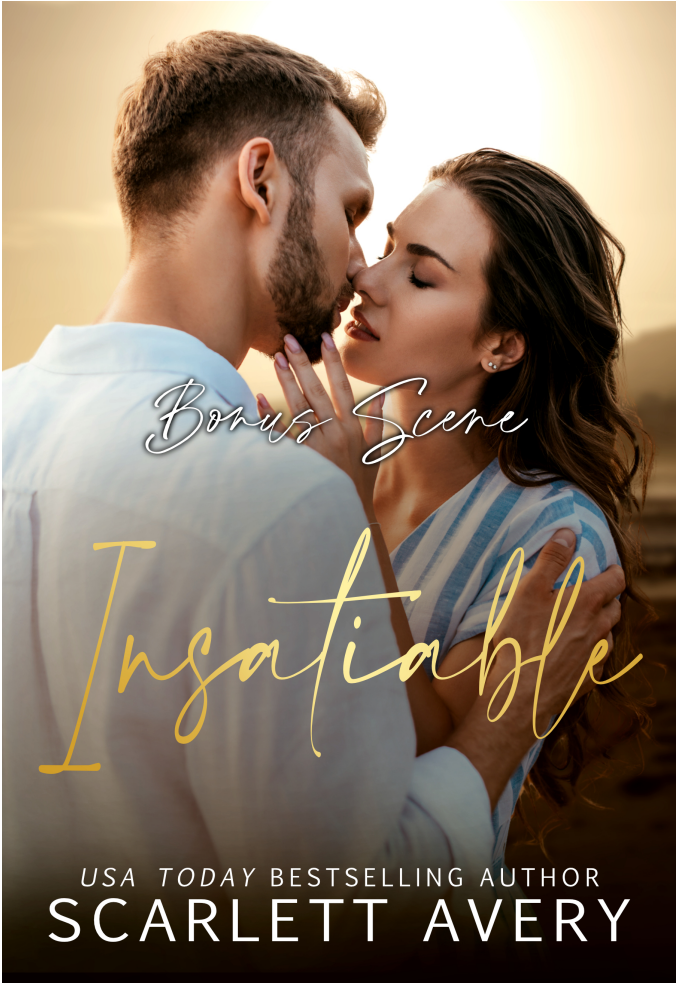


A romantic couple is shown in profile, about to kiss. The man has a beard and is wearing a light blue shirt. The woman has long brown hair and is wearing a blue and white striped shirt. They are outdoors, with a bright sunset or sunrise in the background, creating a warm, golden glow. The text "Bonus Scene" is written in a white, cursive font across the middle of the image.

Bonus Scene

Insatiable

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
SCARLETT AVERY

About This Bonus Scene

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Scarlett Avery

Time line: A week after Rhett and Carina get down and dirty for the first time.

Rhett

Carina's blue eyes are the size of wheels of a wagon.

"You're sure I'm not going to die?" she asks, a tremolo audible in her voice.

"I ride horses all the time and I'm still alive and kicking." *Thank God.*

"Yeah, but you know what you're doing. I don't. I've never been on a horse in my life."

"Bea is so easy going. I chose her because she has such a gentle demeanor. A kid could ride her. She's perfect for a newbie."

Carina bites her lower lip so hard, you think she's trying to draw blood.

"Still, it's a horse—big, powerful, and unpredictable."

I tried to get her acquainted with Bea with the carrot trick.

Bad idea.

When the horse leaned to grab her treat from Carina's hand, she jumped back in fright. Bea was as freaked out.

“This horse is trained and docile,” I argue. “You’re not going to be riding no mustang or bronco, darlin’.”

“It’s still an animal. You can’t talk to or reason with animals.”

“You can. It’s called training.”

She rolls her eyes. “Not for a city girl like myself.”

I let out a long sigh.

We’re standing in one of Jake and Hunter’s stables.

I got their blessing to use Bea to get Carina on the saddle.

Now, it’s just a question of us hitting the road.

My girl’s thousand questions is making that impossible.

We’ve been doing this song and dance for the last twenty minutes with no end in sight.

