



*Bonus Scene*

*Always*  
**FOREVER**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**SCARLETT AVERY**

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

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***Scarlett Avery***

## Three months after the proposal

### *Everly*

I'm hunched over my iPad, hard at work, eyebrows knitted together in concentration. I scroll in search of another recipe while I allow the last batch of donuts to cool down on a wire rack before I glaze them. I've already nailed five, but a sixth one would be really great.

An urgent bang has me jumping out of my skin.

*What the hell?*

"Everly." More loud banging. "Everly. Are you in there?"

*Holt?*

My eyes shift to the clock on the wall and I freak out when I see the time.

It's already nine o'clock.

I promised him I'd be home by eight.

I jump to my feet and rush to the back door of the bakery. I swing it open to find my fiancé staring down at me, his brows knitted.

"Where the hell were you?"

"I—"

"I've been trying to call your phone for the last forty-five minutes."

"I—"

"I also tried to call the shop. No answer."

"Because—"

“I couldn’t get a hold of Callum.”

“Holt—”

“Do you have any idea how worried I was? I thought you had been burglarized or something.” He runs a hand through his hair. “You were supposed to be home a long time ago. What the hell happened, Everly?”

*Crap. I screwed up.* “I lost track of time.”

“What?” His blue eyes narrow into incredulous slivers.

“I was trying out recipes for Vickie Sky’s sister’s twenty-fifth birthday party. You know it’s a big deal. After I texted you, I decided to up the ante. I wasn’t happy with the first three batches. I scrapped everything and started over. I didn’t realize I’d been at it for so long.”

“What about your phone?” Holt’s scowl deepens. “Why didn’t you answer?”

I move my head from left to right, trying to see past him, but his frame is so large, it’s in vain.

He frowns. “What is it?”

“Is Noni in the SUV?”

“No.” His succinct answer lets me know he’s pretty pissed off.

I place a hand against his chest. “I’m so sorry, baby.”

“Don’t ever do that again,” he says. “You scared the shit out of me.”

“I promise I won’t. From now on I’ll be more conscious of the time. In my defense, it’s not every day

Vickie Sky hires me.” When she commissioned me, I nearly died. I still have to pinch myself.

“There have been plenty of big names in the last year since we started dating and plenty more before I came onto the scene.”

“Perhaps, but none of them were Vickie Sky,” I say.

He shakes his head.

“You still didn’t answer me about Naomi.”

“It was getting a little late for our daughter, even if it’s a Friday night.”

Since the proposal, Naomi has been calling me Mummy. I love it. Holt and I aren’t married yet, but that adorable little girl is definitely my daughter.

“She was already falling asleep,” he says. “I didn’t want to drag her around.”

*I’m a shit parent.* “Did you leave her with Jace or Mrs. Talbot?”

“It’s Friday night. Mrs. Talbot is off for the weekend.”

*Duh. How could I have forgotten?* “Yes. You’re right. So, she’s with Jace.”

“Yeah. Luna is there as well. They’ll spend the night—”

“Jace is okay with that?”

“He is. Not to mention, I doubt I’d be able to wake her up by the time we got back, anyway.”

*This order has consumed me to the point where I’m ignoring everything that’s important in my life.*

“So, what happened to your phone?” Holt won’t budge.

“It must’ve died.”

“And the bakery’s phone?”

“I turned it off because I wanted to focus.”

“What about your cousin?” Holt soldiers on. “It’s unlike Callum not to answer or get back to me.”

“He’s on a hot date.”

Holt’s brows are still touching.

“Come in.” I grab hold of his shirt and pull him inside.

He locks the door behind him, and we walk to the kitchen.

“Are you done with the donuts?” He points at the sugary confections.

“One more batch to go,” I say. “Are you up for a taste test?”

“Now that I’m not mad at you anymore and I know my fiancée is still alive...” He allows for a pregnant pause. “I’m up for it.”

“Was that you trying not to make me feel guilty?”

He cocks an eyebrow.

*Message received.* “Sit,” I say.

He does.

I push a large serving plate toward him.

His gaze drops to it. “What flavors did you come up with?”

“So far, these are both original and boozy enough—strawberry daiquiri glaze, orange liqueur glaze, kamikaze glaze, piña colada glaze, and white Russian glaze.” I point to the five jars.

His gaze meets mine. “Great selection.”

“Our boozy donuts are really popular for parties and bachelorette parties, but I felt like I was stuck in a rut.”

“How so?”

“It’s just been the same flavors over, and over, and over again. Since we’re talking about Vickie Sky’s sister, I wanted to up my game.”

“You know, she’s human. So is Vickie.”

I roll my eyes. “Vickie is my idol. I want to impress my idol.”

“She was impressed at first bite, precious. This is gravy. Nothing in this city comes close to your donuts.”

“What would I do without you?”

“Honestly, I have no idea.” He grins.

I swat his arm. “Don’t be cocky.”

He chuckles. “Let’s go back to the donuts. In my humble opinion, they all sound delicious. Which one should I test first?”

