



Bonus Scene

FOREVER
Yours

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
SCARLETT AVERY

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Scarlett Avery

Max Sitting at Vanilla Beans, Mesmerized by Candy

Max's POV

After a crazy week, nothing beats sitting at my favorite eatery for Sunday brunch. Since Vanilla Beans is such a small place and they don't accept reservations, I'm happy I was able to secure a comfortable seat right by the window.

I love this time of year. New York comes alive in spring and since the temperature is warming up. Lucky for me, my recent trip to Brazil allowed me to escape the last few days of winter.

I pull out my phone to text my brother Gabriel to find out when to pick him up so we can drive up to the Hamptons to a party later today, when the waitress comes by to take my order.

"Morning. What can I get you?"

"Good morning. I'll start with a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice followed by a cappuccino and one of your freshly baked cheddar scones. Then, I'll have the three-egg Fire Starter omelet plate with a side of bacon."

"Juice, coffee, and scone before the eggs?"

"That would be great."

"Coming right up." She's off.

I grab my phone again and text my brother and place it back on the table when the waitress returns with

the first part of my breakfast. I'm looking forward to sinking my teeth into the warm scone when I catch sight of a short blonde with the biggest green eyes I've ever seen entering the restaurant.

The newcomer is eagerly scanning the room. I follow her gaze, and her face lights up when she sees a brunette sitting not too far from my table.

She makes her way through the restaurant with so much grace I forget about my raging hunger and focus all my attention on her beaming smile. When she gets to the table, she strips off her coat, and my heart stops.

God, those dangerous curves.

The beautiful stranger bends over to drop her handbag on the floor, and I catch sight of the arresting bulge of her full breasts. The neckline of her flirty dress reveals enough for me to get aroused.

Down, boy.

She turns her attention to her friend, and I force myself to focus on my food. I do my best to avoid looking in her direction, but I can't help myself. It's stronger than me. She glances my way with a perplexed look on her face before looking around her. She runs a hand through her hair before leaning in to the table and says something to her friend in a low whisper.

I soak her in.

Blonde.

Curvy.

Big breasts.

Huge green eyes.

This must be my lucky day.

Her black dress with red little kisses printed all over the fabric seductively drapes her goddess body. By the time the waitress strides my way with my eggs, the mystery lady is enjoying her own breakfast.

I've been devouring this woman and forgot all about my scone, coffee, and juice. I'm so famished, I dig in my breakfast and eat with a voracious appetite while glancing any chance I have in the direction of the sexy woman.

What a refreshing change to see a woman enjoying her food instead of picking at it.

I'm about to turn my gaze away to avoid coming across as rude, when I do a double-take.

I've seen her before... but where?

I rack my brain trying to figure out if I've met her at a conference or if she's one of the plus-size models the agency sent to our offices in the last few months for our US expansion, but I can't put my finger on it.

I order a second cappuccino to extend my time here.

Holy shit. I know where I've seen the curvaceous blonde beauty before.

I grab my phone and pull up *Sassy* magazine's website. A few seconds later, I have my answer. She's the editor of the plus-size division of one of the most prestigious fashion magazines in the country.

If it isn't Candice Westerman.

My team has narrowed it down to three top magazines who have been flirting with us for months to secure the business for our three fashion collections for plus-size women. *Sassy* magazine is one of the contenders. I would never have gotten so involved as to start reading a woman's website, but something about Candice was so compelling, honest, and endearing, I couldn't resist.

Since I promised my mom's family I'd look after the business my uncle left me when he passed away, I had little time to become well-versed in the world of women's fashion. I wanted to make sure I honor my uncle's memory and his love of big beautiful women.

While I started reading Candice's site out of curiosity, I became intrigued by the woman and her ability to connect with her audience. Here she is sitting a few feet away from me.

Damn, the photo on Sassy magazine's website doesn't do her justice. She's stunning in person.

I lift my eyes from my phone as Candice and her friend are reaching for their handbags on the floor.

They're getting ready to leave.

I jump to my feet and make my way to the cash register. Since there's only one way out of this restaurant, I want to position myself so I can speak to her before she leaves.

It doesn't take long for Candice and her friend to line up to pay for their meal. I step in front of a group of

young men getting in line so I can be right behind the two ladies.

“Most New Yorkers take themselves way too seriously to have as much fun as you ladies are having,” I say.

Candice turns around to face me, and I’m enthralled by her closeness. She bats her long eyelashes at me.

That’s all it takes for me to be under this woman’s spell. That’s the only explanation to the sudden palpitation hitting my chest.

Of all the women in New York City, I’m mesmerized by the one who could have a significant impact on an important division of my business. I’ve always made it a dating rule to never engage with anyone I work with in any way, shape, or form. Candice Westerman might make me reconsider.

Max Planning His Warehouse For A Romantic Evening with Candice

Max's POV

After straightening my tie and making sure Candy is presentable, I walk to my door to let Elliot Duncan know I've spoken to Brandon Hatcher, and he's agreed to revise our outrageous shipping costs. My conversation with Hatcher is one I'll never forget, not after watching Candy take pleasure in front of my eyes in such a dirty way. Once I've exchanged a few words with my VP, I turn my attention to the woman who nearly made me come in my pants just by playing with her pussy in front of me.