“Baby, I’ll be right next to you, riding Amaretto,” I tell her. Since Allison doesn’t ride the black Morgan horse Jake gave her as a gift everyday, I make sure he gets his daily workouts. One of the guys I supervise already took him out, but it won’t hurt none if he goes out again.

“What if Bea goes crazy all of a sudden and starts galloping at break neck speed as if a mountain lion is chasing after us?” Carina’s eyes are blinking like crazy.

I bite off a smile.

Okay, that’s a little far-fetched.

“I’m packing,” I tell her.

“What if we’re being chased by a pack of mountain lions? What if you don’t have enough bullets? They’ll eat me and Bea.”

Good grief. This woman’s imagination.

Bea is an American Quarter Horse—one of the breeds of horse with the best temperament. On top of that, she’s older. Carina has nothing to worry about, but I’m unable to convince her.

After she saw me training Jasper a couple days ago, she couldn’t stop talking about how brave I was.

The horses I break here are nothing compared to the wild ones I rode when I was on the circuit.

To Carina it’s all the same.

I want to dispel erroneous beliefs. My girl gets fidgety around horses. She’s okay admiring them from afar, but not when they get too close.

She’s the same with dogs, although she’s getting better. She’s no longer afraid they’ll bite her. Dutch—my bosses’ Rough Collie—helped her overcome her fear.

Her reticence around horses remains.

Something we need to work on since my bosses have so many of them on their property, and horses are my life.

I suggested she learn how to ride and offered to be her teacher... *with benefits*. She was all in because she was so excited about jumping straight into the benefits part, but now, I don’t think my cock is a strong enough incentive to get her to budge.

Carina is still staring at Bea, a weary expression painted on her face.

Woman versus gentle beast.

Time for Plan B.

“There’s only one way for you to learn how to ride—”

“I think I’m okay—”

“Why don’t we nix the lessons for today? I have a better idea.”

“I like the way you think!” she says. “Let’s take Daisy Duke for a ride!”

I waggle my finger at her. “Oh no, missy. You’re not getting off that easily. We *are* going for a ride. On. A. Horse.” She doesn’t hide her disappointment. “By that I mean, you’ll sit in front of me and we’ll ride together.” A sly smile tugs at my lips.

“This is a waste of time, Rhett.” Her tone is snippy. “It’s not like I need to learn how to ride to be a chef.”

I approach her and snake an arm around her waist, pulling her luscious body against mine. “I’m not expecting you to be a pro, but a former rodeo star’s girl should at least know the basics.”

That gets me a smile.

“Well, when you put it like that...”

“So, it’s a, yes?”

“It’s a yes as long as you promise to keep me safe and you don’t ride like you’re trying to conquer the Wild West.”

“As if I’d let anything happen to you, darlin’.” I crush her lips. It’s a quick and passionate kiss. We can’t get all sorts of dirty in case one of my colleagues walks in. It might be our day off, but the ranch is buzzing with activity. “I promise it’ll be a nice and easy ride.”

“Okay. Let’s do it!”

I put Bea back in her pen and get Amaretto ready to ride.

After another ten minutes of me sweating bullets while pleading with Carina to stay still on Amaretto long enough for me to mount the damn horse, we set off.

She was freaked out at first, but we’ve been trotting for a while now without any drama. *Thank God.*

“Have I convinced you of my riding skills yet?” I ask, my lips flirting with her earlobe.

“Okay, I can get used to this,” she says. “It’s an experience like none other.”

With one hand, I move her hair to the side and place a slow kiss against her neck. “Now you know why love riding so much.”

“I do.”

“Can we ride faster?”

We’ve been riding near the ranch to give her time to adjust.

“Not too fast,” she says.

“I want us to get to the Navarre River and back. At this rate, we’ll never get there and you’ll miss out on a hell of a view.”

“Sold!”

With the reins secured in my hands, we pick up speed, riding out into the open pastures stretching out from the ranch where the Angus graze worry free.

The longer we ride, the more relaxed Carina becomes. Her body isn't oozing with stressful energy like it was before.

After over half an hour of riding, we near the river.

Carina turns her face, straining her neck so our eyes meet. “The open land is so picturesque under the bright sun. And there are so many wildflowers.”

