



*Bonus Scene*

*A Very*  
**WICKED  
ARRANGEMENT**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**SCARLETT AVERY**

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

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***Scarlett Avery***

# Hudson

*Three years later*

I was supposed to go home and change before coming here, but I had a last-minute opportunity to meet with a big client in Miami and didn't want to miss it. I got back in the Big Apple three hours later than expected, so there was no time for a detour to the house.

Upon receiving the maître d'hôtel's blessings, I enter the Crawford Lounge at the Bymark Hotel, checking my watch one more time as I make my way through the luxurious space.

*Nine o'clock. Right on time.*

It's a busy Thursday night, but that's hardly a surprise for an evening in July.

I remove my wedding ring and slide it in my pocket.

I scour the room, my eyes stopping on long, tanned, crossed legs.

My attention shifts to a pair of cock-hardening strappy black patent leather high heels.

*Damn.*

I practically drool at the sight of dainty toes painted in red.

*Double damn.*

My gaze rakes up the sexy legs, to the hem of a short, sleeveless black and white dress.

My eyes travel up, and up, and up, taking in every sexy curve of the beauty with a striking profile sitting at the L-shaped bar.

With a series of long strides, I reach an empty high stool next to her. “Is it all right if I sit here?”

The brunette moves her attention away from her empty tumbler and fixes dazzling green eyes on me. Her makeup is dramatic and accentuates the intensity of her gaze.

*Triple damn.*

She gives me a languorous onceover, stopping a little too long at my crotch, before meeting my gaze. “Go for it.”

*Fuck, she’s hot.*

I unbutton my suit jacket and take a seat.

A bartender approaches. “Good evening, sir. What can I get you to drink?”

“I’ll have a vodka on the rocks.” My gaze slides to the sexiest woman alive. “And I believe this beautiful woman needs another drink.”

“You’re full of compliments,” the brunette says.

“It’s not hard to compliment a woman like you.”

“Another berry burlesque, ma’am?” The bartender points to her glass.

“Yes, please.”

“I’ll be right back,” he says.

The brunette meets my gaze. “Thank you for the drink.”

I angle my body so I'm facing her. "It's my pleasure." As much as I want to take her inch by inch, I force myself to keep my eyes on her gorgeous face. Clearing my throat, I put out my hand. "My name is Hudson."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Hudson. My name is Brinley."

"The pleasure is mine, Brinley," I say, shaking her hand.

We stare at each other for a long beat.

"If you keep holding onto my hand like that, it might plant ideas in my head..."

I play along. "What kind of ideas?"

She gives me a noncommittal shrug. "Nothing I can say out loud."

"That leaves room for interpretation."

"Maybe that's the idea..."

*She's good.*

"Sounds to me like you're not afraid of playing with fire."

"It's the only way to live, dear Hudson."

My eyes bounce from her gleaming eyes to her beautiful mouth painted in the same vibrant shade as her toes and well-manicured fingers.

The bartender is back with our drinks, breaking me free from my trance.

"Here you go," he says, sliding our drinks in front of us.

"Thank you," she says.

I lift my tumbler. “Thanks.”

“Would you like appetizers, ma’am?”

“What do you recommend?”

“Our famous meatball topped with mozzarella and homemade marinara sauce is a home run. The meatballs are pretty generous. They’re this big.” The bartender demonstrates with his hands.

“I like big balls... especially when they’re nice and juicy...”

I have to suppress a laugh.

“I’ll have that.”

The bartender’s gaze lands on me. He cocks an eyebrow as if to say, *you lucky bastard*.

*Don’t I know it?*

“And you, sir?”

I’m just about to respond, but the brunette beats me to it. “Do you have shrimp appetizers?”

“The cast iron garlic shrimp is a winner.”

“I’ll also have that, please.”

“Very well.” The waiter nods. “Anything for you, sir?”

“Is it okay if we share the appetizers, Brinley? It’ll be more fun that way.”

“What a great idea. That way, we can get to know each other better.” Her tone is so fucking suggestive.

“Something like that.”

She flashes me a beaming smile.

I dig for my wallet inside my pants pocket. I pull out my Black American Express and slide it on the counter. “Charge my card for everything.”

“I’ll be right back with your order,” the waiter says.

Brinley lifts her glass. “Here’s to making new friends.”

I hold her gaze. “Here’s to a night of possibilities.”

We clink our glasses before taking a long sip of our drinks.

She drops her glass on the countertop. “I like a man with a plan.”

*Then you’ll fucking love me.* “A solid plan goes a long way. Sometimes, it even creates magic.”

“Spoken like a mover and shaker.”

“Guilty as charged.”

“A man with a little money... nice.”

I flash her a cocky smile. “Sorry to disappoint you, sweetheart. I’m a man with *a lot* of money.”

