



Bonus Scene

A Very
**FAKE
BOYFRIEND**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
SCARLETT AVERY

About This Bonus Scene

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Scarlett Avery

Zane

Twelve years after they first meet

I check my side mirror before changing lanes.

“Are we there yet?”

“No, wife, we’re not.” My gaze shifts to the passenger seat. “Are you going to ask me that question every two minutes?”

“If my husband hadn’t blindfolded me”—she points to the silk eye mask—“I wouldn’t have had to ask.”

“If your husband hadn’t blindfolded you, it would ruin the surprise.”

She folds her arms over her chest and huffs.

What’s going on with her? “I thought you were looking forward to this getaway weekend as much as I did.”

“Psych! Got you! You fell for my bratty charade.” She bounces in her seat. “I’ve been counting the days to this getaway—just the two of us, *sans* tiny humans.”

I shake my head. “You’re asking to be punished, wife.”

“Oooohhh! Does this long weekend involves you punishing me? If so, I approve.”

“My lips are sealed.” Even though, she can’t see me, I pretend to lock a key and throw it away over my shoulder.

She twists her body in her seat, tugging at the seatbelt. “Aren’t you going to give me a hint? From the

traffic sounds, I'm guessing we're in a city, but I don't know which one. For all I know, we could be in another country since you blindfolded me before we even landed in your fancy private jet."

"After nearly ten years of marriage, you either trust me or you don't, Shay."

"You telling me where we're going, doesn't mean I don't trust you. It means I'm prepared. Since I'm in the dark, maybe I didn't pack the right thing. If you're taking me to a beach resort, all the winterwear I packed is useless."

"Stop worrying your pretty little head. I'm certain when you step out of the private jet, you knew we weren't in the Bahamas."

"Point taken, but the fact you're keeping me in the dark, it's like you're kidnapping me. At least you allowed me to sit in the passenger seat and you didn't dump me in the trunk of this SUV. And the only reason I know it's a SUV, is because I had to yank my body in a vehicle as opposed to lowering myself into one."

I chuckle. "You've been reading mafia romance books again?"

She purses her lips.

I reach out for her over the console and grab her hands in mine. "You're gonna love what I have in store for you."

"If you say so." She punctuates her flipping response with a shoulder shrug.

Since we got off the private jet, she's been as impatient as our three-year-old on Christmas Day.

I run my thumb over the soft skin of her hands. "If you're not fully satisfied, you can ask for your money back."

She laughs. "Okay, Okay. You got me there, mister."

My phone rings.

I reach for it on the dashboard and accept the call. "You miss us, Mom? And before you answer, you're on speakerphone. Shay is sitting right next to me."

"Not about missing you. And good you tell me you answer on speakerphone. Shay, you good?"

"I would be better if your son wasn't keeping secrets from me."

"You'll like the surprise."

"Your son has been pushing his agenda like a politician," she says.

"Not that I don't want to talk to you, Mom, but is there a reason for your call? Are the kids okay?"

"Ah."

I squint.

"What happened, Bebe?" Shay reaches for the blindfold.

"Don't you dare remove that," I say.

"But your mom started a sentence with 'ah', which is pretty much a precursor for something went wrong."

"Nothing is wrong. Well... not anymore."

I groan. “What did the little terror do? I swear to God, at this rate, but at time our three-year-old turns six, I’ll have gone completely gray.”

Shay leans forwards. “Bebe, what did he do?”

“He... Well... I was making the dinner and your father was in the living room watching a movie with the twins. You know how the girls and their *avô*, they like the movie with the flying wizard—”

“Mom, you’re beating around the bush. Is one of our four children in the hospital?”

“Thank God I’m Brazilian—”

“Mom!”

“Your son challenged his little brother.”

“Dear God,” Shay says. “Did my baby lose a limb? Or an eye?”

“No,” Mom says. “All the body parts still attached. The six-year-old devil child challenge the three-year-old devil child and told the little one if he drink all the bottle of hot sauce, he become big like Daddy same day.”

Shay shrieks.

“What?” My eyes bulge out of my skull. “Those two are going to be in timeout for the next year.”

“No, no, no. All good. The Brazilian, we know how to make it better.”

“What did you do, Bebe?”

“Shay, I got this,” Mom says.

What does that mean?

“When the three-year-old devil child turn red like tomato, coughing, coughing, coughing—so much coughing—his blue eyes going big, big, big, I grab milk and make him drink. After a lot of drinking, his mouth was no more on fire.”