"I'd make sure to conserve my energy," I say. "You'll need it tonight."

"Promises, promises." Candy rolls her eyes. "You had an opportunity to put an end to your call with Mr. Hatcher, but no. I had to take care of myself like a big girl. Not to mention, you had plenty of time to pin me on this desk and fuck me before opening the door to talk to your VP." She pauses. "I read that older men lose their sexual appetite and they start using excuses as a way of avoiding sex because they can't perform like they once did." She narrows her beautiful green eyes.

"Older men?" I almost choke.

“There’s a big age gap between us and I guess it was only a matter of time until that caught up with our sex life.” She curls up her lips in a smile.

Her teasing has caught my cock’s attention, and I’ll make her pay for her boldness. I take a step forwards and tower over her with my presence. I fist her blonde locks and I’m about to claim her lips in a brutal kiss right before bending her over and sliding my cock inside her when someone knocks at the door.

A third interruption? “Who is it?”

“Max, it’s Alicia. I have Mr. Hatcher on the phone again. He says it’s important. He wants to talk to you before he leaves his office.”

I take a deep breath, trying to calm my pulse. I pull back from Candy.

I open the door to talk to my assistant. “Thank you. Give me one minute and patch the call through.”

“Got it.” Alicia returns to her desk.

I close the door and lean back to devour Candy’s body. “Evidently, this is a busy afternoon—first my VP and now my assistant again. Perhaps it’s best if we see each other later today and I can put an end to any concerns you might have about my age.”

“Of course. I understand. I just might have to run back to the Fashion Archive or take a bathroom break at work to take care of things. I have a feeling I’m going to get turned on again every time I picture the look of disbelief on your face when I came a few minutes ago.” She fixes her eyes on my bulging cock.

“Oh, you’re going to get it tonight.”

“I’m counting on it.” She closes the gap between us and tugs at my tie until our lips meet. “I hope you’ll relive my little show for the rest of the day.”

Without even allowing me to answer, she disappears, and my erection grows harder.

Fuck.

I stride towards my desk to finish taking care of Brandon Hatcher. My conversation with him extends to over an hour. As much as I would have loved to slap my balls against Candy’s thick thighs while pumping her hard, this has been a productive call, and I’m confident I’ll be able to continue my business relationship with Brandon. When I hang up the phone, my stomach growls.

I need food. Now.

I ring my assistant. “Alicia, please order me a club sandwich with a side order of fries from Dixie’s and a Perrier. I’m famished and I have too much work to do to step outside.”

“Certainly. I’ll order it now.”

“Do we have any of those desserts left from the lunch meeting a few of the VPs were holding in the boardroom a few hours ago?”

“I stole a few brownies for you. I know how much you like them.”

“You’re the best. I’m going to live on the edge and eat dessert before lunch.”

She laughs. “I’ll bring them to you.”

“I’ll come get them myself.”

I hang up the phone and head for the door, grab the handle, and stop in my tracks when I flash back to something Candy said earlier.

“So people know about us?”

The look of shock on her face said it all.

How can she not think I'd want to let the world know she's mine? She deserves to understand how I feel about her.

I had planned on fucking her tonight and punishing her for her salacious actions, but perhaps I should adopt a different approach.

I open the door and head to Alicia's desk.

“Max, here are the brownies.”

“Thank you,” I say as I sink my teeth into one of the chocolate treats. “Alicia, I have a rushed request for you.”

“Sure. How can I help?”

“I need you to make arrangements with Tracy Layfield and her team. I want the top floor of our warehouse to be transformed by tonight.”

She frowns. “Are you throwing a last-minute party?”

“No. These last few weeks have been busy. I want to do something special for Candy.”

My assistant raises both eyebrows and widens her big brown eyes. “Wow. I'm impressed.”

“You're impressed?”

“Yes. I think every woman dreams of having a guy who does these little impromptu gestures. My

husband used to surprise me all the time when we first got married. When I had the twins, everyone including my mom and my sisters, warned me that once you have kids the romance dies, but leave it to the hubby to find ways to sneak in a heaping dose of romance any chance he has. Candy is a lucky woman.”

“Thanks, Alicia. I’m the one who’s lucky and I want Candy to know that.”

Over the next twenty minutes, I give instructions to my assistant. I’m so dead set on making this a magical night, I eat my club sandwich standing at her desk. By the time I’ve swallowed half my sandwich, Alicia is already busy calling the members of the team who are going to make things happen for me.

She’ll contact Tracy Layfield, one of the top set designers in the city, to start the ball rolling. I’ve already texted my personal chef, but my assistant can iron out the last details. She’ll take care of flowers, champagne, and romantic music.

I hope Kennedy will find a chaise or anything I can use to make love to Candy later in the evening. I doubt I’ll be able to contain myself until we make it back to my penthouse.

It’s last-minute and it’s going to cost me a fortune to hire some of the top people in Manhattan to help me pull this off, but Candice is worth it. I don’t ever want her to feel I’m ashamed of what we share or that I’m not proud of flaunting her about town.

How can she not see she’s stolen my heart?

Tonight, I'll erase any doubts she might have about how I feel about her. Once I take her breath away by declaring my love for her, I'll claim her pussy so damn hard, she'll know no other cock will ever be able to fulfill her the way mine does.

* * *

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Candy's story.**



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