She makes a show of raising her eyebrows. “Even better.”

My smile broadens.

The bartender is back in no time with our appetizers. He displays them with accompanying plates.

*Thank you* spills from our lips.

And, he’s off.

“Of all the women in the lounge, you decided you wanted to get to know lil’ ol’ me a little better, Hudson. How come?”

“I’d have to be a damn fool not to want to get to know you better.”

She drops her gaze to my left hand. “No wedding ring?”

“Nope.”

“Same here.” She lifts her hand.

“So, no boyfriend or husband for you?”

“I’m a free agent.”

“Must be my lucky day.”

“Could be,” she says.

“What’s the hold up?”

“You’re not married and you don’t have a girlfriend waiting for you at home?”

I shake my head. “No.”

“I find that hard to believe.”

“I’m still the master of my balls.” My eyes slide to the appetizers. “No pun intended.”

She giggles.

I lean into her. “Hey, you’re out a character.”

“Sorry. That was funny.”

“You’re the one who started with *‘I like big balls... especially when they’re nice and juicy.’*”

Angelica laughs harder.

“Get it together, woman.”

“Okay. I will.”

She straightens and brushes her hair behind her shoulders.

The wig, reminiscent of her hair color three years ago to the date, is convincing.

She takes a long sip of her drink, drops the glass on the countertop, and squares her shoulders.

She's back in character.

*Let the games resume.*

"A gorgeous man who is unattached and has a little money... something must be wrong with you."

"Everything about me is right, lil' darlin'." I wink.

"Let me guess. You're not a New Yorker. You're in the Big Apple for business. From your drawl, I'm guessing you're from Texas... somewhere down South."

"You're right about the twang, but you're wrong about the location." I take a long sip of my drink. "I'm a New Yorker."

She gives me a onceover. "This must be my lucky day."

I check my watch. "Given the time of the day, I'd say it's about to be your lucky night."

She leans forward, giving me a tempting view of her unbelievable cleavage.

*Fuck, I love this woman's tits.*

"So, Hudson, how did you make your money?"

"My company operates one of the most secure payment gateways on the market," I say. "Our roster of

clients includes some of the biggest sex toy companies in the world.”

She pulls away from me. “I love sex toys. I have a *huge* collection of them and I’m always very eager to add new ones.”

“Is that so?”

She nods. “In fact, I’m wearing one I bought earlier today.”

I nearly swallow my tongue.

“Are you okay, Hudson?”

*What the fuck has gotten into Angelica? She’s on fire.*

“I missed heard you.”

“No, you didn’t.”

My eyes drift to her lap.

“Let me explain.” She reaches for my tie and pulls on it.

Although it’s a hot summer day, my wife loves me in a suit when we role-play. Who am I to refuse her? My late arrival allowed me to kill two birds with one stone.

“I’m wearing the Naughty Hump.” She murmurs her response low.

*What the fuck is that?* “I’ve never heard of it before.”

She sways her hips back-and-forth on the seat.

*What the fuck is she doing?*

I pull away.

The expression on her face is hedonistic as fuck.

“What’s going on?”

She yanks on my tie until our lips touch.

*She wasn’t joking when she said she missed me.*

“I have a little vibrator nestled between my pussy lips, and every time I gyrate my hips, it creates friction... if I keep at it, I might just come.”

This wasn’t part of the game.

She upped the ante.

My nostrils flare. “I don’t believe you.”

She grabs the cloth napkin on the countertop, places it on top of her thighs, and parts her legs. “Do you want to find out for yourself?”

“Right here?”

She flashes me a wicked smile. “I’m game, if you are.”

*Jesus Christ.*

She parts her legs a little more, grabs my hand, and slides it under the hem of her dress.

I scoot my stool right up against hers.

The heat coming off her body encompasses me.

She moves my hand up... all the way up to her panties. Her very damp panties.

My cock jolts.

I look over my shoulder. With my back to the rest of the bar, my body is shielding hers.

She presses my fingers against a hard surface and starts grinding into my hand.

*Jesus.*

“Do you believe me now?”

I'm so turned on, I can barely breathe, let alone answer her.

I press my hand against her toy.

She pants. "Seems like you like this as much as I do."

She's gone completely off script, but two can play that game.

I lean into her, my lips flirting with her earlobe.

"Seems like you want to get off."

"God, yes. It's been so, so long."

I keep my voice low. "Baby, why waste your time with silicone, when you could be riding the real thing?"

"Until now, you hadn't offered."

*Who is this woman? And what happened to my wife?* I'm offering now."

"How do I know it will be worth my time? You wouldn't be the first guy to make promises."

"Other than *lots, and lots, and lots* of money..."

She giggles.

I wink. "There's nothing I love more in the world than getting a gorgeous woman off... with my tongue, fingers, or cock. I'm easy."

