



*Bonus Scene*

**FOREVER**  
*You*

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**SCARLETT AVERY**

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

Thanks for downloading this Bonus Scene.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Thanks for your understanding.

***Scarlett Avery***

## Bryce Anticipates His First Date with Sofia/Amanda Bryce's POV

“Bryce, will you attend the Camus Cognac Cuvee foundation dinner in New York?”

I lift my eyes from my laptop.

My executive assistant strides towards me from the door, a silver invitation in hand.

“I completely forgot about that event.”

“It’s in three days. Today is the last day to respond.”

“I really don’t know if I even want to attend another boring evening of handshaking and small talk.”

“Since a bottle of that French liquor cost well over three thousand dollars, I’d say you’ll find a lot of potential clients with deep pockets eager to do business with you.”

“I’m sure,” I say. “I’ll attend, but I won’t stay long.”

“I’ll respond on your behalf.”

“Thanks.”

“You’ll be accompanied?”

I ponder on her question.

“I might be old-fashioned,” she says, “but I think you shouldn’t go alone.”

I lean against my chair, interlocking my fingers together over my desk. This isn’t my first rodeo, but I’m interested in her point of view. “Why’s that?”

“You can network better with someone on your arm. It doesn’t matter if they’re twenty, forty, or sixty, men take note when another successful CEO shows up at an event with a drop-dead-gorgeous date.”

“I’ll bring a date.”

“Wow!” She suppresses a smile. “I can’t believe it was that easy to convince you.”

“I intended on taking someone.”

She adjusts her glasses on top of her button nose. “So, it will be Mr. Van Der Linden and guest.”

“Indeed,” I say. “I’ll need a room, but that might be cutting it close.”

“I took the liberty to reserve a room when I got the invitation.”

“What would I do without you?”

“I’m sure you don’t want to find out.” With that, she’s gone.

I snatch my phone off my desk and dial a number.

“Todd, it’s Bryce.”

“Bryce, I haven’t heard from you in over a month.”

“It’s been extremely busy for us, and I’ve been spending a lot more time in Europe.”

“It’s good to hear business is booming. If you’re calling, may I assume it’s lonely at the top?”

Todd (without a last name) is a booking agent with a discerning eye for some of the most beautiful New York women. Agencies like Todd’s make it possible for

a man to satisfy any of his kinks without having to deal with the messiness of a relationship.

“Something like that. I’m attending the Camus Cognac Cuvee foundation dinner in three days. It’s going to be a who’s who of the international tech scene since tech kings have deep pockets. I’d love to break the ice with potential international clients in their native tongue, but I only ever mastered English.”

“I understand, Bryce. I barely manage English, myself.”

“There are lot of things I do well, but my language skills are atrocious.”

“Perhaps a beauty who holds a translation degree and speaks four languages—including, French, Spanish, and Italian—might be a suitable *date* for the evening?”

“You read my mind. I was afraid I might be asking for too much. France is my biggest challenge right now and potentially one of the most lucrative markets for our firm.”

“New York is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world.”

“True, but it doesn’t guarantee a businessman can hire a *date* who can charm a room in multiple languages.”

“Bryce, I’m hurt you’d underestimate me like this.” He sounds almost convincing. Almost.

“Does this beauty also speak English well?”

“This lovely gem is homegrown. Many of my elite clients are world travelers and they appreciate a *date* who can keep up.”

*It's like hitting the jackpot. "I'm sold!"*

"This beauty came into my office this morning, and I hired her on the spot. She comes with great references from another girl who works for me. She's pretty, eloquent, and she's just shy enough to fly under the radar. In other words, she's perfect."

"Todd, you're a master at your craft."

"I know." What he lacks in height, he makes up for in cocksureness. "I treat my girls well and they don't have problems referring me to great talent."

"What's her name?"

"Amanda," he says. "Since you're in Silicon Valley, and can't drop by the office, I can send you a photo of her right after the call."