“Soak it all in, darlin’.” I take a left fork in the road. “Look down there,” I point to the river raging beneath us before positioning the horse near the edge of the cliff so she can get an eyeful.

“That’s wicked!” Carina says. “You were right. The view is priceless and the river is breathtaking. Well worth the ride.”

“This is life in Summerville.”

The big open sky serves as an unparalleled backdrop.

Fluffy white clouds hang from the sky, the bright sun cutting through.

Thousands of vibrant colored flowers peek from the grass everywhere you look.

Add to that, the Navarre River stretching at our feet.

If this isn't Paradise, it's pretty darn close.

Sharing all this with someone I'm crazy about is icing on the cake.

I make sure Amaretto trots slowly so Carina can take it all in. I even go back and forth, pointing out think she might've missed.

I hope she loves my part of the world half as much as I do.

"It's official! I never want to leave this town," she says. The longing in her voice does something to me.

With her words still ringing in my head and a few mental brush strokes, I paint the portrait of my future. One that includes the gorgeous, sensual woman I'm wrapped around.

"You want to stay down here with me?" I ask her.

"A sexy country boy with a big fat cock is a strong incentive."

A grunt escapes me.

I free one hand from the rein, wrap her hair around my hand, and pull so I turn her face back to mine. I make damn sure to press my hungry cock against her ass.

She moans.

I take her mouth in a fierce kiss, our tongues dancing feverishly. I slide my hand down her body until it's nestled between her breasts. Lucky for me the top buttons of her red and white checkered shirt are undone for easy access to her magnificent tits. My impatient fingers find their way underneath her bra. I pinch her

nipple hard, and she gasps inside my mouth. The sensation travels at light speed in my balls.

Goddammit.

I want this woman all the fucking time.

My cock is so hard, you'd never think I was buried balls deep inside her sweet pussy this morning and again after breakfast.

When I pull away, we're both breathing heavy, and it takes us a few beats before we catch our breath.

"You know what?"

The cocky smile tugging from her lips comes as a warning, but I still bite.

"What?"

"I like riding a horse after all."

"You do?"

She nods. "As long as it involves a lot of kissing."

"That wouldn't be possible if you were riding Bea. I'm not that talented." I chuckle.

"Reason for me to never ride alone."

I see.

She's trying to weasel her way out of this.

"You get a pass for today, darlin', but I hope you'll embrace the idea of riding on your own. It can still involve a lot of kissing and so much more. It just means we have to dismount the horses and find a quiet place for a little dirty action under the open sky."

"Why didn't you say that earlier?" She swats my thigh. "Now I have to learn."

“How could you have missed the *with benefits* part?” I ask. “I was pretty upfront from the get-go.”

“I was too nervous to pick up on the nuance earlier, but now I hear it loud and clear.” She laughs at her own joke. “Seriously, Rhett, thanks for being so patient with me and thanks for not pushing me too far outside my limits.”

“You’re welcome, doll,” I tell her.

“We’ll take the lessons one step at a time.”

“Deal!”

“Time to ride back,” say.

“My ass is going to be so sore by the time my feet touch the ground again,” she says. “I guess that’s the downside of riding.”

“You’ll get used to it,” I say. “When we get back to your place, you should soak your over sensitized ass in a nice warm bath. It’s the best way to soothe that part of your body.”

“Oh, okay. I will,” she says. “Thanks for the advice.”

“I know of a better, more satisfying way...”

“What else do you recommend, Dr. Sullivan?”
She plays along.

I grin.

“I’d kiss every inch of your plump ass. Followed by my tongue exploring that untouched part of your body while I finger-fuck your pussy, topped with a nice grinding session—aka, my well lubed cock gliding

between your ass cheeks until I explode, christening your back with my cum.”

She remains silent for a beat.

Carina punches the air with her closed fist. “Giddy up, Amaretto! We need to get back to my place on the double!” She even shifts on the saddle, prompting the horse to move faster.

I laugh.

* * *

**Thank you so much for reading Rhett and
Carina’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.

www.ScarlettAvery.com ***Bonus Scene: Insatiable.***

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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 name being capitalized and prominent.

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