Her sex toy is an annoyance. It's a barrier between my fingers in her sweet pussy.

Her breathing hitches. "I have options?"

"Of course. Just between you and me, I'd opt for all three."

“Tempting.” One word which she stresses by moving her hips. The movement is subtle, but I feel it all the way down to my balls.

I strangle a groan. “You don’t sound convinced.”  
*She’s getting wetter by the second.*

“It’s not that...”

Her heady scent is starting to make me lose my goddamn mind. “What is it, then?”

“I really want to take you up on your offer, but that would mean leaving this big, juicy meat ball behind.”

“Baby, if you want big, juicy balls, I have two you can stuff your pretty little mouth with. As for the meat, I got plenty of that as well. It’s not a footlong, but you’ll be well stuffed...”

“Anything else I can get you two?”

*A room?*

I look up at the bartender. “No, man. We’re good.”

His eyes drop to the barely touched appetizers and drinks, and meets my wife’s gaze.

I want to poke his fucking eyes out for looking at her that way, but then again, she’s the sexiest woman in the world.

“And you, ma’am?”

“I have everything I need,” she says. “Thanks for asking.”

“Very well,” the bartender says with a curt nod.

Just before moving his attention to another patron, he gives her an appreciative glance.

*Sorry, buddy, I saw her first.*

“That guy wanted to fuck you. Too bad for him. *I’m the only cock you’re allowed to ride.*”

“You’re the only cock I *want* to ride.”

“Glad we’re on the same page.” I lick my lips. *Time to go home.* “Let’s get out of here.” I lean into her, my lips flirting with her earlobe. “I need you to sit on my face so I can make you come until you thrice squirt in my mouth.”

My wife loves facesitting because I can turn her into fucking Niagara Falls and make her come until she forgets her own damn name.

“That’s a little presumptuous, Mr. CEO. I don’t even know your full name.”

I grab her hand and kiss each of her fingertips. “Kincaid. Hudson Kincaid. And I’m about to rock your world, darlin’.”

“Lead the way, Mr. CEO.”

I lift my hand to catch the bartender’s attention.

He jerks his chin at me and strolls our way.

“Ready to settle your tab, sir?”

“I am.” I dig for my wallet inside my pants pocket. I stand up, pull out my Black American Express, and slide it on the counter. “Her tab is on me.”

“Very well.”

“Thank you,” she says from under her lashes.

I lean into her. “You can *properly* thank me later.”

She giggles.

The bartender is back in a flash.

I slide my card into my wallet.

*Let's get the hell out of here.*

My cock twitches at the idea of being buried deep inside my wife's sweet pussy. After a week in LA and another one in Miami, every part of me is aching for this woman.

I pull her up, but her ass remains glued to the stool.

I frown. "What is it?"

She lets out a suffering sigh.

"You just went from hot... to worried."

She tilts her head side to side, her lips pursed.

"Talk to me."

"When the baby comes"—she pats her still flat tummy—"what will happen to our yearly role-playing games to celebrate the day we met?"

I sit back down.

We've been married for two years. My girl wanted to wait before getting pregnant. When she finally decided she was ready, she got pregnant immediately. Our little champ has been growing inside her tummy for two months.

I didn't think I could love her more, but on the day I found out she was expecting, my love for her took Mount Everest proportions.

Two orphans forming a family...

I weigh my words. "Angel, I can't wait to meet our little champion—"

“Same here.”

I kiss her lips. “Things are going to be different. That’s inevitable. That said, it doesn’t mean we’ll skip celebrating this day. We’ll get our little champ’s Auntie Arya and Uncle Todd to babysit her or him so we can still keep things hot and heavy between us. Even if it means we only get an hour of alone time. We’ll make it work.”

She doesn’t want a nanny in the first few years of the baby’s life. I’m not going to fight her, but if she changes her mind, we’ll hire the best.

Judging from the crease between her eyebrows, my words don’t seem to appease her. “Promise we won’t turn into the kind a couple that fades away in the background and only interact with each other as parents.”

I place a hand over my heart. “I pledge to keep things dirty as fuck between us until we’re in our hundreds, Mrs. Kincaid.”

She tilts her head back and roars in laughter.

\* \* \*

**Thank you so much for reading Hudson and  
Angelica’s story.**



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*Pssst...* reviews are better than cake. They're sweet and I don't gain a pound.

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***So, what's next?***

The New York State of Mind and the CEO Factor series are in the same world.

www.ScarlettAvery.com ***Bonus Scene: A Very Wicked Arrangement.***

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Jamie Betts loves Bryce's story so much, she read it *nine* times before she ever became one of my proofreaders. As it stands, she's read it *thirteen* times and counting.

Bryce Van Der Linden holds a PhD in dirty talking and he's dominant AF. The man is alpha billionaire deliciousness.

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