"That would be great."

"Bryce, it's always a pleasure doing business with you. I'm sure you won't be disappointed."

"I don't think I will be."

"Do you know how many hours you want to book her for, or do you want to get back to me?"

"Why don't I call you back?"

"That works for me."

With that, I end the call.

An hour later, I'm still stuck at my desk, my eyes glued to my computer screen when a text message catches my attention. I snatch my phone from my desk.

*Todd.*

No message just a series of photos.

*Holy fuck, she's breathtaking.*

I can't believe my eyes. Amanda is curvy, and her big, beautiful brown eyes are so sultry.

*Right up my alley.*

If she looks half as good in person as she does in her photos, I don't know how I'll be able to contain myself.

I've sent the last half dozen escorts home right after events. They were beautiful, but nothing about them turned me on enough to fuck them.

Amanda is different.

*I already know I want her.*

## Bryce & Sofia's Decadent Day in Paris

### Sofia's POV

“What a long meeting,” I say. “I’m so exhausted, I think I’m going to hit the steam room downstairs to unwind before we go out for dinner.” We head out of the elevator in the direction of our rooms.

“I have a better idea,” Bryce says. “Since we’re done with our meetings so early, why don’t I take you to your favorite French pastry shop in the city. Maybe we can order that delicious thing you had me taste the other day that I still can’t pronounce.”

“It’s a *religieuse*, Bryce.”

“Right. In any case, I’ve booked a vintage Citroën for us for the next three hours to take you on a tour of the best pastry shops in Paris.”

“Are you serious?” I’m unable to hide my excitement. “The Citroën is such a French icon and quite the classic car. How did you manage that?”

“I have an incredible executive assistant. She can book anything anywhere in the world if I ask her.”

“We’re actually going to hop from one pastry shop to another for the rest of the afternoon?”

“That’s the plan.”

“I’m going to gain ten pounds by the end of the day,” I say, worried by how many calories I’ll ingest.

“Oh, don’t worry, I can think of a way or two to help you burn off those calories when we get back.” He grabs me by the waist, whirling me around, and pushes me against the wall before crushing my lips.

*Damn he’s such an incredible kisser.*

“Someone is eager,” I say, pulling myself away from him.

“What can I say? I can’t get enough of you. Wouldn’t you agree there’s something about Paris that makes me hornier than usual?”

“Is it Paris or the fact you have complete control over my underwear selection for the day?”

“A bit of both,” he says with a twinkle in his eyes. “Why don’t you go change?” He checks his watch. “The car will be waiting for us downstairs in thirty minutes.”

“What’s wrong with what I’m wearing?”

“Don’t get me wrong, you look ravishing, but this suit is not appropriate for our little excursion. You need to wear something more casual.”

I love this new designer suit so much, I never want to peel it off.

“I have a little surprise waiting for you in your room,” he says. “I think you’ll love it and I have a feeling it’s going to accentuate your curves so well. I also got you shoes to match.”

“You can’t be serious. You bought me more new clothes? At this rate, I’m going to have to buy another suitcase to make it back home.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“You’re incredible. I can’t wait to see what you bought me.”

“Why don’t you go and get changed and I’ll be waiting for you downstairs,” he says, slapping my ass.

I yelp, and laugh.

“I’ll see you in a few minutes,” I say, waving goodbye before closing the door to my room, excited to find out what he’s selected.

The second I spot the delicate dress on my bed, I bring my hands to my face, unable to believe what I’m seeing.

*Oh my God, that’s stunning.*

He’s spoiling me so much. Bryce must have hired the best stylist in Paris to scout this outfit.

He selected a gorgeous one-shoulder black dress adorned with a slim gold belt. The two-tone nude and black platform wedge heels have two wide buckles that fasten at the ankle. To say they are sexy as hell, would be an understatement.

I jump out of my suit and run to the bathroom to touch up my makeup, then run back to the room, excited to try on my new dress.