“The one that calls out to you the most.”

“This one,” he says, pointing at the plate.

“Go for it.” I sit on a stool next to him and wait for his verdict.

His fingers wrap around the kamikaze glaze donut and holds it up to his nose. “Nice. I can smell the lime.”

“Good. Now taste it.”

“Wow.” He nods, chomping with gusto. “This is amazing, precious.”

“Yeah?”

“Definitely.” He takes another few bites.

The timer rings.

I run to grab the last batch before walking to the large stainless-steel island Holt is sitting at.

“Which ones are those?”

“I’ll use the White Russian glaze on them.” I grab the jar.

“Can’t wait to taste them.”

I prepare one for him.

“Here.” I hand him the donut.

“Another winner.”

“Yeah?”

“You nailed it. Again.”

I beam. “Thanks.”

With quick hands, I glaze the other three donuts. Since this is a taste test, I made a small batch.

“I’ll let these sit for a bit and then I’ll store everything in air-tight containers and I can take them home.”

“How long will it take?”

“Ten, fifteen minutes,” I say.

“What are we going to do for those ten, fifteen minutes?” His tone is suggestive.

“Oh, you didn’t leave our daughter at her uncle’s because you didn’t want to drag her around. You had something unlawful planned, Mr. Christensen.”

He chuckles. “No, I didn’t, but now it’s all I can think about.”

And just like that, I’m wet.

“This is a reputable establishment and I adhere to strict sanitary rules, so the kitchen is out of the question.”

He gets up and stalks towards me. “Who said anything about the kitchen, dominatrix?”

“Ooohhh, you’re pulling out the heavy artillery, mister.”

“What did you expect?” His grin is dangerous.

“We could wait until we get back home—”

“Now why would we be that predictable?”

We’ve been living together for a few months and it’s been an adjustment. Since Noni is our priority, Holt and I have fallen into a routine. As a result, the days are long and busy. Playing house with my fiancé and our daughter is the most amazing thing, but that means Holt and I don’t have sex as often.

“So, what do you have in mind, big boy?”

Without warning, Holt lifts me in his arms and carries me out of the kitchen.

“Are we going upstairs to the apartment?”

He shakes his head. “Nope.”

I ready myself to ask another question, but there's no point.

Holt walks straight into the office and drops me to my feet. "Wait here."

"Where are you going?"

"I said wait here, precious." He drops a soft kiss against my lips.

I moan. "I haven't kissed you since this morning. What a shame."

"That's just the warm-up."

"There's more where that came from?" I fold my lower lip between my teeth.

"You have no idea."

*His dominance is dripping off him like a river.*

*I love it.*

"I'm still a toy you want to play with?"

"You have no idea." He struts out of the office and I can't help but check out his firm butt.

*Yum.*

He's back, holding a jar of glaze in his hand.

His five o'clock shadow is so darn sexy. The dark stubble makes him look... badass.

Rough.

Dangerous.

And oh, so tempting.

My man.

My love.

My fiancé.

My soon-to-be husband.

“What are you planning to do with that?” I point to the jar.

“Isn’t it obvious?” His eyes travel the length of my body.

“You can’t be serious.”

He cocks a brow. “We don’t have to worry about our daughter. Tonight, you’re mine for as long as I want to use you.”

*Dear God.*

All the blood in my body travels south at vertiginous speed.

“I plan on spreading the white Russian glaze all over your sinful body before I lick you from your head to your toes.”

My lips form an O.

The dark desire in his blue eyes is burning as bright as our first night together.

“Now strip for me. I want you naked on that couch.”

I’m still stunned by this man’s deviant mind.

His gaze intensifies. “Didn’t you hear me? I said, strip.”

With hesitant hands, I peel out of my clothes.

“Oh, I forgot to mention. Since there are five flavors to test against your skin, this might be a *very, very* long—and *very, very* pleasurable—night. Good thing we don’t have to be home until nine a.m. tomorrow. I just texted Jace.”

I swallow hard.

“Just so you know, I don’t plan on playing fair,”  
he says.

“I won’t survive this?”

“Probably not.”

I let out an unrecognizable noise.

“I approve of that little helpless sound.” His side grin is so darn sexy. “I expect many more of those before dawn.”

“You’re ruthless.”

“Poor dominatrix. You’re right. I am.”

I’m digging myself into a hole.

“It’s been a while since it’s been just the two of us. I intend on milking it.” His words send chills down my spine. “I’m going to torture you with my tongue. I’m going to cherish and ravage every part of you.”

*Yes, please.*

“Just when you think you’re about to come, I’m going to hold back your orgasm from you. I want to fuck it out of you. Multiple, multiple times. I’m going to fuck you so hard, you’ll forget which coast we’re on.”

The daring threat sizzles straight to my needy pussy.

*Mother of God.*

“And yes, your ass will receive the same treatment.”

*Fuck. Me.*

My pussy contracts so hard, I come.

\* \* \*

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Holt and Everly's story.**



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