Thank God. “And then you wondered why I insisted Dad comes over to spend the weekend at your place to help you watch the kids. The girls are a piece of cake, but those boys...” I shake my head. “I swear there must’ve been a mix up at the hospital.”

“Your boys... It’s in their blood,” Mom says. “Their *mãe* is Irish and their *avó* is Brazilian. They cannot sit still. They always look for the adventure.”

“The word you’re looking for is, trouble,” I tell her. “And the fact their mom is Irish and grandmother is Brazilian has nothing to do with it. These boys would find trouble in a monastery.” It’s impossible to know how different boys and girls are until you have tiny humans of your own.

Shay laughs. “No truer words have ever been spoken. Those two would cause a saint to lose his shit.”

She’s a trooper not to have removed the mask.

“Anyway, all good now,” Mom says. “I called. So now, you no need to worry.”

Until those boys turn eighteen, I’ll be in a perpetual state of worry.

“Boys will be boys,” Shay says. “Thank God we eased into parenthood with the girls. And thank God we only have two boys.”

“Your boys are like samba—boom, boom, boom,” Mom says. “Zane when little, he was like bossa nova—calm, calm, calm.”

I chuckle.

“You and your wife you go and have a good time. Bebe she takes care of her *netos*. No problem.”

I harrumph. “You mean, Bebe *and* her ex-husband will take care of their grandkids for the next three days.”

“Same thing.”

Not quite, but I won't contradict you. “All right, Mom.”

“Thanks for saving my baby, Bebe,” Shay says.

“Mwah!” Mom does a kissy sound. “Bye-bye!”

“Bye, Bebe.”

“Talk to you tomorrow,” I say.

“No need to call.”

“We'll call to make sure those boys didn't come up with more crazy ideas.” And to make sure they haven't burned your house down.

She chuckles.

I end the call.

I glance in Shay's direction. “Good girl. You played along. You didn't remove the blindfold.”

“I was tempted, but I'm already so invested, I figured, might as well go all the way. You promised a big payoff. You better not disappoint.”

“When was the last time I disappointed you, love?”

She turns her head my way and flashes me a beaming smile. “You’re a good husband. I think I’ll keep you.”

I roll my eyes.

For the rest of the journey, the music seeping from my phone fills the silence.

A few more miles, and our destination looms in front of us.

I park the rented SUV and cut the ignition. “We’re here.”

Shake claps. “Finally!”

A valet rushes towards my side of the vehicle.

“Wait here,” I say. “I’ll help you out.”

“So much mystery.”

“Keep up with the sass, and see where that gets you.”

“Punished. I hope it’s punished.”

That woman.

She’s lucky I love her with every part of me.

I open my door.

“Good afternoon, sir. Welcome—”

“Good afternoon.” I interrupt the valet so he doesn’t ruin the surprise.

I pop open the trunk and hand him the key fob.

“Thank you,” he says. “Enjoy your stay.”

“Where are we staying, Zane?”

I round the front of the vehicle and open my wife’s door. “You’ll find out soon enough.” I help her out

and nod to the bellboy who's already retrieved our luggage from the trunk.

I guide Shay to the lobby.

"Sounds like we're surrounded by a lot of people," she says. "So, do I get to know where we're at? Or are you going to force me to wear this"—she points to her face—"all weekend?"

I adjust her cashmere hat, smooth her long hair behind her shoulders, lean in, and drop a soft kiss on her lips. "We're where it all started."

"What does that mean?"

"Remove the mask to find out."

She yanks it off, blinks a few times, and takes in her surroundings.

Big blue eyes land on me. "OhmyGod! We're at the Mandarin Oriental Boston?"

I nod. "I even reserved the same adjoining rooms."

"You've been planning this for a while, Mr. Keller?"

"I have, Mrs. Keller." I smile. "Although, we're celebrating our ten-year anniversary this coming Valentine's Day, it would never have happened without our stay at this hotel, where we had a lot of fun christening every wall and surface in your room and mine."

She giggles.

"Twelve years ago, I agreed to be your fake boyfriend at Imogen's and Elias's wedding. I didn't expect much more than a fun weekend with a drop-dead

gorgeous redhead with the most mesmerizing blue eyes I'd ever seen. Not in a million years did I ever imagine I'd end up meeting the love of my life, the mother of my perfect children, and the woman I'm going to grow old with."

She snorts. "Perfect children? May I remind you we have two rambunctious boys."

"Even if they drive me nuts half the time, they're perfect."