When I unzip the silk creation to check out the label, I nearly pass out.

*Colette Brémond?*

My sister and I have salivated so many times in front of this famous French designer’s shop. I could never afford a designer piece like this, even before my financial debacle.

I can't believe I get to wear such a stunning dress.  
*Bryce has impeccable taste.*

I glance in the long mirror, and I'm speechless.

The outfit makes me look so much taller and leaner. It's as if I was born to wear this. I grab my black bag, ready for a delectable afternoon in Paris.

\* \* \*

Bryce's eyes sparkle when he sees me approach. "You look even more stunning than I could have ever imagined."

"I love this dress, and the shoes nearly made me cry. You're treating me like a princess, and I love every minute of it. I know I'm repeating myself, but thank you for everything."

"I'm having second thoughts about this great idea of mine."

"You don't want us to go anymore?"

"What's gotten into me? Why would I spend the next three hours trapped in the back of a car driving around Paris when I could spend them inside you?" he says, tracing my chin with his finger.

I lower my gaze, unable to hold his when I read the raw lust emanating from his piercing blue eyes.

"If you continue to talk dirty like this, I might have to agree with you," I say, looking up at him from under my lashes.

"I promised you an afternoon of sweet decadence and that's what we'll have," he says, leaning in closer. "I can eat you out later."

*And.... I'm wet.*

“Stop it,” I manage to say as I grip the hand cradling my face.

“Let’s get out of here before I change my mind,” he says.

\* \* \*

We slide into the back of the Citroën and greet the charming chauffeur.

*The black and white striped Breton shirt and French beret are a nice touch—très Paris.*

“It’s going to be impossible for me to forget this Parisian trip,” I say.

“That’s the plan,” Bryce says, caressing my thigh.

“Ah. I see,” I say, watching his hand dive under my dress.

“What do you see?” His deep, smokey voice is intoxicating.

“You wanted me to change so I was more... how can I say this... *available*.”

“I promise I’ll be good as long as you promise to give yourself entirely to me later tonight.”

“When have I ever refused you?”

“Never. That’s what I like about you.”

“Is that the only thing you like?”

“Don’t get me started,” he says. “We’re on a mission and nothing you say or do will prevent us from enjoying these pastries.”

“You’re lucky this French car is too tiny for me to get on my knees, unzip your pants, and suck you dry.”

I don't know what's come over me. I'm not sure if it's the sexy dress or feeling his strong warm hands a few inches from my throbbing clit.

"You're going to pay for that later."

"I'm counting the hours," I say, kissing the tip of his nose before flashing him a devilish grin.

\* \* \*

"What a glorious day. I've never discovered Paris from the back of such an iconic car before, and I can't believe how many pedestrians and motorists seem intrigued by our little yellow Citroën. These cute babies are far more comfortable than I expected."

"It's a bit small for my long legs, but it's well worth it."

"Which pastry shops are on the list?" I'm as excited as a kid in a candy store.

"You have a thing for desserts."

"Show me a woman who doesn't. Not to mention, I don't care what anyone says, no one masters desserts like the French."

"I have to agree."

"That's why I hate French women so much."

"What have they done to harm you?"

"They start their day with buttery croissants, they drink wine at lunch and at dinner, they put butter on everything, they dare to eat white bread, they eat full-fat cheese like there's no tomorrow, they're not afraid of fries, they eat desserts several times a week, and they

remain so skinny.” I cross my arms over my chest. “It makes me sick how easy they have it.”

“Amanda, I wouldn’t trade your curves for any skinny French woman, and if it means I have to feed you dessert daily to hold on to those round hips, so be it.”

“Really?”

“Really. You’re so sexy the way you are. Why on earth would you want to give up that body?”

“I like the way you put it.”

“Trust me, you’ll really like the way I *put it* tonight.”

“Does everything revolve around sex for you?”

