can you be hard?"

"It's called morning wood," he says in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm wrapped around my sexy girlfriend's naked body. What did you expect?"

"Jace, I swear to God, I thought last night you spewed every last drop of cum in my body."

"Nonsense. I got plenty more seed left for you, baby."

"I'm sure you didn't get enough sleep to go another around." I'm totally provoking him.

"You want to put me to the test?"

I laugh. "You have an answer for everything."

“Maybe not everything, but I know this is the answer to your problems.” He presses his hard cock against me to drive his point home.

“My body will never be able to sustain another marathon.”

“Who said anything about a marathon?”

“It always is with you.”

“Fair enough. Why don’t we switch things up?”

“What did you have in mind, Halsey?”

I’m so digging myself into a hole I’ll never be able to crawl out of until I’m riding the wave of my climax.

So be it.

“A quickie.”

I roll my eyes. “Do you even know how to spell the word?”

“You can help me.” Already, he’s crawling on top of me.

“Jace.”

“Are you saying you don’t want this?”

I ready myself to respond, but he slides two fingers between my pussy, scooping up my juices.

I choke.

“What’s this? Looks like last night’s sex marathon didn’t satiate your hungry pussy.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” I say.

“Spread them.”

“Tyrant.”

“We can keep playing this cat and mouse game, or I can get up and get breakfast ready. You decide.”

Whoa, buddy. “No need to be so dogmatic, Halsey.”

He grins wide. “So, you do want my cock.”

“Of course I do.”

What’s the point of denying it? I’m sure it’s written all over my face.

“Good answer.” His hips flex against my tummy as he grinds his cock against me. A few drops of pre-cum mark my skin.

Oh, God.

He leans forward and sinks his teeth into my shoulder.

I let out a moan of ecstasy.

Eager for more, I ignore my soreness and obey his command, parting my legs for him.

“I didn’t even have to ask twice,” he says. “Good girl.” He settles between my thighs, his cock running flat against my drenched pussy.

He glides the head of his cock against my clit, and I nearly lose it. “Your almighty cock... feels too good.”

“I take good care of you, don’t I?”

“You do. You really do.”

“Tell me how much you love my cock.”

“Yes.”

“No, angel. That’s not what I asked for.”

“You know I do.”

His hand fists my hair and he tilts my head back against the pillow, straining my neck. His green-blue eyes darken.

He's waiting.

"I love your cock." I correct the error of my ways.

He narrows his eyes. "I still don't feel the love."

"I fucking love your cock, Jace."

"Much. Better."

I fucking love you.

* * *

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Jace and Eliana's story.**



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