"Yeah, they are." Her voice is full of motherly pride. She places a hand against my chest. "Ten years..." She shakes her head. "You were a lifesaver. I was grateful you were willing to do me a favor, even though I was a stranger. I mean, I could've ended up being a loon or having a loony family— Wait! I do have a loony family."

We chuckle.

"Sitting next to you at the Evangelista Lounge was the best coincidence of my life." She smiles.

"Same."

She arches a brow. "So, you expect to get lucky this weekend? Is that why you brought me here?"

My lips curve into a cocky smile. "Woman, I'm not letting you out of our room this weekend." I lean into her, my lips flirting with her earlobe. "I have my wife all to myself and I intend to take full advantage of it. I even brought a suitcase of lingerie from our upcoming spring and summer collection so you can model them just for me." With four kids, there's no way I could indulge in that fantasy at home. Our bedroom is their bedroom.

“You’re not letting me out? Not even once?”

“Only to spend Sunday with your family. The rest of this weekend, you’re mine, Mrs. Shay Keller. All mine.”

* * *

Thank you so much for reading Zane and Shay’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.

Here’s the link to leave your review:

[A Very Fake Boyfriend](#)

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So, what's next?

Hudson and Angelica, aka the Texan billionaire living in New York and the virgin escort... two orphans who live in completely opposite world, who were fated to meet in the most unexpected way in a mega city.

Blurb

The commanding billionaire with the sexy Texan twang has no idea he's dating the *wrong* identical twin...

My predictable life is turned on its head when **my reckless identical twin sister** announces she borrowed an ungodly amount of money from a scary looking loan shark with an unpronounceable name. To make a payment (for which she's already late), she hustles a '*Pretty Woman*' gig.

The problem is she's dealing with a delicate feminine issue that involves an unpleasant fungus. So, I agree to do ***the ultimate twin swap***. The fact I'm still holding onto my **V card** makes me woefully inadequate for the job.

My twin's first client is a commanding CEO with a sexy Texan twang. The blue-eye demigod is all charm and swagger, oozing with the kind of confidence that goes straight to a girl's head.

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One magical evening leads to a string of them.

New York is bursting at the seams with gorgeous models, sophisticated socialites, and kickass boss ladies, but the dreamy man I was never supposed to meet, chooses me—a curvy, nerdy book editor in disguise.

As an orphan, it's impossible not to fall hard for a man who wants to take care of me. A man who wants to make all my problems go away.

It's a Cinderella fairytale until the truth behind the wicked arrangement I made with my twin blows up in my face...

USA Today Bestselling Author Scarlett Avery brings you an intoxicating romance between a powerful billionaire who would move mountain and earth for the woman who captures his lonely heart and a book nerd who's only pretending to be *Pretty Woman*.

Binge-read now: [A Very Wicked Arrangement](#)

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More filthy rich book boyfriends...

If you haven't read Zane's cousin Max's romance, you're totally missing out.

Max Keller is obsessed with women with plenty of curves.

Curvy girl Candy had pretty much given up on love.

One chance encounter changes everything when sexy billionaire Max strikes up a conversation with her.

When the billionaire catches sight of Candy's luscious curves, all bets are off.

What happens when a coincidence turns into an illicit and smoldering encounter?

Forever Yours is a passion-filled BBW romance with the right touch of naughty.

★★★★★ “Dirty, raunchy, sexy, but full of delightful twists that make you feel awesome for the heroine!” — YaniraBX

I doubt you're ready for Max, but you need this billionaire in your life.

Binge-read now: *Forever Yours*

www.ScarlettAvery.com *Bonus Scene: A Very Fake Boyfriend.*

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What if you already read Max's story?

I invite you to read another fake relationship that's so hot, it leaves readers gobsmacked. Yeah, I kind of pushed the envelope on Phoenix's romance.

Ruthless Mogul is an arranged marriage romance that sets a new bar for just how dominant a hero can be. Get ready for an explosive storm of naughty and lots (and lots) of sexy times (wink-wink).

★★★★★ “If you like your Billionaire's hot and dirty, then you will love Phoenix, the dirtiest yet swoonest Mogul so far in the series and also my favourite couple. There is no doubt that the chemistry between Phoenix and Michaela could melt the biggest iceberg in the world, but the storyline is pretty terrific too which makes it just a heart-stoppingly brilliant read. Scarlett Avery has included a great suspense element to Phoenix as well.” —
Caroline Podger Scott

Billionaire Phoenix will leave you breathless.

Binge-read now: **Ruthless Mogul**

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Don't Miss A Naughty Beat

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Thanks for being one of my sexy readers.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Scarlett Avery". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and larger than the rest of the letters.

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