“It’s your fault. I could have you ten times a day and that still wouldn’t be enough to satisfy my voracious appetite for you.”

“In that case, what’s our first stop? We need to get back to the hotel, pronto.”

“I asked the concierge to map out a gastronomical tour for us,” he says, pulling himself away from me. “Our chauffeur has a copy, but I thought that maybe you’d love to know more about the shops and pastry chefs.” He hands me our custom-created food map.

“This is like dying and going to dessert heaven for me.” I leaf through the pages. *My God, I’m going to gain twenty pounds by tonight and I don’t give a damn.*

“I had a feeling you’d say something like that.”

“Our first stop is *pâtisserie* Jacques Genin. Hmmm, it seems from the short blurb here that Mr. Genin used to be at the helm of the chocolate operations for La

Maison du Chocolat. My God, do you know how decadent those things are? I hope Mr. Genin still has the touch, because I love chocolate and every single time I walk through the doors of La Maison du Chocolat in New York, I leave with fifty dollars' worth of decadent selections."

*My financial situation has forced me to curb my appetite for expensive French chocolate, so this is a treat for me.*

"Lucky for us, we're about to find out," he says, pointing at the sign as we pull in front of the Rue de Turenne pastry shop.

Our chauffeur rushes to let me out and I barely have both feet on the ground before I'm ready to devour everything in the shop in front of me.

*"Un grand merci. Au fait, je ne connais pas votre nom."*

Translation: "Thank you." I say, "I don't know your name."

*"Ah, madame parle un français impeccable. Vous êtes de Paris?"*

Translation: "Your French is flawless. Are you Parisian?"

*"Non, pas du tout. Je suis Américaine."*

Translation: "No, I'm not. I'm American."

*"Je suis épaté."*

Translation: "I'm impressed."

*"C'est une longue histoire. Je m'appelle Amanda, et vous êtes?"*

Translation: “It’s a long story. My name is Amanda. What’s your name?”

“*Je suis Mathieu. Au plaisir, Amanda.*”

Translation: “My name is Matthew. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Amanda.”

“*Enchanté de faire votre connaissance.*”

Translation: “It’s a pleasure to meet you, too.”

“*Tout le plaisir est pour moi.*”

Translation: “The pleasure is all mine.”

“What are you two talking about?” Bryce cocks a brow.

“I was simply getting acquainted with Mathieu,” I say. “He was curious to know where I had learned my French. In any case, the fact we had a chance to introduce ourselves to each other might get us a few perks, and maybe it will allow us to discover parts of the city few tourists ever get to explore.”

“A big fat tip will do the same job.”

I giggle. “I’ll remember that for next time. I still think my way of doing things has merit.”

He kisses the top of my head. “I love your people skills. That’s why you’re here with me.”

“I thought it was the curvy body.”

“That too.”

“Does that mean you’ll be giving me a *big fat tip*, later?”

He winks. “You can count on it.”

\* \* \*

We end our idyllic afternoon strolling along the banks of the Seine. There's nothing more magical than watching the sunset behind the Notre Dame cathedral. The fiery color of the sky is so romantic.

"This skyline looks dangerously close to one of the most expensive paintings you'd find at the Louvre," I say. "It's surreal and so beautiful at the same time. I mean, look at it." I point in front of us. "The sky is sprinkled with warm tones of yellows, pinks, oranges, and reds."

*This is picture perfect.*

"You're right, it's a breathtaking view," Bryce says, squeezing me closer to him.

For a few minutes I allow myself to forget that Bryce is a successful and powerful billionaire who hired me as an escort, whisking me away on his private jet to the most beautiful city in the world. I pretend I'm just a lucky girl, soaking in the last rays of the day alongside her incredible boyfriend.

*Snap out of it. You know better.*

"There's nothing quite like it," I say, "Paris is mystical and no matter how much Parisians complain about the city going to hell and back, I can never get enough of this city."

"I feel the same way," Bryce says. "There are a lot of amazing cities around the world, but none rival the City of Light."

"I still can't believe I ate so many desserts in such a short period of time."

“Yeah, but they were bite-size. They gave us just enough to enjoy, but not enough to gorge. You have to admire how well the French can exercise self-control.”

“That’s what I was saying earlier. Hence my discontentment with French women.”

“I remember you mentioning that.”

“I doubt I’ll have any room for dinner tonight,” I say. “You’re going to have to dine alone because I ate so much that I won’t be hungry for the next three days.”

“Trust me, once you burn all those calories off, you’ll be famished.”

“Don’t tell me the hotel has a gym?”

“No, but your room has a magnificent bed.”

## Bryce Calls Ruby to Plan a Naughty Vegas Night

I turn off my iMac, ready to head to my Silicon Valley home, relieved I don't have to deal with Derek's PR nightmare anymore, but stop halfway to the door.

*I'm dying to live out the fantasy I've been dreaming of for the past few weeks with Sofia.*

I head to the floor-to-ceiling window overlooking the most important and influential technology hub in the world. I pull out my phone and dial the number of the only woman I trust to help me satisfy this consuming desire.

"Ruby, how have you been keeping?"

"Bryce, it's been a long time. How's my favorite billionaire?"

"I'm well. And you?"

"I can't complain," she says. "Are you in New York or Silicon Valley?"

"I'm in sunny California."

"That brings me comfort. I hate it when we fight over the same girl. I'm reassured I can scour the Big Apple's bars without risking a duel."

"I've missed your spunky attitude. Should I assume you're still on a steady diet of the most delicious pussies in Manhattan?"

“Your assumption is correct. Why gag on a phallic member when I can feast on a sweet, wet, juicy pussy,” she says with a laugh.

“We share a common point of view on that front,” I say.

I’ve known Ruby Jayne Williams for over four years. I met her at an event, and I was instantly attracted to the short and sexy dark-haired raven. Since she’s a die-hard lesbian, we’ve never made out, but we remained friends.

Everything about Ruby is edgy. I’m sure that’s why every time I’ve bumped into her at events, she’s always had a stunning beauty wrapped around her arm.

“How’s the massage business?”

Fed up with the politics of show business, Ruby gave up acting a few years ago. After putting herself through massage school, she spent a year in Japan learning some ancient sensual tantric-type body-sliding technique, and she’s been taking New York by storm ever since.

“I’ve never been busier since this straight, stay-at-home mommy blogger featured me as her ultimate girl crush after she met me at a charity event. It’s been mayhem ever since.”

“That’s great news.”

“You can say that again. That blogger gets over fifty thousand daily readers to her site, and her socials’ followers are pretty jaw-dropping.”

“Those are some impressive numbers.”

“She has four kids and three dogs, and she still finds time to write every day.”

“I’m barely able to manage my emails, and I don’t even have kids.”

“Tell me about it. You know what’s the most surprising thing about being featured on that site?”

“What?”

“Business has been booming amongst the straight housewife demographic.”

“Really?”

“Yup. I’m a safe way to dip your toe into the proverbial waters. These desperate housewives come to me because we can all pretend I’m there to give them a relaxing massage when we both know I’ll end up with their legs wrapped around my shoulders and fucking their pussy with my tongue.”

*Jesus, that sounded dirty.* “Seriously?”

“I’m not kidding you. Things have gotten so much out of hand I had to hire three more girls to help.”

“All lesbians, I assume?”

“Of course. It’s a great trademark for business regardless of whether it’s a man or a woman hiring our services. They’re buying into the fantasy. Men think they can convert me into a straight chick and some think they’ll rock my world with their cock. Women want a hot steamy night of perversion, but they don’t want the post-fuck drama.”

“Talking about fantasy—”

“Wait a minute. We’ve been down that road before. I don’t suck cock, and we’ve known each other for way too long for me to give you a body massage—”

“I was asking for a friend.”

She laughs. “Yeah, right.”

“I’m serious.”

“A woman?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, I’m listening. What does this friend look like?”

“She’s a sexy, curvy, and gorgeous thing.”

“Keep talking. She sounds delicious.”

*I knew I’d pique her curiosity.*

“More than you can imagine,” I say. “In any case, we’re meeting in a few days in Vegas—”

“Sin City is one of my booming markets. I’m there at least twice a month, and the clients pay to fly me in.”

“Business is booming for you if you’re bi-coastal.”

“Told you,” she says. “You want me to give your friend a body massage in Vegas while you watch? I’m a sucker for initiating newbies. I’m already licking my lips at the thought of being the first woman to lick her pussy.”

“I’m not sure I want to go down that road.”

“Why are you calling me, then?”

“I want to push my friend out of her comfort zone. I don’t want to push her out of a plane without a parachute.”

“You know I’m not going to sit in a room and watch the two of you fuck.”

“I know.”

“No offense, but I find dicks unattractive.”

“You’ve made that abundantly clear many times in the past.”

She laughs. “So, what did you have in mind, Mr. Billionaire?”

“A game. A *very naughty* game. One you might not have played before. One I’m certain will make you come hard and leave you gasping for air.”

“Oooohhhh! I’m all ears.”

*Sin City is going to be sinful.*

## Bryce Planning a Sneaky Proposal

### Bryce's POV

Usually being stuck in New York's gridlocked traffic drives me nuts, but today, I welcome this opportunity.

*How do I create a memorable experience for Sofia?*

*I need an insider.*

*There's only one person who can help me pull this off.*

As I pull out my phone from the inside of my coat, I freeze.

*I'm about to take a huge leap.*

*When it's right, it's right.*

I dial the number.

"Ciara, it's Bryce."

"Hey, Bryce. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Am I catching you at a bad time?"

"Oh, you know, just the usual long list of things to do, but I always have time for my sister's boyfriend."

Ciara is a force to be reckoned with. It's taken me a long time to admit it, but Sofia is right—it's uncanny how two sisters can be so different.

"I have a pretty big favor to ask," I say. "I'm sitting in the back of my chauffeured car, trapped in traffic, and I was wondering if I might convince you to meet me in about one hour. I have one more stop to make,

but it shouldn't take me much longer than that. I know it's last-minute, but it's really important."

"Hmmm, I sort of have a date, and I was planning on meeting him in ninety minutes."

"Bad timing on my part. It's just..." I don't know how to explain this over the phone.

"Bryce, what's up?"

"Well, I can't imagine living without Sofia. I want her to be my wife. I'm the worst at planning surprises. My executive assistant does an incredible job at planning business related events, but... this is personal. I refuse to ask her to help me plan the perfect proposal."

It's silent on the other end.

I pull the phone away from my ear.

*Is she still there?*

"Ciara?"

"I'm speechless."

I frown at the phone. "Is there something you know that I don't?"

She lets out a long sigh. "You already know my big sister is a hopeless romantic, and you also know she loves you to no end. What you don't know is by asking her to marry you, you'll make all her dreams come true."

"I was worried for a minute there."

"There's nothing for you to worry about. You had her at *hello*." She laughs.

"I was hoping you might help me. I want to surprise Sofia when I get back from my London trip, but

I'm afraid if I try to do this myself, it'll be a botched proposal."

"You can't botch a proposal if it comes from the heart."

"I'm a triple-A personality. I aim for the gold medal at everything I do. I want everything surrounding the proposal to be top notch. Anything less, I consider a failure."

"From one triple-A personality to another, I hear you."

"I'm relieved."

"Why didn't you say at the beginning of the conversation you're planning on proposing? Let me cancel my date—"

"Wait! I don't want to impose."

"Don't worry. This is a second date with this guy. I agreed to meet him again, but I have no idea why. I'm not feeling it. I'd rather meet my future brother-in-law to help him make my sister's dream come true, than suffer through a date."

"You're sure?"

"I'm positive. My sister trumps a guy who doesn't have a hope in hell of landing me in his bed tonight—or any other night."

I chuckle.

"Instead of sitting in a restaurant, why don't you come over to my place?" Ciara says. "I have a lemon and thyme roasted chicken I prepared over the weekend in the

fridge. I can complete the meal with roasted potatoes, vegetables, salad, and wine—”

“I’ll take care of the wine.”

“Deal! We can enjoy an impromptu Tuesday night feast, and you can share your ideas. I’m certain within a few hours, we can have a game plan ready.”

I breathe easy. “I’m glad to know I won’t go at this alone.”

“Nope! Dear brother-in-law, we’re no longer friends, we’re family—with a capital F. And in the Herrera tradition, family sticks together through thick and thin.”

“We’re not quite there yet, but close. I still have to nail the proposal.”

“*Puh-lease*. You got this. Knowing my sappy sister, she’ll say yes before you even pop the question.”

“I can’t believe I’ve walked down the aisle three times already.”

“I guess you haven’t met the right one.”

“You’re right. Sofia is my everything.”

“See you in an hour,” she says.

“Thank you—”

“Oh, one more thing! What are you going to tell Sofia about tonight? Will she be expecting you right after work at the penthouse?”

I didn’t think about that.

Sofia is going to wonder why I’m late, and since I didn’t tell her this morning about any after-work

meetings or dinners, I'm going to have to come up with something clever.

"I'll tell her some big client from Australia wants to have a conference call first thing in the morning his time, which would justify why I'd have to stay at the office late."

"Will that fly? She might ask why not have the call at your place."

I scratch my head. "I'll tell her a few members of my team will also be on the call."

"Good idea! That way she won't get suspicious."

"I hate lying to her, though—"

"I hate to break the news to you, but there's going to be a lot of lying going on until you pop the question. White lies are okay."

"I'm going to have to get used to it."

"You will. She's worth it."

"Damn right she is."

"Let me get off the phone and break it gently to my date."

"Go easy on him."

"I'll do my best," she says with a laugh.

*Ciara, the man eater.*

\* \* \*

**Thank you so much for reading Bryce and  
Sofia'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:

[Forever You](#)

Reviews on BookBub are also appreciated:

[Forever You](#)

Same for Goodreads:

[Forever You](#)

www.ScarlettAvery.com **Bonus Scene: Forever You.**

© Scarlett Avery. All right reserved in all countries.

## Who's The Next Book Boyfriend In This Illegally Hot Series?

Billionaire Nikolaj will stop at nothing to get what he wants...and the object of his desire is sassy Ciara.

Little does she know one weekend of blazing passion with Nikolaj will turn her world upside down.

Nikolaj isn't immune to Ciara's charm.

The problem is, neither of them do relationships... and they don't live in the same country.

Will their romance be nothing more than a steamy weekend or will Nikolaj be the man who breaks down Ciara's wall and force her to open her heart?

★★★★★ "I could barely sleep; this book was so hard to put down!" —Deb Patton

**Binge-read now:** (Amazon US) [Forever Us](#)

**Binge-read now:** (International Stores) [Forever Us](#)

## The Forever Obsessed Series Continues...

Here's the link to keep reading this exhilarating ride:  
[Forever Obsessed Series](#).

## Don't Miss A Naughty Beat

www.ScarlettAvery.com **Bonus Scene: Forever You.**

© Scarlett Avery. All right reserved in all countries.

Make sure you follow me on Amazon and BookBub to find out when I press publish for the next read.

[Scarlett Avery on Amazon](#)  
[Scarlett Avery on BookBub](#)

*Thanks for being one of my sexy readers.*

*Scarlett Avery*